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TERMS:

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THE UNITED COMMUNITIES.

ONEIDA COMMUNITY

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

WILLOW-PLACE COMMUNITY.

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

WALLINGFORD COMMUNITY.

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

SPECIAL NOTICE.

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

ADMISSIONS.

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

BUILT UPON A ROCK.

BY MARTIN LUTHER.

My anchor is within the vail!
Whatever may my soul betide,
Against me nothing can prevail,
For God the Lord is on my side:
Though heaven and earth shall pass away,
My trust shall still unshaken stay.

The Rock of Truth I now have found,
Here shall I ever stand secure:
I safely anchor in the ground
That shall for evermore endure:
When all the things of earth are fled,
With joy shall I lift up my head.

Nor waves nor storms can bring me harm,
While on this Rock I place my trust;
My strength is the Almighty arm—
The shield and refuge of the just:
Here shall I dwell, and dwell serene,
Amid life's ever chequered scene.

Though fiends of hell against me rise,
Their looks of wrath I will not fear;
While on the Lord my soul relies,
He shall for my defense appear;
He is my fortress and high tower,
My helper in the evil hour.

My house I build upon this rock,
Which shall forever be my stay;
To fire, nor flood, nor tempest shock,
Shall its foundation e'er give way;
But here shall stand forever fast,
Long as eternity shall last.

WOMAN'S POWER.

Home-Talk by J. H. N.

WHO first preached the gospel? I am inclined to answer, Mary Magdalene. She was the first to find that Christ had risen from the dead; the first to whom he spoke after that event. He directed her to go and tell the disciples that she had seen him, and to say to them from him, "I ascend unto my Father and your Father, and to my God and your God." That message was the Gospel—glad tidings of the event by which salvation came—and it was first announced by a woman.

In the organization of the Church Christ appointed twelve apostles, who were strong men and important officers. This was the conspicuous part of the organization. What was the dynamic? Was it a feminine apostleship? We may safely assume that the most important facts in this matter are not on the surface but must be ascertained by esoteric examination. The fact that Mary preached the gospel before the apostles—in fact preached it *to* them—and stood between Christ and them in the most important message that ever went forth from heaven, warns us to inquire carefully as to the place that woman occupied in that organization.

We have some hints showing an essential connection between the women who were attached to Christ and his works. For instance in the case of his first miracle—the turning of water into wine—the agency of a woman was notably present. The affair is recorded with minuteness, as the beginning of the glory that was manifested through Christ in his miraculous career; and we are told particularly that the *mother of Jesus was with him* when that work was done, and that she summoned him to it. She found that the wedding party at which they were guests was lacking wine, and she spoke of the want to Jesus. Why did she interfere in this way? What reason had she to expect that he would help them? Did a mysterious understanding exist between him and her about the matter? Evidently some element of the work in hand, whatever it was to be, had a commencement in her as well as in him. Her inspiration it would seem ran before his. He answered her suggestion by saying, "Woman, what have I to do with thee? Mine hour is not yet come." But it appears that it had nearly come, and that she was not much ahead of the clock. She did not answer him, but assuming again the existence of a secret compact between them, said to the servants, "Whatsoever he saith unto you, do it;" and, as if in obedience to her, he went right on and performed the miracle.

Christ once said, "If two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father which is in heaven;" and in this he announced a wonderful principle. It was illustrated in the case of the wedding miracle. There were two persons who were agreed, and one of them was a woman. Every natural birth is, in fact, a miracle resulting from and illustrating this principle. Perhaps all miracles require the coöperation of male and female.

Study the story of Mary of Bethany and you will see how great an agency a woman had in the performance of Christ's last and greatest miracle, the raising of Lazarus from the dead. Jesus knew that he should raise Lazarus, and went from a distance expressly to do it; but it seems that on the spot Mary's presence was a necessary preliminary to his work. Martha first met him, but she did not bring the needed element. The Master called for Mary; and it was only when *she* had come that he "groaned in the spirit and was troubled, and said, Where have ye laid him?" A mysterious sympathy with Mary seems to have perfected Christ's power. Certain *quasi*-chemical elements combined, and the tremendous force was evolved that raised Lazarus from the grave.

Thus in Christ's first miracle, which "manifested forth his glory," in his last miracle which led to his coronation and crucifixion, and in the burst of his own spirit from death on its ascending flight to the Father, the presence of the other sex seems to have been an important part of the dynamic agency. These hints, together with such as may be found in the fact that women were assembled with the disciples in prayer before the miracu-

lous manifestation of the Spirit on the day of Pentecost, and that Paul had "yoke-fellows" of the same class in his colossal labors, should make us wish to go deeper than we have yet gone in our understanding of the constitution of the Primitive Church, and to ascertain, beneath its outward show, the currents of life and affection which vitalized its organization. The national corporations of the world are composed by men and for men. The Kingdom of Heaven, it may be, is a nation whose power consists in its duality, and rests half of its base on woman.

THE POINT IN THE GAME.

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

THE struggle between the children of God and the wicked one, is on the point of *utterance.* The devil is a liar from the beginning; and *he* knows it and *we* know it; but the world is mainly unaware of it and that gives him the chance of utterance. Through all the vehicles of human society—by the press—the daily business and conversation of the world—he is breathing out the dismal falsehoods of his spirit, preaching unbelief, holding up the certainty of death, and in general the omnipotence of evil. Now God and the angels know that this is all false, and Christ himself sweat great drops of blood to prove and proclaim the contrary; but as long as he contrives to keep control of the world's utterance, he can diffuse an infernal fog which makes it almost impossible for men to see his lies, or to believe the truth. There is a continual din and drill going on night and day, calculated to fill the atmosphere and poison the consciousness with his experience and his prospects. There is no ground for this in fact; since the devil is really conquered and men are free; but the perpetual persuasion of "Massa" Satan's lying claim, produces an illusion which keeps them slaves. The point to be noticed is, that the whole strength of evil lies in *persuasion*, in *utterance*, and shows itself to be a lie the moment it is exposed to contradiction.

Now what we want, and by the favor of God will have, is freedom of utterance—power to diffuse persuasions of good and of Christ more boldly and persistently than Satan diffuses unbelief. We shall meet blast with blast, and brass with brass. We shall gradually create an atmosphere by testifying to the truth of salvation, that will expel his lies. He will find that the glorified throngs of heaven can inspire utterance and pump spiritual influence into the world as well as he. Christ will not allow his sufferings on the earth to go for nothing, or let the race be *lied* out of that which he obtained for them. And it all hinges on the question which party shall have the freest utterance. Nothing is needed to set the world free from all evil, and pitch the author of it into tophet, but a simple and persistent confession on the part of men, of what is already true—what Christ has already done for them. "They overcame the dragon by the blood of the Lamb and *the word of their testimony.*" "With the heart man believeth unto righteousness, and *with the mouth confession is made unto salvation.*"

This "confession"—this "testimony"—has begun again in the world. We have come up to a point-blank push with the spirit of falsehood and unbelief on the point whether Christ has saved the world. We say he has—the devil through all the channels of unbelief says he has not. Assertion is the weapon we have to meet, and by the same weapon we must conquer. We must maintain our position by bolder, longer and stronger assertion than he. This in the name of Christ we can do, and more. Give us a daily PRESS, such as we see is coming, and with the grace that God can furnish we will roll out a denser volume of faith and hope and charity than all the sin-and-gloom factories put together. The words of salvation will be "fiercer" than the presentiments of despair; the devil will be crowded out, and death swallowed up in the justification of life.

This at any rate, in one form or another, must be the process of deliverance. The Spirit of Truth must find a voice—Christ's almighty name must be confessed, and man's emancipation be proclaimed in the face of death and hell. We pray for utterance; and ask of all who have a spark of heaven-sent faith in their hearts, to unite in the determination that it shall have vent—that its victorious sound shall never cease till all the delusions of Satan are drowned in a universal shout of freedom.

HOME INFLUENCE.

A YOUNG and wealthy mother loses her first-born and only child—a son. She mourns the loss deeply. But young and full of hope she is encouraged to think that other children may be given her to fill the place of the departed one.

Twelve years elapse and she is blessed with two lovely daughters. But in her heart is still the desire for a son, if she could only feel an assurance that he would fulfill her ideal of true manhood. She sees many young men around her—sons of wealthy parents brought up in luxury and ease—who are hopelessly ruined. One is so dissolute, that his parents, for the sake of their own reputation, have sent him to Europe, where they support him. Another has been sent to the Inebriate Asylum, and others have been turned out of schools and places of business responsibility, on account of moral inefficiency and are now living lives of indolence and dissipation, a sorrow to all who love and are interested in them.

Now her language is: "I dare not say that I want any more children, especially boys, for there is so much risk in bringing them up. There was a time when parents could govern their children, but now there are so many influences outside of and stronger than the home influence, that it avails but little to try to do so. Those good old times were the best; but we live in a different age now, and what *can* we do?"

Are there not many honest-hearted people in the world, who see the need of a reform and ask the same question? If the truth were known, it is not altogether vainly that they ask. A reformatory movement has indeed begun, and may God speed the day when it shall cover the earth as the waters cover the sea. In one bright spot on this continent there is a family where home influence and church influence rule, where the love of God is the first and all-powerful element, and love for one another the second element, thus ensuring protection to the young, freedom from anxiety to parents and guardians, and binding all together in the magic circle of a happy home.

CARRIE.

BACKWARD GLANCINGS.

XI.

IN a previous number allusion was made to a serious defection from the Perfectionist ranks at New Haven. Several persons of influence, once foremost in professions of entire devotion to the cause, were involved in this apostasy. Their departure from the faith chilled and disheartened the weaker brethren. The reaction toward legality and the old church standard of sinful religion was now fairly begun. The paper continued to rouse inquiry and make friends to the cause abroad, but in New Haven Perfectionism was nearly, though not quite, crushed out. The following letter from J. in reply to the anxious inquiries of friends at home describes the situation at New Haven, and his own ground of faith and rejoicing:

New Haven, Nov. 2, 1834.

DEAR MOTHER:—I am glad if my letters excite any interest among you, for I have become such a burden and by-word to this city, and have been separated from so many of my best friends, that I have almost expected at last to become an alien in my father's house; and any token of kind remembrance and friendly feeling on the part of those who have hitherto shown me affection is exceedingly refreshing, amidst the contempt and neglect, not to say persecution, which I am called to bear. I desire not to trouble you with my troubles; but as you insist upon hearing often from me, and wish to know all my affairs, I must of necessity, for the present, say something of those things which would make me sad, if I would let them. But let me notify you that if anything I write makes you sad in such a manner that you cannot heartily say "Amen" and give thanks when you have done, your sadness is not sympathy with me. Besides the living God, I have a few friends in this city, and more in the land, whose love the floods cannot quench, nor many waters drown. With these I am content and rejoice; yea and will rejoice, till the kingdom of God shall come.

We are daily discovering with amazement the passing deceitfulness and wickedness of many who walked with us at the beginning, and seemed to run well for a season, but have at length thrown off their sheep's clothing. B. and his family a few months ago were ready to pluck out their eyes and give them to Boyle or myself; now they are doing what they can by treachery to trouble us. L. was liberal beyond measure, ready to rob himself for our sake. At last he forsook us, and I have not seen or heard from him since I came back to this city till last night, when he sent me an abusive letter, wishing me to restore the $20 he "*loaned*" me, which he says I promised to do when I returned. I borrowed $20 of H——, and sent him immediately, with the word that "I never received the money on the conditions he mentioned." Mr. S., too, in the summer when other friends failed, gave Boyle and others a helping hand, and seemed to throw himself heartily into the cause of the Lord. Now he stands afar off and passes by on the other side, charging us with many sins. D. sold himself and his Mas-

ter for a license and a wife, and now denies all fellowship with the Perfectionists. All of these and many more whom I might mention are now fighting the cause of holiness by the same arguments which they themselves have a thousand times, in their former contests, treated as nonsense.

But the sorest wounds of all I have long been receiving from those who call themselves Perfectionists. Letters of censure and officious exhortation are frequently sent to us by Perfectionists in other places, who understand neither what they say nor whereof they affirm; and we have several times been troubled by those whom I wish not to call false brethren, who have yet come in privily to spy out the liberty which we have in Christ and bring us into bondage. Continual complaint from all quarters is made against me for my mysticism and innovations and false doctrines. So it goes.

After all, in everything I give thanks, and well I may, for the Lord suffers none of these things to move me. I can pray with hearty good-will for those who despitefully use me, and looking beyond the smoke and fury of the war around me, rejoice in the anticipation of the time when the whole earth shall sing a new song, saying, "Now is come salvation and strength and the kingdom of God and the power of his Christ." I hear a voice behind me saying, "This is the way, walk ye in it," and I know that God Almighty is my shield and buckler, therefore I cannot fear nor be sad. The Lord has given me a place in this city and a work to do; and till he thrusts me out—though the question be in every mouth, as it is in many, "What business has he here troubling our city?"—here I shall stay. I say to those who ask this question, "I shall soon be hated anywhere else, as I am here; and as the earth owes me a lodging place, you must be content to bear your calamity."

As to going home, though I would rejoice to see you, yet many reasons forbid it for the present. Besides, if father fears to involve himself in my doings, the same objection will lie against my living upon him at home as abroad; for you may be sure I shall never rest till "the righteousness of God shall go forth as brightness, and his salvation as a lamp that burneth." You must hedge up Jesus Christ if you check me. May the Lord give you all grace to say Amen. Yours affectionately,

J. H. NOYES.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Geneva, Allen Co., Kansas, Dec. 17, 1872.

DEAR CIRCULAR:—Kansas has been greatly overrated by the newspapers, particularly those published in the State. As a whole, I consider it a very poor grain State. In some places grain is quite a sure crop, and on the bottoms corn is usually quite successful; but in a large part of Kansas wheat will fail, at least three years out of four; and on the upland prairies, a very little dry weather cuts off the corn crop. From my three years' experience here, and from what I can learn by attending fairs and inquiring of persons who live in different parts of the State, I am satisfied that Kansas never can compete with the North Western States in grain-raising, and it may have to look to those States, at no distant day, for at least a portion of the supply of flour which it requires for its own consumption.

But Kansas is a favorable fruit region. In the older portion of the State where orchards, vineyards, etc., are old enough to bear, crops very seldom fail; and if one-quarter of the fruit trees and vines which are planted, ever come into bearing, Kansas will in a very few years have immense quantities of fruit to sell. The apple, peach and grape seem to be the particular favorites of the Kansas soil and climate. Apple trees and peach trees of two years' growth will average as large as those of three years' growth in the Northern States. They seem to grow almost spontaneously. Every seed or root put out is almost sure to produce a tree. Peach trees bear the third or fourth year from the seed; apple trees sometimes as early as the seventh or eighth from the root graft. It may be asked, how and where we expect to market our fruit. We are now within easy reach of the immense cattle-growing regions of Texas, which must always look to the North for their supply of apples, and perhaps grapes; and the Rocky Mountains (for they will soon be quite densely populated) will also demand a large supply of apples, peaches and grapes from Kansas and Nebraska. A. D. W.

Grant City, Iowa, Dec. 15, 1872.

DEAR FRIENDS:—I have been a "free subscriber" to the CIRCULAR for the last three or four years, and I have been an interested and profited reader. When I last renewed my application for your paper, you may (or you may not) remember that I proposed to raise an acre of corn for the CIRCULAR this year. I did so. The corn would very probably measure forty bushels; but there is no cash market for corn near us, and at our nearest railroad station (fifteen miles away), it would not bring more than twelve or fifteen cents per bushel. One man a few miles from here sold some standing corn to a stock-feeder for $6 per acre. I have concluded to call this acre worth $6, and send you the money as fast as I can well spare it. I enclose five dollars.

I should be glad to tell you some of the benefits I have derived from reading the CIRCULAR and the "Berean," which you were so kind as to send me two years ago. Suffice it to say, that I have learned a new lesson as to what it is to be "very much in earnest in religion." The article in the "Berean" "Salvation from Sin," read some three or four weeks ago, gave me new views of Christ as an indwelling Savior. I awoke in the night after reading that article with such a sense of Christ in me as I never had before. How my heart expanded in love to God! and I felt as though the dwellers at Oneida were brothers and sisters indeed. Since then I have found great comfort in reading "Two-Fold Nature of the Second Birth," and especially the article, "Christian Faith." I trust I have made "a whole-hearted and everlasting surrender to the faithfulness of God." But I want to press forward to know still more of what Paul means by being "dead indeed unto sin," to be "crucified with Christ," and to know the "power of his resurrection." I cannot thank you enough for the CIRCULAR. God will bless you and make you a blessing. Yours in the faith, E. M.

THE BALL OF YARN.

[Mrs. Cragin's first grandchild—a little daughter—was born about a month ago. While tracing a resemblance in her tiny face to those loved features which time can never efface from our memories, we hoped that this fair descendant might inherit the rare qualities of that large-hearted mother of Communism. Though twenty-one years have passed since the waters of the Hudson snatched her from our circle, she had instilled precepts into the minds of those who were then children, which have been of great use to us in the trials of maturity. She seemed to understand the ductile mind of childhood, and knew how to inculcate spiritual lessons by means of practical illustrations which took a lasting hold upon the imagination. The following letter from her pen has never been forgotten by the boys and girls who used to cluster about her skirts, or romp with her in the meadows when she came up from Brooklyn for a few weeks' visit at Oneida:]

Brooklyn, Dec. 21, 1849.

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS:—I have been thinking for more than a week of writing you a letter, but have waited because I heard that you were going to write *me* a long letter. As that does not come, I will not wait to answer it, but will write first, and tell you what I should say to you if I were there.

I suppose you think because I am living in a city, where there are a great many curious sights to be seen, that I shall have some wonderful stories to tell you; but the truth is I do not go to see any of them. I love best to stay at home. So I cannot entertain you in that way. But I will tell you what I am doing, which makes me love best to stay at home. *I am unwinding a great ball!* Does this surprise you? I will explain a little. It is not a ball of yarn that I am unwinding, but the ball of *my life*. This is a ball made of actions, some of them good and some of them bad. This ball started when I first began to know right from wrong, before I was as old as Johnny; so you can see that it must be very large by this time. God says in the Bible that "every secret thing shall be brought to light;" which means that all the actions of our lives, and thoughts of our hearts will be told of, and praised if they are good, and condemned if they are bad.

Now what I want you to lay to heart is this: That whether you know it or not, you are winding a ball from day to day, and the time will come when you will have it all to unwind. Then every selfish action, every careless action, every foolish action, every act of disobedience, every lie, will make you ashamed. You will wish you had thought of it when you were winding your ball, that all of these things would have to be brought to light. Ah, you will say, when that time comes, "*I didn't think.*" But that excuse is the worst of all—the coarsest, blackest thread in the ball. Do you ask why? I will tell you. That spirit that says "I didn't think," is a spirit of carelessness; and *carelessness* is often as mischievous as evil intention. God has made us to *think*, just as much as he has made us to see or hear. You would not think it was treating me well if I should send you on an errand up stairs, to shut your eyes, and if you fell down, to say in excuse, "I didn't see;" or if I should call you, to stop your ears and then say, "I didn't hear." Well, it is treating God just as meanly, to say when you have done careless things, "I didn't think."

There is a great deal said in the New Testament about *watching*. Christ said, "I say unto all, Watch." He knew that the spirit of carelessness, which is a devil, is gliding about like a serpent, and he wants us to be very careful not to get bitten by it. You have all of you been bitten enough to know how it feels; and you say, "I will take care next time." It often makes you sore in your heart for some time, and you wish you had looked out sharper. Will you ask Mrs. W. to look out the passages in the Testament about watchfulness and vigilance, and then think over how many troubles you have got into from not being watchful; and then pray God to give you a watchful spirit to protect you against the bite of the serpent carelessness. Never again say, "I didn't think," any more than you would say, "I didn't see," or "I didn't hear," when you had shut your own eyes and ears.

If you want your ball to be white and fine when you come to unroll it, you must also be *sincere*. Nothing makes blacker threads than hypocrisy; by which I mean all deceit, from telling lies right out, down to *cant*, which is pretending something you do not feel. For instance, you hear a great deal said around you about love; you are taught that love is the best thing in the world, and so it is. But if you want real true love, which will warm your heart and make you beautiful, you must shun insincerity. You must not pretend to love where you do not, or profess more love than you feel either in word or action. If you do, false love, which is as venomous a snake as carelessness, will bite you, and true love will be grieved and leave you. The world is full of this false love; everybody wants others to love them, but instead of earning it by being watchful to do right, and perfectly sincere, they do not want to take that trouble, and so they go to work to get love in a way that is no better than stealing. They cover up their faults, and pretend to be very kind and polite, and to

love those whom they want should love them. This does for a little while; but this spirit, like all other thieves, is found out at last, and finds that it has lost all.

Ask God to give you love for the truth about everything, and to give you courage to speak the truth on all occasions. If you learn to be *sincere* and *watchful*, now while you are young, you will be saved from a great deal of trouble that we grown folks have to go through. And what is better than all, God will love you more and more, and his light in your hearts will make you happy.

When you pray for yourselves and each other, that God will give you a sincere, watchful spirit, I want you should pray for Theodore and me. I hope you will answer my letter.

Your friend, MARY E. CRAGIN.

ONEIDA CIRCULAR.

TIRZAH C. MILLER, EDITOR.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 1, 1873.

The CIRCULAR, in passing from masculine to feminine hands, will inevitably change somewhat in character; but its aim will be the same. Its purpose will ever be to strengthen interior life; to glorify softness of heart, to encourage faith, hope, harmony, love, and to frown on selfishness, individualism and all manifestations of the "old life" which have not been subjected to the purifying furnace of the Spirit of Truth. Natural talent for literary labor is in itself insufficient to secure the objects which the CIRCULAR holds before itself; but we know that the angels who are "looking kindly down" have taken the paper in charge and will see that it is promptly issued each week in the interests of the eternal kingdom. Looking about for a motto which will please these unseen managers, and which will symbolize the heart strivings of the Community, we inscribe upon our banner in golden letters the word "Humilior!"

We cannot pass without a word of favorable comment a sentiment which accords so musically with our own views as the following, which we find in "Literature" in the last number of *The Galaxy*:

Our view of civilization may be different from that of most folks. We do not admit, for instance, that it is founded on "love of wealth or ownership." On the contrary, accepting a Christian standard of civilization, and following "love of wealth and ownership" to its logical conclusion, we should say that it was just the reverse, civilization being giving rather than acquiring, sharing rather than owning. Our conception of civilization is a true adjustment of rights and duties based upon something better than property.

NOT SO FAST!

WE observe in the last issue of the *Nation* a somewhat long and racy paragraph about a few of the late moves of the O. C. It is pleasant to know that somebody in that office reads the CIRCULAR, and we are quite obliged to the writer for passing on to his larger public a mention of our two-meals-a-day system. We take his doing so as one among many signs which we see that our example in that respect is likely to meet with favor. We hope so, at any rate. Yet modesty compels us to say that our new system hardly deserves the credit of being called a "self-denying ordinance," because we follow it so easily and enjoy it so much. However, it is sweet to be praised. The *Nation* goes on to speak of our "clothing committee," and in that connection, alludes to our custom of free criticism. Good! We don't care how much people circulate a knowledge of that fine art.

But there is one phrase in the paragraph which we hardly know how to take. The writer calls W. Hepworth Dixon "the Oneida family's dear friend." How is that? It may be that this is ironical. If so, all right. But if the itemist really means that Hepworth Dixon is our "dear friend," he is very much mistaken The account of his trial shows that he disowns us and calls our leading principles nonsense. And on the other hand, nobody in this country has found so much fault with him as we have, for no one else has had so much occasion. We have criticised him a great deal more severely than the *Nation* ever has, and have among our standard publications a pamphlet called "Dixon and his Copyists," which will show any one who cares to read it that we think this "dear friend's" way of showing his friendship very disagreeable. Happening, by chance, to be so situated that we could catch a view behind the scenes when he put "New America" and "Spiritual Wives" upon the stage, we learned a thing or two; and "Dixon and his Copyists" gives a faithful account of the way these books were made up. No one, indeed, has done so much as we, to show up Dixon as a sensational book-maker. If the *Nation* writer wants another stick to whip Dixon with, this pamphlet would, we think, be of service to him. It would at least show him that we don't think that Dixon thinks that we think he is our "dear friend." But it is of no consequence, sir; you were only mistaken; so there 's an end of the matter.

"ANTI DOCTIONAL RELIGION."

THE above somewhat striking title appeared in the last issue of the *Baptist Weekly* above an article by the Rev. E. Mills. One must of course be prepared for whatever is new and startling in this progressive age, whether in science, art, ethics, or religion; but there must be a limit to one's credulity even where transcendental philosophy is concerned. When a man calmly discourses to us about "Anti Doctional Religion" in such phrases as "orthodoc men and orthodoe ministers," "the one great lawgiver of the *Churce*," "if it be true, as *Tertulian* affirmed," "false doctrine is not rendered *inocous* by its being winked at," and the like, one is inclined to think that the age of reason is succumbing to an age of verbosity.

But the Rev. E. Mills is without doubt an innocent man, and has never for a moment thought of instigating in any way an overturn of the established ideas of the world concerning either sense, sentiment, or sectarian creeds. We presume his ears are burning still with the chagrin he felt on opening the *Weekly*. Willis Gaylord Clark's humorous description of the miseries which John Smith endured as the "Victim of a Proof Reader," though exceedingly amusing, seemed always to derive a part of its effect from its absurd exaggeration; but the fate of the Rev. E. Mills, is scarcely less deplorable. He has either been sadly victimized by his proof-reader, or the foreman of the office inserted his article into the form without any proof whatever. In this essay of only two-thirds of a column in length we counted thirty-four typographical errors. Somebody's case must be shockingly pied!

COMMUNITY JOURNAL.

ONEIDA.

Dec. 25th.—The mercury fell to 17° below zero last night.

—The Yale students are spending the holidays with mother O. C.

—We notice that our shop boys in traveling to and from Willow Place have a novel way of protecting themselves from the cold. They thrust their heads into paper flour-sacks, having openings for the eyes. They look like a party of masqueraders, but declare themselves quite comfortable, and ready for the roughest work old Jack Frost can do.

Dec. 22.—The "CIRCULAR Club" held its Sunday session in the dining-room this afternoon instead of in the printing-office; but we fear that our readers will be but little wiser for their deliberations, for nobody wrote anything. The various members wielded knives and forks and spoons instead of pens and pencils, and quietly discussed an oyster-supper with an air which boded no immediate accession to the contents of the copy-box. The supper was given by the ex-editor in token of his appreciation of the assistance the club has afforded him during the year now ended. The affair was quite an unstudied one, those who took the lead aiming to make it as informal and unpretentious as possible; but when we had reached the dessert of nuts and raisins, there came unexpectedly a "feast of reason and a flow of soul" which were quite enlivening. A member offered the following:

"The faithful editor, the affectionate brother, the ready helper and esteemed leader of the 'CIRCULAR Club.' May his future post be as useful to the Community and as pleasant to himself as his three years' work has been profitable to us and edifying to the readers of the CIRCULAR. I give as a toast, William A. Hinds."

This sentiment was sincerely indorsed by all.

T. L. P.—"I propose Mr. Noyes—the founder of the free press, and the medium of the best editorial spirit yet manifested in the world."

N.—"I do not think the Community realize how much the CIRCULAR is appreciated abroad. We get occasional glimpses from letters we receive. These letters are filled with praises of the paper. I do not think it is all talk. I believe people are sincere and mean what they say. The great charm of the CIRCULAR is that it is *free*. We have never printed it for money, and its contributors have never written for money. This fact distinguishes it from other publications; and the unselfish spirit which has tinged its whole career cannot fail to touch the hearts of good people."

Among some expressions of good-will toward the new editor was the following remark by Mr. N.:

"There are great changes going on in the editorial world about us. Greeley has gone, Bennett has gone, Croly is about retiring from the management of *The World*, and a hundred other displacements are reported. Mr. Hinds has also retired from his position as editor. In this instance, the charge of the paper goes into the hands of a woman. This may be an indication of the drift of the times."

Other edifying toasts were given, among which was the following by N.:

"The machinist's lathe, the father of the printing-press and therefore the grandfather of modern civilization."

H. J. S., whose face was becoming a petrified pun, responded:

"The probable reason why the lathe is so useful to the printing-press is because it has so much 'CIRCULAR' motion in it."

—Notwithstanding the cold weather and frequent snows of the past week, *croquet* continues to have its patrons and indeed bids fair to be an all-winter, out-door pastime with a goodly number of boys and girls and men and women of the Community. From one to four couples at a time (foremost among whom may be noticed Mr. Kinsley, in his 72d year), may daily be seen manipulating the mallets with healthful zest. Of course mittens and sacks and overcoats and warm clothing for the feet are not neglected, but with these accompaniments the game seems to be thoroughly enjoyed by many for an hour or more at a time. The women and girls particularly congratulate themselves that they are doing a little of the rugged, and

are oxygenizing their blood in an attractive way by this out-door exercise in zero weather; and the frozen ground, say all the players, makes an improved floor for rolling the balls. Then if snow falls by night or day and covers the ground to the depth of a few inches, some one is sure to be on hand very soon thereafter, with shovel and broom to clear it away. So that a stereoscopic picture of the croquet-ground at this writing, would exhibit it as an elliptical inclosure surrounded with a snow-white wall from two and a half to three feet in hight.

—Our readers have probably noted J. H. N.'s comments on Longfellow's much admired poem, "Excelsior." These comments occasioned us a racy entertainment a few evenings since. It occurred to somebody one morning that the plot of the poem might be dramatized. In a moment he had sketched the outline of several original scenes, and the "shades of night" had hardly fallen before the family were called into the Hall to the exhibition of the impromptu drama. As our readers will see, the final scene is a modification of Longfellow's plot suited to the moral of J. H. N.'s annotations.

Before the curtain rose, Mr. Underwood read the poem entire, as well as J. H. N.'s remarks, as published in the last two CIRCULARS. Next G. W. H. read, in his inimitable brogue,

PADDY'S VERSION OF EXCELSIOR.

'Twas growing dark so terrible fasht,
When through a town up the mountain there pasht
A broth of a boy, to his neck in the shnow;
As he walked, his shalalah he swung to and fro,
Saying, "It's up to the top I'm bound to go,
Be jabers!"

He looked mortial sad, and his eyes were as bright
As a fire of turf on a cowld winther night,
And divil a word that he said could ye tell
As he opened his mouth and let out a yell,
"It's up to the top of the mountain I'll go,
Onless covered up with this bothersome shnow.
Be jabers!"

Through the windows he saw as he traveled along,
The light of the candles and fires so warm;
But a big chunk of ice hung over his head;
Wid a shnivil and groan, "By St. Patrick!" he said,
"It's up to the very tip-top I will rush,
And then if it falls it's not meself it'll crush,
Be jabers!"

"Whist a bit!" said an owld man, whose head was as white
As the shnow that fell down on that miserable night;
"Shure ye'll fall in the wather, me bit of a lad,
For the night is so dark and the walkin' so bad."
Bedad! he'd not lisht to a word that was said,
But he'd go till the top if he went on his head,
Be jabers!

A bright buxom young girl, such as like to be kissed,
Axed him wadn't he shtop, and how could he resist?
So snapping his finger and winking his eye,
While shmiling upon her, he made this reply—
"Faith I meant to kape on till I got to the top,
But as your shwate self has axed me I may as well shtop.
Be jabers!"

He shtopped all night and he shtopped all day,
And ye mustn't be axing when he did go away;
Fur wouldn't he be a bastely gossoon
To be lavin' his darlint in the shwate honeymoon?
Whin the owld man has paraties enough and to spare,
Shure he moight as well stay, if he's comfortable there,
Be jabers!

Then came scene first. In rushes a youth, who, clambering up snowy hights, waves his banner "with the strange device," and shouts "*Excelsior!*" A hunter meets him, and warns him of cold and coming dangers. Unheeding, the youth sweeps past, waving his banner, and still crying, "Excelsior!"

In scene second, we again see the youth, hurrying on, with ever the same cry. A peasant and his family come out from a neighboring cottage, and try to stop him. A blooming Swiss maiden, kneeling, with outstretched arms and eager voice, implores him to stay and "rest his weary head upon this breast.' This is almost too much for the youth's persistency. In pantomine he expresses sorrow and regret; then, tearing himself away, clambers up more perilous hights, with frantic "Excelsior!" He must, oh! he must, plant his banner on the very highest mountain's top.

Now he meets, in scene third, a trembling, white-haired peasant:

"Try not the pass!" the old man said,
"Dark lowers the tempest overhead:
The roaring torrent 's deep and wide!"

No swerving on the part of the now desperate, half-frozen youth.

"Beware the pine-tree's withered branch!
Beware the awful avalanche!"
This was the peasant's last good-night;—
A voice replied, far up the hight,
"Excelsior!"

As the curtain rises on scene fourth, the stage presents a silent picture. Nothing stirs but the "faithful hound," who caresses the apparently frozen, lifeless body of the youth,

"Still grasping in his hand of ice,
That banner with the strange device,
"Excelsior!"

Now comes the closing scene (not Longfellow's). A party of monks come down the Alps, bearing the body of the youth and chanting a solemn dirge. They enter the cottage where live the peasant's family, and the blooming maiden. Expressing consternation and horror, the family gather about, and with the help of the monks, try to revive the youth. The maiden, distracted and sorrowing, caresses his motionless body. But lo! the chafing and stimulants do their work. The youth revives. He rises, gazing about him with a bewildered air. Suddenly his eye falls on his "banner with the strange device." He unfurls it, and views it with aversion and disgust. He flings it from him, and, sinking on his knees before the maiden while clasping her in his arms, iterates, "*Humilior! humilior!*" The curtain falls, and we all applaud. A.

—We have been living in Communism twenty-five years, and during that time have had a chance to try the advantages of families of various sizes. There are a few who like the snugness and coziness of a small Community; but the majority of our people prefer our largest family. Yet we don't believe we should like great Phalansteries of unlimited numbers, for the present size of the O. C. gives us hints of the disadvantages which would be likely to ensue were its members to increase to any great extent. We have, in fact, about concluded that the O. C. is just the right size for making the happiest home in the world. H. J. S. is lending a helping hand in the kitchen at the Villa this week, and he thus philosophizes on the advantages to be gained by living in small Communities:

"I find it an agreeable experience to live for a while in the atmosphere of a small Community. I don't mean the literal atmosphere during this cold snap; for, truth to say, the business of keeping warm requires much more attention here than in your great brick mansion. Unless I am particular to keep the kitchen stove and the cellar furnace *coaled* the whole house will be *cold*, and that will make the *folk-s-cold*. But it was more especially to the social atmosphere that I referred in my remark. We have demonstrated, at least to our own satisfaction, the falsity of Fourier's assumption that a small Community cannot succeed. A Community of any size can succeed if the materials of which it is composed have yielded themselves to the right kind of discipline. There are, however, some excellent advantages to be gained by limiting associations to thirty or forty members, which are not to be despised. We find, for instance, in our evening meetings, that some who would be frightened beyond measure at the sound of their own voices in the great Hall at O. C. are actually edifying members of the gathering here. This may be on the same principle that the little brook can make much more noise in proportion to its weight of water than the great *O. Ocean*."

—The following is from the school-room:

"I have been a teacher of the children for the past few months; but many are the lessons which I have learned of them. The simple expressions, 'I confess Christ a good spirit, that will be a good boy all day'—'I confess the revival spirit,' spoken with seriousness from their childish lips, have a controlling influence upon them, and teach me what a great helm is the confession of Christ. I see that these are not meaningless utterances to them; that the little girl who confesses Christ 'a spirit that will get her lessons well,' *expects to do it* and *does* do it. What interests me, is their innocent belief in their confessions, and in the realization of their faith. We all look to the same means for salvation; but with them the idea of a Savior seems so tangible. Yesterday with its failures is forgotten; unbelief finds no home, and they start anew in the path of improvement with the hope and confidence of childhood. Many times their simple faith has encouraged me and made me appreciate anew the truth that Christ is in me stronger than evil, and the simple words, 'I confess a spirit that will please my teacher,' has reacted upon my own heart, and I too have confessed Christ a spirit that will please God and *my* teachers. Truly, of such is the kingdom of heaven. P.

ABOUT INSPIRATION.

FRAGMENTS OF AN EVENING CONVERSATION.

W. A. H.—It is good for us to occasionally call to mind the New Testament doctrine that inspiration is a free gift—accessible to all. "For this is the covenant that I will make with the house of Israel after those days, saith the Lord; I will put my laws into their minds, and write them in their hearts: and I will be to them a God, and they shall be to me a people: and they shall not teach every man his neighbor, saying, Know the Lord: for all shall know me from the least to the greatest." "And it shall come to pass in the last days, saith God, I will pour out of my Spirit upon all flesh." "The Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in my name, he shall teach you all things, and bring all things to your remembrance." Nothing can be plainer than that the gospel idea is that no one is so lowly or ignorant that he cannot receive God's spirit and be moved by it.

W. H. W.—The testimony of the Primitive Church was that they had "the mind of Christ." Those who could use that language must have been in a state of chronic inspiration, which is certainly the most desirable condition. To have the mind of Christ and be actuated by it, is far better than to seek for inspiration with reference to particular things.

W. A. H.—The early Perfectionists had a great deal to say about being inspired in this retail way. It affected their daily conversation. They would talk about being inspired to do quite trivial things. Perhaps they were; but it is plain that such inspiration is characteristic of immature experience—far inferior to the chronic state of inspiration expressed by the words of Paul, "We have the mind of Christ."

G. E. C.—The best inspiration is always organic and tends to unity. There will be no working at cross purposes when persons have the mind of Christ, for that first and always seeks unity.

W. H. W.—We are most of us more or less familiar with what is termed specific inspiration—inspiration leading us to do or say particular things; but I judge that the members are more and more seeking the chronic inspiration that comes from possessing the mind and spirit of Christ. These give us true wisdom.

J. B. H.—I have noticed that when persons

act from this higher inspiration they are sometimes led to do things which may not appear very wise at the time, but which subsequent events prove to have been in accordance with perfect wisdom. Men who live by inspiration—who walk after the mind of Christ—will never have occasion to look back and call their lives failures. On the contrary, as they grow in years they will see more good, more harmony, more beautiful providences, in their past careers.

WHAT SAY YOU?

O. C., Dec. 26, 1872.

DEAR EDITOR:—Many readers of the CIRCULAR have expressed themselves as specially interested in what relates to the inner experience of the Community; and this has suggested the thought that you might be willing to publish an occasional article embodying some of the best thoughts expressed at the meetings of our Criticism Club. What say you? At these meetings, as you very well know, individual character is freely discussed, but always in the spirit of love—with a sincere desire to benefit the subject. No personal prejudice is allowed to manifest itself. As our best critic recently said, "In criticism we should never irritate a person or aggravate his faults. The idea we should have distinctly in view is to do the subject good—to say something that will be useful for the improvement of his character. In general we should see to it that there is nothing in our spirits or words that will excite combativeness. Avoid as much as possible saying anything that tends to humiliate the subject. This of course cannot always be done; but even when the truth requires us to say very sharp things we are bound to say them in the soft, broken spirit that wounds but to heal." The same spirit should evidently guide the pen in transcribing any part of our Community criticisms for the benefit of the readers of the CIRCULAR. Even personalities that might be excused by the circumstances which elicited them in the discussions of the Club would be quite out of place in the CIRCULAR. The criticisms would lose some in interest by such elimination; but still they might help some earnest souls in the good path. What say you? Yours, W.

[Your proposal is a good one. Go ahead, if you please.—ED. CIR.]

FROM OUR YALE STUDENTS.

I.

THE first term of my last year is ended, and for a brief fortnight, we three—the Chemist, the Lawyer and the Engineer—are enjoying the blessings of our Oneida home. And just here let me say that one of the worst things about college life is its effect on the home relations of the student. I remember a series of sketches of college life by Mead in which the typical freshman is represented in the act of writing home to his mother. That picture told the whole story. But the images of father and mother and home in time grow dim. Along with the growth of independence and self-reliance natural to coming manhood, his intellectual acquirements give the student a conceit that almost overbalances their value. Home looks dull and tame, and father and mother, though good enough folks are old fogyish, and the simple faith of childhood a forgotten dream. Many students, especially the brighter ones, in every part of the University, after vainly struggling to reconcile their earlier religion with their later knowledge, to harmonize science and the Bible, land at last in scepticism. I once heard an old graduate of Yale say that young men after graduating there should spend four years more in educating their spiritual natures, not mere theological "gerund grinding," but discipline of the heart and soul. For such a college as this, Yale has few competent professors. But perhaps I have moralized enough for once.

In looking back over the past month I recall a few items of interest. The standard of scholarship is rising sharply at Yale. The Academic freshman class, though fully up to the average in smartness, lost ten men in the first two months by reason of their sheer inability to stand the strain; and as many more will probably fail to appear at the commencement of the second term. Whether it is President Porter who is thus crowding upward, or the Governing Board, or the individual professors, is more than I can tell; the fact is painfully apparent.

In the Sheffield School the Chemical department, hitherto the resort of some not over inclined to work, has undergone pungent treatment at the hands of Prof. Johnson, who declares that no more dunces shall ever graduate from that Laboratory; and judging by the examination the men have to go through he is in earnest. Entrance examinations of the school are to be more thorough hereafter, and freshmen classes will be "sifted" more energetically than ever. On the whole I'm glad I am near the end. During the recent term-examinations Rev. Doctor Bacon, Ex-Pres. Woolsey, and others were present at many of the exercises, why, I can't quite say. It seemed to be rather a bore to them, and we certainly would gladly have excused them. K.

O. C., Dec. 25, 1872.

FROM BOSTON.

DEAR EDITOR:—The great fire as a newspaper item, is burned out, of course; and yet as a theme for thought, it is quite the reverse. I was more familiar with the particular locality of the fire than with any other part of the city, and to me the scene of desolation is consequently quite impressive. Federal street was probably one of the finest and most imposing business streets, so far as granite buildings were concerned, that could be found on this continent. Now it is among the things that were. Sixty acres and more of the very heart of Boston, swept to destruction almost in a night! But why recapitulate? The reflection which comes amid these ruins is that we are only saved from such calamities by the care of God. "Except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain."

My business here has been chiefly with the wholesale dealers in hardware, not one of whom, I think, escaped the fire. This class of men have been in the past noted for their courtesy and integrity, and the late calamity seems to make these traits shine with greater brightness. They are uniformly cheerful and hopeful. Not, however, because they have not met with serious losses, but because they seem to have pluck to meet the emergency. As to insurance money I cannot learn that a dollar has as yet been collected, and if any is ever collected it is probable that not more than fifty cents on the dollar will be realized. Some of the heaviest Boston insurance companies were themselves among the greatest losers. Not a few of them will pay to the utmost of their ability and then cease to exist.

Little has been done as yet toward rebuilding the burnt district. State aid to the amount of $10,000,000 has been granted by the Massachusetts Legislature and several permits to rebuild have been issued; but thus far none but flat roofs are allowed. The pleasing Mansard has fallen into disrepute. The streets will probably be widened and straightened. This will certainly be a mercy to people who do not always keep their wits about them, for of all the towns with crooked, unfindable streets which I ever visited Boston is the most notable.

I arrived here on the evening of the 18th, just in time to hear Stanley's second and last lecture. His subject was Livingstone's story as told to himself. Lecturing is evidently not Stanley's forte, and it could hardly be expected that it should be. As he stands before the public today, if he is anything he is a man of deeds, not of words; and that is why the public are interested in the man. The person who braved hardships and death itself to find Livingstone, and at last succeeded, is of more value a hundredfold, than the style in which he recounts his adventures, though he were able to speak with the eloquence of Pericles. I wished to see and hear a man who has shown such indefatigable energy, and I was not disappointed in him. At the rear of the stage stood a large map of Central Africa, perhaps twelve feet square, on which were painted the various localities of Dr. Livingstone's travels; the lakes, rivers, kingdoms, etc., together with the latitudes and longitudes. This map shows Central Africa to be far different from the desolate, uninhabitable region represented on our old school atlases. It now abounds in beautiful lakes and rivers, and is quite densely populated. There was an exhibition of various trophies from that heathen country, such as bows, arrows, spears, boomerangs, boars' tusks and other warlike weapons of iron, stone, ivory and wood. Besides these the lecturer showed us a piece of cloth made by the natives from a peculiar grass which grows in that land. But the most interesting specimen was an African youth, as black as a moonless midnight, bearing the name of Kalulu. This son of Africa was born on the shores of a small lake near the equator, and I believe, accompanied Mr. Stanley to this country.

Stanley is a handsome man of about thirty years, medium hight, straight as an arrow, black hair, with mustache and imperial, round features, compactly built, a picture of health, and to all appearance precisely the man for the undertaking he has accomplished. He was expected to appear in the costume peculiar to the travelers of Central Africa, but instead he was clothed in an elegant dress-suit of black.

In order to outline Mr. Stanley's account of Doctor Livingstone's travels I cannot perhaps do better than to present the following extract from a report which appeared in the *Boston Herald* of the 19th instant:

"Beginning his story with the departure of the doctor from Zanzibar, Mr. Stanley mapped out his route of travel along the Makeuda river, through the wilds and jungles of Mozambique into the country of Moonda, where he first found the waters of that lacustrine stream that flows through a chain of lakes northward through Central Africa and many degrees westward of any route of travel ever made by white man before. While indicating to his audience by means of a large map the route of the doctor's travels over this hitherto unexplored region that is teeming with millions of people—where the school books told only of barren wastes—Mr. Stanley frequently stopped to give chapters of the doctor's trials, tribulations and sufferings, as also to tell of his desertion by his own men; but, not intimidated, he marched on till at last he had crossed the equator, and entered the country of the Manguema, where he found a people well skilled in manufactures, with fair complexions, and women of great beauty. But here, with only one link to make in his long route of explorations, he was at last compelled to abandon his researches and travel some seven hundred miles eastward to Ujiji, where he arrived in October, 1871, and where, in less than a month he was found by Stanley with nothing left, robbed, deserted and a beggar. It was an interesting story to all people who delight to learn those things that only the labor and research of men with indomitable pluck, like Doctor Livingstone, contribute to the books from which we learn such things."

H. W. B.

Boston, Dec. 20, 1872.

GEORGE CATLIN.

GEORGE CATLIN, long and well known for his researches among the Indians, and his preservation by the means of his art, painting, of their fast disappearing types and customs, died at Jersey City on Monday last. He was born in 1796, at Wilkesbarre, Pa., and was educated at the celebrated Reeves Law School, Litchfield, Conn. He afterward practiced his profession two years at Philadelphia. But his mind turned to art, and that became his passion for which he soon abandoned the law. From a sketch of his life in the New York *Tribune* we copy as follows:

"In 1829, being then thirty-three years old, Mr. Catlin had his attention called to the fact that the pure American race was disappearing before the march of civilization. He therefore resolved, if possible, to rescue from oblivion the types and customs of the unfortunate Indians.

"From that moment dated the commencement of his life-study, to which he clung through the remaining years of his existence, in good or evil fortune. From that day George Catlin was a public benefactor, and his subsequent career was devoted to the cause of art and history, to which he has added a chapter that cannot be undervalued.

"In 1831, Mr. Catlin, though discouraged by his friends and by the Government, accompanied Gov. Clark of St. Louis, then Superintendent of Indian Affairs, in a Western tour among the Winnebagos and Menomonies, the Shawanos, Sacs, and Foxes, and with these interviews began the series of his Indian paintings. After the close of the "Black Hawk War" he visited Black Hawk and five of his warriors, prisoners at Jefferson Barracks, where he painted their portraits.

"In the following year he descended the Missouri River, from the mouth of the Yellowstone to St. Louis, in a canoe, with two men, a distance of 2,000 miles, steering it the whole way with his own paddle; and in that campaign visited and painted the Mandans, Crows, Blackfeet, K'nisteneux, Assinneboins, Minatarres, Reccarrees, Sioux, Puncas, and Iowas. During these voyages he was the correspondent of the *New York Spectator*.

"These letters and others written during subsequent trips to the West, were collected and published in 1841, the volume being entitled "Catlin's Life among the North American Indians." The artist's anxiety to procure faithful and complete portraits of all the Indian celebrities, and of representatives of every well known or obscure tribe, led him into many dangers, and he traveled thousands of miles in a bark canoe and on horseback. He visited nearly every State in the Union, and was doubtless the best informed man in the world on Indian life and customs.

"He married and went to Europe in 1840, taking with him his collection of paintings, which he exhibited in London for three years. He afterward went to Paris where his wife suddenly died, leaving three daughters who are yet living, while the French Revolution turned him out "neck and heels," as he expressed it in his book. In 1852, he sailed to Venezuela and for several years was employed in exploring the innermost parts of South America, interviewing scores of tribes of wild Indians.

"Last Rambles in North and South America," from his pen is a graphic description of his life in the wildernesses of those countries. He also wrote a little book entitled, "Lifted and Subsided Rocks of America," based on his observations made during his travels. A very valuable work, "North American Folio," containing twenty-five plates of hunting scenes, was published by him in London.

"As an author, Mr. Catlin was peculiarlarly talented, and all his books exhibit unusual merit. As an artist, he excelled, and the fidelity of his drawings was highly commended by Lewis Cass, Humboldt, Schoolcraft and others. His paintings are spirited and accurate, the portraits being remarkable likenesses, while the landscape views are perfect representations. Until within two years, Mr. Catlin has resided in Brussels, preparing his second gallery of Indian characters, and also several books, which were published in London.

"Last Autumn this collection, comprising five hundred portraits, was exhibited at the Somerville Art Gallery in this city, and was visited by thousands, while the press deservedly praised its excellence. This collection is now at the Smithsonian Institute and a petition is awaiting Congress for its purchase."

THE NEWS.

Mr. Hepworth Dixon Jr., is the editor of a new weekly humorous paper, called *The Gossip*.

George P. Putnam, long eminent as a New York publisher, and founder of *Putnam's Magazine*, is dead.

Major-General Hancock has assumed command of the Military Division of the Atlantic, with headquarters at New York.

Mrs. Woodhull and Miss Claflin have resumed the publication of *Woodhull & Claflin's Weekly*. The new issue begins with the date Dec. 28, 1872. The publishers have not yet been brought to trial on any of the charges preferred against them.

Prince Bismarck, at his own request, has been, by official rescript, relieved from the Presidency of the German Council of Ministers.. He retains his position as Chancellor of the German Empire, and empowered to vote in the State Ministry through a deputy.

It is reported from the Russian Capital that the British Embassador at St. Petersburg has notified Prince Gortschakoff that if the Russian troops penetrate the countries between Khiva and Afghanistan, England will be compelled to interfere in support of Afghanistan independence.

A cold wave has just passed over the continent. Our thermometer registered as low as 17° below zero. At the west and north much colder weather is reported.—At Chicago the mercury reached—20°, and at Milwaukee —30°. At Memphis the 24th was the coldest day known for twenty-five years.

Attorney-General Williams "has decided—in answer to a communication from the Post-master General—that Post-office officials have no right to open or detain letters or other matter transmitted through the Post-office, though they may know they contain obscene matter. Post-Masters have no more authority to open letters other than those addressed to themselves than have other citizens of the United States."

The Central Presbyterian Tabernacle, Brooklyn, T. DeWitt Talmage, pastor, was burned on Sunday morning, Dec. 22. The loss on building, organ and furniture was about $100,000, insured for $45,000. The organ was one of the largest in the country and was the one constructed for, and used at, the first Boston Musical Jubilee. The building was composed of a wooden frame, sheathed inside and outside with corrugated iron, and in parts filled in with brick.

A terrible accident took place on the Buffalo, Corry and Pittsburgh Railroad, at Goose Creek, on the 24th, by which over twenty persons were killed and as many more wounded. Cause, a broken car-wheel, which threw the train from the track while crossing a long trestle. The trestle broke down at the same time and cars and broken timbers were precipitated to the ground, a distance of 20 feet, when the broken cars took fire from the stoves and the horror was complete.

The *Scientific American* says that the great railway tunnel through the Hoosac Mountain is progressing very effectively, and it is probable that the bore will be completed in October, 1873. The total length of the tunnel will be nearly five miles. It is the second longest tunnel in the world, the Mont Cenis bore through the Alps, being nearly eight miles in length. But the St. Gothard tunnel, through the Swiss Alps, which was commenced during the present year, will beat both of these, as it will be thirteen and a half miles in length.

Barnum's Menagerie and Museum, New York, was burned on Tuesday morning last. All the animals except two elephants and a camel were burned. Some adjoining buildings, including Grace Chapel, were destroyed. The total loss was about $700,000. This is the third time Mr. Barnum's museum has been burned. But he seems still undaunted, and has already cabled to his agents in Europe to expend half a million dollars in making a new collection. On the afternoon of the same day that the above fire took place, there was a great fire in Center Street, New York, between Worth and Leonard, destroying property to the amount of several hundred thousand dollars.

The Sacramento *Record* says: "Mention is made elsewhere of the passing of a heavy tea train east. The train is a special one, consisting of sixteen cars, each car containing ten tons, the whole aggregate 160 tons, or 320,000 pounds of tea. It left San Francisco on the evening of the 3d, at dusk, and reached Truckee at dark last night, being nine hours in advance of the time on which it would ordinarily have run. It is expected equal diligence will be exhibited east of Truckee and the cargo reach New York in about ten days. If close connection is made with the Atlantic steamers the tea should be landed upon the Liverpool docks in twenty-one days from its date of shipment, and be stored in London the succeeding day. The cost to the railroad companies by pushing freight in this manner, is fully 18 per cent., and often 20 per cent. more than by the usual speed, owing to the displacement of trains and extra working forces, etc., etc. It is well known that a strong effort has been made to turn this oriental trade to our overland railroads, hence the exertions made for speedy transit. This attempt at quick transportation will, if successful, demonstrate the feasibility of sending through freight by rail, and tend to greatly enhance the prosperity of our trans-continental railroads. It may be regarded as one of the most important experiments ever attempted by the railroad."

The New York *Tribune* has been bought back from Mr. Orton by the old associates and friends of Mr. Greeley, and reëntered upon its career as an independent Republican journal on Monday last. In the leading editorial of that day's issue, the managers say:

"As the result of certain intrigues and outside efforts to gain control of the paper and wrest it from the purpose to which our late chief devoted it, some changes have taken place in the proprietorship, and a large majority of the stock is to-day permanently concentrated in the hands of Mr. Greeley's chosen editorial associates —men whom he trained for this particular duty, to whom he intrusted the management of his journal in the gravest emergencies, whom he honored with the confidence of his thoughts and wishes, and whose purpose it now is to continue the work from which he was so suddenly called away. Their ambition is to make the *Tribune* of the future what Horace Greeley would have made it if God had spared him—a frank and fearless newspaper, devoted to the best interests of the whole country; spending its energies and resources freely in the collection of news; keeping its readers informed of the course of events, the currents of opinion at home and abroad, the progress of science and the useful arts; speaking its mind freely on all questions of public concern; detesting neutrality in politics as the refuge of the weak-minded and the timid, but keeping its independence as the best title to honor and usefulness.

"In taking up the unfinished task which fell from his hands a few weeks ago, we happily have the men whom he brought around him, the facilities which he accumulated, and means so ample that when, a few days since, over half a million of dollars was paid for the bare control of the paper, we, knowing the worth of what Mr. Greeley had built up, bid higher and bought it back. Making allowance for the fact that the *Tribune* is practically without improved real estate; this indicates by far the highest price ever paid for a newspaper on this continent—a price greater, we may say without offense, than any other journal on the continent, with the exception of the *Herald*, could be expected to command. But henceforth there is no price whatever with which any stranger can buy it—it is beyond reach. So fortified, we purpose continuing our old battle against injustice and ignorance under the same Republican banner which Horace Greeley upheld so stoutly and so long, and on the same policy of candid independence which it was one of his latest acts to reaffirm over his own signature in these columns. Naturally we shall prefer to support, as far as possible, an Administration which professes the party name. Such an Administration will receive from us a frank and cordial approval of every action performed in accordance with its and our principles. But the *Tribune* is nobody's official advocate. When Republican leaders are guilty of oppression, fraud, bribery, or any other species of wrong or folly, we shall not spare them because they are Republicans. No party sympathies are strong enough to overcome our independence or muzzle our honest utterance."

It is understood that Mr. Whitelaw Reid will be the

editor-in-chief of the Tribune, and that Mr. W. W. Phelps, a wealthy young gentleman of Eaglewood, N. J., and a Member of Congress from that State, furnished the money with which to purchase the fifty shares held by Mr. Orton.

MY GRANDMOTHER.

"DON'T make false motions, Mary!" This sage advice was given by my grandmother, as with keen observant eyes she watched my fingers fumbling with the needles, and making wretchedly slow progress in knitting a stocking—all the more slow, I suppose, from the consciousness that those sharp eyes were upon me, and belonged to one who many and many a time had knit a pair of stockings in a day. My grandmother! what a notable woman she was! How well I remember her in cap and spectacles, surrounded by her rag carpets, her many-colored rugs, and the great baskets of work she was always so busy about. She took boarders, too, from the academy and almost always had a grandchild or two with her. This was after all her own children were married, and she and grandpapa were old.

They lived in a great old-fashioned square house which many years before they had kept as a tavern. There was always a certain sense of mystery and awe about the large, silent rooms, and we children hardly dared to play in them, and we were apt to be a little homesick if our visits to grandmother lasted over night. But grandmother herself was interesting to the last. She was a fine specimen of the New England matron of fifty years ago. Her family removed from Massachusetts to the southern part of Vermont about a hundred years since. At the age of sixteen she married a young man of twenty-three from New Haven. The youthful pair began the world together with little beside a good moral and religious education, good health, and plenty of energy and endurance. Her husband worked at his trade as a blacksmith, and she became one of the most industrious and successful of housewives. Eleven children, of whom my mother was the eldest, were born to them, and with the exception of three who died in infancy all but the youngest son were married and had families of their own before my remembrance.

Grandmother had great talent for business. *She* "never made false motions." What splendid mince-pies she made, and how good her bread-and-butter tasted! But perhaps her great forte lay in making and weaving carpets, counterpanes and rugs. Her invention of patterns and love of colors were always in exercise. When a great-grandson had become eminent as a sculptor some one inquired. "Where did M——— get his talent?" "Why," said his father, "from grandmother H., of course. She had it all in her, though she took another way to show it." With all her home cares and labors she found time to be the counsellor, nurse and friend to all her circle of acquaintance. Her native wit, strong good sense, and freedom from flattery and deceit made her conversation racy and attractive. Among her boarders was a gentleman of forty, a college-bred man, master of arts and sciences, and deeply learned in Latin, Greek and Hebrew. He became enamored of her eldest daughter and married her. But during the long courtship, such was his bashfulness, always shrinking from any revelation of the heart, and such the charms of grandmother's conversation, as she plied her knitting-needles through the long winter evenings, that the curious neighbors laughing said they could not tell for their lives which he was courting, mother or daughter. She wrote as easily as she talked, and not only corresponded with her children and grandchildren, but kept a diary for many years. An extract from that diary, written soon after the death of her husband and when she was over eighty years of age, is now before me. As it contains a moral that all busy housewives should heed in more ways than one, I will conclude my sketch with it. Speaking of grandfather she says:

"He was a good husband—too good for me. I never meant to make him unhappy, or to require of him more than he could do; but I did not make him as happy as I might in a great many ways. He would sometimes say to me, 'The horse is standing in the barn doing nothing; we will go and ride. It is no matter whether we stop any where.' But I would say, 'I can't leave my work.' So he would not go, or go alone. Oh, now I would say to every woman who has a good husband, 'Enjoy him while he is spared to you, or it will grieve you to the heart when it is too late—when all is over.'"

C.

CHANGED.

Lowborn, unknown, unreconciled
To tame constraints of gentle birth,
I ranged the earth as fierce and wild
As are the steeds still undefiled
By touch of rider, bit, or girth;
Nor heeded aught beyond my sight,
And cared for naught beyond my might.

But now my heart turned lowliwise,
Recks only of love's loss and gain;
And all my being bends and cries
That God may hear and recognize
The man become a child again—
A child who but for love's requite
Would barter all the strong man's might.

G.

Says the Boston *Traveler:* One of the most ludicrous incidents possible occurred in an auction room in this city on Saturday, where a mammoth painting is on exhibition of Adam and Eve and Cain and Abel. An Irishman asked a bystander—"Who is it, there?" "Adam and Eve and their children," was the reply. A lady standing by said, *sotto voce*, to her companion, "Why, I didn't know they had any children!"

RECEIPTS FOR THE CIRCULAR.

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A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF HOME, SCIENCE AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

Published by the Oneida & Wallingford Communities.

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SPECIAL NOTICE.

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

ADMISSIONS.

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

TRUTH.

Theories which thousands cherish,
  Pass like clouds that sweep the sky;
Creeds and dogmas still may perish;
  Truth herself can never die.

From the glorious heavens above her,
  She has shed her beams abroad,
That the souls who truly love her,
  May become the sons of God.

Worldlings blindly may refuse her,
  Close their eyes and call it night;
Learned scoffers may abuse her,
  But they cannot quench her light.

Thrones may totter, empires crumble,
  All their glories cease to be;
While she, Christ-like crowns the humble,
  And from bondage sets them free.

God himself will e'er defend her
  From the fury of her foe,
Till she in her native splendor
  Sits enthroned o'er all below.

[*Selected.*

OUR WAY.

Home-Talk by J. H. N.

THE question of Community extension is continually pressed upon us. On the one hand, there are many who wish to join us where we are; and on the other hand, we receive from correspondents an abundance of advice, criticism and speculation as to the policy of forming new Communities abroad. A man writes us quite regularly from the West, urging his opinion that, instead of devoting our surplus means, as we are doing, to educating young men and preparing for a university, we ought to devote them to starting new Communities all over the country. This is but a specimen of the tutoring that comes upon us constantly.*

Now while others are free to think for themselves about our duty, we have also our thought upon it. And it may not be immodest to say that, standing, as we do, somewhat central to the subject under consideration, there is reason to suppose that we have studied it more carefully than most of our outside advisers have done, and with a deeper sense than they of the responsibility we are under, and of the interests at stake. So, though we have no wish to restrain their liberty of thought and counsel, there is yet a propriety in their observing moderation in urging their opinions. And this hint is the more pertinent from the fact that much of the advice that is given us is manifestly very crude—mere spattering of words that we can only pass off with a smile.

To promote correct thinking on this subject of Community extension, I will state in a brief but plain and intelligible way, the situation, as we understand it.—In the first place, to attempt to meet the demand for membership in the present Communities would be entirely useless. If we had received all who have made application to us during the last year or even the last six months, we should have simply become an overgrown encampment—an unwieldy, unmanageable mass, as incapable of prosperous motion as a water-logged ship at sea. Aside from moral and spiritual considerations it would be physically impossible to meet the demand for membership at our present homes by any system of enlargement that we could devise. Evidently the best course with reference to the existing Communities is, to keep them strong, avoid overloading them, take in new members only as fast as we see that they can be well digested and assimilated, and go on quietly to do the work that God (not man) has set us about.

Having thus disposed of the question of enlargement in our present localities, the next question is concerning propagation abroad. And here it might be surmised at the outset that a people who have put themselves on the principles of male continence and scientific propagation, who esteem quality above quantity in all things and especially in children, who believe in Malthus and hold to self-control in the matter of family increase, would find analogous principles for application to spiritual and social propagandism. And for myself I will say, I would rather the Communities should stand permanently as they are without increase—I would rather even that they should perish without leaving a mark to show where they stood, than that they should spread out into a great shiftless, irresponsible system of proselytism, rearing dependents and disciples that they could neither educate, govern nor protect. I am satisfied that Malthus's philosophy about the evils of over-population holds good, not only in regard to the sphere of the family, but in social and

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*Since this Home-Talk was put in type, the following letter has come from one of the high places of theology. It is so fine a specimen of the monitorial correspondence referred to above, that it deserves to be appended:

Meadville, Penn., Theological School, Dec. 28, 1872.

DEAR CIRCULAR:—I have hailed your coming for six years with delight and satisfaction, and would still love to have your sparkling presence with me; but there is one thing I do not understand. It is this: If you have a good thing, why not let the world have it? If Communism is the best, why is there not something done to let the world have its benefits? If I should apply to the Oneida Community for admittance, I should be rejected. Then it seems to me that only a certain few can have its best blessings. But it may be the world is not yet prepared for them. Is there anything doing to bring the world up to this point? I have long looked for the O. C. to send forth their propagandist as others have done. But no one has come to organize new churches or to present its doctrines. I would like to know your *modus operandi* of bringing the world to Communism. Christ was a liberal and universal teacher. His words are, "Come unto me, *all*," etc. You believe in human progress; but what progress have you made in the last twenty years as to new members? It may be you have a plan in view for accomplishing all this that I am suggesting; but I ask for information.

Yours respectfully, S. G. A. F.

[We respectfully inform S. G. A. F. that if he has kept a file of the CIRCULAR for the last six years he will find the substance of this Talk in the paper of Nov. 26, 1866, and other articles equivalent as often as once in three months ever since.—ED. CIR.]

moral movements. The terrible vices and miseries which beset the progress of the popular religious sects, proceed mainly from their ungovernable propensity to propagate themselves beyond their means of education and support. Their spirituality is swamped in their numbers. On the other hand, as we have always favored natural propagation under good circumstances and within such limits as society can afford, so we extend the same rule to spiritual and corporate increase.

If our Communities are, as is generally admitted, examples of success, it is for them to consider *how* they succeeded, and keep on in the same course. Whatever has led to their prosperity should be continued. Now, setting aside their religious foundations (on the importance of which many of our advisers would not agree with us), and looking simply at the external means of their progress, it is manifest that our paper (printed under various titles) has done much in the gathering and building of our Communities. The press was the nucleus around which we gathered at the start. It has called around us those who have joined us since. It has educated us in various ways. The study of truth which it has called for has reacted on our life, and our life has reacted on our study of the truth. The paper has been constantly clearing ground for us and invigorating us in all our work. Those who take so much interest in advising our course never would have heard of the Community but for the paper. It is best then to keep this agency going and make the most of it. Indeed, before we multiply Communities we ought to be strong enough in all the requirements of the press-power, to wield a first-class daily paper. We have no reason to expect even the financial means to do this from our subscribers. Our only way is to provide the means ourselves. And then if we are to get the mastery of this great engine of civilization, the Press, we must also have a training-school for those who are to conduct it. We ought to develop a thousand horse-power capacity for thinking and writing; and that means a university.

All this looks merely to the diffusing of information and preparation of the public mind. But if after due labor in this way Communities come forth as the fruit of this preparation, then this same press and university will be ready to provide for their culture and means of progress. Propagation in its turn, but the press and means of education first: this is our way.

As to the right method of founding new Communities we can only take our past experience as a guide. Others may jump into association by theory. We cannot. We have thus far felt our way into it by intuition and study of practical exigencies, and know no other way. If then persons ask our help and look to our example for direction in starting Communities, we can tell them how we built and how we should build again. And referring to our experience we should say that there are three main essentials which Community-founders may set before them if they propose to pattern after the model of the O. C.

The first is *good leaders*—men who can be trusted and followed with the certainty that they are true-hearted and competent. Mere well-meaning is not enough. The leaders of a Community should have cultivation and intelligence as well as spirituality; should have ability to speak successfully to an audience, and practical qualifications at least equal to those which are required to manage the affairs of a bank or a railroad. A promiscuous crowd called together without leaders and without subordination, may make a decent town-meeting, but not a successful Community.

The second essential for the forming of a Community like the O. C. is, that the mass of the members should have a thorough practical acquaintance with the institution of *criticism*. This was the antecedent of our organization. I have no reason to think that we could have taken the first successful step in Communism without the previous acquaintance that we obtained by studying each other's characters, and without the discipline that came by criticising and submitting to criticism. This is the art that amalgamates.

The third pre-requisite of a successful Community is a thorough acquaintance of its members with the theory and practice of *male continence*. Without this, Communism goes straight either to confusion or to Shakerism.

Such are the necessary preliminaries of a Community organization according to our experience. We have no confidence that people will succeed in associative attempts without them. They constitute our standing answer to such as ask us for advice. As to our own action in the premises, we shall move on as fast as we can to provide these essential conditions of Communism; and we shall form new families when we get orders from inspiration and providence. We shall not quarrel, if we can help it, with those who think that Paradise can be reached in a cheaper way; but we are not willing to be responsible for their attempts, and we do not mean to allow their failures to discourage and turn back the world's grand march toward Communism and the Millennium.

BACKWARD GLANCINGS.

XII.

I RETURNED to Putney in the latter part of Feb., 1835. The *Perfectionist*, which had reached its sixth number, had prepared the way before him and there was a great desire to hear him preach. Curiosity and the craving to hear and tell new things were mingled with much genuine hunger for gospel food. The regular pastors did not show any cordiality, or open their churches to him, but the people came eagerly to hear him in school-rooms, in tavern-halls and in private houses. Mr Morgan, the Methodist, who had been converted on J.'s first visit to Putney, was forward in promoting and attending the meetings. The leading physician of the place, Dr. A. Campbell, and his wife (at whose hospitable house Rev. O. A. Bronson, before his conversion to Catholicism, was often a guest), became deeply interested in the new doctrines and opened their house for evening meetings. This example was followed by Mr. J. Crawford, a lawyer. He and his refined and intelligent wife had never professed religion before, but having "tasted of the good word of God" as preached by J., now manifested all the simplicity and enthusiasm of young converts. The company which assembled at these meetings embraced a variety of classes and denominations. Some were members of the most orthodox and influential families in town. Others were Universalists, Methodists and Nothingarians.

The meetings were generally very informal, not given to vocal praying or much singing. J. usually took the Bible and discoursed upon some text or topic, treating it in an original, soul-searching way, and interspersing familiar conversation and questions. The interest growing out of those evening discourses was intense and lasting. Many persons who had never before cared much for the Bible began to love and study it, and felt that with the new weapons furnished by J. they were able to meet and confound ministers and church-members. Some who had been seeking religion for years, but who were chilled and disappointed by the low, unsatisfactory hopes held out by the churches, heard the glad tidings of a full salvation with joyful surprise, and became steadfast followers of J. through evil report and good report.

From the village the interest spread to the borders of the town. The "East Part," as it was called, was a sort of neutral ground, where all religions and no religion by turns held sway. It was now the head-quarters of Methodism; but that church was not in a very flourishing or harmonious state, and could hardly be said to hold the place. Mr. L. Pierce, who belonged to no church, but thought J.'s doctrine the best he ever heard, invited him to preach at the "East Part," in the Methodist church. A revival followed this preaching. Several of the most religious and substantial families became interested and opened their houses for meetings. The converts, in most cases, were remarkably whole-hearted and steadfast. The rumor of these events reached the neighboring towns, and invitations to preach came in from Westminster, Dummerston, Fayetteville and other places almost daily. My sister and myself generally accompanied J. to the meetings in town, and occasionally to those out of town; greatly to the consternation and grief of our fashionable friends. To forsake our regular church meetings and assemble with a miscellaneous company in some out-of-the-way schoolhouse, or at some remote and obscure private house, was a grievous derogation from the family rank. Loss of caste was held up to us as a threat and a warning; but we pursued our course, caring little for the remarks of those who would keep our attention upon considerations of that kind.

Toward the close of April S. Lovett, of the State of New York, and the Rev. C. H. Weld, of Hartford, came to visit J. Lovett was at that time a beloved and enthusiastic co-worker with J., and Weld claimed a leading position in the new dispensation. They remained at our house three weeks, attending the meetings and occasionally making a few remarks. Lovett

had some of the strange characteristics of the New York Perfectionists. He was odd and abrupt in his manners. In testimony he was very positive and apparently whole-hearted, but he had little power to attract or convince his hearers. Weld had been a minister many years, and had been the leader and associate of such men as Finney, Boyle, Lansing and other eminent revivalists. He had the polish and prudence of a city clergyman, and did not attempt anything demonstrative or positive by way of defining his own position. In all he said there was a lack of the living earnestness which made J.'s words so effective. He paraded the high-sounding, mystical revelations of other New Lights, but did not make any clear confession of salvation from sin himself.

The success of J.'s preaching very naturally inflamed the jealousy of his opponents, and their bitterness added venom to the rumors already rife about the strange doctrines and disorderly conduct of Perfectionists. My father's sensitiveness on the subject of reputation was extreme. He could not endure to see his eldest son, once his pride and hope, suffer such undeserved and overwhelming reproach. One day he remonstrated very earnestly with J. for not taking measures to put down the slanders and the slanderers. J. contended that he ought not to spend his time and strength in caring for his mere worldly reputation. He accepted revilings and false accusations as a part of the inheritance of a son of God in this world. My father became very angry, and the result of the talk was that J. withdrew from our house, and went to that of a Mr. Cutler, who was apparently a convert and gladly offered a home to J. and his two friends. They remained there a week or more and then left; J. and Weld going together toward New Haven where they arrived in June. This separation from J. was painful to us all. It produced no alienation, however, and in a few months my father resumed his kind relations to J. and continued them until his death.

"JESUS WEPT."

IN the whole record of Jesus's career on earth, only one instance is given of his weeping. That his entire course was attended with suffering, in his conflict with Satan and the fulfillment of his heavenly Father's will, every page of his history bears witness. But the end in view so filled his heart and lifted him above all personal considerations, that he calmly pursued his way and manifested a repose of spirit that evidenced a God-like self-control. Free from the bondage of natural ties, superior to idolatrous love, invulnerable to the assaults of exclusive, selfish affection, his love for Mary and Martha and Lazarus was not of that nature that would lead him in sympathy to weep with Mary and Martha merely at the death of Lazarus. Mary and Martha's natural love for their brother was the cause of *their* distress. Jesus's distress arose from a far greater cause.

They had not yet apprehended Jesus in his true character. His spiritual presence and power were not understood by them. Like others, they saw him only as an outward and not as an indwelling Savior. They were yet ignorant of the nature and mode of operation of the resurrection spirit of Christ. Their remark to him, "Lord, if thou hadst been here my brother had not died," seemed to imply a delicate chiding at his absence, and showed their misapprehension of his spiritual power. Martha's language preceding and following his declaration —"I am the resurrection, and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth, and believeth in me, shall never die," joined with Mary's words, indicated that *unbelief* lurked in their hearts, as to his true office.

Notwithstanding all that he had said, all that he had done for them, all the love he had shown them, and all his works of which they knew, the spirit of unbelief came in through their natural love, and thrust itself in his face. Love suffers poignantly when its sincerity and willingness and power to act are doubted by those whom it loves and whose love it craves. What then must have been the *agony* of Christ on this occasion when Satan, through Martha and Mary and the bystanders and as the voice of the world, met him with the spirit of unbelief! At this terrible and crushing power of unbelief resting on and ruling the world, Jesus's soul was bowed down, and he wept. Jesus wept at the supreme reign of unbelief; but his faith in the Father wavered not. His agony became the medium of closer approach by the Father, who strengthened him, when Jesus rising with the awfulness of the situation, pierced and discomfited the spirit of unbelief, as he cried out to the dead, "Lazarus, come forth." And the dead came forth to life at the word of *belief*. This was not only indicative of Christ's power over the natural body, but significant of his energy and power and completeness as a present indwelling Savior to restore and transform into immortality all who BELIEVE.

M. L. B.

New York City.

MY PRESENT AMBITION

IS not for fame, nor any other of the glittering goals usually set up as incentives to untiring effort; but it is that I may become thoroughly receptive to the Spirit of Truth. This ambition is the result of what I have learned in the Community. Previous to coming here I had no such desire; but was aspiring after a very different prize. In fact I did not know receptivity to be of any special importance in enabling me to attain to the highest aspirations of a Christian's life. During my childhood and youth I was a constant church-goer; but I do not recollect having ever heard a minister urge upon his hearers the benefits growing out of a receptive heart. As a child I was taught obedience but not receptivity. No one with whom I was associated, in Sunday-school, day-school, or elsewhere, ever taught me that it was possible for me to put myself in such an attitude as would secure me the guidance of superior wisdom in all things, and at all times.

The doctrine, "We were not all made to think alike," so often quoted to me in early life, is a very pernicious one, and thoroughly antagonistic to the Spirit of Truth. Christ and his father were one because Christ was perfectly receptive to his Father's spirit; and all who are truly receptive to Christ's spirit, or to the spirits of those he inspires, must be one as Christ and his Father are. On the day of Pentecost when the multitude received into their hearts the Holy Ghost, "they were of one heart and of one soul," and as a natural sequence "had all things common."

Many persons who visit the Oneida Community wonder what can be the power which holds us so harmoniously together. One important element is the spirit of receptivity which pervades all hearts. Never before did I see a people with so little personal will or ambition; nor with such strong wills or great ambitions to further the general interests of the race, under the guidance of inspiration. The past career of this Association, when closely examined, furnishes one of the most marked proofs of modern times that all the affairs of life are controlled by a superhuman intelligence which we call God, and that it is possible for persons to put themselves into such a position as shall insure to them guidance in all their thoughts and actions by this superior wisdom.

I am persuaded that all the truly great men who ever lived were men of receptive hearts, and were thus fitted to become instruments which God could use in shaping national destinies. It is related as a "wonderful circumtance" of Hannibal, the great Carthagenian General (perhaps the greatest General that ever lived), "that his disposition and cast of mind were so flexible, that nature had formed him equally for commanding or obeying; so that it was doubtful whether he was dearer to the soldiers or the Generals." Instead of being independent in a willful way he was receptive to his superiors. Moses was a marked example of a man with a receptive heart. Christ was a perfect example. He had no will of his own, but sought in all things to do the will of his Father. One of the central beliefs of the Community is that Christ taught that all men can have a receptivity which will insure their being magnetized by God's spirit so that their every act and thought shall be productive of the highest good to themselves and their fellow-men. What need of a higher ambition than this?

To gain this desirable state of receptivity is no easy task. A stern and vigorous warfare must be waged with the old Adam; frequently causing all the agonies of a slow and painful death—the giving up of one's own will, and rejoicing in following another's lead. It requires not a mere passive state, but a watching and waiting with cheerful alacrity to carry out the wishes of a wiser mind than our own. But when the victory is won, and a soft heart becomes chronic, a fruitful harvest succeeds, such as can be obtained from no other source —even the gratification of all desires.

D. E. S.

"MAKE AN EFFORT."

IN the story of "Dombey and Son," Mrs. Chick is continually talking about "making an effort." Her use of the phrase is very ludicrous; but there is considerable sound philosophy in the idea. Making efforts is really

our life work. Successful effort is salvation; it is the great work of Christ in us. He can only save us by giving us his faith and courage to make incessant efforts for union with God's life. Having attained that, we go on victoriously and overcome all the evils in our pathway. When we rouse ourselves from minding the things of this world and make an effort in faith to keep our attention on the eternal kingdom, Christ is sure to meet us half way. We must never cease to "make an effort," for the moment we do the devil is on hand with his wiles. C. M. T.

ONEIDA CIRCULAR.

TIRZAH C. MILLER, EDITOR.

MONDAY, JAN. 6, 1873.

EARNINGS OF THE COMMUNITY.

OUR custom of reporting in the CIRCULAR the financial results of our labors at the end of each year was pleasant. Part of the comfort of success was in telling of it; and we presume our readers were entertained and pleased as well as we when we had a good story to tell. How we came to drop that custom, it would be difficult to say. Probably a feeling crept over us that it was impertinent to call so much attention to our private affairs. But we can hardly be said to have any private affairs; and on sober second thought we will take the liberty to go back to our old way. The following are the figures on our balance-sheets for the last two years:

1871.	
Earnings of the Oneida and Wallingford Communities above losses and expenses in 1871,	$55,386.98
Add balance of property brought in by members, above that withdrawn,	8,446.61
Net increase in 1871,	$63,833.59
1872.	
Earnings of O. C. and W. C. above losses and expenses in 1872,	$71,010.93
Deduct balance of property withdrawn by seceding members above that brought in,	3,557.23
Net increase in 1872,	$67,453.70
Recapitulation.	
Earnings of O. C. and W. C. in 1871,	$55,386.98
" " " " " 1872,	71,010.93
Net earnings in two years	$126,397.91
Add balance of property brought in over that withdrawn in two years,	4,889.38
Increase in two years,	$131,287.29

☞ We hear occasionally that such and such persons would have called at the Community, if they had not been afraid that their names would be reported in the CIRCULAR. Whereupon we wish to say very distinctly that we never report in the CIRCULAR the visits of persons who express a wish not to be mentioned, or of those who we have any reason to believe would be annoyed by being mentioned.

THE POWER OF THE AFFIRMATIVE.

The power of positive ideas and the power of the positive affirmation and promulgation of them move the world. Breath is wasted in nothing more lavishly than in negations and denials. It is not necessary for truth to worry itself, even if a lie can run a league while it is putting on its boots. Let it run and get out of breath, and get out of the way. A man who spends his days in arresting and knocking down lies and liars will have no time left for speaking the truth. There is nothing more damaging to a man's reputation than his admission that it needs defending when attacked. Great sensitiveness to assault, on the part of any cause, is an unmistakable sign of weakness. A strong man and a strong cause need only to live an affirmative life, devoting no attention whatever to enemies, to win their way, and to trample beneath their feet all the obstacles that malice or jealousy or selfishness throws before them.

In nothing is this principle better exemplified and illustrated than in the strifes of political parties. The party that adopts a group of positive ideas, and shapes a positive policy upon them, and boldly and consistently affirms and promulgates both ideas and policy, has an immense advantage over one which undertakes to operate upon a capital of negations. The history of American politics is full of confirmations of this truth. No party has ever had more than a temporary success that based its action simply on a denial of a set of positive ideas held by its opponent. The popular mind demands something positive—something that really possesses breath and being—to which it may yield its allegiance. There is no vitalizing an organic power in simple opposition and negation. Earnest, straightforward affirmation has a power in itself, independent of what it affirms, greater than negation when associated with all the influences it can engage.

The author of Christianity understood this matter. His system of religion was to be preached, proclaimed, promulgated. Its friends were not to win their triumphs by denying the denials of infidelity, but by persistently affirming, explaining and applying the truth. With this system of truth in his hands—so pure, so beneficent, so far-reaching in its results upon human character, happiness, and destiny—the Christian teacher commands the position. Infidelity and denial can make no permanent headway against faith, unless faith stop to bandy words with them. That is precisely what they would like, and what would give them an importance and an influence which they can win in no other way. Why should an impregnable fortress exchange shots with a passing schooner? Silence would be a better defense than a salvo, and deprive the schooner of the privilege of being reported in the newspapers. The world whirls toward the sun, and never stops to parley with the east wind. The great river, checked by a dam, quietly piles up its waters, buries the dam, and, rolling over it, grasps the occasion for a new exhibition of its positive power and beauty. The rip-rap shuts an ocean door, but the ocean has a million doors through which it may pour its tides. Stopping to deny denials is as profitless as stopping to deny truths. It is consenting to leave an affirmative for a negative position, which is a removal to the weak side.

So a man who has really anything positive in him has nothing to do but persistently to work and live it out. Even error itself in an affirmative form is a thousand times more powerful than when it appears as a denial of a truth.—*Dr. J. G. Holland, in Scribner's for November.*

Exactly, Doctor; we agree with you, every word. And it is just because of the power of the affirmative, that the Confession of Christ has such immense and unconquerable value. Salvation from sin is the result of the persistent affirmation of a fact—said fact being that Jesus Christ, King of Kings and head of all principality and power, is in us a perfect Savior. If I see, take hold of and affirm this fact the negations of unbelief are powerless before me. The whole world and all the generations of time against me in denial are less strong than I, and my Yes, single, alone will conquer their million-fold No. Henry Ward Beecher denies that men can live without sin; so do the majority of those who call themselves Christians. But what does their negation amount to by the side of the affirmative of the New Testament and the apostle Paul? It is weaker than the weakest of broken reeds. Search the utterances of the round world through and you can find no negations that can stand upright in the presence of such affirmations as the following:

"He that is born of God doth not commit sin; for his [Christ's] seed remaineth in him, and he cannot sin, because he is born of God."—*John.*

"There is now therefore no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus. For the law of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made us free from the law of sin and death."—*Paul.*

"I am crucified with Christ; nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me; and the life that I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me and gave himself for me."—*Paul.*

These are affirmations that have borne the test of experiment—the last and decisive scientific test. Not only were they invincible in the far-off days of Primitive Christianity, in the mouths of John and Paul; they are just as invincible to-day in my mouth or yours. The doubt or denial of Henry Ward Beecher, or of men a thousand times more able and eloquent than he, avail no more against my affirmation than against those of the apostles. The proof exists in history that men can live without sin. The same proof exists that men are now living who do not sin. In both cases they were saved from sin by the same power—belief in, and affirmation of, an indwelling Christ. He who does not know that this can be done, has been done and is now done, does not know A in the alphabet of the Gospel of Christ.

The power of the affirmative. I thank you, Jew, for teaching me that word. Strong is the Yes of truth; strong is the man who bears witness to the truth. But strongest of all is the truth in living deeds—in a practical life that affirms in work accomplished the banner-cry of faith. God is love, Christ is the incarnation of God's love—these are the strongest of words. Translate them into deeds: "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples if ye love one another;" and the universe shall turn to ashes before they can be conquered. Affirmative words, and affirmative, constructive deeds are the things which are bound to make this world a paradise, and human life a chorus of heavenly victory over sin and death.

T. L. P.

COMMUNITY JOURNAL.

ONEIDA.

—The fruit-preserving department is getting ready to make its own cans.

—The farm is wintering 72 cows, 26 horses and colts, 28 young cattle, oxen and bulls, and 216 sheep.

—The gathering home of our agents and students brings our orchestra together again. We are pleased.

Monday, Dec. 30—Our ice-harvest begins to-day—two houses to fill besides the "Keep" at the fruit-preservatory.

—The machinists have been putting up machinery in the second story of the preservatory preparatory to can-making. They are now at work on a lot of bobbin-winders, a machine invented by L. F. Dunn for sewing-machine men.

—The making of paper-boxes proves to be a cleanly, attractive business; parts of the work are taken into the house where the children work in bees. Our hardware business requires one kind of box, and the silk business takes twelve other kinds.

—On going into the home machine-shop which has lately been fitted up in the old Willow Place house, I found Mrs. S. running one lathe while Mr. N. was instructing another woman on a second. Congratulating him on the success of his pupils, he said, "O yes, he expected sometime the young ladies instead of asking for a piano would ask for an engine-lathe."

—The following books have been added to the library: Lippincott's "Universal Pronouncing Biographical Dictionary"—two very thick large volumes; "Black's General Atlas"—an American edition of a Scotch work, remarkable for its fine maps of European countries; Jowett's Plato in 4 vols. —a freer and more elegant translation than Bonn's edition which we also have; and Appleton's "Annual American Cyclopædia" for 1871.

—There appeared on the Hall table a few days

ago a pomegranate which was a curiosity to many of us. The fruit is as large as a medium sized orange. It has a hard brown rind, and when cut open displays rows of cells arranged almost as regularly as those of a honeycomb. These cells are filled with seeds about the size of a kernel of corn, and are enveloped in a sweet, ruby-colored jelly or pulp.

—Some of our people traveling on the New York Central R. R. not long since, observed a Chinese gentleman and his wife and child who were the objects of considerable attention. They were dressed in the best of silks and satins in the peculiar Chinese costume; and the richness of their attire and their general appearance led people to suppose them persons of some celebrity in their native country. The gentleman conversed in English with much ease and fluency. It was soon found that he belonged to the Chinese Educational Mission. His name was Chan Taisum and he had been appointed by the Chinese Government to look after the education of young Chinamen in America. He brought more than thirty young Chinese with him, and expects before long to have one thousand under his charge. He places them in various schools about the country—one or two in a place—and expects them in time to graduate in some of our colleges. He remarked that the oldest country in the world was sending her young men to the youngest country to be educated. Mr. Chan Taisum graduated at Hamilton College, Clinton, N. Y., about nine years ago, and was among the first of his countrymen to obtain an education in an American college. His wife, a fine-looking woman, was also educated, it is said, in this country.

—The revival spirit burst on us last winter quite unexpectedly during a half serious and half funny representation of an old Perfectionist meeting. Once begun it was kept up for a considerable time, softening many a heart, and blessing many a one for all the year gone. This time it came as the fruit of our mutual criticisms, which have been carried on quite differently from ever before. At the beginning of the holidays when the foremen were busy taking their inventories and making estimates for the year to come, and when it would have been easy to have given way to a great deal of gaiety, it was proposed to have our outside men gather in, have our studies rest awhile, and our books lie unopened, while we got ready for the new year, by a grand time of mutual criticism. We went about it on this wise: Three persons were appointed to receive the names of all applicants for criticism, name a suitable committee for each one, appoint a foreman, and time and place of meeting. The one criticised could always suggest additions to his or her committee. These committees—consisting each of about a dozen friends and intimates of the candidate—would be reported to the meeting one evening, and do their work next day. Sometimes as many as fourteen of them would meet during the day, each one of them occupying an hour if necessary, but no more. It sometimes happened that a critic at one session, would be a subject at a second, and critic again at a third one. In this way we have washed one another's feet. It has been no "you-tickle-me-and-I-tickle-you" work, but simple truth-telling, pointing out faults of temper, of taste, of manner, of character, of attractions and of repulsions, faults of every kind, in short, and all done in kindness with a view to unity and softness of heart, and not for giving vent to pent-up grudges. The fruits are peace and humility, purity and new life.

—To watch the enthusiasm and delight which children manifest in learning new things, is a constant source of entertainment. This beautiful characteristic which makes them ever-springing fountains of spontaneity and freshness, ought in some way to be made perennial in human nature. Christ, no doubt, had this in mind as one of the good and indispensable things that are to be recovered by conversion and a return to the child-spirit, when he uttered that notable saying—"Except ye be converted and become as this little child, ye shall in nowise enter the Kingdom of heaven." At all events, this text came to mind lately as I watched the exploits of some of our little boys in spinning a top. The three-year-old boys who have lately appeared in the dignity of pantaloons, have made top-spinning a pastime for a good while, and have become such experts that they can entertain papa and mamma when they go a visiting. What the three-year-olds do triumphantly, the two-year-olds try to imitate, and the contagion of top-spinning is having a "run" in this little class, who are not yet out of frock and pantalets. The other day Felix delighted himself by setting a small top in motion with his thumb and fore-finger; but his courage increasing, he threw aside the small top and tried to manipulate a larger one that was at hand in the same way. The little thumb and fore-finger were unequal to the attempt, and he appealed to larger hands to give the motion and the method. The larger top was set going by a dextrous sliding of one palm on the other. The little fellow caught the idea at once, and sat down on the floor for a half hour's delightful practice. His attempts were more than half failures at first, but his perseverance was undaunted, and when success crowned his efforts, the gleeful shout he gave as he called to the lookers on to "see it 'pin," was irresistible.

JOTTINGS AT THE CRITICISM CLUB.

I.

S—— has a great deal of what is usually termed manliness. He has encouraged the stern side of his nature, and discouraged the gentle side. He seems to be ashamed to show the softness and tenderness that he feels. He needs to know that these two phases of character are not irreconcilable. They are in fact necessary complements to each other. S—— seems to be afraid that he will sacrifice strength by becoming subordinate to his spiritual superiors. Receptivity to God does not diminish true manliness; on the contrary, by being receptive one gains rather than loses strength. No one can be like Christ without having both the lion and the dove in his character.

....

Q—— is subject to strong personal likes and dislikes, and he is so frank and fearless that he takes no pains to hide the one or the other. He should make his likes and dislikes conform to the truth. Neither our estimation of an individual's character nor our affection for him should be determined by our personal relations to him, but by his relations to general society and to Christ. If Q—— would drop his prejudices and seek Christ's mind about persons he might find good where he has never seen it before, and his heart flow out in new directions obedient to impulses from heaven.

....

The true spirit loves service—loves to be fruitful. The false spirit seeks ease and hates faithful industry—counts many kinds of labor as degrading. One kind of labor may be superior to another in furnishing better conditions for the development and exercise of talent, and one kind of labor may expose a person to greater temptations than another; but in itself considered no labor that is necessary to be done can be degrading; and it is possible to make every kind of labor an ordinance of personal improvement and worship.

....

The reason why many persons do not have good religious experience all the time is because *they do not believe in fences.* There is no use in trying to raise good crops and have fine gardens without good fences. Fences are characteristic of civilization. People can raise things now that they could not in barbarous times, because they believe in fences. The ability to raise things depends upon the ability to protect them, and that depends upon fences. But some persons who would protect their gardens from the hogs have no idea of similarly protecting their minds and souls. Some people complain that their good religious experience does not last. The reason is obvious. Swinish spirits get in and devour it; and their good experience will never be permanent till they come to believe in fences. The Universalists as a body don't believe in fences—don't believe there is any clear line of demarkation between heaven and hell. But there is reason for supposing that heaven is surrounded by a sure fence, while hell is a place where people don't believe in fences, and that for the simple reason that they are not producers but devourers.

ICY.

OUR ice-harvest has begun. Some days ago the ice was ten inches thick on the Willow Place pond. Our men who have the handling of it think that thickness greatly preferable to twenty-seven inches as we had it last year. We have a-n-ice house made of brick to put it in. The hollow walls were filled with sawdust for the purpose of keeping it i-solated. I never saw dust used so extensively as our sawdust is. The saw-mill cannot make enough of it. It has all the qualities of a good rule that works both ways. It will keep the heat out and the cold in, or the cold out and the heat in when put into a wall. We use it also as a bed for our animals. I suppose the object of that is to make them in-dust-rious. If that is the design we have been over successful since the epizoötic left our horses; for they are wonderfully attracted to the business of making tracks, and have had two runaway scrapes in consequence. Perhaps since the disease has had its run the horses think it is no more than fair that they should have theirs.

There is an interesting antithetical parallelism between ice and coal. Coal is black and opaque; ice is white or colorless and transparent. Coal is obtained from the depths of the earth; ice from the surface of the waters. Coal contains condensed heat; ice condensed cold. The heat of the coal produces chemical changes in the food and other things to which we apply it; ice prevents chemical changes. We use coal to keep us warm in winter; ice to keep us cool in summer. Coal is expensive; ice is cheap. Coal is not particular about shelter; ice must be covered up warm to keep it cool. Coal has a wonderful knack of melting other things when it gets warmed up to the work; ice a knack of melting itself when it gets warmed up in the same way. It is coal that makes the whistle scream, and ice that makes the ice-cream.

H. J. S.

FROM OUR YALE STUDENTS.

II.

Parasites of the Dog.

IN the course of our lectures on zoölogy, Professor Verrill discussed the subject of the parasites of man and domestic animals, and disclosed many things which were new and interesting to me and may perhaps be so to some of the readers of the CIRCULAR. His remarks upon the parasites that are peculiar to the dog entirely removed any fondness I had formed for that animal in my boyhood, and showed the folly of adopting such creatures for pets. Setting aside the moral and spiritual effect of familiarity with such

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animals, which alone is enough to condemn the practice, I think arguments may be presented which will convince any reasonable person of the dangers connected with such associations. I will not at this time undertake a detailed account of the modes of life of these parasites, but will simply state a few of the most prominent facts as the lecturer gave them to us.

According to Professor Verrill there are twenty-five different kinds of parasites which find a home in the various organs of the dog. There are only three that are very destructive and common among domestic animals. These are found in their mature state only in the dog, but occur in the larval state in sheep, cattle and man. The first produces what is known as the "water brain" in sheep. This is simply the young or larvæ of a small tape-worm (*Tænia cœnurus*). The second produces the hydatid tumors of sheep, of cattle and of man. This is found in various organs of the body, but most commonly in the liver, brain and kidneys. This is also the young of a very small dog tape-worm and is known as the echinoccus (*Tænia echinoccus*). The third produces the diving-bladder worm or "water-bladder," often found in the abdomen of sheep, cattle and pigs; frequently forming tumors as large as a hen's egg or even larger, and is the young of a larger tape-worm of the dog (*Tænia Marginata*). The Professor remarked that it is perfectly safe to say that at least twenty-five sheep are killed by parasites derived from dogs, for every one killed by the teeth of dogs; and that more than fifty persons die from the same parasites, for every one that dies of hydrophobia! And yet the heedless practice of fondling such animals goes on from day to day, and from year to year. The loss of human life alone, to say nothing of the amount of suffering caused every year by these diseases, more than counterbalances all the good that all the dogs in the civilized world can possibly do. This may seem to be an exaggerated statement, but we are compelled to believe it by the statistics which follow:

Dr. Krabbe states that in Iceland, where the conditions for the rapid increase and perpetuation of this parasite are most favorable, there are at all times about eighteen hundred patients suffering with severe forms of this parasitic disease—a number equal to about one-fortieth of all the inhabitants. In some districts the proportion of diseased persons is said to be one in every seven, while scarcely a family can be found without two or more cases! It is estimated that one-sixth of all the deaths in Iceland are due to the diseases caused by this parasite!

Dr. Krabbe found the echinoccus tape-worm in twenty-eight out of one hundred Icelandic dogs which he examined. In England this parasite is well known, and measures are constantly employed to prevent its increase. The hunting hounds undergo a course of medical treatment once in three months, for the purpose of removing it. Yet in spite of these precautions, it is estimated that five hundred persons die annually in Great Britain from this parasite alone.

These particulars will perhaps be sufficient to show the great danger to which people in the highest circles even are exposed, and that it is not by any means the dogs that bite which are the most to be feared.

In another letter I may perhaps give you some account of the manner of growth of this parasite, together with its effects, and the remedies to be employed. C. A. B.

OUR JANUARY THAW.

HAS any one ever attempted to account for this peculiar feature of our climate, if indeed, it be confined to our own? I had puzzled over it many a day until it occurred to me that it must have something to do with the winter solstice, as it generally takes place soon after that. I had noticed that at this time there was usually a spell of calm weather. Now we know that the rays of the sun affect us more powerfully when there is no wind to counteract their influence. The consequence would naturally be a rising of the temperature. Added to this, there are always warm currents of air high above us, coming from the regions of the equator, the tendency of which is to descend into the lower regions. Of these we get our share, provided they are not driven away by violent winds. But in calm weather, even in the depth of winter, the temperature is sometimes very much affected by them, and the mercury is seen as high as 50° or more. Hence, our January thaw, and other great changes during the year.

But why do these thaws occur so regularly? The chief reason is the usual, though not absolutely certain, recurrence of these calm spells during the solstice. If these fail, the thaw may not take place; which I have known to be the case, though very rarely. Although the sun helps the matter a little in a direct way, it is much more owing to what he does at the equator. There he warms up immense volumes of air, which rise to great hights, and roll over toward both poles, diffusing their genial influence as they go. Were it not for these, ours would hardly be a temperate zone. These currents do not reach us directly from the south, but appear to be deflected by the diurnal motion of the earth, and come to us from some point between the south and west. The difference in point of duration, as well as temperature, as applied to these thaws, must depend upon influences far beyond those of a mere local character. Currents from the equator destined for us, may be affected on their way by counter-currents, and robbed of a portion of their heat, leaving us minus. It is, in short, out of the question to trace the possible complications of the currents of air in our atmosphere. Changes must be going on incessantly both in temperature and direction.

Connected with this subject are the equinoctial winds. How are they occasioned? Why should the air be so much disturbed just at such times? This could be better shown by a diagram. However, we have already alluded to the masses of warm air generated at the equator. While these expand and roll over toward the poles, the cold air of those regions rushes in an under-current toward the equator to take their place. Now the force of this current must depend upon just where you happen to be. Naturally, it would be strongest about midway, between the starting-point and the goal. Those parts of the world that are subject to these periodical winds, are just at that point when the equinox occurs, consequently there is then a special blow. For the same reason, when we stand furthest from this point, that is, at the summer and winter solstices, there is comparatively little disturbance of the air. Hence, perhaps, not only our equinoctial gales, but our midsummer heats, as well as our January thaws. R. S. D.

BUSINESS COMMUNISM.

WE were talking at the Villa the other evening about Communism as an element of success in different directions, and among others in business. The success of so many coöperative societies in England is an illustration of what may be done if men strive together for a common object. Coöperation, to be sure, is not Communism in its fullest sense; still it is a great step toward Communism, and its success foreshadows the ultimate, perfect success of true Communism in business.

But besides coöperation, there are many examples in the business world of great success attending a lower form of Communism—that of united action among members of the same family. The Vanderbilt family is a power in the financial and railroad world and holds a position that it would be impossible for any member of it to hold alone. Probably much of the great success of the Harper Brothers is due to the harmony of action among the brothers in their pursuit of a common object. Cheney Brothers, silk manufacturers at South Manchester, Conn., are an example of what might be called Communism in business. They started in a small way in the early part of this century and have held together till the present time, and the business in its vast proportions is now carried on by the sons of the original members of the firm. The faculty of agreement, without which success were impossible, seems to be as strong in the sons as it was in the fathers; perhaps it is more so, for were they not born and bred in an atmosphere of agreement?

There may be and doubtless are many more examples of business Communism in this country. Those mentioned are conspicuous on account of the great success attending them, and certainly, so far as they go, they preach the gospel of agreement to all. If God gives such success to men working mostly from selfish motives, what will he not give to a people whose object in life is the establishment his Kingdom on Earth? E. S. B.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Stratford, N. Y., Dec. 27, 1862.

DEAR FRIENDS:—I desire to have you send me your little paper. I can't bear to be without it as I love to read it for what it says about the Bible. There are many good things to be learned from your paper. I can't think of doing without it. It is a welcome visitor in my house and it is read with deep interest by us all. W. A. B.

Concord, N. H., Dec. 26, 1872.

DEAR FRIENDS:—I desire to renew my confession of Christ and my confidence in Mr. Noyes and the Community. I have never had a thought of turning from this testimony and have always been willing, so far as I could consider myself worthy, to be considered as one in heart and sympathy with you. Within the past year I have experienced something of a revival. Those articles in the paper, "Mansion-House Memories," "Backward Glancings" and "Those Early Days," have helped me very much. They seemed to bring to me a renewal of my first experience and to stir within me a semblance of my first love.

Yours, F. L.

South Woodstock, Conn., Dec. 26, 1872.

DEAR BROTHERS AND SISTERS:—I say brothers and sisters because you seem more like such than my own blood relations. Your Community religion and life, if carried out, harmonize better with my own views than any other I know of. I have not a very religious organization, but I have a great desire to do right. I think I should be happy in a Community where all sought to do as they would like to be done by. I like your two-meal system very much. I have tried it in the winter season and should continue it through summer were it not for hired help and so much company who want their three meals daily. I should like to live where all is harmony, for that would be heaven. Please send the CIRCULAR another year, as it feeds the soul if not the body. W. A. W.

South Manchester, Conn., Dec. 25, 1872.

DEAR FRIENDS:—I thank you for the privilege of reading the CIRCULAR the past year. I thank God for a free gospel as taught by Mr. Noyes and others of your number who write for my comfort and edification. I often find something as peculiarly adapted to my case as if it were written

purpose for me, and while I value and prize the CIRCULAR as one of God's best gifts to me through your benevolence and love for the spread of truth, I do also deeply regret my utter inability to send pay for it. I feel ashamed to ask you to send it still another year without pay, notwithstanding that I believe you offer it freely and in good faith. It will be hard to part with the CIRCULAR as we love it well and prize it for its many good qualities; but chiefly for its spiritual teachings. If you are pleased to continue sending the paper it will be very gratefully received. Hoping to pay for it at no distant day,

Yours gratefully, G. C. D.

Cincinnati, O., Dec. 27, 1872.

DEAR CIRCULAR:—I am always pleased to receive your hebdomadal visits, and, as a printer, would like to compliment you on your punctuality, correctness and very attractive appearance. Your items under head "Community Journal" interest me very much as evidences of the candor and unselfishness begotten of a familiarity with, and observance of, the "Golden Rule."

Your experiments in stirpiculture are perhaps of more importance in the interests of humanity in the future than anything now going, as outside of such an organization as yours such experiments could hardly be made; but the success that must result cannot fail to surround the O. C. with a halo of glory.

But I feel most of all interested in your recognition of the equality of the sexes in all your outer and inner life relationships. In ordinary social life and forms of education one might almost suppose the ends to be gained by the sexes were antagonistic. In the hope that men and women may qualify themselves to live and appreciate Community life—a life of harmony,

I am yours truly, H. W.

Lake City, Minn., Dec. 13, 1872.

DEAR CIRCULAR:—Each year brings your shining face to greet me with joy. It is the best paper I see, because it comes freely to those who are not able to pay. I would gladly pay if I were able to work my way; but being an invalid I am cared for by my children. As it does not appear to impoverish you I receive it with thankfulness of heart, knowing that you are doing good to humanity and lifting the vail of Christ's Second Coming to many. May God's blessing rest upon you in good works till others see the good of coöperation and work for it with a will. Then will the time be hastened when poverty, pain and sickness will be done away. How I wish I could look in upon you and see the harmonious group of loved ones who are of one mind and filled with love and harmony. Such love and unity must wield an influence which will eventually be a blessing to the world. I love little children. In thinking of the beautiful future which is before your little ones in being educated in good works and in having their minds filled with precious seed which will bear fruit in the paradise of God, I cannot but exclaim, "Would that all children could be provided with such a home and with such good examples!" S. A. G.

Austin, Minn., Dec. 2, 1872.

DEAR FRIENDS:—Well, what a generous set of people you Community folks are, to be sure! The CIRCULAR, neatly incased in fine wrapping-paper with printed address, I have now received as a gift for nearly six years. Punctually once a week during all that time has it brought me, without money and without price, the best and most advanced thoughts of the Community and of the world on all questions and subjects of universal interest and universal importance. And again the announcement is made, again is it proclaimed throughout the length and breadth of the land, "We will as gladly send it to the poor as to the rich; as gladly to those who cannot pay for it as to those who can." Very well, ladies and gentlemen, you dear, good people that you are, I cannot see that I, as one belonging to the former class can really do better than once more avail myself of your unbounded and unexampled liberality. So with many, many thanks for your untiring kindness, and with ceaseless prayers for the speedy, complete and all-glorious success of your great and Godly efforts for the good of mankind, I respectfully request a continuance of those spiritual blessings which the beautiful little CIRCULAR never fails to confer on,

Your sincere friend, J. M.

THE NEWS.

AMERICAN.

Tin ore, it is reported, has been discovered at Otter Head Bay, on the north shore of Lake Superior.

Mrs. Stowe has given up her public readings on account of the sickness of her husband, Prof. Stowe.

Mr. Boutwell has signified his intention to become a candidate for the U. S. Senate from Massachusetts.

The United States steamer California has sailed for Honolulu from San Francisco, having on board Gens. Schofield and Alexander.

The heaviest and most wide-spread December snow-storm which has occurred in many years took place during the last week of 1872.

The center of gravity of the population of the United States is said to be near Wilmington, Ohio, about forty-five miles northeast of Cincinnati.

Edwin A. Stevens Jr., son of the late Edwin A. Stevens of Hoboken, N. J., is heir to an estate estimated to be worth $40,000,000. He is now 17 years of age.

The Modoc Indian War in south-eastern Oregon still continues, and as the Indians occupy a wild and difficult country full of caves, the subduing of them is likely to be a tedious matter.

Sixty feet of Mr. Brisbane's pneumatic tube from the Capitol to the Government Printing-Office has been laid, and the inventor considers the progress made in the work as satisfactory.

Mr. D. G. Croly, who has retired from the post of managing editor of the *World*, it is said will accept the editorship of an illustrated daily paper, to be started with ample capital, furnished by gentlemen of Montreal.

The horse disease appears to have nearly disappeared from the United States. The horses that have had it and recovered, still show its effects in their diminished strength and robustness, and probably several months will elapse before they will become as sound as they were before the disease appeared.

In the case of Susan B. Anthony and fourteen other women, under examination for voting illegally at the last general election in Rochester, the United States Commissioners rendered a decision holding each to bail in the sum of $500 to appear before the United States District Court at its next Session in Albany on the third Tuesday of this month.

Commander J. O. Selfridge, who surveyed the route for an inter-oceanic canal by the way of the Atratro and Napipi rivers, is about to make another survey by the way of the Atrato and Bojaya rivers. When he returns all the surveys will be placed in the hands of a board of officers who will decide on the relative advantages offered by the Isthmus of Darien, Nicaragua and Tehuantepec routes.

A Washington dispatch to the *Tribune* says that the majority of the present Congress seems disposed to let the Mormons alone, and to allow the more moderate of them an opportunity of urging their policy of the gradual abandonment of polygamy. What the temper of the next Congress will be no one can tell, though some of the leaders of the House who have been reëlected are in favor of no stringent legislation. They say that the history of Mormonism illustrates the truth of the old adage, that the "blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church." When Mormonism has been let alone, they say, it has grown very slowly, if at all, but persecutions, whether in Ohio, or Illinois, or Utah, have invariably given it new life.

The same dispatch also says that the proposed resignation of Judge Strickland of the U. S. Court of Utah will leave the Court, as far as is known, entirely in the hands of those who are in favor of the Newman policy of severe dealing with the Mormons. The feeling of the new District-Attorney, appointed since the meeting of Congress, is not fully known, but from some expressions dropped during his late visit to Washington, it is believed he will go as far as the law will allow in carrying on the Administration crusade against Mormonism. Judge Strickland is not understood to contemplate resignation because of any difference with the Administration, though he favored the view taken of the notable case last year by District-Attorney Bates and sustained by the Supreme Court.

FOREIGN.

Street railroads are rapidly constructing in Calcutta.

Gen. Von Roon has been appointed President of the Prussian "Council of Ministers."

The Czarowitz of Russia is sick with typhoid fever, but is now considered out of danger.

A diamond weighing 288 carats has been found at the Cape of Good Hope diamond fields.

The Marchioness of Lorne has been elected President of the British National Union for Improving the Education of Women.

The Japan *Gazette* announces that the Mikado has determined to establish an elective parliament of six hundred members, with two houses.

The deepest known well is at Sperenberg, near Berlin, Prussia. It is 4,194 feet deep, and passes through a stratum of salt over 3,900 feet in thickness.

A French chemist has ascertained that an acre of hops carries off from the soil ninety pounds of nitrogen, twenty-two pounds of phosphoric acid, twelve pounds of magnesia and forty pounds of potash.

In some revelations about the late war between Prussia and France, the Duke de Gramont brings documentary evidence to prove that before the war was begun France had a direct promise of aid from Austria.

It is reported from Spain that the Government contemplates the immediate abolition of slavery in Porto Rico. Why not include Cuba also? This Spanish support of slavery in the West Indies is a vile insult to the civilization of the age, and should be done with.

The United States Steamer Yantic, arrived at Zanzibar on the 10th of Dec. Capt. Wilson visited the Sultan and represented to him the sentiments of the people of the United States in regard to slavery. The Sultan replied, "Thirty-three years ago I was forbidden by my father to export slaves to Muscat. The slaves now carried there are stolen by Arabs and tribes from the Persian Gulf. I will make strong efforts in the future to prevent the kidnapping of these slaves. I will make every effort." The Yantic will remain at Zanzibar till the arrival of Sir Bartle Frere, who at last accounts had reached Aden.

RECEIPTS FOR THE CIRCULAR.

E. A. J., West Brookfield, N. Y., $1.00; J. M., Bureau Junction, Ill., $1.00; W. F., Rockford, Ill., $2.00; P. P., Putney, Vt., $2.00; L. O. D., Kenton, O., $2.00; J. P., Germania, Wis., $2.00; L. M., West Lebanon, Ind., $1.00; G. B., Woodstock, Vt., $2.00; C. H., Warren, Pa., $1.00; E. R. A., Hetricks, Pa., 25 cts; S. W., Prescott, Mass., $1.00; G. W. F., Portsmouth, Va., $2.00; J. P., Owasco, N. Y., $1.00; W. A. W., South Woodstock, Conn., $1.50; W. F., Germantown, Pa., $1.00; M. T. S., Brunswick, Me., $1.00; H. W., Cincinnati, O., $2.00; A. W., East Gaines, N. Y., 50 cts; A. R., Hamilton, Ill., 25 cts; W. W. K., Richford, Vt., $1.00; G. H. S., Hagerstown, Md., $1.00; W. F., Tamarack, Ill., $3.50; J. J. F., Jersey City, N. J., $5.00; J. K., Stephen's Mills, N. Y., $2.00; G. W. B., Wallingford, Conn., $2.00; E. L. E., Vineland, N. J., 50 cts; J. J. B., Wilmington, N. J., $4.00; D. D., Carpentersville, Ill., $2.00; J. R., Frederica, Del., $1.00; L. A. B., Verona, N. Y., 25 cts; M. J. M., Scotch Plains, N. J., $10.00; A. G. S., Jersey City, N. J., $2.00.

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BITTER-SWEET.

O. C., Jan. 1, 1873.

DEAR CIRCULAR:—I have observed that people who set about writing with the praiseworthy intention of conveying moral instruction are allowed more than a common measure of justification; therefore I am greatly tempted to clamber on this high ground and put forth a moral. My moral, I may say, though relating to a subject essentially sweet, is based like many morals, upon bitter experience. I shall not, of course, disclose it in set terms till the end of this writing, though I trust it will become more or less obvious as I unfold my tale.

I have lately been one of those "men who go down to Joppa," as our newly built lodge on Oneida Lake has been christened, and while sojourning there in company with Dr. N., have performed the duties of commissary, or purveyor of provisions from the home base at O. C. This post has for the most part been far from laborious, owing to the extreme simplicity, bordering on austerity, of our diet. Our staples were coarse, unbolted wheat flour and sweet apples; and every Monday morning, when we set out for Joppa to spend the week, it was my custom to fill a large duck traveling-bag with these articles to take with us. As the Midland cars were usually crowded on Monday morning, I fell into the habit of checking this bag; and I might have continued doing so without harm for an indefinite period, had I not in an evil hour hankered after, not the flesh-pots, but the sugar-bowls of civilization. I always had a "sweet tooth;" and it occurred to me one day that the mush which we made from our coarse flour at Joppa, would be much more palatable, if a modicum of some kind of sweetening could be spread upon it. I introduced this subject cautiously to the Doctor, and somewhat unexpectedly received his sanction to supply our table with sale molasses, as the least unhygienic of sweets. This permit being granted, I asked the "kitchen mothers" on the following Monday, to put up for our use, a quart of sale molasses. This they did, putting the molasses into a tight glass jar, which they packed in my bag with the apples, giving me many warnings about carrying it carefully. But alas! for the treachery of the memory, and the force of habit! Without a thought of the molasses, I committed my bag as usual, to the baggage-man at the O. C. Station. Without a thought of the molasses, I remember admiring the easy sling with which he landed my bag in the middle of the baggage-car, before the train had stopped. Without a thought of the molasses, I saw the baggage-man at Fish Creek jerk my bag upon the frozen ground; and finally, without a thought of the molasses, I lugged my bag down to our own house at Joppa, on the lake shore. I was somewhat tired on my arrival, and dropping my bag upon the floor, and sinking into a chair, I lapsed into a meditative mood. The Doctor sat at a little distance in another chair. In my abstraction, my eye naturally rested on my bag as being the most conspicuous thing in front of me, and finally fell on a dark, viscous pool on the floor at one corner of it. I surveyed this phenomenon curiously for some little time, without in any way connecting it with my bag, or having it arouse my memory. But suddenly I noted that this dark, viscous liquid was *oozing directly from my bag!* Then, indeed, I bounded from my chair in wide-awake perception and recollection.

"Good gracious!" I ejaculated, "that molasses!"

The Doctor fell to laughing, quietly. I was in the frame of mind, I suppose, in which people who were wont to do such things, tore their hair and rent their clothes; but as such is not our modern custom, I hunted up my key and opened the bag.

"Sweets to the sweet!" In one of the two compartments to my bag lay fifteen or twenty sweet apples, soaking in about a pint of black molasses interspersed with fragments of bottle glass.

[*Note.*—It is singular how much humor some people may see in a given situation of things, when to others they have a downright serious aspect. I had this thought, when I saw the effect which the mixture in my bag had on the Doctor.]

If you were to ask me how I cleaned that bag, which I left at Joppa, I should have to ask you how to staunch a flowing spring. It would not surprise me if it should be found to be a fountain of sweetness to this day. To be sure, I scooped out the molasses, and washed, and wrung and dried the lining, and rubbed and polished the duck cloth; but for all that, for days it seemed to exude molasses from every pore. After setting it in one spot for awhile, I would be sure to find a little pool of molasses staining the floor. This I would mop up, and after giving the bag another overhauling, would set it in a new place; but molasses still dripped from it like honey from the cleft in the rock. It was a constant reminder of the widow's cruise of oil which "failed not." At one time I thought of burying the bag in the snow, and exhuming it early in the Spring, when I hoped that its spring would have dried up; but considerations of economy dissuaded me from this expedient. As the bag at length took on the character of an intermittent spring, I concluded to leave it for a season in our upper chamber at Joppa; and there it lies, "wasting its sweetness on the desert air" of the frozen lake.

Moral.—Always carry molasses in a stone jug, and carry the handle in your hand. FRIDAY.

REVIVAL SONG.

First Voice.

Who can save my soul from sadness?
Who can fill my heart with gladness?

Second Voice.

Jesus can;
For he heals the broken-hearted
And he bindeth up their wounds.

First Voice.

Will he wipe my eyes from weeping?
Will he take me in his keeping?

Second Voice.

Jesus will;
For he loves the broken-hearted,
And he bindeth up their wounds.

Both Voices.

Yes, our God has stopped our crying.
He has made our peace undying.
Jesus has.
O, he heals the broken-hearted,
O, he bindeth up their wounds.

G.

The late N. P. Willis when once asked to make a speech, replied that it was not his forte. Said he, to quote his own words, "I am by profession a writer, and you cannot expect a pump to give water from the handle as well as from the mouth."

To H. W., Cincinnati, Ohio.—We had a copy of "Esperanza" several years ago, but did not think very highly of the work.

To G. C. D., South Manchester, Conn.—Our No. 1 trap, suitable for catching woodchucks, we sell at $4.65 per doz. with chains; without chains, $3.50. No. 2 fox trap may be had without chains at $9.00 per doz.; with chains, $10.50.

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ANNOUNCEMENTS.

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ADMISSIONS.

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

COUNT THE MERCIES.

Count the mercies, count the mercies,
Number all the gifts of love;
Keep a daily, faithful record
Of the comforts from above;
Look at all the lovely green spots
In life's weary desert way;
Think how many cooling fountains
Cheer the fainting heart each day.
Count the mercies, count the mercies,
See them strewn along our way.

See, oh, see how rich the beauties
In the charming scenes of earth!
Think of all the untold blessings
Clustering round our home and hearth;
Think of friends and precious kindred—
To our hearts so dear, so sweet;
Think of heaven's unnumbered comforts
Can you all the list repeat?
Count the mercies, count the mercies,
Making bright paths for our feet.

Count the mercies, though the trials
Seem to number more each day;
Count the trials, too, as mercies,
Add them to the grand array.
Trials are God's richest blessings,
Sent to prompt our upward flight,
As the eaglet's nest all broken
Makes them fly to loftier hight.
Count them mercies, greatest mercies,
That bring heaven within our sight.

Count them mercies that shall sever
Cords which bind our spirits down,
Causing us below to grovel,
And forget our heavenly crown,
Let all earthly ties be riven,
Nests be broken, hopes decay,
If to God our hearts be driven,
If from earth we soar away.
Count them mercies, wondrous mercies,
Urging us the heavenward way.

Oh, what richer, purer comforts!
Better far than those of earth—
Joys unfailing, hopes enduring,
Treasures of surpassing worth;
Beams of bright celestial radiance
From the central source of light,
Spreading o'er each scene of sadness
Halos gladdening to the sight.
Precious mercies, priceless treasures,
Bringing us such rich delight.

Let us number o'er our jewels;
Let us estimate their worth;
Let us thank the precious Giver,
Strewing blessings o'er the earth.
Let our hearts o'erflow with gladness,
Let us tell the wonders o'er,
Till our multiplying mercies
Seem a countless, boundless store;
Then let praises, grateful praises,
Be our language evermore.

[*Selected.*

THE DUALITY OF GOD.

Home-Talk by J. H. N.

AS mere observers of nature we find ourselves in a universe clearly marked by the distinction of sex. The living half of the universe is certainly the most important part, and that in which we should search first for the image of its Maker; and that part, in all its visible grades from the lowest animalcule to man, is a duality—male and female.

So much was always manifest to the most superficial curiosity. But science, within the last few centuries, has shown us more. It is now known that vegetable life, in all its grades from the microscopic fungus to the rose and the palm tree, is a duality—male and female.

Standing then on the boundless plain of nature, we see sex as far as we see life.

But our thoughts will not stop at the limits of what we *see*. We must argue from the visible to the invisible. From so vast a fact as that of sexual distinction in all the realms of visible life, we are invited, if not constrained, to infer that the same distinction will be found extending into the world of invisible life, reaching through all the ranks of angels, principalities and powers, to God, the source of all.

So much light we get from creation, on the great question of the nature of God. If the life of creation is his vesture, we see in it his form, and that form is a duality.

Seeking all available stand-points from which to get a sight of the Eternal Center, turn we now to the Bible. If that book should seem to ignore or deny what we have already seen, we should not the less reverence the teachings of creation. But what if the Bible should distinctly affirm that which we have inferred from the indications of creation? Would not the matching of the two views, and the reaction of our minds between them, on the one hand strengthen our confidence in the theory we had previously found in creation, and on the other set the Bible on high as an oracle which thousands of years ago clearly announced a profound truth which is just now becoming dimly visible to the scientific world?

The Bible, in its first chapter, has this singular statement:

"God said, Let us make man in our image, after our likeness. . . . . So God created man in his own image; in the image of God created he him; male and female created he them." Gen. 1: 26, 27.

This is substantially repeated afterward in the following form:

"In the day that God created man, in the likeness of God made he him; male and female created he them; and blessed them and called their name Adam." Gen. 5: 1, 2.

The critical reader will discover that the language of these passages implies on the one hand a plurality of persons in God, and on the other a corresponding plurality of persons in man, and defines the plurality in both as a duality, by the terms "male and female." Thus the Bible distinctly announces on its first pages that in man, as male and female, is seen the "image of God."

This theory of the Old Testament concerning the nature of God assumes a more positive form in the New. Christ is there introduced to the world as the eternal Partner of the Father—"the brightness of his glory and the express image of his person." The following is a specimen of the language of the New Testament on the relation of Christ to God:

"In the beginning was the Word, and the

Word was with God, and the Word was God. The same was in the beginning with God. All things were made by him; and without him was not anything made that was made. . . . . That was the true Light, which lighteth every man that cometh into the world. He was in the world, and the world was made by him, and the world knew him not. . . . . And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us (and we beheld his glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father), full of grace and truth." John 1: 1—14.

"Who is the image of the invisible God, the first-born of every creature: for by him were all things created, that are in heaven, and that are in earth, visible and invisible, whether they be thrones, or dominions, or principalities, or powers; all things were created by him and for him; and he is before all things, and by him all things consist." Col. 1: 15—17.

"The head of the woman is the man; and the head of Christ is God." 1 Cor. 11: 3.

In this last passage Paul in express terms places the Divine duality, of which Christ is the secondary member, in immediate analogy with the human duality which in Genesis is declared to be its image.

We have, then, the testimony of Nature on the one hand, and the Bible on the other, that Creation has a Mother as well as a Father—that God is a duality.

NEW PROBLEMS IN POLITICS.

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

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 as 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 ascendency 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 the 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 appointment of "apostles, prophets, evangelists," etc., 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 his 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, coïnciding 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 meager 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, etc. 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.

HABITATIONS.

I.

THE interest which one feels in the study of the various habitations of the immense variety of living creatures, from the lowest form of life up to man, grows chiefly out of the fact that these dwellings are such admirable indices of the characters of those who build them, and of their capacity for making the most of their surroundings.

Some of these homes are very durable and furnish almost the only clues by which we can get a hint of the characters of earth's earliest inhabitants. Perhaps there is not to be found a more outspoken evidence of the warlike, predaceous character of certain races, both brute and human, than are the habitations which they have left behind them. The conch-shell which you pick up on the sea-shore is sufficient evidence of this. What would the animal that lived in its pink and pearly home, have done without its shell? It would have been incontinently gobbled up by any one of a thousand enemies which were prowling the sea seeking what they might devour.

If we search through the rocks that we may discover the character of life in geologic ages, we find evidence of the existence of huge sloth-like monsters which gained a livelihood by uprooting trees and feeding upon the leaves and branches. These mountains of muscle, possessed of almost incalculable strength, were yet so slow of movement that they were utterly incapable of wielding their strength in self-defense. There is evidence that they required defense against predaceous enemies, in the fact that they were covered with a hide of such impregnable thickness and toughness, that no living creature could penetrate it. There were also prodigious armadillos which could curl up, and draw all their vulnerable parts inside of a coat-of-mail, where they became almost as hopeless objects of attack, as are the smooth bowlders which in some regions cumber the earth.

That the same predaceous propensity exists among insects is evinced by the curious habitation which the little caddice-worm that lives in our brooks constructs for himself. His head is tough and needs no protection. But how shall he make secure his long, naked body? He settles the question very practically and readily by laying hold of the first material which comes to hand, and making himself a tube inside of which he is safe from harm. If it is nothing but sand, he cements the particles together, and carries about with him a stone-and-mortar built integument. If it is a leaf, he cuts it into strips and winds it about his body, cementing the edges as a surgeon would bind up a broken limb. A piece of rotten-wood or straw is equally serviceable.

"My house is my castle," appears to have been the motto which was acted upon by the earlier and more rudimentary forms of animal life. In the later and higher forms of brute life, the methods of securing safety which I have mentioned, are not so manifest. The best protection of the horse, the ox, the deer, etc., is their fleetness, which fact, by the way, might be used by the non-resistants as an argument to show that the legs are a better kind of "carnal weapon," than are other means of defense.

If we study the natural history of man as illustrated in the various dwellings which he has constructed in the earlier ages, what better evidence of the predaceous character of the first human inhabitants of the earth could we have, than the remains of houses which belonged to the lake-dwellers of Switzerland? They evidently built their houses on piles in the lake, for the purpose of safety.

We are told that in old Bashan, of Bible fame, there are yet to be found many cities in close proximity to each other which are completely deserted, and yet the houses that were built before the country was conquered by the Jews, are still standing in a perfect state of preservation. With walls of rock five feet thick, and window-shutters made of great slabs of stone of enormous weight, what a story do they tell of the habits and character of the old Canaanites, which the Israelites expelled from the land! Notwithstanding those people were sufficiently civilized to dwell in cities, it would appear that they had not learned how to organize a system of police regulations, but chose rather to depend on thick walls for safety.

But we need not go back to those ancient days to find a society in which security was dearly bought. Look at the condition of Europe only a few hundred years ago in feudal times, and it will be found that the whole continent was simply an armed encampment on the great scale. What tales of violence do the old castles, with their thick walls, narrow windows, battlements and dungeons tell us! Safety to common people could be secured only at the price of subserviency to some feudal lord. The armor of the days of knight-errantry is another evidence of the insecurity of human life in that early age of the world. How ridiculous would men look in these days with their bodies and limbs encased in iron, with iron kettles on their heads, and peering out between the bars of their visors like wild beasts in a cage! Of all creatures in the animal world, the lobster best represents the armed knight. One cannot help wondering if the man who invented jointed armor did not get the hint from a lobster. He ought at all events to have had that creature for his coat-of-arms.

But it is not alone in thick walls, inaccessible fastnesses and heavy armor that we find evidence of the predaceous character of man. These evidences are in some instances shown in the absence of permanent dwellings—easily removed tents being their substitute; and also in the common use of a fleet race of horses and camels, as in the case of the Arabs. The power of rapid motion is as favorable to defensive as it is to offensive combat; and to be at war in one way or another, is the Arab's chronic condition. Among some of the African tribes superstition is a bar to the maintenance of a permanent home. When a man's wife dies, custom requires that he shall destroy his house.

H. J. S.

REMINISCENCES.

V.

I SAID I found developed in myself personal traits that were before unknown to me. I will endeavor to describe some of the particular trials which I passed through, and my conversion under them.

One of my first difficulties was on the labor question. My circumstances previous to this time had not demanded physical labor. I had employed my time in ornamental needle-work and things of that kind, as my fancy dictated, and I was free to work or not as I chose. We had seen so much trial and perplexity among our friends in their experience with hired servants that Mr. Noyes and I agreed that when we began housekeeping we would be independent of them and perform all household duties ourselves. As soon as the novelty of my new vocation had passed away I found myself under a spirit that made my work a bondage rather than a pleasure. I had time to do all that was necessary, and I was at liberty to do it when I chose, and yet I was driven by a legal spirit that made me feel that it was necessary to do things immediately, and at the same time that it drove me it induced me to drive others. This spirit may seem to be subordinate to necessity, but it is really insubordinate to God. It makes the body work like a machine, without any exercise of the mind and spiritual thought. It is an animal will, and may be cultivated to such an extent that rest is perfectly offensive to it. Under this influence we are servants to our work, whereas in the free spirit of God our reasoning faculties are free and we are masters of our business; we take the time we prefer for doing it and enjoy our work. Under the influence of the first motive we do things from duty and are hurried, while under the influence of the other we are governed by love. "He that believeth shall not make haste." Whenever we are pushed on by a spiritual influence to act in haste, and are thereby prevented from obtaining good counsel and the judgment of minds around us, we may know positively that there is a bad spirit influencing us and should stop at once.

Mr. Noyes seeing the oppression I was laboring under advised me to give up my housework. In obedience to this suggestion I took to sewing, and as I did not find relief in this he advised that I drop all feminine employments and read or amuse myself. I passed my time in visiting a friend, and after a week or so of reflection in which my faith in God was renewed, I began to work again under the influence of this motto, "By love serve one another." This motive of love oiled my business and made it pleasant to myself and those around me. I have since enjoyed work with my hands by returning again and again to the spirit of love and ser-

vice. It has helped me to work in harmony with those of different tastes and business methods, and I have rejoiced much in an escape from worldly bondage. H. A.

ONEIDA CIRCULAR.

TIRZAH C. MILLER, EDITOR.

MONDAY, JAN. 13, 1873.

A SHAKER START.

THE paper published by the united society of Shakers at Mt. Lebanon comes to us no longer with the bare and austere title of *The Shaker* merely. *The Shaker* has at last taken unto himself the *Shakeress*. We are glad to see that the sexes in Shakerdom are approaching each other even so remotely as in the title of their paper; and what the Shakers have thus joined together we are certain that no man could have the disposition to put asunder. In calling their paper *Shaker and Shakeress*, and making Eldress Antoinette Doolittle joint-editor with Elder Frederic W. Evans, the Shakers have made a good beginning. They have laid hold of one of the sure threads of success, and we hope they will be wise enough to see it. We have found it, in our associative career, to be of the highest economic and social profit to take woman into close partnership in all the affairs of life. Our wealth and health and happiness may be said to be largely the results of finding out little secrets like this and Male Continence.

We have not been in the habit of reading *The Shaker* for light reading, but we cannot doubt that it will improve right along under the magnetic management of the united sexes. Could they not add to the spice of magnetism which this new move must give to their paper a little humor of the godly sort? If the Shaker life is really warm and sunny, and not chilly, as all the misguided are wont to believe, and if we may advise a little, we should say the Shakers would gain something by making their paper a little more cheery and magnetic and not such a "dead lift" at doctrine. If you have a "morning-glory" in your house let your neighbor see its "red ruddy" glow. As it is now, the Shakers, though they furnish ample material for fun-making to a great many irreverent people, do not seem to let healthy laughter loose among themselves much. We don't believe it would hurt the purity of such earnest people to laugh a little more than they do. What if they should let one of the most jovial of their good-looking men occasionally stand up on the clean, white floor, which we admired so much in their Church, and sing the "Laughing Song," which H. W. B. sings to us:

"I love, O, I love a good laugh, ha! ha!
For a wonderful thing is a laugh, ha! ha!
Why it's better than all the tears
That a body could shed for years,
And there's nothing so good as a laugh."

G.

COMMUNITY JOURNAL.

ONEIDA.

—Studies were resumed after the Christmas and New Year vacation.

—The fruit-growers are thinning out the orchards where the trees have become too thick. Some orchardists think it profitable to plant their trees four times more thickly than they wish to have them remain.

—A gentleman in Brooklyn has sent as a new year's gift a small but valuable collection of autographs for our cabinet. It is pleasant to be thus reminded of our friends. The collection contains specimens of the signatures of several American celebrities, from that of Daniel Webster to Horace Greeley.

—The Methodist has his peculiar look or cast of countenance; so has the Calvinist—whether Baptist or Presbyterian; so has the Universalist, and the Freemason; so has nearly every sort or class of folk, though it would not be easy to say just what it is; these peculiarities are more easily seen than described. We presume our Communists have their look—people say they have. Maybe they look as different from other folks as boys brought up to mind at home do from boys that are left to have their own way.

—The folk who don't believe that a man in a Community can have any motives left to make him work ought to look at the Zoarites and Rappites and see how rich they are. The fact that these Communities have become very wealthy shows that they have found motives enough to make them work and scheme, each for its own public good. Your average man is always sure, yea, dogmatically sure, that a Communist can't have any reason for taking hold and doing a good day's work. We say, let these unbelievers look at the Rappites and take in an idea or two on this point. The success of the O. C. might even have some weight on the question.

—"Now that I am married I can eat onions, and if I know my own heart I always shall." We cannot say whether this remark is quoted correctly, but we will say that it is a sharp thrust at the deliberate selfishness—not to say brutality—which often hides itself under cover of marriage. It was brought to mind by hearing the criticism of a person who had fallen into some of the unmannerly ways which come from long intimacies.

—These bright days have had fair nights for their silent partners to tempt one a sleigh-riding. The Journalist is invited to go. He borrows Daniel's great coat and fur-collar and fur-gloves, wondering at the instinct for comfort which makes some folks so provident. There are two three-seated sleighs and four brisk horses. We go over to Willow Place in the face of the east wind; then along the Seneca turnpike through the Castle, which has a finer avenue of trees than any country place we know; then over the hill to the Indian Road and Five Chimneys, noting the fact that two of the Indians have built themselves new houses and that the Beechtrees—the royal family of the Six Nations—are all in bed; then home by the way of Pine Bush. Eight miles of glib riding—the horses steaming—the crusty snow sparkling and squeaking where the light teams fly, and groaning where the heavy ones crawl—great Jupiter low down in the east, bright Sirius high up in the south, Orion over head, the little stars, with their Arabic names, grown pale in the light of the moon, and the Great Bear standing on his tail as if dancing in an ecstasy of fear among the red spears of nothern light.

—Speaking of sleigh-riding makes us remember that "Frank Leslie" has printed a very interesting sketch of a Shaker sleigh-ride. Six Shakers—two of them are men and four of them are women—drawn by a slow team, are plodding through a deep snow. The lack of social warmth, as well as outward heat, is quite apparent. Another humorist has noted the same lack and set it forth in his own way. He says:

"Young people like each others' society, and among the Shakers there is no attempt to deprive them of it. On Sunday afternoon I was taken into several rooms where there were parties. The girls sat on a bench running across the room and through the middle of it. About five feet distant the boys sat on a similar bench. In the midst of the girls sat a sister who was alive when Jackson and Adams run for President. A brother, no younger, sat among the boys. In this way they spend an hour or so every Sunday, enjoying each others' society."

—Our danger from marriage and other close intimacies is that it makes love and all its offices a habit rather than an inspiration. The idolatry in which marriage often begins is not so bad for it is short-lived. The word of God to us now, is to retire from our old long-standing intimacies—not that we would be unfaithful, but that we may draw near to God. If we do this there is no danger but we shall find one another soon enough. These lines have the idea:

LOVE AMONG THE ANGELS.

BY THEO. L. PITT.

I heard a song
An angel sung:
The angel hosts
Upon it hung,
As out it rung.

This was the strain
That still anon
His silver tones
Would dwell upon:
"Meet and pass on."

"Meet and pass on:
Though love is sweet,
You still must part
If you would meet
And loving greet

The other hearts
That coming haste,
Love's banquet free
With you to taste.
No time to waste,

One moment touch
Heart's fullest tone—
Its deepest thrill—
Then swift go on:
Meet and pass on."

The angel ceased;
His brightness shone
In all their souls,
Quick he had gone—
Met and passed on.

—Our punster and conundrumist asks: "Why are rivers like confirmed monomaniacs?" "Rivers—monomaniacs," we repeat to ourselves, rummaging our brains in vain for an analogy. "Give it up—never could guess conundrums." Smilingly our punster answers, "Because they are always in pursuit of an ocean."

—Our little three-year-old, Humphrey, who has put on a jacket and trousers this winter, has been much annoyed by the buttons breaking off from his jacket. One day his mother was dressing him, when he said thoughtfully, "Mamma, I have had my *belly-button* a good while; why don't that break off?"

—"Great is water and much money is its profit," would be a good watchword for Yankees. The sudden giving way of some part of our mill-dam last week has been a powerful reminder of the value of water-power, and a striking illustration of the inconvenience of strikes at particularly critical times. That a gang of jealous and short-sighted workmen should sometime take advantage of the exigencies of their employers to demand unreasonable wages is perhaps not to be wondered at. But to hear that the faithful old mill-pond had struck, that the waters had sworn that they would be dammed before they'd work for us any more, and that too right in the middle of winter, was a severe blow to our equanimity. We looked into each other's faces and said, "How shall we get our clothes washed next Monday?" But some of the hopeful ones had great faith in straw for such extraordinary occasions; consequently teams, workmen and straw were soon collected on the spot. It turned out that midwinter is the very best time

to do a little temporary mending; for the cold weather had furnished a nice bridge, over which we could draw any amount of earth to stop the leak. Doubtless those who laid the foundation of the dam thought it was in firm. Time has demonstrated that is indeed very infirm.

—The following note was read at a criticism which turned chiefly on the manners of the one criticised:

"Our lives and characters are the results of forces, and in the present state of things, of struggling forces. We are in a struggle between interior forces and exterior forces. All reforms and improvements of character come by what may be called civil war within us, that is, by the revolt of the interior forces against the exterior. Evil intrenches itself in the exterior, and often holds its ground there long after the interior has surrendered to good. The point to be aimed at in all criticism is not to make war on the person criticised, but to enter into the civil war going on within him, and help the interior party in its struggle with the exterior party. This we can do just so far as the interior forces are predominant within ourselves and free to enter into our criticisms."

REMARKS BY J. H. N.

"Salvation from sin means freedom from condemnation; and that means peace with God, and with one another, and with ourselves—and that is happiness. We must stick to it through thick and thin that Christ has provided for salvation from sin; that is, justification and freedom from all worry and condemnation about ourselves. They do not belong to us as Christians—they are foreign to true experience and we may just as well be free from them as not. We must insist that we will live up to our privileges in these respects, and that it is the devil who would keep us in darkness and condemnation. Christ has come and brought newness of life. Every one who has tasted of love knows what newness of life is. Christ gives us new life and pure life—life free from condemnation and full of joy and merriment. We must insist upon it that it is the gospel and we will have it. We cannot have a happy home without it. We know from our experience as a Community that the gospel spirit is one that keeps the peace—makes us harmonious and happy in our relations to one another. Every individual is a little community; and the same power that gives the Community peace and happiness can make us live at peace with ourselves and make our experience as individuals as good as our experience as a Community. We can see that the grace of God can eliminate all discord from the general Community experience; it can do the same for us as individuals. Every one of us can become a fountain of the same good spirit that prevails in the Community."

A NEW YEAR'S THOUGHT.

THE idea most naturally associated with my first conversion is, that my heart became softened; and indeed, I don't know that there is anything more involved in the term conversion than the softening of the heart. Unbelief toward God is the fruit of a hard heart, and all the arguments and sophistries with which men try to make themselves and others believe in other than the true God, are results reached by strenuous efforts of the intellect to disprove what the heart knows to be true, but has no taste to approve. Therefore, Christ condemned the world in his day because light came into the world, and men loved darkness rather than light, because their deeds were evil. But once let the heart be softened, and it will turn toward God in praise, as surely as the magnet turns to the pole. If it is true, then, that a hard heart turns away from God and a soft heart seeks his face, we have herein the secret of all religion. The promise of God was, that he would take away the heart of stone, and give instead a heart of flesh; as though the possession of a soft heart would insure the necessary sequence of all other blessings. If this is true, we may turn our backs forever on all the thousand and one ways of salvation, that have been preached and advertised and fought over, from the year one to 1873, and hiding ourselves from sectarianism with all its rostrums and nostrums, apply ourselves to seeking a soft heart, with the full assurance that having once attained it, God will lead us into all good; and that we shall bring forth the fruits of his Spirit more surely than the plants of the field produce their seed. This is my belief; but how long it took me to learn the lesson!

When my heart was first softened it leaped toward God, as a child that has been lost, to the arms of its mother, and there would have remained; but theology, cruel and cold, stepped in with its precepts, its doctrines, and its isms. "I will pour out my Spirit upon all flesh," says the great Creator. It had begun to pour upon me; but the frost of theology congealed my heart, and all that remained of my good experience was the remembrance of my conversion, which, like an icicle, told only of a stream that once had flowed.

For fifteen years I attended churches, prayer-meetings, religious societies, Sabbath-schools, etc., of various sects and in different countries. I heard all sorts of religious topics discussed, and every blessing prayed for that could enter into the mind of man to conceive of; but until I came to the Oneida Community, I don't know that I ever heard a soft heart mentioned, or ever thought of asking God for it. It was a new revelation to me that softness of heart—and not the keeping of certain stern precepts—is the key to happiness and to the favor of God. I no longer wonder that brothers and sisters in this Community can dwell together in unity, when I see that all are seeking a soft heart; and I as little wonder that families and Communities and churches fail to find peace, who know no better religion than the mere precepts of Christ.

I have had many conversions since my first, and each is, surely as was the first, a softening process, and a step nearer to God. I have had many trials and have been in much tribulation; the inevitable result, a materialist might say, of my own foolish acts. Very true; but these troubles were permitted by God to soften my heart, and when I drew nearer to him, they were gone. No matter what the cause might have been, their passing away was the inevitable result of faith in God. A. E.

JOTTINGS AT THE CRITICISM CLUB.

II.

WE are to overcome "by the blood of the Lamb and the word of our testimony." R—— is trying to overcome without the word of his testimony. He is silent on principle. He is a genuine hater of shams of all kinds; and he says to himself, "I will not give any sham testimony; no man shall say that my life does not correspond to my testimony." And so he gives scarcely any expression to the good experience God gives him. That course will not answer. He carries his hatred of shams too far. It is our duty to honor God's work in us by proclaiming it; and then our words may become powerful weapons against evil. Satan may be made to recoil by a sincere confession of the truth.

....

No criticism by others can take the place of self-criticism—the criticism we give ourselves when we feel that God is dealing with us and we must be thoroughly sincere. Then we hate whatever is evil in ourselves and separate ourselves from it—judging our past life with a sincerity impossible to others. And that kind of self-judgment is indispensable if we would come into unity with the pure life of Christ.

....

When persons realize that God draws nigh to the broken and contrite, they will feel that pride and self-will are enemies to be subdued rather than friends to be cherished.

....

The greatest fault to be found with L—— is that he has not learned to distinguish between the works of God in him and his own works. Consequently he thinks that he is presumptuous and egotistical when he acts freely though under a higher than human impulse. He has not learned the difference between *modesty with God* and *modesty without God*. When one identifies himself with Christ his conditions become all changed. What might before have been modesty may now be immodesty. God's works in him now demand recognition, and it is immodesty not to give them expression. If L—— would learn to recognize God in his heart and watch for his inspiration, seeking approbation from above and caring less for the approbation of men, he would be of vastly greater service to the truth.

....

No one has a right to determine what he will do simply with reference to his own interests; we are all under responsibilities to God and the universe, and are in duty bound to exercise all our gifts, and consent to the mortification of blunders, and take whatever criticism may come, and not allow egotistical modesty to keep us from being as useful as we can.

....

Whatever we do even in the most private manner is still done before God and the angels. They watch our blunders just as we watch the blunders of our children when they begin to walk, and doubtless exercise the same charity toward our experiments that we do toward those of our little ones. All they ask is that we persevere in our efforts to improve.

....

W—— has lacked the practical and earnest development of character that is so common to the descendants of the Puritans, and this is probably due, in part at least, to the circumstances of his birth and education. He is of French and English extraction, born in India; and the predominance of French blood is indicated by his mercurial habits—vivacity, free gesticulation, etc. He never knew the necessity of working for a living; but artistic culture was stimulated in him and the love of the beautiful. He has great pleasure in the enjoyment of the senses, and with an artistic eye and taste, nature attracts him strongly and captivates his attention. The effect has been to make his life too superficial and give him undue contentment with the show of things. This proclivity was manifest in still greater excess in his children, and proved disastrous to their prosperity and well-being. His vivacity, culture and refined taste make him an interesting companion and a desirable element in society; and this is steadily increased by the deeper tone his life acquires in the earnest school of Communism.

THE WALLINGFORD DAM.

W. C., Jan. 1, 1873.

DEAR CIRCULAR:—Sometime this forenoon the younger members of the family were thrown into quite a fever of excitement by the news, "The bridge has come! the bridge has come!" One juvenile in his haste to communicate this important piece of intelligence ran through the dining-room shouting, "The dam has come."

Upon inquiry we found that the long-looked-for

bridge had actually arrived at the station and was even then rapidly transporting to the east embankment under the supervision of the two builders from Cleveland, O., who had been patiently waiting here for more than a week. To facilitate the work of the bridge-builders the great waste-gate has been left open day and night during the past month and the level of the pond kept about a foot below the top of the dam.

Standing on the central pier, nineteen feet above the apron below, the view northward gives something of an idea of the size of the pond even though the shore lines are partly obliterated by the snow-drifts. From the foot of the pier on which we stand to a distant headland which seems to cut across the northern end is a full mile and a quarter as the crow flies. In width the pond is very irregular. In some places it is full half-a-mile wide, while in others it is less than half that distance. Our map shows us 160 acres covered by water when the pond is full.

Yesterday I assisted E. H. H. in taking some measurements of the stone-work, and thinking that perhaps a few statistics of the size of the dam, amount of material used, cost, etc., may interest some of your readers, I venture to insert them.

The Quinnipiac River, you will remember, at a point almost directly opposite the center of the village of Wallingford, flows through quite a narrow pass or gorge in the valley. On the east the bank of the river rises abruptly about 35 feet. On the west, near the bed of the stream, the land rises more gradually. Directly at this point the two sides of the valley approach to within 600 feet. Standing below the dam you will see that the two sides of the valley are now connected together by a great hyphen of stone and earth 600 feet long, and nearly 20 feet high above the level of the river.

The dam proper presents a very solid and substantial appearance. It is 184 feet in length between abutments, 12 feet thick at the foundation, 5 feet thick at the top, and between 11 and 12 feet high. The central pier has an average thickness of four feet, is 19 feet long and rises 8 feet above the crest of the dam. The two abutments are of the same height and thickness, 20 feet long with wing walls extending 20 feet each way. The front of the dam has a *batter* or slope of 1 in 12 and the top of the stone-work is covered with thick chestnut plank spiked on to heavy timbers embedded in the stone-work. The entire superstructure of stone rests upon 6 rows of stout piles driven into the hard pan, heavy timbers placed lengthwise on the rows of piling and the whole covered with 4 inch chestnut planking extending 13 feet below the stone-work and forming the "apron." Before covering the piles with the plank the spaces between them were thoroughly filled with gravel carefully tamped down. The faithfulness with which this part of the work was done is shown in the fact that the dam gives no signs of leaking in the slightest degree, even when the pond is full.

The waste-gate near the west end of the dam is five feet square and is operated by a hand-wheel near the west abutment. The head-gates are placed about 100 feet west of the dam and are built in the most substantial manner. The water is taken to the wheel-house through a wooden tube 6 feet in diameter and 122 feet long. The present wheel is one of the two wheels from the old factory. It has been thoroughly repaired and is estimated to give 58 horse-power under ten feet head of water. It is one of the old "United States" or "Howd" wheels, 6 feet in diameter with a central discharge.

The embankments are strengthened and protected from the depredations of muskrats by core-walls 10 feet high and 2 feet thick extending from the abutments to the solid ground east and west. These walls also rest on piles covered with plank. The embankments are about 80 feet wide at the base and 32 feet wide on top, forming the roadway to the bridge.

To recapitulate:

Size of the pond		160 acres.
Length of the dam between abutments		184 feet.
Present hight of dam above water		9 ft. 6 in.
Hight of abutments and pier above dam		8 feet.
Length of east embankment		160 "
" " west "		250 "
Amt. of earth used in filling	324,000	cubic "
" " stone in the dam	15,555	" "
" " " " abutments and pier	5,518	" "
" " " " core-walls	4,933	" "
" " " " wheel-house	4,616	" "
Total amount of stone used in the dam, wheel-house and factory construction, including walls to tail-race and dry walls above and below embankments, by actual measurements nearly	40,000	" "

This does not include over 600 loads of stone used as "filling" below the apron.

No of piles used	1,069
" " bbls. cement	870
Amt. of lumber used	60,200 feet

COST OF THE WORK.

Value of land flowed including 57 acres belonging to Wallingford Community, valued at $100 per acre, and estimating the old Hall and Elton privilege at $7,000.00	$32,028.75
Cost of dam, including embankments, head-gates, tube, flume, and tail-race	27,050.36
Weeel-house and shafting	6,855.11
Cost of stone used in the whole work	7,548.87
Factory construction	4,354.06
Total cost up to date	$77,838.05

In regard to the amount of power obtained by the dam we are at present dependent on facts furnished by the New Haven Water Co. In 1853, which was a very dry summer, this Company measured the flow of the Quinnipiac River at this point in view of using it to supply the city of New Haven with pure water. According to their calculations a pond of 150 acres with 10 feet fall will give about 200 horse-power during the dryest part of the year.

The iron bridge now rapidly approaching completion is built by the King Bridge Co., of Cleveland, O. It is an arched truss made entirely of wrought iron with the exception of the joists and planking of the road way. The town of Wallingford contracted with this Company to build the bridge complete for $5,000.

The pond is now rising a little under the influence of our January thaw and threatens to disturb the staging of the bridge-men. G. E. C.

FROM OUR YALE STUDENTS.

III.

AS Rankine's "Steam Engine and other Prime-Movers," is lying beside me, I will copy his titles that you may get an idea of his importance: "William John Macquorn Rankine, Civil Engineer; L. L. D.; F. R. S. S. Lond. and Edin.; F. R. S. S. A.; Regius Professor of Civil Engineering and Mechanics in the University in Glasgow; Associate Member of Council of the Institution of Naval Architects; Past President of the Institution of Engineers in Scotland; Consulting Engineer of the Highland and Agricultural Society of Scotland; Honorary Member of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, of the Royal Academy of Sciences of Sweden, of the Literary and Philosophical Society of Manchester, of the Royal Society of Tasmania," etc., etc.

I think the poor man is over-burdened. His writings, ponderous and exhaustive, call for that "much study" which King Solomon truly tells us is such "a weariness of the flesh." Nevertheless, there is here and there a fact that is worth exhuming. For instance, let me quote three or four from our next recitation.

In a table of the "Work of Man against Known Resistances," we find that a man exerts this strength to the best advantage while going up stairs, or climbing a ladder; that is, when raising his own weight. If he should go up stairs twenty-four hours, he would, if he weighed one hundred and forty-three pounds, and went at the rate of six inches a second, do work equal to lifting 2,088.000 pounds, one foot high. The lowest result is in shoveling up earth to a hight of five feet, three inches. In this instance he would only exert *effectively* 280,800 foot pounds in twenty-four hours.

A horse-power is found by a series of careful experiments on draught horses, to be .785 of the conventional value assigned by Watt; instead of 33.000 lbs. raised one foot in one minute, it is 25.905. An ox will do two-thirds as much as a horse; a mule one-half; an ass one quarter; man-power according to these estimates is 4.350 lbs. raised one foot high in one minute; about one-sixth that of a horse.

These results are from the experiments of such men as Dr. Joule, Poucelet, Coulomb, and others.

After groaning and sweating over the braw Scot for a year and a half, I was much pleased to meet a gentleman who was acquainted with him. My acquaintance, Mr. McKenzie, is a Mechanical Engineer, and has general charge of one of the largest manufacturing establishments in the country—Singer's Sewing-machine, in fact. Rankine made several visits in his official capacity as Consulting Engineer to a manufacturing establishment with which Mr. McKenzie was connected in Glasgow. He pictures him as a little short fat man with a bald head, and a slowness in getting out his ideas that is something fearful. Mr. McK. is a Scotchman, and his opinion is from the Scotch point of view. It isn't to be wondered at that Yankees find his books just a wee bit wearisome. K.

THE FAMEUSE APPLE.

FRIEND H. T.—When propounding your questions about this famous fruit, or snow-apple as it is usually called, you little thought, perhaps, that any one so near home would be interested in your speculations. I am not sorry that you have thought of noticing this apple, for I have long wondered why it is that it should cut so sorry a figure with us, while at the falls of Niagara I had been regaled for so many years with fine specimens of this luscious fruit. It is true that the yield was generally so uneven in point of size that we had to reject a large share of it, yet there were always enough fine apples left. Considering that the larger they are the finer in flavor and the freer from scab, it must surely be profitable to thin them out, though I never thought of doing so. There would always be some of the fruit entirely free from scab. It is then a beautiful apple—both within and without; very juicy and tender and of a delicate flavor. The color of the coat is rich, with a high polish, and the form is comely. I well recollect the show these apples made in the market at Liverpool some years ago, piled up in pyramidal style after having been well polished with the help of a little of the saliva! But that didn't hurt the inside, you know.

The scab seems natural to the fruit when poverty stricken, for others in our neighborhood were troubled in the same way. The soil on our place was a light sandy loam and but moderately manured. It seemed to suit the trees well, since I had always a fair yield of fine apples. I never heard or thought of a cure for the scab, having set it down to profuse bearing; nor can I find any hint of it in Downing's book on fruit trees, although he speaks of this apple. But we ought to have finer samples by far on our own land, scab or no scab, for the soil, you know, varies greatly. I presume we have never tried them on our sandy

loam, have we? I should say that the scab would not trouble us much if the roots of the tree could find just what they wanted and had not too great a progeny to maintain. The climate may have something to do with it, for the mean temperature during the winter at the Falls is about ten degrees higher than here, with the advantage of lake influences. At any rate, I should say the fruit is well worth caring for. R. S. D.

O. C., Jan. 1, 1873.

CORRESPONDENCE.

St. Paul, Minn., Dec. 28, 1872.

DEAR FRIENDS:—We have taken your much valued paper for the last three years, and now feel as though we could not do without it. I have read the Home-Talks, by J. H. N., with much interest, and think they are the best part of the paper.

Your sincere friend, M. G.

Hannibal, Mo., Dec. 28, 1872.

DEAR CIRCULAR:—I wish to tell you how welcome are your weekly visits; how beautiful your handsome countenance; how refined and intellectual and therefore edifying your conversation. If your visits are not continued it will leave a void which cannot be filled. I shall ever welcome you to my home and heart with joy and bid you adieu with extreme regret.

Yours appreciatingly, D. J.

Tamarack, Will Co., Ill., Dec. 24, 1872.

DEAR FRIENDS:—You will find inclosed three dollars for the CIRCULAR. It comes to me a weekly friend, and is a companion to me in my lonely path. It adds to my spiritual strength and supports me in times of trial. Reading it is like "going home." Though my path is lonely, I am not lonely with the Bible and the CIRCULAR. "All things work together for good to them that love God." W. F.

Gananoque, Ont, Dec. 29, 1872.

DEAR COMMUNITY FRIENDS:—I have been receiving the esteemed CIRCULAR for five or six years, and a part of the time as a gift, for which I feel greatly obliged. I believe I have derived more good from it in a spiritual way than from all the sermons I ever heard. It is my intention as soon as I get out of debt, to show more liberality in supporting the only paper in the world that preaches true Christianity, or I may add, the only one that preaches Christianity according to my views.

Yours truly, H. S.

Hagerstown, Md., Dec. 26, 1872.

DEAR EDITOR:—To-day to my great surprise I received the last number of the paper for the present year, and I hasten to ask you to please resume my subscription for another year. The CIRCULAR is highly prized by me because of the good and wholesome truths it contains. I think that every lover of the gospel of Jesus Christ should make a public confession of Christ, and the CIRCULAR seems to me to be the proper medium through which that confession should be made. I do confess Jesus Christ in me a Savior from all sin; not a Savior in part, as the churches of the present day teach—but a complete Savior. My business allows me but two hours a day for study. Those hours are from 4 to 6 o clock in the morning, and the CIRCULAR and Bible have my first attention. G. H. S.

Vistula, Indiana, Dec. 26, 1872.

DEAR FRIENDS:—Accept my sincerest thanks for your excellent paper, which I have read with increasing interest the past year. I shall be glad to have it continue its ever welcome visits another year. I have much bodily suffering to endure—having been an invalid for years. But I have found Christ a present help in every time of need; and with his aid I can endure all that the "waves of affliction" may have in store for me. I read with much interest the pamphlet "Salvation from Sin," which you sent me a few months ago. The glorious gospel truths which it unfolds and defends were indeed precious to my soul. I confess Christ in me a complete Savior. What more can I desire! "Glory to God in the highest" for sending his son Jesus to "save his people from their sins!"

Yours for the cause of a true brotherhood.

S. P. Y.

New Haven, Conn., Dec. 29, 1872.

DEAR FRIENDS:—For three years I have received the CIRCULAR, and I can say with a sincere heart, "God bless the CIRCULAR!" It has led me into truth and light, and I am now able to rejoice in tribulation. My heart is with you. I pray for your prosperity and I know that God will bless you in your work. I am aware that I am tardy with my subscription; but please do not put me on the free list, for God will help me to pay for the paper. I wish to do all I can for its support. I have studied the "History of American Socialisms," and from what I learn there I must say that I consider it very important that every one should not only read it, but study it well, especially all those who have a desire to become members of a Community. I approve of the course you are pursuing in withholding the names of your subscribers from those who have applied for them. God bless dear Mr. Noyes! I have learned to love him; yet I have not, and may never see him in this life. T. S. E.

THE NEWS.

AMERICAN.

Sidney Rigdon, who at one time ranked next to Joseph Smith in the Mormon Church, was stricken with paralysis lately, at his home in Allegahany Co. in this State.

Prof. Tyndall, it is said, intends to devote the entire proceeds of his lectures in this country to the advancement of science in America. The mode of investment has not yet been made public.

The first American Oratorio, the work of Mr. J. K. Paine, Professor of Music at Harvard University, has been published by Oliver Ditson & Co., of Boston. It is called "St. Peter," and is said to have many and great merits.

On Jan. 6, just one year from the date of the crime, Edward S. Stokes was convicted of the murder of James Fisk, Jr. He has been sentenced to be hung on the 28th of February, and at present there is but little doubt that the sentence will be carried into effect. Public opinion regards the verdict as just and a wholesome vindication of the law.

The Preachers' Meeting of the New York Methodist Conference, at its last two sessions has been discussing the question of the ultimate annihilation of the wicked, and the doctrine appears to find considerable favor among some members of that body. The discussion has been quite exciting and the old-line preachers have been a good deal exercised that such a question should be tolerated. But the advocates of free discussion have thus far carried the day, and the question is to be taken up again at the next meeting. The Rev. Dr. True, formerly a professor in the Wesleyan University is the leading advocate of annihilation.

Although the project of annexing Santo Domingo by treaty was defeated in Congress a year ago, it is not probable that the acquisition of that island country will ever be given up by the enlightened, far-seeing statesmen and business men of this country. Whatever may have been the merit or demerit of the special treaty that was defeated, the idea of making Santo Domingo a part of the American Republic, was one of the most interesting which has characterized the administration of President Grant. But while further action of the Government in the matter of annexation is delayed, the people themselves are instituting a business project, which, if successful, will lead right on to bringing the island under the control of the United States. This project is thus described in the New York *Tribune* of Jan. 4th:

"The project of acquiring possession of the Bay of Samana by the American Government, which for a long time was agitated by the President and by Congress, and finally defeated by the latter body, attracted the attention of commercial men, who were anxious for its success, independent of any political questions which were involved in the purchase or the annexation of Santo Domingo. The success of the scheme was especially desired by shipping merchants engaged in the South American and Mexican trade, there being no good station for the coaling or repairing of vessels this side of Rio or Vera Cruz. The plan for annexation met with so signal a defeat last April, that there seemed little likelihood of even that of the Samana lease being even officialy revived; accordingly certain capitalists took the matter under consideration, and determined to do for the advantage of commerce and their own private gain that which the Federal Government had declined to undertake. A company was formed and agents were dispatched to Santo Domingo, and empowered to offer President Baez substantially the same terms as those embodied in the first treaty between him and President Grant, known as the Samana Treaty and negotiated in September, 1869. These are the cession by Santo Domingo of the Peninsula and Bay of Samana at an annual rental of $150,000, gold, the right of free navigation being reserved by Santo Domingo.

"The agents left New York in the Tybee, which recently sailed, fully empowered to complete the negotiations, and with the necessary money for doing so. Most prominent among the gentlemen interested in the enterprise, are C. K. Garrison, President of the United States and Brazil Steamship Line; Mr. Stockwell, President of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, and S. M. L. Barlow. Beside these, there are said to be others, both in this city, Philadelphia and Boston, who have a pecuniary interest in its success.

"A *Tribune* reporter was informed by some of these gentlemen that the movement was entirely a commercial one, without any political significance whatever; private persons were simply doing what the Government had refused to do, and what some of them thought it ought to have done. A shipping station at some point in the West Indies was a necessity, and Samana offered the greatest advantages. There had been no assurances from President Baez that their offer would be accepted, but there was little doubt on the subject. The whole matter was as yet only an unaccomplished plan. The agents who had sailed for the island had full powers to complete negotiations precisely similar to those begun by Baez and President Grant; in fact, the negotiations would amount to a treaty. Of course the United States Government would be bound to protect the property of its citizens, and thus the same end would be gained as if the first treaty had been ratified by Congress."

FOREIGN.

Diplomatic relations between the Swiss Government and the Vatican have been broken off.

The Japanese ambassadors have completed their visit of inspection in England, and gone to Paris, on their way homeward.

It is reported that the Russian Government has made satisfactory explanations to Great Britain in regard to the Khivan Campaign.

The ex-Emperor Napoleon is quite ill from stone and has recently had two surgical operations performed, apparently successful, but causing much suffering.

Later.—The telegraph reports that Napoleon died on Thursday, the 9th inst.

The King of the Sandwich Islands is dead and has left no heir to the throne. It is uncertain what form the future government of the Islands will take. Many are said to be in favor of republican institutions. It is also asserted by persons who are familiar with the sentiment of the intelligent classes, that annexation to the United States is favored, except by the government officials.

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REVIVAL RECOLLECTIONS.

THE first revival which I ever witnessed was at Lexington Hights on the Catskill Mountains, under the preaching of Rev. Asahel Nettleton, of old revival fame. Mr. Nettleton had been laboring in a revival in Durham when his health failed, and he came further up the mountain to retire and "rest himself awhile," as he expressed it. The appearance of the great revivalist in our village was the topic of conversation, and a spirit of inquiry concerning him possessed the people. Mr. Nettleton, however, remained in seclusion for a week. He was then seen going to the upper room of the village academy, which was unoccupied at the time, and while there his voice was distinctly heard in fervent prayer for nearly an hour. I well remember how still the teacher required us children to be in the room below, and how solemn we all felt when Mr. Nettleton was praying above us. On the Sabbath of the third week after Mr. Nettleton's arrival, he requested that the upper room of the academy might be filled with seats, and it was announced that he would preach there in the evening. At the appointed time the academy was filled to overflowing and everybody was electrified with the expectation of a revival. After a short prayer Mr. Nettleton arose and read the hymn beginning thus:

"Behold a stranger at the door,
He gently knocks—has knocked before—
Has waited long—is waiting still;
You treat no other friend so ill."

A breathless silence pervaded the assembly while Mr. Nettleton read. His manner was so impressive that every eye was fixed upon him, and the words which he read sent conviction to every soul. When he closed the book my childish impression was that Jesus Christ and Mr. Nettleton must be alike. When he grew warm with his subject his face fairly shone and every feature seemed to speak. He was a man of medium hight, with a clear sharp eye whose look had a powerful effect upon the unconverted. His gestures were natural, but quite forcible.

Mr. Nettleton was what might be called an Edwardian in his belief. He preached the sovereignty of God in all its extent and bearings, and had a wonderful talent for working upon the conscience, and bringing it into the utmost activity. He was opposed to what were termed in those days New Measures. He never advocated anxious seats, or requested persons to rise in the assembly for prayers. Neither did he encourage women to pray and make exhortations in church, nor any person to pray with a loud voice. Young converts were advised to be listeners rather than talkers. His sermons were extemporaneous. He began them in a slow, simple, unpretending manner, but always became energetic and eloquent before he closed. His voice was clear and melodious, and there was an indescribable, almost unearthly solemnity and earnestness in his manner which carried conviction to the mind that he believed the truths he uttered. He preached with a directness that made each person feel that he was the one addressed. He would portray the judgment day as at the door and make people feel as though they were standing on the verge of the eternal world, and then urge them not to pass the threshold that night with hearts opposed to God as their divine sovereign.

One night a young woman who was a member of the church was so excited that she cried out in an agony of despair. Mr. N. requested the people to remove her from the place, and then said it was not religion that caused her distress, but that she had just become aware of the fact that she was *destitute of it*.

Mr. N. was in the habit of holding Inquiry Meetings with those who wished to converse on spiritual subjects. There was an excellent choir of youthful singers in that church. Most of this choir were among the converts; but two of the leading singers (young women) were determined to resist the revival influence. Mr. N. was on his way to the afternoon Inquiry Meeting one day and these girls commenced singing "Bonny Doon" as they saw him passing. He stopped in the road until they had finished the song, and then went in and requested them to sing that beautiful hymn commencing, "When gathering clouds around I view." That evening those girls were not seen in the choir, but were in the further corner of the room. The next day the Inquiry Meeting was at my father's. I recollect how Mr. N. came tripping lightly in at the back door and inquired of mother how it was with those girls? When she told him that they had submitted to God, he opened his mouth and made all the gestures of a person who was shouting at the top of his voice; yet no sound escaped his lips. He then danced about without making any noise, and finally went into the front room with his usual solemnity. C. B. B.

"GO HOME!"

Would you, my friend, from sorrow flee
And ever peaceful, happy be?
Would you each day a shining store
Add to the riches gained before?
Go home; go home!

Would you hold firm the potent shield
To quench the darts that demons wield?
Would you be loving, fervent, strong,
Of lowly heart, enduring long?
Go home; go home!

Wish you a friend in time of need
To give your earnest pleadings heed?
Then quickly turn to Christ within:
He'll ne'er forsake nor leave his kin.
Go home; go home!

Nor fame, nor wealth, nor love untold,
Can for a day true pleasure hold.
Would you then find the wondrous mine
Whence come the pearls that endless shine?
Go home; go home!

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ERRATUM.—For Rev. O. A. Bronson in the last number of "Backward Glancings," read Rev. O. A. Brownson.

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

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ADMISSIONS.

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

"IT IS MORE BLESSED TO GIVE."

Give! as the morning that flows out of heaven;
Give! as the waves when their channel is riven;
Give! as the free air and sunshine are given;
Lavishly, utterly, joyfully give.

Not the waste drops of thy cup overflowing,
Not the faint sparks of the hearth ever glowing,
Not a pale bud from the June roses blowing;
Give, as He gave thee, who gave thee to live.

Pour out thy love like the rush of a river,
Wasting its waters for ever and ever.
Through the burnt sands that reward not the giver;
Silent or songful, thou nearest the sea.

Scatter thy life as the summer's shower pouring!
What if no bird through the pearl-rain is soaring?
What if no blossom looks up adoring!
Look to the life that was lavished for thee!

[*Selected.*

THE BRIDGE.

Home-Talk by J. H. N.

AT first we were *Perfectionists;* now we are *Communists;* and we are finally to be *Resurrectionists.* In this progression we do not leave Perfectionism behind in becoming Communists; nor shall we leave Communism behind in becoming Resurrectionists. Each stage in advance holds within it all that went before. Communism is the practical expansion of Perfectionism. Resurrectionism will be the ripe development of both Perfectionism and Communism. In fact the Primitive Church, which has long since entered the Resurrection stage, is still a Communist church, and still a Perfectionist church.

We ought always to recognize these three stages of development as comprised in the CHRISTIAN CHURCH. It would be foolish for Communists to think that they only are Christians, or that the church of Christ is confined to their little societies. Let them never forget that the Primitive Church, with Christ and the Apostles for its leaders, did not assume, permanently, during its earthly career, the Communistic form. On the day of Pentecost, it is true, and for a short time afterward, that church gave the world very distinct indications of its Communistic tendencies; and undoubtedly it held and carried out in its whole career, the principle of guaranteeing subsistence to all its members. But there is no evidence that it went into systematic Communism as we understand it. It took hold on men in all the conditions of ordinary society, and taught them to overcome evil and live the life of Christ in those conditions. This was perhaps the most trying, and therefore the most heroic service of the universal church: and it should be far from us to think that external Communism is the essential form of Christianity, or entitles us to claim superiority over the veterans of the apostolic age.

We should even remember that in our own career, Perfectionism existed many years without formal Communism, and that we were Christians then, and a church then, as truly as we are now.

The practical importance of these considerations lies in this: that we find ourselves surrounded by multitudes of believers, who are not, and for the present cannot be, externally Communists. They stand as the primitive believers stood, and as we formerly stood in the organizations of ordinary society. Our organization as Communists must not come between us and them to exclude them in our thoughts from the church of Christ. And on the other hand they must not make our advance beyond Perfectionism a stumbling-block to hinder their fellowship with us as Christians. Perfectionism, Communism and Resurrectionism, are, as we said, three stages in one church; and together they make the long-needed bridge from things as they are, to things as they ought to be.

THE KINGDOM OF UNITY.

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

THERE are two recorded prayers of Jesus Christ, of considerable length, which evidently express the inmost moving of his heart. What are the objects petitioned for? In one, "*Thy kingdom come*, thy will be done *on earth as it is in heaven;*" in the other, concerning his disciples, he prays "*That they all may be one;* as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us;" &c. These are the leading, emphatic portions of the two prayers, and they are evidently, as to the thing intended in each, nearly related, if not identical, in meaning. In both he refers to the state of things in heaven, as the example of that which he prays for on the earth—one describing that state with reference to the perfect, harmonious execution of the will of God, and the other with reference to the unity of parties there. The idea in both cases is substantially the same—that of entire oneness—the indwelling of life in life, securing a perfect political and social organization—of which the heavenly Father is center, soul, and King.

Such was the prayer of Christ for the earth, for men living in the body. It was specifically for his then present disciples, and for "those who should believe on him through their word;" and as it was to be a matter of visible fulfillment, the effect also was predicated, namely, "that the world might know that God had sent him."

We must assume *a priori*, that those prayers of Christ were fulfilled substantially in the Primitive Church; and the *signs* of their fulfillment may be seen scattered along through the history of the church—in the mighty revolution of the day of Pentecost, breaking up

selfishness, and introducing Community of hearts and of goods, whereby the world were compelled by thousands to acknowledge the divinity of Christ—in the spiritual doctrines and discipline which Paul inculcated on the subject of death, resurrection, marriage, etc., whereby the church placed themselves under the exclusive jurisdiction of the heavenly government, and finally in the *perfection* which the church attained—the being "made perfect in one"—which is manifest in John's description of its last days. Here are all the elements of an answer to Christ's prayer—the kingdom of God on earth, and the visible unity of his followers; and even the anticipated result was signally fulfilled. From the time of the day of Pentecost onward, Christianity has been the prevailing power in the world—men have known that Christ was sent from God, and have acknowledged him, at least in name.

This view of the primary fulfillment of Christ's prayer, 1800 years ago, throws light on the broad universal accomplishment of it which we are allowed now to expect. We are guided both as to the matter and the manner of the future millennium. Now, as then, Christ's heart is set on UNITY—his prayer is, "that they all may be one." If there is to be any destiny whatever for mankind, it is certainly expressed in this sublime idea. And as that prayer was once fulfilled, and Heaven's unity was wrought out in the Primitive Church, we are to expect, not a new and independent work, but an extension of what already exists in them; not another separate day of Pentecost, but a union with the spirit of the former one, which now exists embodied in forms of love and light in the heavenly sphere.

FELLOWSHIPS.

HOW important that we give careful heed to our fellowships; and yet how seldom does the religious world urge this vital necessity upon young converts! God's spirit broods over a people until his love fills every susceptible heart and awakens earnest desires for spiritual improvement; but how few there are who remain in this fervent, revival spirit for any great length of time! Yet it is assuredly the Christian's privilege to have his spiritual light grow brighter and brighter. Is not the gradual dimming of the light of truth in our hearts partly owing to loose or indiscriminate fellowships? I am persuaded that has been true of my own past experience. If we are changed into the image of that which we gaze upon, it is even more obvious that we take on the characters of those we intimately associate with. It is an established fact that a husband and wife, whose union is a harmonious one, and whose business brings them into constant fellowship, undergo marked physiognomical changes during their long and intimate association until they actually bear a striking resemblance to each other. Yet the change in their spiritual features would be even greater; because spirit is more powerful than matter.

"Like begets like" spiritually as well as physically; and there is a strong spiritual influence emanating from every one that leavens for good or evil all whom it reaches. If our associates then are on a lower spiritual plane than we are we shall surely be drawn down from our good experience into a state of barrenness; but if we constantly seek the fellowship of those who are superior to us we shall be drawn upward into a sphere of greater light and justification. John says, "If we walk in the light as he is in the light we have fellowship one with another and the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin." All light comes from above, therefore our gaze should be constantly upward and not downward. Upward in the spiritual world is inward. Hence our fellowships should be with those who dwell deep in the spiritual world.

One of my mottos for 1873 shall be, "Walk in the light." D. E. S.

EXPERIENCE.

IN connection with the committees for criticism this winter has come some of my best experience. In every instance, when called to help criticise others, I have felt the Spirit of Truth searching my own heart, showing me weaknesses and defects in my character which make me cry to the Lord for mercy and ask him for more strength and faith. I see that I am still somewhat in bondage to my affections; that inordinate affection which Paul classes with fornication, uncleanness, covetousness and idolatry, must be put off with the old man and his deeds. "For which things sake," says Paul, "the wrath of God cometh on the children of disobedience." Although I realize so keenly that "our God is a consuming fire," yet I have much comfort and hope; for the light of truth which shows us our faults, also shows us how to forsake them. And how is this? We "overcome by the blood of the Lamb and by the word of our testimony." We have an indwelling Christ whose life is constantly swallowing up and pervading ours; we need only to be in earnest to let him work freely in us and then we can go on our way rejoicing, "reckoning ourselves to be dead indeed unto sin and alive unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord." T. M. S.

BACKWARD GLANCINGS.

XIII.

AFTER J. left, the general excitement produced by curiosity and novelty, subsided. This was not true, however, in many individual cases. Some seed had fallen into good and honest hearts, and in them it sprung up and bore fruit. These young converts were simple and teachable. They had no great gifts for talking or proselyting, and had but little, if any of the lofty, swelling testimony which had characterized Perfectionism in other places. They met often together in their own houses, and gave much attention to reading and studying the Bible and the doctrines published in the *Perfectionist*. Letters were circulated, and visits exchanged with believers in other towns. The Palmers, Lords, Whites, Shaws, Pierces and Lovells of the "East Part," received with joy all who came confessing salvation from sin. Their hospitality was unbounded; and the simplicity and brotherly kindness of their manners gave believers a foretaste of the spirit of Communism. Mrs. Palmer, who was one of the first to accept the new faith, is still living at the age of eighty-four, in the old homestead at Putney. Her letters show that in spite of the changes and infirmities belonging to her advanced age, she is still what she was forty years ago—steadfast and immovable, always rejoicing in the work of the Lord.

While the revival was thus quietly progressing in Putney, there was a similar work commencing in the neighboring town of Westminster. One morning my mother received a long letter from a lady unknown to her except by reputation. The writer was Mrs. Field, wife of Rev. Mr. Field, Congregational minister of West Westminster. Mrs. Field was a woman of a powerful but somewhat erratic mind. Her letter boldly denounced the hypocrisy and luke-warmness of the clergy and churches, and confessed a whole-hearted belief in salvation from sin. Mrs. Field's position as a minister's wife, as well as her eloquent descriptions of her experience, bordering always upon the marvelous, gave greater currency to her testimony. A family of the name of Clark, influential in the church and society, resided near her. A daughter of this family was a person of superior mind, and the brightest ornament of the church. She was prepared by her previous experience to become an interested hearer of the truth, and soon embraced it. Her conversion was followed by that of a cousin of the same name. Not only was Miss Clark a great acquisition in herself, but her circle of influence was large and important. Her dearest friend and correspondent, residing in the neighboring parish of East Westminster, was HARRIET A. HOLTON. Like her friend, Miss Holton was the flower of the church. Less conspicuous than Miss Clark and less gifted in the forms of expression, she had greater depth and truer instincts. An orphan, wealthy and highly connected, she was much sought after in marriage, and had every inducement to a life of fashionable ease and respectability. The glowing letters of Miss Clark found her waiting and eager for the faith that made free from sin and condemnation. Through her friend's testimony and the Bible truths presented in the *Perfectionist*, she saw that the great desire of her heart was attainable. Her full acceptance and confession of the faith soon followed, and henceforth her whole life became identified with the cause.

At the time of Miss. Clark's conversion JOHN R. MILLER, then about twenty-one and engaged as clerk in a small store, boarded in her father's family. Miss Clark's conversation first awakened his attention to the subject of faith. The excitement produced by J.'s preaching in Putney was communicated to Westminster. Mr. Miller joined with Miss Clark's brother in inviting J. to preach in the school-house at Westminster. Mr. Miller was not a church member, but his abilities and character made him popular and respected. He became exceedingly interested theoretically, and espoused and advocated the doctrines with great enthusiasm. The converts in Westminster were not as numerous as in

Putney, but all were persons of influence and position; and certainly few names are to this day more beloved and honored—few are brighter on the list of those who have labored and suffered for the cause of Christian Communism—than those of HARRIET A. HOLTON and JOHN R. MILLER.

THE FACT.

LET us by all means bear in mind, throughout this new year upon which we are entering, the great central fact of existence, namely; that Jesus Christ is in us and that the Holy Spirit is in us. It were good if every human being could be shaken up to a mighty sense of this all-important fact with every day that dawns to him. He who would forget this great truth would forget the very pillar upon which all salvation rests. We know that the fact of which we speak is one which must abide forever, for it rests upon the words of Paul, and upon the words of Jesus Christ.

Let us also remember that the greatest foes to the remembrance of this precious truth and to its practical realization are *the feelings*. The feelings, more than all other things combined, would tend to dim the truth of Christ's presence and hide it, and cover it up. But the feelings are so often the result of some trivial, depressing circumstance, or some contact with passing evil, that we know that they cannot be trusted. Hence, if we would do our duty as soldiers in the army of the Lord, we must, day by day, *deny our feelings*, and insist upon the stability of the word of God more wilfully and doggedly than ever a soldier stood his ground upon the field of battle. We should push back denial as we would push back a deadly adversary with whom we were wrestling, and who was in danger of overcoming us. We should confess this truth, day by day, hour by hour, in every contingency and in every emergency of life. To those of the faith, who are in danger of forgetting it, we should shout it as we would shout reviving, rejoicing intelligence in the ears of one who was dying into unconsciousness. To keep this belief bright regardless of the feelings is to *keep the faith*. To confess this truth, to assert it, to proclaim it, to print it, to ring it, to sing it, with all our might, as David danced before the Lord, is to fight the fight of faith. G.

THE KINGDOM OF GOD.

[The following paragraphs from the pen of Dr. A. S. Patton, editor of the *Baptist Weekly*, are interesting and indicate a new drift of thought in the religious world:]

"We greatly err if we imagine that in order to be the subjects of the kingdom of heaven, we must have our residence within the limits of any assigned place whether celestial or terrestrial. 'The kingdom of God is within us,' and the only difference existing between a Christian here, and a saint in heaven, is that which often exists between the subjects of the same kingdom on earth—they live in different provinces, but they are all animated by one spirit of loyalty and love. We cannot suppose that the felicity of the world of spirits consists in any essential sense, in the attractive beauties of the place, nor does it result alone, or mainly, from companionship with those who are spotlessly pure. It consists essentially in personal holiness.

"If, therefore, we cherish the principles of heaven, and carry in our hearts the peace and joy and elevation that are felt by its glorified inhabitants, we are now as truly subjects of the kingdom of God as though we were disembodied, and surrounded by the beauty, brightness and gladness of heaven itself.

"We do not mean to disparage, or in the least to detract from the sensible glories of the upper world. They must be great—exceedingly great. For aught we know there may be crowns of material splendor—there may be trees of unfading loveliness, there may be pavements of emerald, and canopies of brightest radiance, and gardens of deep and tranquil security, and palaces of proud and stately decoration, and a city of lofty pinnacles, through which flows unceasingly, a crystal river; and where loud jubilees are ever sung, with a concord of seraphic voices. All this *may* be; but this is not heaven. Such beauties and charms are only the accessories of its bliss. Its highest and most rapturous delights consist in the perfect sympathy and the full communion of the soul with God. If, then, this be in any sense our state or condition on earth, we have reason to rejoice in a good evidence that 'the kingdom of God is now within us.'" —*Baptist Weekly.*

THE "SEEK-NO-FURTHER."

HEBREW mothers named their children from the circumstances of their birth; and in like manner many varieties of the apple have received their names from the circumstances of their production, or from some casual remark about their flavor. The Seek-no-further is said to have received its name on this wise: A lady was walking in her garden one day, and thinking that she would like a nice apple, she called to the gardener to bring her of the best the orchard could boast. He brought several varieties which did not quite suit her fastidious taste; at last he found an apple which so well pleased her with its beauty and flavor, that she said, "Seek no further." The gardener in honor of the event, gave to the fortunate apple the name "Seek-no-further." C. E.

CHASTENED.

O, THE sorrow and wretchedness of a hard heart! What misery, what distress it causes me! My heart was once soft and yielding, easily melted with the love of God; but now it is like a stone in my breast. Will nothing melt it? Will nothing break it? Criticism sometimes seems to touch me for a moment with a softening effect; but straightway my heart hardens itself, asking, "Who are you that you should judge me? Is your life blameless? Look to yourself!" and harder and harder it grows until I fear that nothing can soften it. My intellect assents to the sincerity of my friends, and I answer, "That is so; you are right." But my heart does not *feel* it. O, God! Hear my cry! Break my heart; break it into a thousand pieces! Melt it through to the center where it is like a rock! Smite it with the lightning of truth! Nothing can be more fearful than the agony I endure with this heart of stone.

* * * * * *

O, blessed deliverance, the process of softening has begun! God came to me in the form of judgment: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy soul and mind and strength." "I do not do that," I answered. "Thou shalt have no other God before me.....for I am a jealous God." Though conviction entered my soul, my heart still was obdurate. The old life cast about for measures to save itself; but every newly found anchor was cut loose by my conscience, and soon my bark was tossing upon the sea of doubt and darkness with none to guide. In the midst of this struggle, these words came to my mind: "He that findeth his life shall lose it; and he that loseth his life, for my sake, shall find it," and faith was given me to say, "I will give up my dearest treasures to God. He shall have everything; I will keep nothing back. All the hopes and desires which I have centered in those that I love better than myself, I give into God's keeping. I will not stipulate that he shall again give me my treasures at some future time if I become thus and so. I will not hold them even with a thread of gossamer. I will make a complete and unconditional surrender of myself and all that I cherish to God. Nor will I mope or be sorrowful. Perhaps in due time my heart may be softened with the sorrow that worketh repentance. I want no other."

I fell asleep with the sweet sense of peace which this resolve gave me and when I awoke this morning I felt strong and happy while I repeated my covenant of the night before. All day long my heart has grown softer and softer and yet stronger and stronger to keep my purpose. A hundred times I have reiterated, "All, all; yes, I give all," and every time my hope grows brighter that God will make me faithful. Z.

PRESERVING THE BALANCE.

"You are going into college life, boys, and you must take care of your bodies. Many a boy breaks down because he keeps his country appetite and loses his country exercise. You must balance study and brain-work by exercise and muscle-work, or you 'll be down with dyspepsia, and won't know what ails you. People have wondered where the seat of original sin is; I think it 's in the stomach. A man eats too much and neglects exercise, and the Devil has him all his own way, and the little imps, with their long black fingers, play on his nerves like a piano. Never overwork either body or mind, boys. All the work that a man can do that can be *rested by one night's sleep is good for him*, but fatigue that goes into the next day is always bad."—*Old Town Folks.*

Mrs. Stowe has never penned a more sound piece of advice than is given in these few words to her young college friends—advice which need not be confined to college boys and girls of any age or condition, but applies with equal force to men and women in all classes of society. Old Dr. Abernethy who in spite of his bearish manner would hit the true cause of disease in a wonderful kind of inspiration, often declared that three-quarters of the cases of disease brought to him were caused by "stuffing and fretting;" and he would gruffly order his rich patient to "eat less, sir; eat less and play more." The college practice of "cramming" the brain just before examination, is only too often accompanied with cramming the stomach with rich, stimulating, highly seasoned food. This, together with lack of exercise, and insufficient sleep, will soon break down the strongest constitution; and many a young graduate finds to his great disappointment that he must drop his books, abandon his projected brilliant literary career, and turn farmer or hunter, if he would escape the horrors of constipation and the blue devils of dyspepsia.

Look at the daily habits of many of our great merchants, and bankers and railroad managers. The intense activity of brain through twelve, fourteen, and sixteen hours of mental effort is only kept up by immense quantities of rich stimulating food and tobacco, with no exercise, but little relaxation, and still less sleep, until everything gives away in the final crash of body and mind, and the miserable victim of this high-pressure system is hurried into the insane asylum or the grave.

It was stated by one of the New York papers a short time since, that nearly all of the managing officers of one of our largest railroad companies had, within a few months, been compelled to resign their positions on account of ill health from "overwork." This is only a polite way of telling half the truth. That such men are overworked, there is no reasonable doubt, and there is still less doubt that one cause of their loss of health could be given in the words of Abernethy, "Too much stuffing and fretting."

The brilliant, intellectual beauty of our American women and girls, which at first sight so impresses

foreign visitors, is of the most ephemeral character. Red cheeks, bright eyes and clear heads, will not crown a dyspeptic stomach, or constipated bowels.

We have colleges for expanding the brains of our young men and women; we have gymnasiums for drilling the muscles; will not some one found a school of hygiene for teaching the young as well as the old how to *keep* their health before they lose it? for teaching them that prevention is better than cure, that dyspepsia is not necessary to salvation, and that to obtain and retain a healthy mind in a healthy body, is one important step toward carrying out Paul's injunction: "I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service." Will the sacrifice be any less acceptible if sound and healthy? G. E. C.

ONEIDA CIRCULAR.

TIRZAH C. MILLER, EDITOR.

MONDAY, JAN. 20, 1873.

Some of our correspondents who are unable to pay the full subscription price of the CIRCULAR write as though they felt timid about sending 25, 50 or 75 cts., fearing that their small offerings may be despised. Let no one be troubled by thoughts of this kind. We appreciate all the aid we receive, and none more than the "widow's mite." He who cheerfully gives 25 cts. from his necessity for the free distribution of the gospel may receive more honor in heaven than the rich man who gives his thousands to charitable institutions.

STRIKING AT RANDOM.

AN entertaining writer for *Harpers' Monthly* in an account of Marco Polo's books of Travels, goes out of his way to give the O. C. a little hit in this fashion:

"If, according to the teachings of the disciples of John Noyes the millennium is simply the extension and complete realization of their practices and principles throughout the earth, then Kublai-Khan and his contemporaries were much nearer the millennium than we. Besides those 'four ladies called empresses, he had also a great number of concubines. * * * * In Tartary,' says Polo, 'any man may take a hundred wives an he so please, if he be able to keep them,' while in Malabar 'the man who has most wives is most thought of.'"

Here are some "idle words" about John Noyes and his disciples, which it is our duty to bring to judgment. It is only in great ignorance and mental confusion that it is possible to see any resemblance between the practices and principles of the O. C. and those of polygamists, ancient or modern. A harem, which is the proper name of a polygamic family, and to which our Communities are often compared in this flippant way, is a gathering of many women owned by one man. All other males (except eunuchs) are jealously excluded. Thus, for the pleasure of one man, forty or fifty women are deprived of the right to their own persons, and forty or fifty men are deprived of their natural social interest in these women. What is there in the principles or practices of the O. C. to match this description? A Community family is composed of men and women in as equal numbers as those of a common family or of general society. The women have equal social rights with the men, and the men have equal social rights with each other. The jealousy cultivated in the Community is that which forbids any man to seclude to his private pleasure any woman. This is the farthest extreme possible from the law of the harem. It is even more republican than the constitution of the monogamic family; for that gives each man a right to seclude to his private use one woman, in very nearly the despotic fashion of polygamy.

A Mormon once came to the O. C. and claimed sympathy for a sentiment which he expressed thus: "I love woman; not merely one woman but a good many; it is natural; and I have a right to a good many women." We replied: "Women have as much natural taste for variety as men have, and have as good a right to it." The only answer he had to this was, "You are more unselfish than we."

We take this occasion to notify all whom it may concern, that it will be useless in the long run to attempt to hustle our principles and practices into any of the usual categories, such as polygamy, polyandry, licentiousness, or even "free love." Our system is new and peculiar; invented by a full-blooded and thoroughly educated Yankee, and carefully adapted to the spirit of the nineteenth century. It will have to be tried on its own merits.

THE FINANCIER.—This able financial paper has just completed its first volume, and appears to have won for itself a successful place in American journalism. We have hertofore spoken in its praise, and continue to think well of it. It is one of the best mediums of financial information in the country, and while earnestly devoted to the principle of free trade, is honest, and dignified in its discussions. It is published by J. H. and C. M. Goodsell, 156 and 158 Broadway, New York, at $5 a year.

COMMUNITY JOURNAL.

ONEIDA.

—Dr. Cragin delivered a lecture to the women one day last week on the subject of Hygiene. There are reasons why women need more lecturing upon the laws of health than men. On the one hand their physical economy is such that they get out of order more easily than men, and on the other they take less care of themselves. You rarely see a man, though he be young, who rashly endangers his physical well-being for the sake of indulging some inexplicable whim; but in the early stages of womanhood the feminine sex seem possessed to hazard the closest chances of losing health and life. Looks, not comfort, is woman's prime idea of existence; so she tortures herself and posterity, and does not, when all is done, look as well as she would had she treated her body more simply, more naturally. So rife, indeed, have become female disorders that the word woman has been defined as *disease* among medical men. Yet Hygeia, who, according to the ancients, presided over the health of mankind, was a goddess. "Consistency, thou art a jewel!"

Though the women of the O. C. cannot be classed among those to whom the above remarks might be pertinently aimed, yet there is need that we raise our standard of carefulness and faithfulness. Let us discard more thoroughly than ever before all kinds of drugs. We will take no less care of the sick; but let us take greater care that those who are well keep well and grow stronger and healthier. That this may be done the young and thoughtless must become acquainted with certain hygienic principles which will enable them to treat their bodies intelligently. Let these be encouraged to romp and run, and let all take means to inhale each day a large quantity of out-door air. Speaking of the dietetic reform which we are slowly making, the Doctor quoted from 2d Samuel: "Now there was a long war between the house of David and the house of Saul; but David waxed stronger and stronger, and the house of Saul waxed weaker and weaker." It is not our policy, the speaker said, to make sudden or arbitrary moves in the direction of reform; we wish no one to change any faster than the improvements advocated recommend themselves to his or her reason. Those in the Community who are moving toward dietetic reform may be compared to the house of David, and there is no doubt that it will wax stronger and stronger by the gradual conversion of all classes. The women, who take charge of the cooking, inevitably control, in a great measure, the general taste in regard to diet. Let them seek a true standard and there is no danger but the family will readily adopt it. Our plans in the direction of scientific propagation demand that our women be strong and vigorous, that our children be healthy and handsome.

—Divided as is the O. C. into three families, the demands of business and various other interests require frequent changes of members. There is a tendency in human nature to become so attached to place and circumstances that it is often a painful thing to pull up stakes and move on to new surroundings. Noticing the other day how much more easily these changes are made now than formerly, we were reminded of a time several years ago when we had a great deal to say about being delocalized—delocalized in every way: with regard to country, occupation, affections, and so on.—G. W. N. penned the following lines, under the inspiration of this theme, which are well worth reading again:

HOW I FOUND HER.

"Gray-beard Parting, go away!
You're ugly, old and dreary.
Merry Meeting is my love;
I clasp her as my dearie."

Gray-beard met me on a day,
I tried to scuttle around him.
"No, no," said he, "you go with me;"
A dry old hunks I found him.

We passed a wood, we crossed a stream,
The vale seemed rather dreary,
When Gray-beard vanished like a dream,
And there stood she my dearie!

Since then, I've met old Parting oft,
And given him cheerful greeting,
For straight, I find, he leads me where
I clasp my love, fair Meeting.

—Conversation turned the other evening upon the non-use of drugs, the effect of the two-meal system and kindred topics. T. remarked: "A state of perfect health in externals will be one in which we give no attention to the subject of health so far as dieting and medicine are concerned. At the same time that we adopt the best hygienic mode of living we shall be in a state of unconsciousness of the effect of what we eat."

—A few of the papers try to see a joke or a penance in our taking the advice of our doctors and eating two meals a day instead of three. As for ourselves we don't know of a single one of us who wants to go back to the three-meal system. But by saving us the labor of cooking and eating three hundred and sixty-five meals per annum the doctors do not mean to reduce the amount of exercise we shall take. We must make up the difference or more in active life out of doors. So if you are a worker in the Hardware or Silk department and go from O. C. to take breakfast at the Villa, you will be likely to meet on the way half a dozen of the women and girls who have been out for a morning walk. Occasionally a few of the more heroic will walk to the Villa and back, three and one-eighth miles in all, before breakfast with the thermometer near zero. Or

you may overtake S. B. C. with a company of the little folk, with ears and fingers well covered, brushing along on the frosty road, and enjoying the winter as only children can. Stop, we didn't mean to say that children alone can enjoy the winter, for many of the young women, and not a few of the older ones, have retained enough of their childhood to take delight in oft-repeated ventures in the dear old pastime of sliding down hill. You will see them in the afternoons flying down the crust on the hill beyond the creek; or with stronger limbs to pull the sleds up, and more safely steer them down again, they are tempted to climb the longer rise in the road to our neighbor Snell's, where pausing for a moment to take breath and catch a view of the west hill billowed by snow-drifts, and of the valley spreading out to the Oneida lake, they seat themselves before their pilots, and make the descent of nearly a quarter of a mile at railroad speed, and return to the house with glowing cheeks and sparkling eyes, to say to their friends, "O, but you should try it." Three of the more venturesome young men went over to the Five Chimneys, and, creeping up the slippery road which leads down from the west hills, they took some long, fierce rides—a mile in a minute and a half. This did not meet the approval of the family at large who remembered that one of our young men was once nearly killed while sliding down the same hill.

—A persevering botanist in New York contributes two rare ferns to our herbarium; the Woodsia (*Woodsia glabella*) from Willoughby Mountain, and a Wood-Fern (*Aspidium aculeatum*) from the forests of Northern Vermont—both "high northern" plants which only touch our borders a little here and there as if not quite sure of their ground.

—One means, highly prized by the Community, for the education and training of its children, is the daily meeting. Mrs. Cragin, in her letter written to the O. C. children more than twenty years ago (the letter was recently reprinted in the CIRCULAR), compared life to the winding of a ball. That happy comparison has been made familiar to all the children who have succeeded those to whom the letter was written, and has done more perhaps to impress her spirit on the young, and to keep her memory green in the Community, than any one thing she ever inculcated. Well, the daily meeting serves an admirable purpose in calling attention to the "winding" that is done every day, and if necessary, to unwind and pull out any black threads they may have been tempted in the day's experience to wind on their life-ball. Frequent settlements—the getting out of balance-sheets in spiritual and moral account-keeping—are popular in the Community, and nowhere more needed, perhaps, than with the children. There are almost daily differences and grievances that oppress the heart of the child, and the meeting gives an opportunity for each to tell his trials, and have them by wise healing words banished from the memory. The faults of omission and commission come under review and criticism in these meetings, and who can doubt that such a daily elimination of the black threads will save the child from much bitter sorrow and repentance in after years? But scolding and dealing with evil are not the staples of the children's meetings; we see much in the children that is lovely and good to think of and to praise. The unwinding of the different "balls" reveals the white threads as well as the black, and the meed of praise, mingled with thanks to the Author of all good, is given in no stinted measure. We keep in mind that the ultimate object is to change the character—to renew the mind and disposition, rather than the repression or weeding out of specific faults; and therefore we have sought for the expansion of the revival influences, that the Community has so richly experienced, to the children's department, and our efforts have not been in vain, as witness the oft-repeated testimony from one and another of the children with a radiant face: "I am so happy I don't know what to do." This happiness can not be explained by any outward change or circumstances, but is the fruit of the confession of Christ—the indwelling of the good spirit.

WALLINGFORD.

—The printing business has been moved from the old offices at the house to the works of the Wallingford Printing Company just completed at the river. A large book-press which we are looking for from England, costing $5,000, and a new cutting-machine, will soon be added to the fixtures of the office.

Notes of an Evening Meeting.

E. H. H.—I had some thoughts to-day about our relations to one another. Mr. N. once said that love is the circulating medium of the Kingdom of Heaven. It would be good for the young to lay to heart the principle that God is the distributer of love. We need to study love as a heavenly art. Neither one should let himself down toward the other; there should always be a consciousness in our hearts that we do not belong to each other but belong to God and are his children. Just in proportion as we lose sight of that idea we fail to get the deepest kind of love. True love never leads us into familiarity with each other which causes loss of respect. Love must not be sought too directly. It seems to me that the distribution of love in the Kingdom of Heaven is governed by similar principles to those which govern the distribution of money in this world. If a person is going to run a worldly course he must learn the fact that money is the great distributer of valuables, and he must understand the true principles of securing money if he wishes to make an honorable career. There is a large class of men who seek to obtain money directly, by means of cheating or theft or some such dishonorable action. But the law presents an obstacle to their getting riches in all such ways. It is just so in regard to love in the Kingdom of Heaven. If we seek it in a direct way for ourselves we soon find that the laws of that Kingdom are opposed to us. Those who exercise their wits to get money by foul means are called blacklegs, scoundrels, etc.; and those who desire love must remember that it belongs to God and must seek it as his gift or they will be called by no better names at last. The true way to get love is to set about improvement in the deepest sense of the word—intellectual and spiritual improvement. Persons need have no anxiety about looking out for themselves. If they will only be faithful to God and the spirit of improvement they will have their hearts satisfied with love just as surely as there is a living God. If persons think they must seek love directly, just as men would put their hands into the strong box, they will find that God in his providence is standing in the way. We must remember that it is for God to inspire and direct us in loving one another. If we get that principle established in our hearts, we shall find it will help us to draw near to God and keep near him continually. Mr. N. said in a late talk that the first great end of life is to make a *good home;* and that in order to make a good home we must have a good religious experience. Good religious experience breeds a certain respect for, and reserve toward, each other which only comes through spiritual earnestness. I want to cultivate a feeling in regard to all good things that God will wait on me if it is best for me to have them. I remember a remark which Mr N. made about love when we first started our movement at O. C. He said we might compare individuals in the Community to a round pie cut in pieces from the center. If the pieces of pie draw near the center they will inevitably draw near each other: but if they draw near each other directly, without reference to the center, they will draw far away from the center and will not succeed in getting any nearer to each other.

JOTTINGS AT THE CRITICISM CLUB.

III.

IT is a rule among business men that a letter that is worth writing is worth copying. I would go further, and say—A letter that is worth writing is worth writing well, so that you would not be ashamed to have it go before the universe; and anything that is worth saying is worth saying well, so that it will bear criticism; and anything that is worth doing is worth doing well. Away with shiftlessness and excuses for wrong and foolish doings of all kinds!

....

X—— has many valuable traits of character, and is greatly beloved; but she is tempted to let outward things absorb her attention to the neglect of interior culture. She was advised to pray for grace to lay secure hold on eternal life, and become as efficient in spiritual labor as she has been in physical and intellectual. These are chiefly valuable as a foundation for the former, and are worthless when they prevent spiritual improvement. Those who pride themselves on industry, economy, faithfulness in external things, while they are not earnest in seeking interior culture, will sooner or later find that they have trusted in broken reeds.

....

S—— was highly commended for the improvement she has made. She was naturally attractive, and was on that account petted and flattered when young. Criticism and suffering have made her an earnest, God-fearing woman. She has found Christ in her heart, and no longer depends on outward circumstances for happiness. She is very receptive to good influences, and delights in the society of her superiors. This is one secret of her great improvement. She is vivacious, and diffuses sunshine and joy wherever she goes. Her vivacity, however, sometimes tempts her into frivolity. We would not have her less vivacious, but would have her vivacity express seriousness as well as mirth. Mr. Noyes once wrote in an album: "If you listen to the strains which are ever sounding through creation, you will find that God's everlasting melody is at once full of seriousness and full of mirth. If you would make the tones of your heart a harmonious accompaniment to that melody, you must first take lessons in seriousness (which is the soul of all God's music), and then you must learn to combine seriousness with mirth, as these are combined in all the harmonies of nature and the Bible."

....

H——'s love of approbation makes him a poor critic. He has good judgment of character, but he is fearful that he may displease by speaking the truth. This is a serious fault, and prevents his rapid improvement. One cannot become a good medium of Christ's spirit while fearful that he will say or do something displeasing to those around him. He must promptly obey his best instincts irrespective of his fellows. He must be ready to sacrifice all human approbation—be thoroughly sincere—utter the word of truth given him whether it pleases or displeases. God will not choose for his mediums men who do not care more for his approbation than for all else beside; and such men, we may be sure, will sooner or later command the highest approbation of society.

The oracular way some people have of expressing themselves concerning things about which they possess but meager knowledge is often amazing. C. was re-

turning from New Haven to Wallingford the other day when an Englishman entered the car, and seating himself near by began talking in a loud tone to his neighbor upon the subject of religion. C. had some difficulty in making out the exact point he was endeavoring to clinch, for this was the style of his argument: "Look at Methuselah; who was he? And Adam, look at him: he was nothing but a man. Then there's *Jesus Christ in the bulrushes. He* was nothing but a man!"

A REVERIE.

WHO that steps out in the stillness of a moonlit night, but yields at once to the spell of the moment? You cannot help it. It is the hour of Luna's triumph, and she sways all eyes and imaginations. Ever has it been so. From the days of Adam has that same moon been scanned and pondered and discussed by the sons and daughters of men. Imagine the situation when first her beams fell upon Eden. What think you were the feelings of Adam and Eve? Were they awakened to poetic-thought, and to a higher appreciation of the first honey-moon? And he of old who "walked with God, and was not," did he not also talk with Him in the moonlight? And father Isaac, had he any reference to the moon when he stepped out "to meditate in the field at the eventide?" How oft did Methuselah, in his millennium, lift up his eyes to dally with the moonbeams? And Noah too, did he catch a cheering glimpse of the moon when he looked out upon the wilderness of waters that covered the face of the earth and there was naught else to be seen?

Abraham and Moses and Joshua, and Solomon and David and the prophets, Christ and the apostles and the great and good of every age, have all in turn felt and owned the magic sway of that never-failing disk which circles and circles from one generation to another—outliving all things here below, and ever carrying the same placid face in her ministrations to the children of men.

There she sails along apparently unconscious of all that has transpired—and yet is she as it were a link between past and present. Our forefathers looked in her face and were made happy. Who does not welcome each return of the new moon? So did they. Who loves not to revel in the moonbeams? Whose feelings are not the better for it? Where is the poet whose inspiration is not the brighter for it? Where the lover who sees not new beauty in the face that he loves, when beaming in the moonlight? That moon has witnessed many a scene of weal and woe, but she keeps her own council and tells no tale. You gaze at her wishfully as though she were a monument of bygone ages; but all you get in return, is

"*Sic transit gloria mundi.*"

R. S. D.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Cedar Grove, Va., Jan. 3, 1873.

DEAR FRIENDS:—I have been a careful reader of the CIRCULAR for about two years, and I am truly thankful for the light I have received from it. The Home-Talks by Mr. Noyes have been of inestimable value to me. I used to ask myself this gloomy question. "Can Christianity or anything else save this sin-stricken world?" and I answered unbelievingly in the negative. I am thankful to say that you have taught me to believe that Christ can and will save the world, and you have shown me how he intends to do it. This has given my soul great comfort. Yours truly, A. S.

Gratiot, Wis., Jan. 4, 1873.

DEAR CIRCULAR:—I again shall have to come a-begging to you, for I do not feel that I can do without your kind and welcome paper which has come freely to me for so long a time. I thought I would not ask you to send it to me again; but when the week rolls round and there is no CIRCULAR to read I feel so lonely that I thought I would venture to ask you to send it another year. I do hope and pray that God will bless and prosper you in all your good works. S. S.

Gustavus, O., Jan. 3, 1873.

KIND BENEFACTORS:—It seems my duty to acknowledge that the acquaintance I have formed with you through your estimable paper has awakened in my mind the highest esteem for you, as it revealed to me the existence of an organized body of Christians who (together with other important doctrines taught in the Gospel of our Savior) hold sacred the social relations of men and women. I have sought in vain this characteristic among other professed Christians. It seems to me that for Christians the time of ignorance is past, and that those who are worthy of the name should know how to possess their whole being in honor, understanding that we are to "add to our faith knowledge, and to knowledge virtue." M. H. M.

Duluth, Ill., Jan. 6, 1873.

DEAR FRIENDS:—I regard your attempt at realizing the problem of a true state of society with much favor and confidence, believing that the children conceived, born and educated in harmony with the scientific principles which I understand govern your social department will be vastly superior to those produced by parents living according to the ways of organized society. Your Association offers a splendid opportunity for testing social principles dictated by science, and sooner than see your organization broken up before you have been able to fully develop the truth of those principles I could cheerfully, if necessary, offer my life for its preservation. D. R. B.

Pawtucket, R. I., Dec. 30, 1872.

DEAR FRIENDS:—To me the CIRCULAR appears one of the most important papers I receive, advocating as it does a new and superior state of human existence based on truth and justice, where man shall no longer be the slave of man, governed by fear and imagination, but by reason and affection. The improvement of the human race is of the highest importance. It is now forty years since my attention was drawn to this great and all-important question, and notwithstanding the many failures of experiments to establish Communities I feel more convinced every day of ultimate success. The O. C. has solved a most important question. Association is no longer an impracticable, chimerical uncertainty. You have shown the living fact for nearly a quarter of a century.

Respectfully, J. W. A.

Freeport, Ill., Dec. 29, 1872.

DEAR FRIENDS:—I appreciate more than ever that God's ways are true and righteous altogether, and what we need more than all things else is to know how to submit ourselves in all our ways to the leadings of his spirit. It is written in the book of Revelation of those who had palms of victory in their hands, "that they follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth." I confess Christ in me a spirit to follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth, with a soft receptive heart. True it is that no chastening from the Lord seemeth joyous but grievous; nevertheless it shall work the peaceable fruits of righteousness "and the trial of our faith shall work out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

We have had intensely cold weather here during the last week, the thermometer ranging from 10 to 32 below zero.

Wishing you a happy new year, L. W. G.

De Kalb Center, Ill., Dec. 29, 1872.

DEAR CIRCULAR:—By your kindness I have been favored with fifty-two of your valuable numbers, which are always welcome and gratefully received. The contents are so good, that for the life of me I cannot tell which articles are the best; but some of the articles are indeed very interesting and instructive. According to what you say about yourselves you must be a very happy and contented set of people, teaching and instructing one another in a great variety of ways. It does one good to read about you. If I were not so old and had the means I should certainly pay you a visit. I hope you will still prosper and be made a blessing to thousands—and that the old man of nearly 77 will still be favored with the reading of the well-gotten-up CIRCULAR.

Yours most fraternally, W. G. W.

Southport, Prince Ed. Island, Dec. 28, 1872.

DEAR FRIENDS:—There is only one objection among my friends to the Oneida Community and that is the mixed marriage system. I neither defend nor oppose your system, as I do not know enough about it; but I always tell them that I never saw so happy a looking set of children and people, or so orderly and well managed an establishment as yours is. I am in hopes yet to see Communities flourish, and I intend as far as I can to keep my six children around me in a state of order as nearly as possible like that I saw among you. G. T. H.

FACTS AND TOPICS.

From the Monthly Report of the Department of Agriculture, for November and December, we glean the following items:

EXPERIMENT IN PLOWING BY STEAM-POWER.

On the 8th of November, on the seed-farm of D. Landreth, at Bloomsdale, near Bristol, Bucks County, Pennsylvania, a trial was made of the "Williamson road and field steamer," under the supervision of the inventor, D. D. Williamson, of New York. The experiment is reported as entirely successful. Mr. Williamson's invention is an improvement on the "Thompson road-steamer" of Great Britain, consisting mainly in the attachment of vulcanized-rubber tires in such a way as to prevent the wheels from sinking in soft soil, or compressing it to an injurious degree. The report represents that the steamer consumes about one ton of coal per day; requires for working it an engineer, fireman and "a boy to drive a water-cart;" can be used for driving threshing and other machines; will draw from twenty to thirty tons of freight in wagons on any fair country road; will turn on a space not exceeding in diameter its own length; will plow, on land suitable for cultivation by steam, from one to three acres per hour, according to length of land and depth of furrow; and costs, with plow and tackle complete, $5,000. The following extracts are from a description of its action by an eye-witness:

No team of horses could have turned, backed, and stopped with more facility and certainty. It was run up the steep bridgeway of a barn, having an elevation of 1 foot in 5, backed down, and run up again with the greatest ease and facility. For a further confirmation of its capacity a couple of large farm-wagons were coupled behind it, in which about twenty of the guests were seated for a ride. It trotted off with us on the public road toward Bristol, at the rate of six to seven miles per hour: went through gates, turned in at bars, crossed soft gullies, went up sharp hillocks, crossed at a sharp elevation the railroad-track, and down again on the other side, and, making a short turn, brought us back through a field of fifty acres, which had been plowed with it, to the place of departure. This plowing was beautifully done, and we were informed at an average depth of 9 inches, much of it being 12 inches. No more accurate or level furrows, as it appeared to us, could be made by any plowman with a well-trained team of horses.

After being uncoupled from the wagon it was attached for a trial of plowing to the Williamson gang-plow, consisting of five secured to one frame. * * * On the way to the field the plows followed the steamer as erected as a two-wheeled cart. Not a moment was lost in getting to work. The field selected was an old tough sod with a steep grade in the center. The tripping of a lever by the fireman, which he performed from his station at the boiler, let the plows into the ground, and away rolled the steamer as straight as an arrow, with the tough sod-furrows rolling over behind like so

many waves. The work seemed perfect, each furrow being mechanically correct and alike in width and depth. At the ascent of the grade in the middle of the field, no diminished speed was observable, the power seeming so arbitrary and irresistible that no ordinary field obstructions could have resisted its continuous progress. Arrived at the end of the field, the fireman pulled another rope, and out shot each one of the plows, the steamer spun around on one wheel, ran across the headland, and turning into a new land, was instantly at work on the "turn-bout." There was no hitch, no slipping or backing, but a simple, silent triumph of good, sensible engineering. We are thus particular in describing exactly what we saw and was witnessed with surprise and pleasure by the whole company, because it *demonstrated* that the experiment of steam on the farm and on the road was successful in every point.

SUCCESS IN GROWING SILK-WORMS.

The experiment of Mr. Romulus Bonhomme in growing silk-worms, at Los Angeles, California, the past season, is reported as very successful. The mulberry trees used are of the alba and moretta varieties, of which he has 16,000 trees, four and five years old. He has tried the Philippine, which he regards as nearly equal to the alba, and the multicaulis, which he has abandoned as comparatively worthless. He sets his trees in rows 16 feet apart both ways; has tried 8 feet, but finds that too near, the leaves of trees so crowded not being healthy for worms. From four ounces of eggs he obtained 445 pounds of cocoons. His loss of worms was less then 1 per cent. of the number hatched. During the first and second stages of growth he feeds from young trees; the third and fourth, from older trees and leaves. During the first three stages he feeds three times a day; during the fourth, five times a day and twice at night. He finds that the worms from one ounce of eggs require, to perfect their growth, 1,200 pounds of leaves, while in Italy and France the same quantity requires 1,800 to 2,000 pounds. He began feeding the French yellow variety on the 15th of April, and the cocoons were completed in thirty-six to forty days. As his object was the production of eggs, his cocoons are all perforated. The eggs, of which he has 400 ounces in excellent condition, are estimated at $6 per ounce. He is confident that for the successful culture of the silk-worm, the climate of Los Angeles is nowhere surpassed.

BEET-SUGAR IN CALIFORNIA.

The Alvarado beet crop of 1870 yielded less than 8 per cent. of sugar, the whole amount being 500,000 pounds; that of 1871 yielded about 8 per cent., and amounted to 750,000 pounds; that of 1872 yields 8¼ per cent., and it is estimated that the whole product of sugar will be from 1,000,000 to 1,250,000 pounds. It is reported that the home product, as yet in its infancy, has already had the effect to reduce the price of No. 1 granulated sugar in California 1½ to 2 cents per pound, and to make it 1 cent per pound lower, on the average, than in the New York market.

THE NEWS.

AMERICAN.

Four new narrow-gauge railroads are projecting in Utah.

Grace Greenwood is to have a residence at Manitou, Colorado.

A corps of engineers has begun the survey for the extension of the Midland railroad from Auburn to Buffalo.

A family of eleven brothers are to settle in New Preston, Conn. They will build one large house for refreshments, etc., and eleven cottages for sleeping apartments.

Elisha H. Allen, a native of Massachusetts, formerly a leading lawyer of Bangor, Maine, and for some time chief-justice of the Sandwich Islands, is the present regent of the Hawaüan kingdom.

The United States Government is at present the owner of real estate to the value of some forty millions of dollars, consisting of sites of post-offices, custom-houses, etc. A new department, to be called the board of public works, has been suggested, to take charge of this property.

The United States Government, through the New York Custom House, has brought suit against Phelps, Dodge & Co, of New York city, for the recovery of $1,000,000 Custom House dues, alleged to be owing to the Government in consequence of irregularities in the invoices of the firm.

The company of American capitalists who have been negotiating with the Government of Santo Domingo, for the lease of the Bay and Peninsula of Samana, have secured their object, and the treaty has been ratified. The company is to be known as the "Samana Bay Company of Santo Domingo," and has a capital of $20,000,000.

The recent storm has been very severe at the west and northwest. The cold has been intense, and many of the railroads are badly blocked up with snow. Numerous cases of death by freezing are also reported. A dispatch from Minneapolis, says that the storm was the most terrible that has visited that section of the country since its settlement.

San Diego, California, is a place of growing importance. Its harbor is the finest on the Pacific coast after San Francisco. The Pacific terminus of the Southern Pacific or Transcontinental Railroad will be here. This road is now constructing. The climate of San Diego is very charming and healthy, and the semi-tropical fruits are grown there in the greatest perfection.

By the decision of the United States Supreme Court the title of the State of California to the Yosemité Valley, under the grant of Congress reserving it for a public park, is fully comfirmed. This cuts off all preëmptive rights of the settlers who have occupied some parts of the valley, and insures the preservation of the valley as a public national pleasure-ground.

Great efforts are making by the managers of the Grand Trunk Railway to improve that road. Three hundred miles of steel rails have been laid, and it was decided at a late London meeting of the shareholders to relay the whole road with these rails at the rate of two hundred miles a year. This is as fast as the work can be accomplished without interfering with the traffic. The sum of $7,500,000 has been voted for the improvement of the road.

The New York evening illustrated paper, to be called the *Graphic*, is expected to appear about the 1st of February. Mr. Lumley, whose sketches of society are well known, is to be the chief of the corps of artists. It is proposed to illustrate in a handsome manner all current events. Large collections of portraits of eminent people are making which will appear as occasion demands. Eight large Hoe cylinder presses are erecting for the printing of this paper, of which Mr. D. G. Croly, so long of the *World*, is to be the managing editor.

A collection of antiquities discovered by Gen. Di Cesnola in Cyprus, and lately bought for the New York Metropolitan Museum of Art will soon arrive in that city. "The collection," says the *Evening Post*, "has been formed during the past seven years by Gen. Di Cesnola, our Consul at Cyprus, that focus of ancient civilization and meeting place of races, where Greece received through Phœnicia the arts and civilization of Egypt, Assyria and Chaldea. It consists of over ten thousand examples of ancient art and workmanship in sculpture, pottery, glass, bronzes, coins, jewelry of gold and silver, gems and engraved stones. It is also rich in Greek, Phœnician and Cypriote inscriptions."

Although General Grant's majority at the late Presidential election was about 702,000 over all, of the votes cast, yet he was elected by a minority of the legal voters of the United States. According to the census of 1870, there are 8,303,305 persons entitled to vote. Of these 3,579,798 voted for Gen. Grant, or 571,855 less than a majority. If the persons who abstained from voting had all voted against him, and for Mr. Greeley, the latter's majority would have been over 1,100,000. Thus it is apparent that a candidate who could have concentrated the opposition and won the non-voters to the polls, would have been elected by a majority half a million larger than that given to Grant.

Mrs. Woodhull and Col. Blood have again been arrested on a charge of sending obscene matter through the United States mails, and brought up for examination before United States Commissioner Davenport. On the first day of the examination the Commissioner refused to allow the accused to testify in their own behalf. Judge Blatchford however has decided that in preliminary examinations in criminal cases before United States commissioners, the accused shall be allowed to testify in their own behalf. The defendants claim that they did not send the alleged obscene matter through the mails and that they are the victims of an organized persecution. The alleged obscene matter consists of copies of the number of their weekly paper which contained the articles on the Beecher-Tilton scandal.

An account of the Noachian flood has been discovered on some Assyrian tablets in the British Museum. It belongs to a series of twelve mythological tablets, in the library of Assurbanapal, who reigned 660 years before Christ, and is a translation into the Assyrian from the ancient Accad language of the original Babylonians. It is thought that the original account could not have a date later than the seventeenth century before Christ.

In the Provincial Parliament of Ontario recently the Commissioner for the Crown Lands stated that the Ontario Government still owned 5,700 square miles of timber lands in the Ottawa region, on which not a pine tree had been cut, and containing some of the best pine timber this side of the Rocky Mountains, worth to the Government for the timber alone $25,000,000.

The Parliament of Newfoundland is nearly unanimous for the independence of that island so far as its relations to the Dominion of Canada are concerned. Of the 30 members 28 are anti-union and are strongly opposed to the confederation. There is no military force on the island, the police rendering all necessary protection. Nothing remains of British authority save a nominal Governor and the solitary flag which floats over his residence. A large majority of the people sympathize with the idea of annexation to the United States, and the action of the Parliament at its coming session is expected to be favorable to that project.

FOREIGN.

The Shah of Persia will leave Teheran next April, on a European tour.

Mr. Darwin has recently published a new work on "Expression in Man and Animals."

The population of Australia is estimated at 2,500,000 English-speaking people, with a yearly commerce of $400,000,000.

The specific for the cure of cancer called cundurango, has been pronounced worthless after a protracted trial in the cancer wards of the Middlesex Hospital, London.

The elevation of Gen. Von Roon to the Presidency of the German Council of Ministers, is regarded as a triumph of the party opposed to the liberal and progressive policy of Bismarck.

The Toronto *Mail* says that arrangements have been made for the organization of a company to build the Canadian Pacific railroad, authorized under the act of the last session of the Dominion Parliament.

The Chinese Government has finally abandoned its custom requiring the representatives of other powers to kneel on being presented to the Emperor. The European and American Ministers have long refused to yield to this custom, and consequently have never been presented at the Chinese Court. This right will now be accorded to them.

It now appears that the British protest in regard to the Russian operations in Khiva was not so warlike as at first reported. The British Minister at St. Petersburg simply delivered a note to Prince Gortschakoff, informing him that England will abstain from interfering with Russian progress in Central Asia if it does not threaten Afghanistan.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

To J. O. O'C., Dublin, Ireland.—Thank you for British and Irish papers.

To J. W. A., Pawtucket, R. I.—Mr. N. never saw Robert Owen.

RECEIPTS FOR THE CIRCULAR.

W. H. T., Marysville, Mo., 50 cts; J. H., Albany, Wis., $1.00; S. F., Wilmar, Wis., 50 cts; J. P., Webster, N. Y., $1.00; C. C., Suspension Bridge, N. Y., $2.00; S. T., Chicago, Ill., $1.00; W. S., Hamilton, Pa., 75 cts; D. J. W., St Louis, Mo., $2.00; A. H., Oneida, N. Y., $2.70; C. M. C., Milwaukee, Wis., $2.00; J. H. S., West Union, Iowa, $1.00; A. J. L., Brooklyn, N. Y., $2.00; H. S., Gananoque, Ca., $2.00; J. H. J., East Abington, Mass., $1.00; P. M. B., Grand Rapids, Mich., 40 cts; E. L., Mt. Kisco, N. Y., $1.00; W. T., Baltimore, Md., $2.00; M. H. M., Gustavus, O., 50 cts; H. M. S., Kalamazoo, Mich., 50 cts.

OUR VILLA CATS.

WE have two cats at the Villa—a mother and a daughter: the mother white in face and beneath, and dark, inclining to maltese, on her back; the daughter white all over except two black spots in the face and a dark handle behind. The thing that I first noticed in those cats was an excess of philoprogenitiveness on the part of the mother, and of familiarity and disrespect on the part of the daughter. The first mentioned quality is indicated by the fact that the younger cat though half grown is not yet weaned. The disrespectful character of the smaller cat is indicated by her sitting in front of her mother, putting back her ears and staring most brazenly into her face for an instant and then leaping at her and scratching and biting until she fairly shrjeks with pain. But curiously enough, instead of giving the impudent hussy a regular flaxing out for her exceedingly unfilial conduct, she merely pretends to scratch and bite in return, and whenever from fatigue or any other cause there comes a pause in the struggling and kicking of their eight paws and the pretended use of their jaws the mother cat immediately begins to caress her darling with her tongue, as though she would say, "You hateful little dear! I suppose I ought to punish you; but I love you so I cannot find it in my heart to do it."

It is evident that this mother cat is very superficial and utterly destitute of any fixed principle of family government. She has no regard for the moral and intellectual character of her offspring at the same time that she is exceedingly solicitous in regard to her external appearance, spending hours in combing her hair.

Although I am disposed to attribute the faulty education of this mother cat to some outside influence that operated in the days of her kittenhood when her moral character was weak and flexible, yet I do not think that the skirts of the Community are wholly clear.

The circumstances of this cat have been somewhat peculiar. She has lived since her youth at the Villa where there are several tender-hearted women, and it would not be at all surprising if a certain amount of their extra philoprogenitive feeling had flowed over upon her. Perhaps evidences of this may be found in the fact that her breakfast of milk is so carefully warmed for her, and also in the fact that they step so carefully over and around her when she feels disposed to take a doze by the kitchen stove. She certainly has not shown any marked respect for boots and shoes, and it may be that a little judicious and carefully graduated stepping on her tail might be advisable. But it would be difficult to find the woman who would be capable of adopting such a heroic method of treatment. This shows how important it is that both sexes have some responsibility in carrying on the most necessary work of education.

But bless me! How I am running on. I ought to have remembered ere this that the wise sentiments that I have been inculcating will be utterly lost upon the old cat; for a terrible catastrophe has lately occurred in the family, which is nothing less than the sudden disappearance of its head. Whether she is dead, or if so, what was the form of her death, whether by chloroform, concussion of the brain or an unfortunate fishing excursion under the ice in the mill-pond, I cannot say. The only clue that I can get hold of is in certain dark undertone hints that I overheard from one of the sterner sex, that "she was a thief, all the while in the way under foot, and ought to be put out of the way."

But O! the distress, the sorrow and crying of the young cat since she has discovered her loss! How her grief must be aggravated by remorse as she reflects on the frivolous life she has led, and the many squalls of pain she has drawn from her mother during her irreverent frolics. At the time of the first burst of grief for her irreparable loss, and during those days which are sacred to mourning, the sympathetic hearts of the women resorted to every conceivable means of relief. Indeed, it was thought at one time, judging from certain wild manifestations, that reason was tottering on its throne. Among the measures proposed for the alleviation of the bereaved one, were catnip leaves, catnip tea, fried beef-steak, peppermint tea, and one of the male sex proposed some quinine pills. Catnip being decided upon as the most feasible remedy, a handful of the dried leaves were thrown down before her. The effect was magical. She smelled of them, she nibbled them, and she rolled over and over in them for half an hour, in an ecstacy of delight. Some catnip tea was then prepared for her, and afterward a little fried beef-steak—both of which she graciously partook with such manifest satisfaction, that it was not found necessary to resort either to the peppermint, or the quinine.

It is to be hoped that this effective and disciplinary dispensation will have a salutary influence on her youthful and giddy nature, and lead her to emulate all the virtues that pertain to a sober, wise, and industrious family cat. KITCHEN MAN.

THE CHIRPING SPARROW.

'T was on a bleak and wintry day a chirping-sparrow flew
Beneath a friendly spreading pine and hid itself from view.
A feeble chirp I, passing, heard, which gently seemed to plead:
"Sir, hear my cry and be so kind, in this my hour of need,
To leave your store-house door ajar and strew a little food,
To shelter from the bitter cold and sate my hungry mood.
O, do not ask, 'Why did you stray and linger thus alone?'
For surely, sir, I'm on my way unto a southern zone.
I only seek this passing boon; let me not ask in vain;
When storm is passed, with rested wings, I'll soar aloft again
To seek some happy, genial clime from cold and hunger free,
And sing the songs of better days, and kindly think of thee."
I passed that way another day, the winds did keener blow:
My little guest I sought with care, but could no trace discern;
The bird had flown, or dying lay beneath the drifting snow.
We, too, from this poor sparrow's fate may well a lesson learn.
And hasten now while yet we may to seek that sunny shore
Where wintry storms, cold, hunger, pain, He said shall come no more.

H. THACKER.

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SPECIAL NOTICE.

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

ADMISSIONS.

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

A SPIRITUAL SONG.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD, AFTER NOVALIS.

If I him but have,
If he be but mine,
If my heart, hence to the grave,
Ne'er forgets his love divine—
Know I nought of sadness,
Feel I nought but worship, love, and gladness.

If I him but have,
Willing I depart;
Follow, with my pilgrim staff—
Follow him with honest heart;
Leave them, nothing saying,
On broad, bright, and crowded highways straying.

If I him but have,
Glad asleep I sink;
Of his heart the gift he gave
Shall to mine be meat and drink;
Till, with sweet compelling,
All is leavened by its soft indwelling.

If I him but have,
Mine the world I hail;
Like a cherub, happy, grave,
Holding back the virgin's veil;
While the vision thralls me,
Earth no more with earthliness appals me.

Where I have but him,
Is my fatherland;
Every gift to me doth come
As a heritage in hand;
Brothers long deplored
I in his disciples find restored.

[*Scribner's for January.*

HOW TO KEEP RESOLUTIONS.

Home-Talk by J. H. N.

SUPPOSE you have made good resolutions in the old-fashioned way, and broken them; you have tried desperately to stand by your purpose, but without success; and this has been repeated again and again until you have lost all confidence in yourself. And suppose the devil, taking advantage of your failures, stands ready to whisper at every new attempt, "You will not keep your resolution if you make it." That is a bad state to be in; one in which your case is apparently hopeless. But there is a way out of even this trouble, as can be shown.

When the truth is clear, and you see your path plainly before you, and make in accordance with it a true resolution, then, instead of stopping to distrust yourself, and listening to the devil's whispers of discouragement, there is another thing you can do. Turn inward and reflect that *God* is interested in that resolution as well as you, and that if it becomes successful it will be a profit to him as well as yourself. He has produced it, and your keeping it is a common interest between you and him. When you have settled this point, the next thing is to put the resolution you have made into the keeping of God's spirit. This is an act of the heart which words cannot describe, but you can find out how to do it. Put your resolution into God's hands; trust him to keep it for you; trust him to make you keep it. In the first place you can *pray* him to make you keep it at any cost; you can ask him to discipline and drill you until you do keep it, if it takes years of suffering. When you have asked him to do that, you can believe that he will do it. Instead of listening to the devil, who whispers that there is no use in your making good resolutions because you will break them, turn your ear the other way. God is whispering too; listen to him. He says, "I can make you keep your resolutions; trust me and I *will* make you keep them." Listen to this whisper, and talk with God about it, until you feel and know that he will do what he promises.

We differ on this point from the teachers of the old revival school. They exhorted people to form good purposes, and assumed that by so doing they were teaching the way to be saved. But people broke their resolutions and so lost their hopes. Thousands of supposed converts at length took up the lamentation, "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved." They did not know how to *insure* their resolutions, by putting them into God's care. In the revivals which are now coming there will be good purposes formed, as before; but they will be insured and taken care of by faith, as they were not before. In other words, *moral* strength will be backed up by *spiritual* power.

The power to make a resolution is a part of the machinery of human nature; how to keep that purpose in eternal motion is the thing to be sought. A man can make a water-wheel, but where is the water to carry it? Your resolution is good for nothing except as you can get the power of God upon it. Backed up by the spirit of God, moral power becomes omnipotent, and you can do what you please. Paul, referring to this reinforcement, spoke the literal truth when he said, "I can do all things through Christ who strengtheneth me." By receiving the strength of eternal life into your moral power, you can overcome any passion; you can face any danger; you can ride the whirlwinds of hell without fear. This was Paul's philosophy. He thoroughly understood that spiritual power can enter into moral power and make it almighty. This points out to all the way of deliverance from seventh-of-Romans experience and every snare of the devil. When you form good purposes, talk with God about them until you know that he has adopted them; then they become his and not yours. Transfer them to him, and your righteousness becomes his. Give up, to begin with, the idea that you can keep your resolutions yourself; put them into God's hands; then you have nothing to boast

of yourself, and yet you are omnipotent in righteousness.

HOW TO START A REVIVAL.

WE have no fellowship with the idea that God is a capricious being, who once in a great while, after long and pertinacious teasing, vouchsafes to bless us with the presence of his spirit. The Bible tells us that he has poured out his spirit upon all flesh; we believe that operation is still going on; that his spirit constantly radiates from him as heat and light radiate from the solar center; and that it is pressing for entrance at every human heart. We believe it would continually dwell with us and in us, giving us peace, joy and salvation, were it not in some way barred out. It cannot freely flow into hearts that are hard or that are filled with insincerity and worldliness, but will flow and does always flow into hearts that are soft and sincere and love not the world. "Thank God for misfortunes!" many have exclaimed, when sickness has brought them or their friends nigh unto death, or fire or flood has destroyed their property, or by other means they have been made to suffer deeply; for then their hearts have been softened—they have felt genuine earnestness—they have realized how vain it is to trust in the world for happiness; and then the spirit of God has flowed into their hearts and filled them with happiness so pure and sweet that their sorrow is obliterated in joy; and when a number of hearts are thus affected there is what is called a revival: the spirit of God has free course, and produces its glorious fruits. But first obstructions must be removed and hearts prepared to receive that spirit. This may be accomplished in a great variety of ways. Sometimes a plague or famine or war breaks the hearts of a nation, and there is a revival of corresponding proportions; in other cases the preparation and the result are limited to districts; in still others to towns and neighborhoods. But in all cases similar causes produce similar results.

Now if the spirit of God is ready to flow into every broken and sincere heart, why wait for misfortunes? Why compel God to employ his terrible judgments? Why not seek brokenness and sincerity by other and better means? We have found as a Community that this is practicable. Criticism can make hearts soft and earnest as well as fire and flood, sickness and death. It can crucify egotism and selfishness, and reveal every hidden fault; and so prepare hearts for the heavenly afflatus. We have tried it. We know that a time of earnest mutual truth-telling is a sure precursor of a deeper and better spiritual experience—in other words, of a genuine revival, in which God's spirit touches all hearts and makes them flow together in love and worship. Try it, ye churches, who vainly strive for the down-pouring of the Holy Spirit. Do not wait for the preliminary judgments. Soften your hearts, so that that Spirit can flow in, by mutual criticism. No matter whether you have a pastor or not. Come together in the spirit of love and earnestness, and speak the pure truth about one another's character. Take turns as subjects and critics and be thoroughly sincere, and you cannot fail of the expected blessing.

It was by criticism that the great Pentecost revival was produced. Peter's words, which pricked the hearts of the multitude so that they cried out, "Men and brethren, what shall we do?" were burning words of criticism. He told them the truth about Jesus and about their treatment of him, and it brought them under judgment. Their hearts broke, the spirit of God flowed in; "and the same day there were added unto them about three thousand souls." So, too, criticism has had much to do in later times with the origin of revivals. Finney and others forty years ago used to criticise the churches most scathingly; that was relied upon as more important than any other means in starting a revival. Doubtless one reason why regular pastors are less successful than others as revivalists is that their relation to their churches weakens their sincerity and power of criticism; they are afraid to speak the naked truth; their very support is dependent upon their retaining the good will of their parishioners. For this reason alone it would be better that criticism should be undertaken by the church as a body; besides, the pastor himself may often need criticism as much as any one. But if this were not the case, it is evident that the criticism of many would be likely to produce greater effects than that of a single one however wise and sincere. Let then mutual criticism be started in churches, in neighborhoods, in families, and wherever people desire to improve their characters and become mediums of the revival spirit, which is the Holy Spirit. W.

THANKFULNESS.

MUCH has been said on the subject of thankfulness; but like a rich and invaluable mine its treasures are inexhaustible. It often costs a struggle to be heartily thankful for what seems adverse in almost every particular. You were once perhaps full of activity and usefulness, and are now disabled or set one side; your immediate friends may seem cold and distant, so that you at times are tempted to say with David, "Lovers and friends have forsaken me." Some that were near and dear may have stepped the other side of the vail; and you yourself may be to all appearances a mere wreck of your former self. But just at this point of desolation let your heart be touched by the finger of the living God; let all disparaging thoughts of yourself and others be displaced by a sense of God's goodness, and let thankfulness fill your heart, no matter what your circumstances may be, and you will surely find your burdens removed and under every stone you may chance to turn you will find a treasure.

One may ask how he is to be thankful under continuous adversities. There is no doubt that our adversities are caused in a great measure by unthankfulness. Christ is thankful and Christ is in us. Let us confess his spirit of gratitude and meekness, persisting in so doing regardless of feelings, and in due time all clouds will be removed and the sun of righteousness will shine in our hearts continuously. "He that offereth praise glorifieth me." C. B. S.

ABRAHAM'S SOCIAL TRIALS.

ABRAHAM'S love of woman no less than his love of children was severely disciplined. Twice the beautiful Sarah was snatched from him and he saw her the wife of Pharaoh in Egypt and then of Abimelech in Gerar. His idolatry having been destroyed, God generously restored to him Sarah undefiled. His long deferred hope for a child must have been a sore trial to his faith, and when Ishmael gladdened his fatherly heart he brought with him new temptations to test his loyalty; he was compelled to turn the boy and his mother into the wilderness, "and the thing was very grievous in Abram's sight because of his son." That he did not make these sacrifices from a cold, indifferent nature, is shown in the humane and tender spirit he displayed in his plea with God for the sparing of Sodom. Love for God was his ruling passion, and neither woman nor child could stop his obedience. The foundation of the character that enabled Christ to say, "Who is my mother? and who are my brethren?" was laid in Abraham and through him transmitted to the chosen race. J. B. H.

HABITATIONS.

II.

ACQUISITION of power and wealth by war and robbery is the leading characteristic of barbaric life, and the acquisition of power and wealth by production and trade is the leading characteristic of civilized life. Neither of these forms of society have as yet so completely prevailed in this world as to entirely exclude the other. Nevertheless it is sufficiently manifest to every student of history that the past has been more especially characterized by the barbaric or savage element than the present, and that it was chiefly this element in ancient times which determined the location, form and character of the habitations of men. Trade, or exchange, is the watchword that is blazoned on the banner of civilization. It is by means of exchange that an individual has liberty to devote his undivided energies to the production of any one thing that society needs with the full assurance that society will in return supply each and every one of his many wants. It is by means of exchange that countries, communities and individuals are bound together by innumerable cords of mutual interest. How different must be the habitations of those men who are devoted to production and exchange and all the arts of peace, from those of the uncivilized who are devoted to the arts of robbery and war!

Let us first notice this difference in respect to location. We have seen that the barbaric home must be made as inaccessible as possible for the sake of protection against enemies. Exactly the reverse of this is the case of the civilized home. Where exchange is in view, the most easy and rapid communication is the great desideratum. It is for this reason that civilization loves the sea-shore and builds

there its immense emporiums and temples dedicated to commerce. By far the easiest and cheapest method of conveying burdens from place to place, is that of putting them afloat in vessels upon the water. The cradle of civilization must then be characterized by these two contiguous elements: land to furnish a home for man and to produce materials to supply his necessities, comforts, and luxuries; and water to provide for their easy conveyance and exchange. Placing before us a map of the world, what particular spot should we point out as the one in which civilization should come to its birth? Unquestionably we should select the region bordering the Mediterranean sea. Its very name indicates this. Mediterranean: In the midst of the land. With varying soils, races and productions on its borders, what wonder is it that man there first learned to build and launch his ships, and to secure the wealth and power that is born of exchange? The Phœnecians, a Canaanitish race, and dwellers upon the sea-shore, were the first to profit by learning this most valuable lesson. Assuming the office of carriers between nations and communities widely separated by manners and customs and animosities as well as by distance, these first rovers of the sea were enabled to levy a tax both on the producers and consumers of the merchandise they carried from land to land. In this way they rapidly drew into their own coffers the wealth of the world. Evidence of this we find first in the extent and splendor of their native seaport cities, Tyre and Sidon, and those of their colonies—Carthage, in Africa, and Carthagenia, in Spain. Secondly, we have evidence of the astonishing facility with which they accumulated wealth in the wonderful promptness with which they rebuilt their splendid habitations on the seashore after they had been completely plundered and demolished at different times by their terrible enemies the Romans. Those were the palmy days of free trade, and the world's carriers and merchants did not fail to profit by their advantages.

As fruitfulness is the outgrowth of the genial interchange between those great elementary divisions in the natural world, earth and air, causing the earth's surface to teem with the luxuriant verdure, the rich fruits, the golden harvests, as well as the countless forms of animal life, so do the combined influences of land and water, gem the commodious harbors with opulent cities, and whiten the waves with the myriad sails of commerce. What an example of this truth is Great Britain, surrounded on all sides by the sea, with her numerous seaports! The enormous wealth that is contained within her borders is a demonstration of the peculiar advantages of her location for production and exchange.

The fact that the great centers of commercial life are transferred from the borders of the Mediterranean to the north of Europe, to England and America, is evidence that civilization has outgrown its cradle, and has attained a maturity which requires a whole ocean as an arena for its activity. Steamships, railways and telegraphs have greatly counteracted the untoward effects of long distances so that civilization can build its habitations in places which would never have been thought of in the early ages.

In studying the location of cities, one cannot but be impressed with the thought that Providence in laying the foundations of the continents and islands, and in shaping their borders had an eye to the supplying of the varied wants of civilized man. Note for instance the many advantages as an emporium of exchange possessed by the city of New York. It has a harbor that affords shelter from the wind and waves. It has a large amount of water-front affording facilities for loading and unloading vessels. But a most notable feature is the fact that it is so largely surrounded by land, at the same time that it is so closely connected with the water. Being at the apex of an indentation of land, it is in comparatively close and easy communication with a long range of seacoast both northeast and south. Then again the Hudson River affords cheap and easy transit far into the country north of it, while its head waters are at the eastern extremity of a long level that stretches westward to Buffalo, attracting exchange across the great lakes with the west. What an interesting circumstance it is that the Alleghanies did not stretch their rugged barriers northward to the lakes. With a country inhabited by a civilized people, how could New York fail to become a great and prosperous city?

We have briefly glanced at the location of human habitations with reference to the business of exchange. It yet remains for us to look at human homes with reference to the facilities they afford for production, which is, perhaps, the most important member of the great duality: the father and mother of Civilization, Production and Exchange. H. J. S.

REVIVAL RECOLLECTIONS.

II.

OUR church did not relapse into the same degree of spiritual apathy it was in before Mr. Nettleton's revival. Prayer-meetings were better sustained; and the singing of the revival hymns from the "Village Hymn Book," was sometimes very inspiring. The popular belief however, was, that it was only on special occasions that Christ poured out his Spirit upon the world; so there were no conversions for the next four years, and the people did not expect any.

At the end of that time a new minister by the name of Johnson, was installed. He sympathized fully with Mr. Nettleton and President Edwards, and was an earnest, godly man. This was in 1831, the year signalized by powerful revivals throughout the country. The Presbyterian churches held a church conference once a month. Several churches met, and reported the spiritual state of their societies, and when there was any interest manifested the meeting was protracted for three or four days. After one of those meetings, my mother told me that C. W., one of my schoolmates, had given her heart to God, and had sent a request for me to attend the prayer-meeting that afternoon. C. was present at the meeting, and handed me the hymn, "Welcome, welcome, dear Redeemer," saying at the same time, "This is the sentiment of my heart." My feelings found vent in tears, and I resolved that I, too, would seek the salvation of my soul. But this was the way I took to do it. I collected a bundle of the most alarming tracts I could find and carried them to school the next day. These I distributed among the older scholars who were ready to join me in this method of salvation-seeking. Our lessons were of no consequence for several days because we were attending to more important concerns. How pious we did try to make ourselves over those tracts!

The church appointed a committee to visit and pray with every family, and to talk with every person they met upon the subject of religion. At an inquiry-meeting, Mr. Johnson invited all who were willing to give themselves to God at that hour, to come forward to a particular seat. (This was the first anxious-seat in that church, and the last one during that revival.) I was one of the number who went forward, and when the prayers were over, I was ready to take the attitude of a young convert. I was very joyful—full of zeal and exhortation—and I right away established a prayer-meeting for the young people at my father's. I imagined that I was getting along finely, and could make a very good prayer; but Christ and Mr. Johnson thought otherwise. C. B. B.

FISH-CULTURE IN THE UNITED STATES.

THE TROUT.

I.

THE method of propagating fish by artificial means was discovered by a German nearly a century ago; but it was rediscovered and rendered practicable in France in the year 1837.

The first experiment of the kind in this country was made in 1854 by Dr. Garlic of Ohio; but it is said that the Hon. Stephen H. Ainsworth of Caledonia, N. Y., started the first fish-breeding establishment. The next one of importance was the cold spring trout-pond in Charlestown, N. H. It commenced operations in 1860. The first year fifteen hundred trout were hatched; the next, ten thousand, besides forty thousand salmon-trout. The business seems to have steadily increased so that in 1871 over three hundred thousand of these two varieties of the trout were raised there, besides a large number of black bass.

The Caledonia fish-ponds are now under the control of Seth Green, superintendent of the fish commissioners of this State. This is said to be the largest establishment of the kind in the world. Last year were hatched there over nine hundred thousand white fish, eight hundred thousand salmon-trout, besides speckled trout and other kinds of fish, which are raised there in large quantities. Forty-two lakes were stocked with fish from this establishment last year; but much remains to be done in this line, as there are over six hundred lakes in the State. There is another establishment for pisciculture in Mystic, Conn., under the superintendence of Wm. Clift. This is a private enterprise, but large numbers of fish are raised here for the State. There are nearly a score of other small enterprises, but none are so important as those mentioned.

The breeding of fish has now become an established business. The spawn and the young fry have each a commercial value, regulated as are other productions by the fluctuations of supply and demand. The prices at the Poheganut trout-ponds last season were as follows: Trout spawn, ten dollars per thousand; trout fry, thirty dollars per thousand; salmon spawn, thirty dollars per thousand; salmon fry, fifty dollars per thousand; black-bass fry, fifty dollars per thousand; one-year-old, fifty dollars per hundred.

What becomes of all these fish? may be asked. A large part of the white fish, salmon-trout and black-bass go to stock lakes, rivers and public waters; but most of the speckled trout are sold to fish farmers. It may be unknown to some that farmers engage in fish raising, and a word of explanation may not be amiss. Let us take a look at Mr. C's. establishment on Long Island as a

sample. A small stream takes its rise on his farm. In 1862 he made a dam across the ravine where the brook leaves his grounds, and stocked the pond with five thousand young trout. After securing the outlet with a good screen to prevent their escape he left them to take care of themselves. Two or three years later the pond gave him rare sport at fly fishing. One day a city sportsman strayed to his place and was so well pleased with it that he rented the exclusive right of fishing from the pond for a term of years, Mr. C. agreeing to put in one thousand trout every spring and keep off poachers. Some farmers own two or three ponds, and thus keep the large and small fish separated. Nearly all now feed their fish as they do other farm stock.

I once made an experiment to ascertain how fast trout grow. I confined one hundred trout in a box of running water. They were from four to six weeks old and half an inch in length. To make the experiment as accurate as possible I placed a screen over the box to keep out insects, and I never gave them a particle of food. At the end of eight months I noticed that the larger ones were eating up the smaller ones, and there were only about fifty left. These were about the size of a rye straw in thickness and one inch in length. The whole number would not have weighed half a pound.

I next experimented with five hundred trout of the same age and size. They were confined in a shallow pond, four feet by six, and were fed on hashed liver once a day for eight months. At the end of that time they were from four to seven inches in length, with an average weight of a fraction over four ounces. B. B.

ONEIDA CIRCULAR.

TIRZAH C. MILLER, EDITOR.

MONDAY, JAN. 27, 1873.

☞ Rev. Joshua Leavitt, D.D., who died last week in New York city, commenced his career as a lawyer in Putney, Vt. Having been converted in a revival that occurred there about 1826, and having but poor success in his profession, he asked "'Squire Noyes" (the father of J. H. N.) what he would advise him to do. He was advised to enter the ministry, which he did, after a short course of study at New Haven. He soon became famous as a Revivalist and ultimately as an editor, first of *The Evangelist*, a paper devoted to Finneyism, and afterward of the *Emancipator*, an organ of religious Anti-slavery. He also published several popular books, among which the best perhaps was the *Christian Lyre*. He has been a lifelong and busy worker among the editors of New York city, devoting himself latterly to the *Independent*. He belonged to the editorial generation of Bennett and Greeley, and in his line might almost claim rank with them as one of the fathers of the modern newspaper. The trio have passed away within the same year.

A WORD ABOUT DICKENS.

FORSTER'S "Life of Dickens" has brought on a fresh shower of comments upon the works of the great English novelist. The reviewers run over his books again, analyzing his genius, praising his talent, criticising certain peculiarities of his style, his humor, his lack of depth, and so on; but there is one characteristic of his works which we have nowhere seen referred to, and it seems to us that it deserves some attention. Dickens showed again and again that he believed in the possibility of improvement—in a radical change of character for the better—as may be seen by reading almost any of his stories. We do not now recall any novelist who has in anything like the same degree idealized and extolled that possibility as Dickens has. Whether he ever had any experience in suffering himself which made him draw near to God in a spirit of reconciliation, he certainly caught from some source the happy idea that chastening and adversity, by softening the heart and starting a growth of the nobler traits, may be so received as to prove greater blessings than apparent prosperity.

Who has not experienced a feeling of disappointment at the opening phases of young Martin Chuzzlewit's character because of its absorbing selfishness, even where Mary was concerned? But Dickens put his hero through a course of discipline which so refined and humiliated him as to apparently quite eradicate that repulsive trait and make him a noble, generous man. Remember how old Scrooge was transformed from a miserly misanthrope to a free-handed benefactor; and Mr. Dombey from a proud, hard, unnatural parent, to a tender-hearted, loving father. A recent reviewer said that Mr. Dickens "spoiled a fine character" in making Mr. Dombey turn out thus. Men who live continually on the dead level of worldliness have no idea that a subtle, potent influence can enter a man and utterly change his nature; they won't believe it if the fact is before their eyes, and consequently they scout such metamorphoses as Dickens described as sentimental affectation.

Belief in change of character is one of our broadest foundation stones, and within the last ten years the O. C. has seen as wonderful and complete transformations as any Dickens ever penned. Could you have known A, B, and C ten years ago and not having seen them since become acquainted with them now, you would not recognize them as the same beings. However Dickens's own life may have been at variance with the models which he held up to his readers, we cannot doubt that there was something good in the inspiration of a novelist who lent his genius to the idealizing of that grand possibility of human nature. Dickens has not overshot the truth in his conceptions of this inner power, whatever may have been his exaggerations in other respects. Human nature, so long as it can feel the magnetism of heaven, does and will believe in the possibility of growing better. Dickens ought to receive credit for nourishing that hope—for polishing and brightening this truth-diamond until it was iridescent at every angle.

COMMUNITY JOURNAL.

ONEIDA.

—A hard winter so far.

—The Librarian has lately added to his scientific shelves, "How Plants Behave," a book for children by Dr. Gray; "The Flora of the Southern States," by Dr. A. W. Chapman, of Florida; and the "Flora of North America;" by Torrey and Gray—an old work and scarce.

—Beside the work at box-making the children now work at chain-making. Messrs. Woolworth and Hutchins have lately fitted up a room in a warm and well-lighted basement where they carry on this business. Our trap chains are made of malleable iron, and in a manner just adapted to a household shop and to the children. Our steam heating and various other conveniences do away with numerous stoves, the tending of fires, the bringing in of fuel, and numberless chores, which in common homes serve to keep the children busy and happy, so we have had to seek pleasant and profitable employments for them.

—W. G. K. writes from the Villa:

Jan. 22.—A singular phenomenon was observed in our front yard this morning. The recent fall of snow yet unbroken by the tread of feet was found to be covered by balls or rolls of snow of various sizes from that of a snow-ball which one grasps in his hand to fling at a friend, to a roll a foot or more in diameter. The shape of the rolls was very much like a lady's muff, with holes through the center. The tracks from which they were rolled were clearly discernible, all starting from one point near the corner of the house and spreading out like a fan. This singular freak of the snow must have been caused by the wind breaking into jets as it came around the house scooping up the light snow and rolling it over and over as the shop-man rolls his ribbon.

—Sunday; but no painful, anxious Sabbath-keeping, the soul torturing itself over the question whether it has not in some way "done the things which it ought not to have done," and thereby added sin unto sin and load unto load, while it was vainly striving after rest and a pure conscience. That is the kind of Sabbath we have escaped from. Believing in the futility of the Sabbath and of many of the old ordinances, we have looked to the confession of Christ to give us a sense of purity and obedience. The introduction of our two-meal system has made some change in our Sunday-keeping. Breakfast at eight A. M.; and then the people go their several ways, but not to our regular businesses. The folks at the counting-room get their mail; the proof-readers finish up their work and the printers strike off the CIRCULAR; the Criticism Club attend to any cases that have offered; at one o'clock P. M. the silk-men have their meeting; at two o'clock the Business Board meets; at three P. M. we have dinner; then a "bee" for folding and mailing the CIRCULAR; about six o'clock there is some kind of entertainment in the Hall (some instrumental music, some singing, and sometimes a little play or tableau); at seven o'clock comes the regular evening meeting, lasting only an hour.

—"Our Feet and their Covering"—a lecture by Dr. G. E. Cragin one evening last week. The foot, said the Doctor, is an exceedingly complicated member—no part of the human system is more so, and its proper dissection requires a great deal of patience on the part of the student. By means of numerous drawings the lecturer exhibited the anatomy of the foot—showing that it is an arch of small bones bound together by elastic ligaments and resting on two points, the large heel bone and the ball of the foot. To farther increase its elasticity in walking there is the strong great toe, which should always be left entirely free and never tampered with or cramped. The healthy, beautiful foot is wider across the ball or base of the toes than it is farther back, and the toes spread still wider, leaving space between them, and every one quite free and individual in its action. In the well-developed foot a straight line drawn through the center of the great toe and center of the heel will be parallel to a line drawn parallel to the inner side of the foot. This the lecturer illustrated by exhibiting the foot of a child eight years old. Swellings of the great toe-joint and bunions are caused by crowding the toes into narrow pointed shoes, thereby bending the great toe away from the right, natural line, and, by opening the joint at its base, causing sores or ulcers. The narrow pointed boot not only deforms and diseases the foot, but it greatly impairs the efficiency of that member. The lecturer exhibited a variety of faulty and fashionable lasts; and finally the correct and anatomical last. One who has always had his shoes made on such a last can scarcely fail of having healthy, enduring feet. To show us how much our feet have been deformed by our faulty shoes and lasts, he exhibited the profiles or outlines of a large number of feet in the Community. The ex-

hibition was enough to make one in earnest to have our children well and scientifically shod.

—Such paragraphs as the one subjoined occasionally come into our hands, and believing that many of our readers like glimpses of heart experience as well as we do, we venture to insert them in the Journal column:

"Last evening a strong conviction came upon me that I did not praise God enough—did not appreciate his great goodness to me. I have been all the time receiving his blessings, and am not quick to acknowledge them and show my gratitude. This thought gave me a new sense of what God had done for me, and I resolved that I would "praise God with my whole soul." I felt like praising him for bringing me to the Community where I can learn to love him as one whose right it is to have my first and deepest love even above father, mother, brother or lover. Besides the manifold blessings of a good home, loving friends and the like, I felt like praising God for all the discipline he had given me; for the deep suffering—suffering of body and spirit which at times seemed almost unendurable in its deep searchings into my heart and life, but has now resulted in peace with him and in perfect reconciliation to all his ways. I praise him for withholding gifts from me which I have sought in a willful, passionate way, and for thereby softening my heart and turning it to interior, spiritual things, which have given me far greater happiness than the things which I desired, had they been given me. 'I will extol thee, my God, O King; and I will bless thy name for ever and ever. My mouth shall speak the praise of the Lord; and let all flesh praise his holy name for ever and ever.' A. M. H."

WALLINGFORD.

—The new iron bridge is at last finished and ready for travel when it shall have been officially tested. It is a light-looking structure—two wrought-iron arches; one spanning the distance from the east abutment to the pier in the middle of the dam, the other from the pier to the west abutment. Our communication with the town and railway is now almost direct.

—One of the students tells us of an incident that interested him a good deal. There is an old colored man at New Haven who is in the habit of coming round the colleges to sell candy. He sometimes comes into the laboratory of the Scientific School. The other day he was in there, and coming up to Charles Burt watched him awhile at his work. Charles looking up said, "Well, David, how much do you make selling candy?" "Oh, sometimes five or six dollars a day," said David. "I do pretty well, but that is not what makes me feel good; I've got something better than that. I've got the love of God in my heart, and that makes me happy all the time. Oh, I feel it right in here"—striking his breast—"and it fills me full! I have had a *conversion*, and I don't care what people do to me; if they insult me or treat me unkindly, the love of God in my heart makes me happy."

FIRESIDE CHAT.

Asterion.—Come, Antares, there is half an hour before the evening meeting, sit down, please, by Regulus and tell Chara and me your impression of the traveler X. who visited us to-day.

Antares.—He pleased me. Although he has been a great traveler he was what we are wont to call a *home* man, interested in society and interesting in himself. His knowledge of geology in which you know I am specially interested, was really deep, and then the flow of his conversation on many topics was entertaining and unobtrusive—there were no awkward pauses in it. But perhaps you are asking my impression of X. as you would ask it if he were before our Criticism Club, and I could talk of him as freely and kindly as I would of one of you?

Chara.—Yes, speak like that by all means. It is the deepest thoughts that we want.

Antares.—Then I should say further that I thought X. was not a wholly soft-hearted man. There was a stony spot in his heart which he showed whenever he spoke about marriage. Though he was very courteous toward us in all respects, and when he was in the nursery took our Community children in his arms with unfeigned affection, and spoke of them with heartfelt admiration, he could hardly conceal his impatience at our social difference. He seemed to cling to marriage with some of the bitter implacability that the South clung to slavery. In the spirit he showed about marriage I could not but wonder if he would be willing that God himself should make any changes from old social institutions to new.

Regulus.—I had that thought too. X. acknowledged to me that he felt about marriage a good deal as the slaveholders did about slavery before the war, and he justified himself in feeling so. He seemed to think that marriage was a subject which ought not to be discussed any more than the existence of God. I thought that he was not childlike toward God in this matter. If his heart is so bound up in marriage when all the drift of the times seems to be against it, he ought to pray very earnestly and be certain that he has God's mind about it. Unless he does so I think he will find that he is "kicking against the pricks."

Antares.—That is so. It seemed to me that X. did not realize sufficiently that Jesus Christ is to-day an active, working power in the world a thousand times stronger than the devil. Christ said: "All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth," and it is quite as likely to be in his policy to change old social institutions for new and better as it is in the devil's. The devil is not the principal actor on the world's stage, however conspicuous he may be.

Asterion.—The devil certainly does not believe in improvement. Old ruts suit him. He would like to keep the world back in everything, and so long as he can make people believe that God has no other mind than to retain and maintain institutions which were fashioned in barbarous ages he holds an immense advantage. I think that the question which bitter partisans of marriage have to decide is not whether existing institutions are to be permanent or not, but whether they are willing that God should have his own way with them or not.

Regulus.—I should dislike to stand in the attitude toward marriage that X. did. I should be afraid of hampering God and blocking up the path of his progress, to cleave so tenaciously to systems to which he has not irrevocably committed himself. His position reminded me of the Jews who tried to bring Christ into condemnation for healing the impotent man on the Sabbath.

Chara.—The Lord is Lord of marriage as well as of the Sabbath.

Antares.—If X. is going to be a thorough religio-social student, it seems as though he ought to assume that it may possibly be in God's plan to change the oldest institutions as people progress in civilization. He should then believe that the spirit of Christ now at work in the world will make it manifest what those changes are to be, and wait for them patiently and forbearingly.

Chara.—The mourning and desolation and tyranny that hide in the precincts of marriage ought to make X. soft-hearted. Though we have to testify for ourselves we must still say that nothing like them are to be found among us. We are happy.

Regulus.—I liked Antares's discrimination that X. was not wholly soft-hearted. I thought he showed a soft heart in his love for children and fair dealing. You know he said that he did not wish to judge us and our principles as many have done, without seeing us face to face. I thought that was very honorable in him. I wish that X. might realize that he needs to have his heart broken from all attachments if he is going to follow the Spirit of Truth.

Asterion.—We cannot have any quarrel with such a man as X., for we do not cling to our own systems, however great the happiness they beget, with anything like the tenacity with which he clings to marriage. All that we ask is that the "King of all the earth" may have his own way in respect to marriage and everything else. That is what every body must consent to at last. Did the whistle sound for meeting?

Chara.—Yes, just a moment ago. G.

RELATIONS OF PETER AND PAUL.

BY THEODORE L. PITT.

THERE is an assumption on the part of some historians of Christianity, that Peter and Paul represented two distinct parties, with different tendencies of doctrine, in the Primitive Church. In other words, that there was in that Church a Petrine form and a Pauline form of Christianity.

We do not believe there is any truth in this assumption, and hold that it can be shown from the New Testament record to be unfounded. Instead of divergence and antagonism between these two apostles, there is evidence of brotherhood, sympathy and unbroken unity.

One great distinction between them is indeed recognized and recorded by Paul, Gal. 2: 7, 8. One of them was the leading apostle to "the circumcision"—the Hebrews; the other was the apostle to the Gentiles. Both were mighty in their respective callings.

The assumption is that Peter was the representative of that Judaistic, legal form of Christianity, which is so often condemned in the writings of Paul, and which eventually became the deadly antagonist of the true spiritual, anastatic Christianity of which Paul was the foremost representative. If this assumption were true then we should have to admit that the original apostolic nucleus of the Primitive Church, instead of remaining a unit, became hopelessly split into discordant factions, and the grand end for which Christ labored—the permanent oneness of his apostles—was lost.

This is a question of the greatest possible interest to every student of Christianity. And its decision must depend on the actual historic remains of the Primitive Church before the destruction of Jerusalem. The so-called Christianity that has existed this side of that event has no relation whatever to the question, so far as the historic facts are concerned; for the simple and sweeping reason that the Second Coming, with its attendant resurrection, came in as an effectual cut-off between this Christianity and that of the New Testament Church. And as no trustworthy records of apostolic career exist other than the New Testament, we are remanded to that book alone for the decision of this question of the relations of Peter and Paul.

Now what are the facts?

Before the conversion of Paul, and for a good while after, Peter was the leader of the Apostolic Church. As such, for what was he distinguished? For a Judaistic tendency? On the contrary, he was the most liberal of all the apostles. He was the man chosen by Christ to open the door of the gospel to the Gentiles, in the persons of Cornelius and his household. He was the first to apprehend that the Glad Tidings of Christ, the results of his resurrection, and the outpouring of the Holy Ghost, were not gifts limited to the narrow world of the House of Israel, but that "of a truth God is no respecter of persons, *but in every nation*, he

that feareth him and worketh righteousness, is accepted with him." Taking this truth—that had been revealed to him in a thrice-repeated vision, and corroborated by the angelic message to Cornelius—into his heart, he boldly preached Christ, his resurrection, and the judgment to come, to the Roman centurion. "While he yet spake the Holy Ghost fell on all them which heard the word. And they of the circumcision which believed were astonished, as many as came with Peter, because that on the Gentiles also was poured out the gift of the Holy Ghost. For they heard them speak with tongues and magnify God."

Here was a new and daring thing to be done, an act contrary to the historic and prevalent Jewish prejudice. Peter was the man of all others to do it. Bolder than the boldest when his eye was on his Master, he would walk on the waters of the wildest sea. The barriers of fifteen centuries were to be broken down, and the door of salvation opened to countless generations of Gentiles; and Peter as he prayed on the housetop at Joppa, was commissioned and led forth by the hand of God to do this great deed. He was faithful to the heavenly vision and did the work thoroughly and well. In all his after life as told in the New Testament, except one brief wavering, he was faithful to that vision, and stood like a rock for the salvation and freedom of the Gentiles. See how nobly he did this, and consider that in doing it he faced the same lion of Jewish prejudice which afterward when its wrath was roused to highest fury sought to crush and slay Paul.

Here is the account of his first encounter with hereditary Judaism in the Church: "And the apostles and brethren that were in Judea heard that the Gentiles had also received the word of God. And when Peter was come up to Jerusalem, they that were of the circumcision contended with him, saying, Thou wentest in to men uncircumcised, and didst eat with them." Peter had done a new, startling, inspired, independent act, and they were bound to overhaul him for it. In justification of his conduct, Peter "rehearsed the matter from the beginning and expounded it by order unto them," concluding by the following lofty and unanswerable appeal: "And as I began to speak, the Holy Ghost fell on them, as on us at the beginning. Then remembered I the word of the Lord, how that he said, John indeed baptized with water, but ye shall be baptized by the Holy Ghost. Forasmuch then as God gave them the like gift as he did unto us, who believed on the Lord Jesus Christ, *what was I, that I could withstand God?*" No wonder is it that when they heard these things, thus told, "they held their peace, and glorified God, saying, Then hath God also to the Gentiles granted repentance unto life."

Again, in the memorable council at Jerusalem, on the question brought before them by Paul and Barnabas, of the extension of circumcision and the Mosaic law over the Gentile believers, we find Peter again on the side of liberty and against the Judaistic party. On this occasion as on others, he is the harmonizer and the liberal, progressive leader. Read his speech on this occasion. How simple, effective and lofty, full of the old ring of Pentecost:

"And the apostles and elders came together for to consider of this matter. And when there had been much disputing, Peter rose up and said unto them, Men and brethren, ye know how that a good while ago, God made choice among us, that the Gentiles, by my mouth, should hear the word of the gospel, and believe. And God which knoweth the hearts, bare them witness, giving them the Holy Ghost, even as he did unto us: and put no difference between us and them, purifying their hearts by faith. Now therefore why tempt ye God, to put a yoke upon the neck of the disciples, which neither our fathers nor we were able to bear? But we believe, that through the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, we shall be saved even as they."—Acts. 15: 6—11.

Just four sentences in all. The original may have been longer, but this is the report. It is exhaustive, going clear down to the central root of the matter and leaving nothing more to be said. It was one of those brief utterances of central men that from time to time change the world's history for all time to come—concrete announcements of a new age. These few pregnant words turned the scale. The disputants and clamorers were silenced. In the words of the historian, "Then all the multitude kept silence. and gave audience to Barnabas and Paul, declaring what wonders God had wrought among the Gentiles by them. And after that they held their peace." When James, as chairman, or moderator, of the council, after the discussion, gave his decision he did but little more than second what Peter had said. The glory of the decision, and of the famous letter (Acts 15: 23—29), which secured the permanent unity of the two branches of the Church, belongs, in conjunction with Barnabas and Paul, to Peter. He first opened the door of the gospel to the Gentiles. He now held it open, and declared it should never be shut, nor blocked up by Jewish prejudice, tradition or law.

We can in connection with the result of this council catch a glimpse of the meaning of the curious fact in the history of the Primitive Church, that while Paul was foreknown, chosen, and commissioned by Christ to bear his name and preach his gospel to the Gentiles, to Peter was given the work and the honor, of first carrying that same gospel in its Pentecostal form to the Gentiles, and unlocking its treasures to them for all time. It was done that a foreground of experience and influence might be secured in the Jewish branch of the Church, and in the person of its chief apostle and leader which would be of decisive value and authority when the great crisis came in which the unity of the Jewish and Gentile believers was to be attained and made parmanent, independent of the Mosaic law. It is doubtful whether this central, all-important result could have been attained then, or ever, without just such a foreground as that furnished by Peter's experience and work. It just matched the later experience and work of Barnabas and Paul. The two were welded together and became one, the unity of the Church was secured, and its emancipation from Judaism begun. In this work Peter and Paul, instead of being arrayed against each other, were in harmony and laboring for the same great end.

After this, when Paul made his famous fourth visit to Jerusalem, going "up by revelation" to communicate to the Church and apostles there that gospel which he preached among the Gentiles and which he had received by independent revelation from Jesus Christ (compare Gal. 2: 2, with Gal. 1: 12), we find Peter among the first to receive him. Paul communicated his gospel "privately to them which were of reputation"—to "James, Cephas and John"—and they all gave him the right hand of fellowship, "when they perceived the grace that was in him." Gal. 2: 9. And they recognized him as having the same office toward the Gentiles that Peter had toward the Circumcision or Hebrews. If, however, we look closer into the history of this mission of Paul as given in the book of Acts and in Paul's epistle to the Galatians, reading, as it were, between the lines, we shall find indications that Peter was the first of all the original apostles to become interested in Paul's new gospel, and the first to apprehend it. We see by the account in Acts, chapter 18: 22, that after Paul had "saluted the Church" at Jerusalem, "he went down to Antioch." To Antioch Peter followed him, Gal. 2: 11; evidently seeking to know more of the new revelation, for he at once entered into fellowship with Paul in the freedom of that gospel, fraternizing with him and with the Gentile believers. During this connection of the two apostles occurred the first and only jar between them, resulting in a severe criticism of Peter by Paul and one which his new and advanced apprehension of the gospel authorized him to administer. The story is thus told by Paul:

"But when Peter was come to Antioch, I withstood him to the face, because he was to be blamed. For before that certain came from James, he did eat with the Gentiles: but when they were come, he withdrew and separated himself, fearing them which were of the circumcision. And the other Jews dissembled likewise with him; insomuch that Barnabas also was carried away with their dissimulation. But when I saw that they walked not uprightly according to the truth of the gospel, I said unto Peter, before them all, If thou being a Jew, livest after the manner of Gentiles, and not as do the Jews, why compellest thou the Gentiles to live as do the Jews? We who are Jews by nature, and not sinners of the Gentiles, knowing that a man is not justified by the works of the law, but by the faith of Jesus Christ, even we have believed in Jesus Christ, that we might be justified by the faith of Christ, and not by the works of the law: for by the works of the law shall no flesh be justified. But if, while we seek to be justified by Christ, we ourselves also are found sinners, is therefore Christ the minister of sin? God forbid. For if I build again the things which I destroyed, I make myself a transgressor. For I through the law am dead to the law, that I might live unto God. I am crucified with Christ: nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me: and the life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave himself for me. I do not frustrate the grace of God: for if righteousness come by the law, then Christ is dead in vain." Gal. 2: 11—21.

It is to be observed in this account that Paul not only criticised Peter, but wound up by re-stating to him the substance of the new gospel; and this statement of it is the most complete and clear to be found anywhere in Paul's writings. "I through the law am dead to the law, that I might live unto God. I am crucified with Christ. Nevertheless, I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me, and the life I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave himself for me." This was the gospel that Paul took that long journey from Corinth to Jerusalem to communicate to the other apostles. This was the gospel Peter followed Paul to Antioch to learn more fully. It was forever burned into his heart in connection with the brotherly criticism of Paul.

It may be asked, Did Peter receive his criticism? The silence of Paul would be a conclusive answer in the affirmative were there no other evidence at hand. If he had not, he would have deserved and undoubtedly received at Paul's hands the severest condemnation. Nothing of the kind is recorded, for the simple reason that it never took place. Moreover, Peter himself answers this question. Long after this occasion he refers to Paul by name, calling him "*our beloved brother*," and commending his epistles; thus manifesting the truest and sweetest of all the effects of sincere, brotherly criticism—love and unity.

If it shall hereafter appear, as there are some grounds for thinking, that Peter was concerned in the production of the grand but anonymous epistle to the Hebrews, it will be found that he not only fully apprehended the nature and scope of Paul's gospel of an indwelling, resurrection Christ, but rose to the hight of the most magnificent argument in its favor. But aside from this the two accredited epistles of Peter are in full harmony with the same gospel and with all that Paul wrote.

If we turn now from Peter's career to that of Paul, we shall find on his part abundant evidence of love and confidence toward Peter. Three years after Paul's conversion he went up to Jerusalem expressly to see Peter, and "abode with him fifteen days." Gal. 1: 18. He speaks of him as the

apostle to whom Christ first showed himself after his resurrection. 1 Cor. 15: 5. He called Peter the apostle of the circumcision, through whom Christ wrought effectually, and recognized his position in the Church as equal to his own as apostle to the Gentiles. Gal. 2: 7—10. In 1 Corinthians, chapters 1 and 3, he recognizes Peter as a co-worker with himself and Apollos, and rebukes the Corinthians for having parties among themselves. some being for Cephas, some for Apollos, and some for Paul. He condemns all parties alike, and all glorying in men, and tells them that Cephas, Apollos and himself are all theirs in the one body of Christ.

In all these ways and instances we see Paul steadily regarding and speaking of Peter, not as an opponent but as a brother and co-worker in the gospel. And from his frequent mention of Peter and his comparative silence about the other apostles, we gather the idea that Peter stood nearest to him of them all. Peter was a wonderful man—in many respects a man after Paul's own heart. Behold him, in the power of the Holy Ghost, facing the multitudes on the day of Pentecost, piercing them to the heart, and converting three thousand in one day, and again on another day five thousand. Behold him with John facing Sadducean and priestly councils. Behold him healing the sick and raising the dead, casting out devils and smiting down the lying enemies of the truth with the word of power. Behold him in the great councils of the Church standing like a rock for Gentile liberty and salvation. Behold him, with the sure prophecy of a violent death always before his eye, marching grandly forward in the great work of his Master, full of mighty deeds, the medium of strength and victory to his brethren, bound and in prison oft but delivered by angels, second only to Paul in the labors of those greatest of all days in the world's history. Such a man with all his faults—faults rapidly passing away under the life- and character-changing power of the Holy Spirit—must have won the heart of the earnest, mighty Paul, and "bound him to his soul with hooks of steel."

Henceforth let no man separate these two apostles by thought or word.

Joppa, O. C., Jan. 20, 1873.

THE TWO-MEAL SYSTEM.

[We are receiving some favorable expressions from our readers about our lately adopted regimen. Our diet is at present in a transitional state, and we are not yet prepared to advocate unconditionally any established dietetic system; but we expect one of these days to have something to say on the subject. Meanwhile, we can recommend the eating of two meals a day as one of the best external means for producing a comfortable condition of mind and body that we know of. Here is a specimen of what our correspondents say:]

Cincinnati, O., Jan. 8, 1873.

DEAR CIRCULAR:—It has been said of man, in contradistinction to other animals, that he is a *cooking animal.* This is unquestionably true of woman. Doubtless nine-tenths of all the women in the world are more or less employed every day in cooking. If they can be relieved of one-third of this labor, and the world benefited, all honor to those who bring about such a desideratum.

Long since, the writer was treated by a physician who had practiced his profession seventeen years without giving a dose of medicine; substituting therefor regimen, warm, cold and vapor baths, manipulations, etc. Two meals per diem was the utmost limit, frequently only one, without a particle of food between meals. The limit to two meals is still strictly adhered to with the most favorable result. The least reflection will convince any one familiar with the process of digestion, that the digestive organs will be seriously impaired by overwork, if one meal is taken into the stomach within five hours of the preceding one. The stomach requires rest; so that they who eat breakfast, lunch, dinner and supper the same day, impose upon the digestive organs a task they cannot perform—and no wonder we are a nation of dyspeptics. Experience, the best of teachers, shows that health is promoted by limiting our daily meals to two. The Roman soldiers who conquered the world, partook of but two meals a day, and if we would overcome our national malady, we must follow their abstemious example. F.

THE NEWS.

AMERICAN.

There are 31,000 slaves in Porto Rico, who, in case the emancipation measure before the Spanish Cortes becomes a law, will receive their freedom.

According to a recent calculation the English language is spoken by ninety millions of people, German by fifty-five millions, and French by forty-five millions.

Mrs. Harrison Gray Otis, widow of the eminent Boston scholar, orator and senator of that name, died at Boston on Tuesday last. She has long been prominent in society in that city, and was a woman of remarkable ability.

A writer in Dwight's *Journal of Music* says: "Bach, Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, are the five men to whom I would especially point as having an undoubted right to the title of 'Kings of Music,' and to their works and consequent influence the art of music is indebted for the position it now occupies. If to these names are added those of Weber, Schubert, Spohr and Mendelssohn, there will be a total of nine; and I do not think I shall be accused of exaggeration if I assert that it is to these nine great men that the world is indebted for the greater part of the enjoyment and instruction that has been derived from the practice of music since Bach first became known at the commencement of the eighteenth century."

Further accounts of the icy cyclone, which began to sweep over Minnesota and the northwest on the 7th of this month, increase the evidence of its terrible results. The storm came on suddenly after a warm and pleasant day, and raged with great fury for sixty hours. The falling snow was so dense that objects ten feet distant could not be seen. It is thought that more persons have been frozen to death than perished in the famous Indian massacre some years ago. In Stevens, Grant, Douglass and Otter Tail counties seventy persons are known to have frozen to death, and others are still missing. Seventeen perished in the vicinity of New Ulm, thirteen at Lake Heuskey, eight in Blue Earth, and many others in other places. Nothing like this storm has ever been known before in the northwest.

The lease of the bay and peninsula of Samana by the "Samana Bay Company of Santo Domingo" attracts much attention in commercial and political circles. The lease runs for ninety-nine years from Jan. 1, 1873, at a yearly rental of $150,000 gold. The Company is formed of leading business men of this country. Prominent among the corporators are S. L. M. Barlow, Alden D. Stockwell, President of the Pacific Mail Company, Dr. Samuel G. Howe of Boston, one of the United States Santo Domingo Commissioners, sent out last year, Paul N. Spofford, Gardiner Spofford, Henry Clews, C. K. Garrison, Oliver Ames, W. G. Fargo, Geo. M. Pullman and others. The Company, in the words of Dr. Howe, "obtains eminent dominion over the whole peninsula of Samana, and over the bay with all its islands and reefs. It exercises the sovereign power of framing laws for the government of its territory; appointing its officers of police, judiciary and commerce; laying and collecting taxes; establishing custom-houses; fixing duties on imports and exports; building railroads, wagon roads, canals and telegraph lines within its own territory, and, by special contract, thoughout the whole of the Dominican Republic, taking in return alternate leagues of public land. The Company may build, officer and man ships, establish a bank, and exercise most of the general powers of sovereignty. It has bought up all grants and concessions previously made by the Dominican Government for lands, mining privileges, wharves, railroad lines, and the like of whatever nature. The owners of almost all these grants and concessions are members of the Company, and they have formally renounced in writing all ownership and interest, direct and indirect, in favor of the Company. It has the virtual monopoly of all the future opportunities of establishing companies for railroads, steamboats, mining or other purposes, by an article in the convention which requires that the Dominican Government shall never charter, authorize or tolerate any such company, without first having offered to the Samana Bay Company a charter for the same purpose on the same terms." In fact the Company obtains all the rights and privileges that were offered to the United States in the proposed treaty for the lease of the same territory. The capital of the Company is $20,000,000, in shares of $100 each. As the harbor of Samana is the best in Santo Domingo, as well as the best in all the West Indies, it will eventually become the chief commercial port of the island, and the Company will monopolize the commerce of the country, and from its port duties will be able to pay the annual dues to the Dominican Government. The men who have this great project in hand look forward to reaping rich rewards. Dr. Howe thinks that their prospects are better than any that were before the old East India Companies of England, Portugal and Holland. The development of the vast resources and productions of the island, the introduction of modern improvements in means of travel, agriculture and the mechanical arts, the elevation of the people and the building up of American commercial interests in the West Indies, are to be the leading objects of the Company.

FOREIGN.

Arrangements have been made for permanent carrier-pigeon stations in Berlin, Cologne, Metz and Strasburg. The system is said to be highly approved by the German officials, and other stations are to be established.

Sir John Bowring, who lately died, was the author of some well-known hymns. "Watchman, tell us of the night," "God is love, His mercy brightens," "In the Cross of Christ I Glory," and "How sweetly flowed the gospel sound," were from his pen.

Great preparations are making at Thorn in Posen for the celebration of the fourth centenary of the birth of Copernicus, on the 18th of next month. Delegates from the Italian Universities of Padua and Bologna, of which Copernicus was a student, are to be present.

Edward Bulwer Lytton, otherwise Lord Lytton, the English novelist, poet and statesman, died recently in his 67th year. He is succeeded in his title by his son, Edward Robert Bulwer Lytton, who has gained reputation as a poet under the pen name of "Owen Meredith."

Minister Mori says Japan has been divided for school purposes into 100 collegiate districts; each of these into 250 academical districts. Moreover, the compulsory system of education has been adopted, and every youth in the empire must be educated; which strikes us as a wise interference on the part of the Government with individual liberty.

The colliers and iron-workers of South Wales have entered upon a vast organized strike against a proposed ten per cent. reduction of their wages. Over 60,000 men are in it, who are promised the good will of various working men's organizations in Great Britain. It is said that the workingmen of England propose to make this strike of the Welsh colliers and iron-workers a test case in the struggle for their demands, and intend to try their full strength upon it.

The Yeddo correspondent of the *Tribune* tells the following: "An interesting circumstance of recent occurrence, which helps to indicate the leveling tendency of the new Japanese spirit, is the entrance of a young relative of the Mikado into the chief foreign school of Yeddo. This gentleman, Fusimi no Miya, is about twenty years old, and is, I believe, the heir presumptive to the throne. He has joined the French classes, and goes through his daily duties and sports on precisely the same footing as the other scholars. All his relations with them show an utter unconsciousness of rank on his part, and an equal indifference to it on the part of his associates. It is really extraordinary, and one must know the Japanese well to understand that there is no affectation about it on either side."

FOR THE CHILDREN.

DO any of the little boys and girls who read the CIRCULAR have among their mates those who are quarrelsome? If they do they may perhaps like to hear about a conversation which took place not long ago between a little boy and his mother. Howard is a bright conscientious boy and generally kind to his mates; but he occasionally loves to tease them, and this propensity frequently causes unpleasant jarring between himself and his five-year-old brother Eddie, who is rather inclined to be quarrelsome.

One day, after witnessing a wrangle between the brothers, the mother called Howard to her and asked him "why he plagued his brother Eddie?" Howard found many excuses for his conduct; to these she listened patiently, and then showed him what would be the effect of his course upon his little brother.

"I wonder," said she, "if my boy remembers the flower-bed he took care of last summer. Can you tell me how you made your roses and other choice plants grow so thriftily?"

"O, yes," he replied, "we put muck and manure on them just as we saw the gardener do."

"Did you not one day find a large thistle in your bed, and did you cultivate and train that as you did your roses?"

"O, no, mamma, I pulled it out just as quick as I saw it. It don't bear pretty flowers and would have covered up a good many other things."

"You did right," responded his mother; "but let me tell you, my child, that you are cultivating a much worse weed than the thistle in your little brother's heart when you hector him and tempt him to quarrel. Do you not see that you provoke him to a naughty spirit? Would it not be more manly for you to provoke him to a good spirit, and when he is quarrelsome help him to overcome his temptations? If you will do this you will enjoy him much better than you did your flowers, and you will feel a great deal happier yourself."

Howard hung his head, but his mother's earnestness had touched his heart, and looking up in her face he said, "Eddie is a good boy sometimes, and I want to help him not to be quarrelsome."

P.

HOW TO SLEEP.—The only practical suggestion I ever received in this matter which did me much good was made to me by my friend Mr. Collins, the gentleman whose exploration and surveys of the Amoor River and of Siberia have been of such value. He gave me the advice just on the eve of his sailing on one of his expeditions: "Open the eyes," he said, "as you lie in bed, and look steadily, without once winking, on whatever is before them." If my sleepless patient will try this, he will find that the eye but just now so disposed to wakefulness is at once penitent, and begs to be permitted to close just for one instant. But you must be resolute: "It is my turn now. When I wanted to sleep, you wanted to be awake. Now keep open, and look at that crossing of the window-sash against the sky." "Please let me wink just once; I am very sorry,"—"No! look at the crossing of the window-sash." The eye is held to as insignificant an object as the window-sash. The brain is held to window-sash, and nothing more important than window-sash. Toujours window-sash! Meanwhile, the warmth of the bed, the hot water at the feet, is calling blood away; and I seldom find that I think window-sash long, or anything else. Perhaps it is pitch-dark, and there is no window-sash. None the less does this theory bid you hold the eye open till sleep closes it.

—*Old and New for November.*

PIANO-PLAYING AT THE OTTOMAN COURT.—Not long since a distinguished European pianist, in an evil hour, conceived the idea of going to Constantinople to exhibit his skill; and he was, of course, summoned to play before the Sultan. He was pleased and flattered by this summons, but his pleasure must gradually have ebbed away until there was not an atom left, during the long ordeal, which he thus describes:

"You are sent for," he says, "at eight in the morning in order to play at three in the afternoon; you must be in full uniform; you must wait seven hours in a very fine gallery, where it is forbidden to sit. From time to time you are informed of what his highness is doing. His highness has just got up—you must prostrate yourself. A little later you are told that his highness is taking a bath—you prostrate yourself again. His highness is dressing—you prostrate yourself. His highness is taking coffee, and you prostrate yourself at each of these particulars more profoundly than before. At length your piano is brought in. The legs have been taken off, so as not to injure the floor, a precious mosaic of rare woods. The immense grand piano is placed on five Turks! The wretched men support the crushing mass on their knees. 'Why,' you say, 'I can't play on a five-Turk piano.' It is thought you hesitate because the instrument is not horizontal. A cushion is therefore placed under the knees of the smallest Turk. No one supposes that a sentiment of humanity makes you hesitate. After a long explanation of this refinement of civilization, the piano is placed on its own legs again. The Sultan appears. After all sorts of salaams you are told to play. You ask for a chair; there is no chair. 'No one ever sits in the presence of his highness.'"

And so the pianist went down on his knees, and played in that position!—*Hearth and Home.*

THE LAUGHING PHILOSPHER.

BY GEORGE COOPER.

I know a funny little boy,
The happiest ever born;
His face is like a beam of joy,
Although his clothes are torn.

I saw him tumble on his nose,
And waited for a groan;
But how he laughed! Do you suppose
He struck his funny-bone?

There's sunshine in each word he speaks
His laugh is something grand;
Its ripples overrun his cheeks,
Like waves on snowy sand.

He laughs the moment he awakes,
And till the day is done;
The school-room for a joke he takes,
His lessons are but fun.

No matter how the day may go,
You cannot make him cry;
He's worth a dozen boys I know,
Who pout and mope and sigh.

He's plump and round—he once was slim;
I have not told you half;
I soon expect to hear of him
Exploding in a laugh!

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TERMS:

The CIRCULAR is sent to all applicants, whether they pay or not. It costs and is worth at least two dollars per volume. Those who want it and ought to have it are divisible into three classes, viz., 1, those who cannot afford to pay two dollars: 2, those who can afford to pay *only* two dollars: and 3, those who can afford to pay *more* than two dollars. The first ought to have it free: the second ought to pay the cost of it; and the third ought to pay enough more than the cost to make up the deficiencies of the first. This is the law of Communism. We have no means of enforcing it, and no wish to do so, except by stating it and leaving it to the good sense of those concerned. We take the risk of offering the CIRCULAR to all without price: but free subscriptions will be received only from persons making application for themselves, either directly or by giving express authority to those who apply for them.

Foreign subscribers, excepting those residing in Canada, must remit with their subscriptions money to prepay the postage.

THE UNITED COMMUNITIES.

ONEIDA COMMUNITY

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

WILLOW-PLACE COMMUNITY.

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

WALLINGFORD COMMUNITY.

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

SPECIAL NOTICE.

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

ADMISSIONS.

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

REST.

BY FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

Made for Thyself, O God!
Made for Thy love, Thy service, Thy delight;
Made to show forth Thy wisdom, grace, and might;
Made for Thy praise, whom vailed archangels laud;
Oh strange and glorious thought, that we may be
A joy to thee!

Yet the heart turns away
From this great destiny of bliss, and deems
'Twas made for its poor self, for passing dreams,
Chasing illusions melting day by day;
Till *for ourselves* we read on this world's best,
"This is not rest!"

Nor can the vain toil cease,
Till in the shadowy maze of life we meet
One who can guide our aching wayward feet
To find Himself, our Way, our Life, our Peace;
In him the long unrest is soothed and stilled;
Our hearts are filled.

O rest, so true, so sweet!
(Would it were shared by all the weary world!)
'Neath shadowing banner of His love unfurled,
We bend to kiss the Master's pierced feet;
Then lean our love upon his loving breast,
And know God's rest.

[*Baptist Weekly.*

THE DAY-STAR.

Home-Talk by J. H. N.

TO believe on God is undoubtedly the great duty of all duties. But a mere sense of duty, in this case, as in many others, may urge us into legality that will defeat our object. Persons who are under concern of mind about salvation, and of course very anxious to do their duty in regard to seeking and finding God, may get in a sort of hurry to believe, and so try to push their faith, not only beyond their sight, but beyond their insight, which is as bad as swallowing things utterly indigestible. God, we may be sure, does not want us to believe what is not true; he is not demanding of us anything irrational; he only wants us to be faithful to what we do see and know to be true.

God is a Spirit, and we are semi-material; that is, have bodies as well as souls. The instinct of natural reason should tell us that our spirits ought to have the principal attention; and that things pertaining to our spirits are the most valuable. Therefore we ought to form spiritual acquaintances; and if God is a spirit, it is our first duty to become acquainted with him and his ways. It is just as possible for us to cultivate acquaintance with God as with one another. We know that two persons living in the same house may go along for years in a state of mutual indifference, just because they have never paid any attention to each other; whereas if they choose to look into each other's hearts, it becomes a very simple thing to get acquainted and have a mutual interest. The case between our souls and God is parallel to this. We may go along in a state of indifference to him and his works, and easily keep our attention on outward things, forgetting him and living as though there were no God. And we may, on the other hand, consider that it is of the utmost importance that we should get into fellowship with the living God; and with that view, we may watch for his providences, and when we discover any movement that we know comes from God, we can fix our attention on it and make the most of it, and get into the habit of doing so. Thus we can become skillful in discovering God's movements toward us. This is something we can train ourselves to and improve in by practice.

We can in this way approach God. If we are vigilant, every discovery we make, every good feeling it awakes in us, every voluntary excitement of the attention toward that discovery, improves our acquaintance with God and carries on the process of blending with him. He does not require us to believe things that are not true, or that we do not see. He simply wishes to have us wide awake to discern the leadings of his Spirit and to discover his providences in the events that are going on about us. This is a simple and practical thing—one that a child can understand; yet it is a work, and in some respects it is a hard work, which requires a determined purpose, and a very firm control of the attention. In some cases it requires a mighty effort to see what we ought to see, and give it the attention it deserves; when the devil and all his agents are endeavoring to divert our attention.

If we are faithful to our convictions, and go on in this work day after day and year after year, fighting the good fight of faith as we know God wishes to have us, the time will come when the day will dawn, and the day-star arise in our hearts. We shall see God and cease to grope in the dark. We shall have the sensation of God himself in our hearts all the time.

Peter says, in reference to the sure word of prophecy, "Ye do well that ye take heed thereto, as unto a light that shineth in a dark place, until the day dawn and the day-star arise in your hearts." That is a text that every one ought to think of a great deal. Avail yourselves of the Bible and every external help that you can use to get an acquaintance with God; and the end of all this work will be that the day-star will rise in your heart. Peter's meaning in this text is a reality almost literal, and he points to a feeling that is a great deal better than any you ever had in looking at the brightest star.

Our hearts were fashioned with reference to seeing God. We perceive matter in many ways, by smell, by sound, by taste, by feeling and by sight—sight being probably the bright-

est and most satisfactory perception of all. Our spirits have the same variety of perceptions, and we may be said in a certain sense to feel after God, before we see him. Our hearts are blind to begin with. A blind man goes feeling round with his hands—using all the senses he has. So we may feel after God; and the beauty of the case is, that if we use what senses we have, and do the best we can to find God by groping, the time will come when our hearts will be purified and we shall see him. To know God in this way is eternal life. The heart opens itself to God and becomes purified, and the day-star of his love rises in it. It is immortal, and cannot die because God cannot die.

We may be certain that God will meet us if we seek him. "Draw nigh to God and he will draw nigh to you." We are not at work alone; he is feeling after us; and we may be sure of this, that the feelers will meet. He cares but little about being worshiped with words and show, but he is feeling after hearts that will take him in and worship him in spirit and in truth. "Behold I stand at the door and knock: if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him and will sup with him, and he with me." We must not aspire to anything less than getting the permanent presence of the living God in our hearts. We must not be content to have it for a moment and then let it go, as they used to in the old revival times. The sun is not going to rise a little above the horizon and then go down again. We must have a day-dawn that will last forever. The dawning of God in our hearts, is really the coming of the Kingdom of Heaven. It is the day-light of eternity.

A PLAN FOR THE ORGANIZATION OF A TRUE CHRISTIAN COMMUNITY.

BY JESSE H. JONES.

To the Readers of the Circular, and all the Friends of Communism in the land, Greeting:

I would be very glad to meet you all in a Convention, that we might discuss together the ways and means for at once adopting the true system of labor and spreading it throughout the world. But that is impracticable. The kindness and liberality of Oneida enable me to do the next best thing—to hold a Convention through the CIRCULAR. Permit me then to state frankly what I desire.

A religious experience of years has led me to devote myself to Communism. But in doing this I abandon nothing of the Evangelical Faith of Christendom; but seek only to help perfect it.

I am convinced by inward monitions, that *the time has come* for energetic, aggressive action, in diffusing the doctrine and establishing Communities. My eyes have been opened to see the principles of Communism, as they are embodied in the Mosaic and Christian systems; and I have been led, in the light of their teachings and of the political principles of our nation, to attempt to form a plan for the organization of Christian Communities, fitted to the needs of our times. It is not perfect. One mind cannot make it so. I now submit it for criticism, in the true spirit of criticism. I especially crave from all who read, that they will point out every defect which they see; and that they will supply me with any information which will help me to remedy defects. I wish to get also the Constitution of every Community now established in the country.

I hope to publish this Plan, after revision, early in March. Will not every reader of the CIRCULAR, therefore, who sees anything to suggest, sit down at once and write to me? and will not every one who is willing to join with me in practical work under such a plan also inform me?

The courtesy of the CIRCULAR permits me to speak of one subject in which I differ with it. I am a monogamist of the strictest Puritanical type, and so is my wife. That one man and one woman wedded in love, equal, and each having entire control of his or her own person at all times, is the divine ideal of marriage, is with us a settled fact. In this we think that we are not willful, but believe that we are taught.

We speak thus distinctly at the outset, so as to avoid all doubt. The following is

THE PLAN.

Political Economy is the Science of Society viewed as an organization for the production of wealth—that is, as a fruit-bearing tree. But a tree cannot live, unless it be rooted in the soil. So is it with the human race. The fundamental question, therefore, concerning the existence of the human race on this globe is—

I. THE RELATION OF MANKIND TO THE LAND.

The law of that relation is twofold, as follows:

THE LAND SHALL NEVER BE SOLD.

EVERY HUMAN BEING INHERITS AN INBORN AND INALIENABLE RIGHT TO USE OF THE LAND.

1. *The Land shall never be sold.*

This is the perfect expression of the Mosaic idea, as is partly shown by the fact that the highest class, the Levites, could not sell their fields at all. Jesus came to perfect Mosaism. This is, therefore, the Christian law concerning the relation of man to the land. This is also the perfect law, as seen by pure reason. The land is a natural gift of God, just as air and sunshine are; and a man has just as much right to sell air by the cubic foot as land by the square foot or square acre; that is, he has, and can have no right whatever. Whoever sells and whatever human society legalizes or allows the sale of land thereby violates one of the great fundamental principles in the Common Law of Humanity. No absolute title can rest in man; for God *owns* the land and he alone; but the relative title of *use* shall rest in the Community; which shall hold the land in trust, under law, for the good of every citizen.

2. *Every Human Being has a Birthright Inheritance in all the Land of the Globe.*

This right is inalienable. It is special also and local. It primarily vests in the place where one is born. But it is personal as well, like the right of political action. Hence one carries it in going, and locates it in dwelling; and every Community is bound to furnish land to every one who comes into its midst, so far as it is able, without endangering the lives of those already composing it.

This right to land is to be satisfied *without* cost. God created the land and furnishes it to man without cost. The Community holds it in trust to be administered in God's name, and upon the same principles as are those of his action. Therefore as he *gives* his labors to the Community, each one of the members is bound to *give* his or her labor: for thus only can they live as the children of God.

The individual shall have an inalienable right of possession of as much land as one living in harmonious coordination with the rest of the Community needs for the support of life.

This right shall be carried out as follows:

Every family shall have, and every unmarried citizen of full age may have, a homestead lot of such size as the Community shall agree upon. This cannot be taken from them except for public purposes; and then only when the public has given them another as good and made up to them all losses and trouble. Nor can they ever transfer it to another person. They can transfer their title to another spot of land in this or another Community, under legal conditions; or they can abandon the Community entirely. In the former case the lot at once reverts to the Community; in the latter it waits one year in the charge of the Community, during which the former possessors or their heirs may reclaim it; but if they do not, at the end of the year it passes into the full possession of the Community.

Every one who has the right of a homestead lot shall have free choice from all unoccupied lands; and if many come to their right on the same day, the order in which they shall choose shall be determined by lot.

No family or individual can have any claim or hold on more than one homestead lot.

Every Community must provide houses and housen stuff for all its born citizens and for all who are received under age.

Persons who join and put all their property in should be helped by the Community to a home, as in its judgment they need help.

All lands possessed by the Community over and above the household lots shall be held by the Community in common, and shall be administered upon the same principles as are political affairs in our New England towns.

The only right of inheritance in lands is of children from their parents; and this right wills can in no wise affect. No persons not members of the Community can have any right of inheritance in it.

One man and one woman married constitute a family.

I have thus presented the true relation of the societal tree to the land. I have now to unfold the tree itself. The second great subject in a practical system of a political economy is—

II. SOCIETY IS AN ORGANISM FOR WORKING THE LAND.

A tree has a life-force, substance, structure, and function. So also a Community has a life-force, citizens, structure and function. Let us consider each of these in its order.

1. *The Life-Force of the true Community.*

The New Political Economy requires a new life-energy. This new life-energy is *Christian Love*.

The old life-energy, which yet abides and prevails in the world, is SELFISHNESS; and all the Political Economies which have hitherto been taught, at least in this modern world, have been merely unfoldings of the science of that selfish structure of society, of which selfishness is the life, and poverty, luxury, and national death are the fruits.

Christian Love is the new, the only true, yea the Divine life-energy of a human Community. Christian Love is the water of Eternal Life, which, bursting up from its infinite source in the heart of God and pouring out through Jesus Christ, the human fountain-head, has been flowing forth a crystal river into the human race during all the Christian age, and will continue flowing to the end of time. Christian Love is the vital-force of the innermost spirit, and the rule of action for the outer life; and it gives a law and a practice. In his New Commandment Jesus taught the law of the action of this vital-force; and he exemplified the rule for its practice in washing the disciples' feet.

Love in its wholeness looks two ways, Godward and manward. Looking manward Love is God's life struggling to communicate itself to human individuals, and transform them into God's *living* children; and struggling as the result thereof *to reorganize society into a new structure* corresponding to itself. The new political economy is the science of the new structure of society; and the law of all living under it is: *Live to help live.*

Just as Love, looking from God manward, gives a new life-energy and a new life-method or system for societal living, so Love, looking from man Godward, gives a new life-end and a new life-effect upon whoever has the life and lives for the end.

The old end, which still prevails in the human race, is the gratifying of the *flesh* with *things*. This end is a lie.

The new and true end of man is GOD. "A man's life consisteth *not* in the abundance of the *things* which he possessseth," but in the abundance of GOD which he possesseth. But a man can possess God only as God works in him to fill him with himself and he works with God to be so filled. Moreover, man can work in full efficiency with God only as he becomes like God and works with him in the forms of that societal organism which he has planned. To become Godlike and live as God lives, this is the effect on one's self of seeking the new end. Thus will be fulfilled the apostle's words, "Till we all come in the unity

of the faith and of the knowledge of the son of God, unto a *perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ.*" All human labor of every kind ought to be a conscious co-working of the individual with God, as a means of knowing God, becoming like God and living as God lives. Thus is it in heaven; and the Kingdom of Heaven is that divine plan of society which provides for such living upon this earth by this human race. The new Political Economy is, therefore, the Economy of the Kingdom, and the science of that perfect structure of society through which the individual can be perfected and afforded the opportunity to live the perfect life.

Therefore all work should be made to tend according to our best judgment, even in the very doing of it, toward the highest unfolding of Science, Art and Religion: for these three are the means through which God reaches down to man and man reaches up to God, and the greatest of these is Religion. To this end full time shall be set apart for each. The children and youth shall be schooled in the best manner. Each one shall go forward in the higher studies so far as his or her talents, cravings and the means of the Community warrant. Voters who wish to study in Science or Art more than the Community approve can do so by taking so much less of what would be their share, as they work less hours.

The Community shall seek to grow into a University of Science and Art as rapidly as possible.

Religion is the life and crown of every created person.

The first day of the week shall be kept holy unto God as the Sabbath. In it no servile work shall be done, except what is necessary for the life and comfort of the people and cattle and to preserve from needless waste. It is in a special sense God's day, and shall be sacred to his worship and to special administrations in his name to the needs of our fellow men.

Other times also may be set apart to religious worship as the Community or any individual shall choose.

Thus, through a true Community can people work up toward their true end—God.

2. *Of Citizenship in the true Community.*

Jesus Christ said, "Follow me." All persons who from the heart seek to obey this command, in its true import as Jesus spoke it, and who with equal sincerity adopt all the principles, and will strive to obey all the laws of the Community, may join the Community when they will.

Persons joining the Community can become citizens if they choose after having lived at least one year constantly with the Community.

All persons having property, who seek with a right heart to join the Community, will give a part of it without reserve to the Community upon taking the first step, and the whole of it upon accepting full citizenship.

All children born of citizens are citizens, and all children whom the Community may adopt. Children over eighteen of those joining become members and obtain rights in the Community only as they join it for themselves. Younger children, coming with their parents, become citizens at the end of three years.

(*a.*) *Rights of Citizens.*

Every citizen is equal to every other citizen in all his rights and duties; but the exercise of these shall be subject to such limitations and directions as this constitution and the laws of the Community may determine.

Every citizen without distinction race or sex, who is eighteen years of age, of sound mind, can read and write and has ciphered through the four primary rules of arithmetic, shall be a voter; and none others.

All faithful citizens shall be entitled to the same share in the wealth of the Community when sick or aged as when hale and vigorous.

(*b.*) *Duties of Citizens.*

Every citizen is bound to do his or her best for the Community and for every individual in it, everywhere and at all times; and to this end is bound to obey all the laws while they are laws, even though they may seem unjust. Only when the laws compel him to do an act which he in conscience believes to be a crime has he a right to refuse; and then he should seek to do so with the least possible detriment to the Community.

(*c.*) *Responsibility of Citizens.*

Citizens violating laws must bear the penalty; only no citizen can ever be expelled or put to death by the Community.

3. *The Structure of the true Community.*

The true structural law of all society is as follows:

All power belonging to persons as members of society belongs to the Community in its unity, and not to the persons separately. The exercise of such power cannot be transferred from one to another; but each person must, for himself, use his own share of it in the common public place where the people gather according to law.

Every New England town is a *political* exemplification of this law. It shall also be fully carried out in the administration of the property of the Community. Hence all laws shall be made by the voters acting in a body in a public, legal assembly, gathered for law-making purposes. Such assembly shall have full power to make all laws needful for the conduct of the work-life of the Community under this Constitution, subject to the State, the nation, and to God.

Every vote concerning persons shall be by ballot. Every vote concerning laws shall be by ballot when one-tenth of the voters present demand it. Otherwise it shall be by show of hands. The majority shall rule except when it is otherwise provided.

The Community shall hold its regular business meetings on Wednesday of each week at such time as shall be appointed, where any business may be done. It may provide other meetings by law as is needful.

The officers shall be such as the Community may from time to time provide. They shall be elected for one year, unless otherwise specified; and shall hold until their successors are elected and installed. They shall have and exercise such powers as the Community gives them by law. Except when directly engaged in that for which they were elected they shall work like other citizens. When in charge of working parties they shall work with them as one of them. They shall have no pay, nor any larger share from the products of the Community than any other voter.

The number of voters in the Community shall not exceed five hundred; for that is as large a number as can well act together in a legislative body. Before it reaches that number the Community shall swarm as the bees do; those going out who wish; and an equitable division of the common wealth being made, yet so that the parent society be not injured.

4. *The Function of the true Community in Work-Life.*

The function of the true Community, as an organization for labor, is *the production and distribution of wealth.* The generic law of each person's action has been well stated as follows:

"From each according to his ability; to each according to his needs."

Or in other words—

Things for work shall be used by persons according to their powers; things for life shall be furnished to persons according to their needs.

The first clause in each of the above is the law of production, the second is the law of distribution. Let us consider them separately.

(*a.*) *The Law of Production.*

Jesus said, "*Freely ye have received, freely give.*" To give freely is the eternal law of the living of all spirit beings. God has given to us all that we have and are. We are bound to live as his children. We must, therefore, *give* all that we have and are to the service of our fellow men.

Therefore all citizens shall always do their best work; and shall give all their powers to the service of the Community. But the Community shall use these powers only in the service of Jesus Christ. To this end both individual and Community shall be wholly devoted to obeying that command of Jesus. "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and its righteousness." To set up that Kingdom, in its literal, outward form, over all the earth, is the work given to Christ's disciples; and toward that result every act of ours should be consciously and intelligently directed.

In order that all citizens may thus put forth their best efforts, they shall act together as spontaneously as possible. Each one may choose that kind of work which he thinks he is best qualified to do, in so far as this consists with the successful working of the Community; but every one shall, so far as able, do what the executive committees ask, when engaged in carrying on the works directed by the Community. Individual freedom, societal coöperation and executive unity must all be equally preserved. To secure executive unity, committees of works shall be chosen, who shall have the oversight and direction of affairs *under law.*

One aim of the Community shall be to produce a given amount of result with the least human labor. Another aim shall be to put the greatest amount of thought into each piece of work, so that all work may call out the intellectual and moral powers of the individual in the highest degree compatible with the circumstances.

(*b.*) *The Law of Distribution.*

Every one shall receive from the Community those conditions which are essential to his best work, so far as the Community is able to provide them.

One principle essential to a right distribution of labor is:

THERE IS NO CAPITAL BUT LABOR.

Its counterpart is—

PERSONS ONLY CAN HAVE A RIGHT TO PRODUCTS.

Capital is dead. Things (property) can have no rights. Hence no things can ever be rightfully made the ground of a claim against labor. Hence, also, capital will become extinct as a factor in the problem of the distribution of the products of labor. All rents, interest, profit, wages, salaries, fees, perquisites, stocks and dividends thereon, notes, mortgages, yea, every form of bond and taxation, by which some persons make other persons toil for them for nothing, will be utterly and forever abolished.

Persons are the only elements in the right distribution of the products of labor. The law of such division is twofold, as follows:

Things for life are to be furnished to persons as much as they need:

Surpluses are to be divided to voters equally in cash.

However, the Community may by a majority vote dispose of one-fourth or less of its surplus in other ways; and by a two-thirds vote of one-half, and by a unanimous vote of any greater proportion.

Surpluses shall be divided as fast as they accrue.

All exchanges shall be effected at *cost;* and cost shall be determined merely by the time spent in labor.

In exchanges between Communities the same laws are to hold, the cost of transportation being paid by the purchaser.

The true Communital life will bring out this great fact; viz., that—

ALL COMMERCE IS A TAX UPON PRODUCTION.

Hence each individual Community will try to produce within itself, so far as possible, all the things it needs, especially all the bulky or perishable things; so that that trade which is inevitable, because of the varieties of climate, will be as small as possible.

5. *Miscellaneous.*

All purchases shall be for cash. No debts shall be incurred by either the Community or any member; and should any member break this law, the Community will not be liable for his or her debts.

All sales shall be for cash, or as near that as those purchasing will give. Goods sold to those not members shall be sold, if practicable, directly to the consumer. They shall be sold at as near cost as can be known, and the Community shall seek to avoid letting others make a profit on its work.

We accept God's command forbidding all *profit* and *interest;* and will never knowingly break it; nor will we ever take rent.

The weekly meeting on Wednesday, when not occupied with business, which after society is fully organized and its code of laws formed will generally be the case, shall be devoted to mutual criticisms by the members, of each other in love for their mutual benefit, or to such other social exercises as may be agreed upon. In every criticism the critic shall seek to show forth pure truth and love in the most beautiful manner that one's natural powers admit of.

Such are the great principles of the true life on this earth, as embodied in a plan for a wealth-producing society. God lives on these principles. Whoever, therefore, lives them out with all his heart lives as God lives. He not only has a heart like God's heart, but he also acts on the very same *method* that God does. God needs no thing, and we cannot give him anything. We need many things. He possesses every thing, and gives abundantly to supply all our needs. He asks no thing of us, but He asks our love, not as *pay*, but as a token that we are grateful for what He has done for us.

Whoever lives in this way lives as Jesus Christ lived. He needed from mankind only clothing, food, and sometimes a shelter; that is, the simplest things of life; and He received from them only these. But He received them not as *pay*, but merely as the essential *conditions* for living and

doing his work for men. We needed Eternal Life, with all the unspeakable blessings involved therein. All these He possessed in full abundance; and at the greatest cost to Himself He gave them all to us without stint, as a free gift "without money and without price" [pay]. Jesus was the Eternal Life, and lived the Eternal Life, and *gave* the Eternal Life to us. Thus do we learn that the nature of the Eternal Life is,

LIVING TO GIVE, instead of living to get.

And we, who join this Community, solemnly devote ourselves, with all that we have or may ever possess, to living the Eternal Life in this manner, as becometh the children of God.

ONEIDA CIRCULAR.

TIRZAH C. MILLER, EDITOR.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY, 3, 1873.

A NEW PLAN.

WE this week allow the Rev. Jesse H. Jones large space for the presentation of his "Plan for the Organization of a True Christian Community." We do this more from a desire to encourage thought and talk about Christian Communism among Bible-loving men than from any special approval of the plan itself. The Infidels have had their day of social discussion and social experiment—all know with what unfortunate results. We have better hope for the Religionists.

Mr. Jones, it will be noticed, invites criticism upon his plan from all; in a private letter he especially asks our criticism; and we are perhaps under some obligation to our readers to tell them what we think of the new scheme of Communism.

We have reason to believe that Mr. Jones aims, as he avers, "to help perfect the evangelical faith of Christianity." He sees clearly that selfishness must in the true order of society be displaced by love; he comprehends that man can achieve his highest destiny only as he becomes filled with the divine afflatus and is controlled by it; he evidently is striving zealously for the realization of his ideal of society.

We do not care to criticise his plan in detail. The grand fault of Fourier and of all social architects that have failed is, that they made their plans without aid from actual experiment. Mr. Jones is repeating their error. "He that doeth his will shall know of the doctrine." The principle of induction is as important here as elsewhere. Forming mere theories of Community life is no better than the work of the old school-men, who relied on closet-thinking and ignored experiment. We should have more hope for social reconstruction in the perfect agreement of "two or three" than in the best plan ever devised. If Mr. Jones has a genuine commission for introducing the true order of society, let him form a nucleus, no matter how small, and commence a life of Communism; then a Constitution will grow as the Community grows, and so be adapted to its needs. Mr. Jones's plan is the result of cogitation; but "cogitation without experiment," as the author of "American Socialisms" has so fully shown, "is not the right way to a true social theory. With us induction is first; deduction second; and verification by facts or the logic of events always and everywhere the supreme check on both."

Were we to speak of the "Plan" itself, we should have to call attention to

1. Its monogamic phase;

2. Its attempts to combine individual ownership and Communism;

3. Its lack of adequate provision for good leadership;

4. Its rule of membership.

We do not say that partial Communism may not exist with marriage, but certainly Communism such as is worthy to be called the Kingdom of Heaven (which is the kind contemplated by Mr. Jones), cannot exist with marriage; for we are expressly told in the book which he so much reveres, that in that Kingdom "there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage."

The attempt to combine Individualism and Communism in respect to property would, we are assured, fail utterly when subjected to the test of actual experiment. If we take no higher view, it would prevent the realization of many of the great economic advantages of Communism, and would wholly defeat what Mr. Jones considers a chief aim of Communism, namely, "to produce a given amount of result with the least human labor." That cannot be done and retain family houses and family arrangements.

The lack of adequate provision for good leadership is a cardinal defect in the scheme under consideration. All who have read the "History of American Socialisms" know that a principal cause of most of the failures therein recorded was bad leadership; and few will now be found so unwise as to venture their all in any experiment simply because they have read a plan that suits them pretty well; and that few will prove worthless material, we judge, for social architecture. There are thousands ready for Communism, but they will inquire, almost to a man, Who are to be our leaders? and what are their characters? The system of voting which prevails in a New England town-meeting, good as it is, would prove inadequate in the government and guidance of a Community.

In the rule of membership we see nothing to prepent persons destitute of genuine sincerity from joining the new Community, on making a fair profession in general terms; and having become members there is no power to expel them. Mr. Jones evidently does not believe in fences! If the Oneida Community had had any such loose ideas about the admission of members it would not have lived a single year, and would not continue another year; and we don't believe it is possible to form a Community that could maintain its existence with such lax arrangements.

We might say much on these points, but prefer to simply call attention to them in a brief way, and leave our readers to study the Plan for themselves and act as their judgment may dictate. W.

THE CENSUS OF THE CHURCHES.

The church statistics of the last census are curious and interesting. There are 62,552 church buildings in the United States, with sittings for 11,395,542. While the total population of the country is a little over 38,000,000, only 27,900,000 persons are over ten years old. Deducting the very young, the very old, and the sick and the infirm the existing accommodations seem adequate. The total value of church property is $349,619,780. The Methodists are the strongest denomination, having 21,337 churches. The Baptists are next, having 13,962. The Presbyterians hold the third place, having 7,071 churches. Fourth are the Catholics, 3,806 churches. The Christians—both Disciples and the Christian connection are included under this name—have 2,822; the Lutherans, 2,776; the Congregationalists, 2,715; the Episcopalians 2,601; the German Reformed 1,445; the Friends 622; the Universalists 602; the Unitarians 310; the Mormons 171; and the Jews 152. In the decade between 1850 and 1860, most of the denominations increased more rapidly than during the succeeding ten years. The Methodists gained fifty per cent. in the former period, and only seven per cent. in the latter; the Baptist increase fell off from twenty-seven to fifteen per cent.; the Presbyterians from thirty-two to ten; the Catholics from one hundred and nine to forty-nine; the Christians from one hundred and thirty-six to thirty-six; the Lutherans from seventy-three to thirty; the Congregationalists from twenty-nine to twenty-two; the Episcopalians from forty to twenty-two, and the German Reformed from ninety-eight to sixty-nine per cent. The Friends and Universalists each lost nine per cent. during the last decade. The Unitarians gained eight per cent. from 1850 to 1860, and seventeen per cent. from 1860 to 1870. During the former period the Mormons increased fifty per cent., and during the latter more than quintupled their numbers. The Jews, who gained one hundred and fourteen per cent. from 1850 to 1860, increased by only ninety-seven per cent. from 1860 to 1870. In respect to the aggregate value of church edifices, the Methodists stand first, the Catholics second, the Presbyterians third, the Baptists fourth, the Episcopalians fifth, and the Congregationalists sixth. Though the number of churches standing in 1870 was double that of 1860, their value was four times as great. Making all possible allowance for the general advance in nominal values, it is quite apparent that the newer churches are generally much more elegant than the older ones. The increase of some of the denominations is largely dependent upon immigration. Others are recruited from different home sects. When the figures above are studied in the light of these facts, some important conclusions are apparent. The decrease in the gain of the Catholics indicates either that emigration from Catholic countries decreases, or that the Church does not succeed in keeping the new comers within its pale. The diminution in the increase of the Methodists is very large, and almost inexplicable. The gain of the Unitarians is attributable to the zeal with which the denomination has conducted its operations in the cities of the Northwest, where emigration from the New England States has given them nucleuses for the formation of congregations. The same cause has given Congregationalism a strong hold in the Northwest, and has enabled it to make a better showing for the last ten years than the Presbyterian family. It is to be regretted that the total membership of the various churches is not included in the return before us.—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

Years ago the sects more nearly balanced each other; if one threatened to sweep all before it, there was a desire and an effort made to check it. Dr. Beecher went out west to organize a great movement against the Catholics at a time when they seemed about to take possession of the country. But there never has been any notable alarm about the increase of the Methodists, though their numbers are threatening the liberties of the country more than the Catholics ever did. They now own one-third of the church buildings in the United States.

The falling off in the present age of increase in the Methodist and other evangelical churches is very striking, and the simultaneous increase of Mormonism is really startling. The Methodist Church, which is the soul of the anti-Mormon movement, has found in it a pretty hard nut to crack. If the Mormons go on increasing as rapidly as they have done, it is within the limit of possibility that another decade may see them swaying the Government as the Methodists seem to do now.

It is interesting to notice how little power the larger sects have in the literary world. The Unitarians with hardly one-seventieth as many churches as the Methodists are far ahead in that field. The law would seem to be that the literary ability of the churches generally is inversely as their numbers. The Swedenborgian church, which is too insignificant for mention in respect to numbers, has probably more popular writers at work on the great newspapers and monthlies than any other sect.

To get a full view of the competing parties in the religious world, the status of the Spiritualists, Infidels and Nothingarians ought to be added to the above account. These are large denominations, and wealthy, though perhaps not very strong in Church buildings. Probably their numbers seesaw with those of the religious churches. K.

WHAT THE WOMEN DO.

FROM the Census of 1870 we learn that 373,332 women are farm laborers; 22,681 are farmers; 692 are actors; 1,179 are barbers and hair-dressers; 7,060 are boarding-house keepers;

943 are Government clerks; 867,354 are domestic servants; 6,299 are employed in hotels, etc; 865 keep hotels; 55,609 are laundresses; 1,186 are midwives; 10,170 are nurses while there are only 806 men in the same buisness; 100 are show-women; 84,047 are teachers; 5,580 are teachers of music; 115 are authors and lecturers; 4 are sculptors; 525 are physicians and surgeons; 15 are bankers and bakers; 6,194 are clerks in stores; 32 are commercial travelers; 1,215 hucksters; 278 peddlers; 1 is a pilot; 2,775 are saleswomen; 3 shippers and freighters; 2,833 tailors; 55 are traders in books; 117 are traders in cigars; 1,197 are traders in groceries; 106 are traders in liquors and wines; 4 are bell founders; 2,729 are book finishers; 9,642 are shoemakers; 2,223 box-factory operators; 3 are builders and contractors; 5,377 are carpet makers; 1,844 make cigars; 64,398 work in cotton mills; 228 are photographers and daguerreotypists; 29 are engravers; 1,219 are glove makers; 1,229 are gold and silver workers; 3,350 are hat and cap makers; 1,989 work in knitting mills; 4,44 are linen-mill operators; 0 are machinists; 2,559 are mechanics not specified; 8,110 are mill operators not specified; 90,480 are milliners and dress-makers; 46 are miners; 1 is an oil-well operator; 3,884 work in paper mills; 1,495 are printers; 1,851 are rubber-factory operators; 35 work in saw-mills; 1,866 make sewing machines; 2,860 operate sewing machines; 16 are ship-riggers; 2,812 are shirt-makers; 2,303 work in silk mills; 5 steam-boiler makers; 1,430 are straw-workers; 97,207 seamstresses; 2,290 work in tobacco factories; 22,776 in woolen mills; 5 are charcoal and lime burners; 951 are artificial flower-makers; 39 are book-keepers in bank, railway and insurance offices; 67 are preachers; 13 are designers; 2 are hostlers; 35 are journalists against 5,251 men in the same profession; 0 are inventors; 2 are hunters and trappers; 1 is an architect.

A. B.

COMMUNITY JOURNAL.

ONEIDA.

Tuesday, Jan. 28.—Martin Kinsley arrived this afternoon with a span of horses and sleigh with which he had come from Wallingford. where they were no longer needed on our public works. When twenty miles from O. C. the heavy snows blocked his way and he was obliged to leave his team a few days, returning to-day to get it.

Wednesday, 29th.—A thermometer hanging on a tree near our office this morning indicated a temperature of eight degrees below zero, Fahrenheit; at nine o'clock in the evening it was 20 degrees below zero.

—The farmers are at work thrashing their barley. This morning we saw the thrashers burning straw over the machine to warm it up and get it to running easily.

—Mr. Wm. E. Lansing, our Congressman, sends us the first volume of the ninth census report. He has our hearty thanks. The colored maps in this volume, showing the relative distribution of wealth, illiteracy, colored and foreign populations—German, Irish, Welsh and English, Swede and Norwegian, British American and Chinese—are particularly interesting and instructive.

—A somewhat remarkable characteristic of this winter in this locality is, that the falls of snow are unaccompanied by the usual strong gales of wind; and consequently there are hardly any drifts. The snow descends quietly almost every day, and covers the earth to the depth of nearly or quite two feet, and it lies as it falls in unsullied purity, with no admixture of earthy particles so often made by the indiscriminate winter blasts. Travel is unobstructed. Our road to W. P., so often almost impassable in winter, has none of the engulfing drifts that commonly rise to the top of the fences; and the express team makes its trips with ease and regularity. "Quick transit" is a great boon to us, situated as we are with house and shops more than a mile apart, and especially to our ambitious sisters who go to the "Home Machine-shop" to run engine-lathes and work in iron.

—The following pleasant remembrance of things at Wallingford was written to one here, so we insert it among the O. C. items:

DEAR MR. HERRICK:—Let me tell you about the field of our summer work year before last. On my way to my job in the machine-shop this morning I was tempted away to the ice that glittered far and wide above the dam. I started for the place where the factory used to stand. There is nothing there now but the old laundry, which being of brick could not be moved. I took a bee line for its tall chimney, walking and sliding alternately, and stopping and turning round to admire the novelties and beauties of the scene. The morning sunshine glorified everything. The new bridge, with its two graceful arches, seen from the middle of the lake is a thing of beauty; and I thought we had no occasion to be ashamed of the factory; small as it is, compared with the power that is working it, it is a handsome building and well fits the scene. When I had gone a long way and was stopping to look round, I saw Marion on the bank near our old swimming-place; so I went back and took a new start with her. We danced and slid to the tall chimney in a straight line on glare level ice! It seemed curiously strange to find no crooked stream in all that way. Looking west we had before us the greatest width of the lake, and concluded to explore in that direction. We found the remnants of the old plank-walk standing in some places just level with the surface of the ice. The point of land where that walk commenced on the west side is now the end of a peninsula that projects twenty or thirty rods into the lake. South of that there is a bit of an island which we remember as a knoll opposite the old grape island which we cleared. In the late freshet it was entirely under water. Passing these landmarks we went on toward the west hill. I noticed that the whole region where we first chopped had disappeared. All that remained to identify the spot where we ate our dinner under the trees was here and there a post of the neighboring fence, just showing its top above the ice. It is a clear expanse of lake from the laundry to the edge of the forest near the old woodchuck-hole. The pasture that we used to cross on the way to our work is an island. I got upon a stump there and saw that the water entirely surrounded it, running up into all that region where we got poisoned and where you cut your foot. The button-ball tree east of where we killed the snake has a little island around it. These were pleasant observations to me and I thought you would be interested in them. When Marion and I turned to go toward the factory James Vaill appeared to us on skates and drawing a nice sled. He proposed that we should get on the sled and let him propel us back. So said, so done. Marion took the forward seat with her feet upon the round; I sat behind. James skated behind me with his hands on my shoulders; and I certainly think he drove us down to our landing-place at the old swimming-hole inside of three minutes. Considering all things it was the neatest slide I ever had. Yours, J. H. N.

An Evening Meeting.—The people come in with a sort of velvet footedness; the women and girls taking their seats around the tables as usual, for nine-tenths of them have some work to do—sewing or knitting; and the men drop into their arm-chairs to ruminate or listen as the case may be, for their work is done. Then there was a moment of meeting-house stillness—you know how it is. Mr. Herrick, the reader, says "There is no correspondence to-night." Then some more stillness, for W. A. Hinds, the leader of the meeting, is behindhand for once and has not come in. Mr. Woolworth thinks of an article in the *Independent.* It is Mr. Finney's story how he started a revival in Gouverneur, N. Y., and made some remarkable converversions among which was that of a Mr. Smith, a noted deist. Mr. Underwood read it. Then Mrs. Miller remembers how some of the Smiths from Gouverneur afterward came to Putney and labored in a revival—talking some with J. H. N., who was then a law-student. Then Mr. Underwood read a few sentences from Mr. Bowen's eulogium on the late Joshua Leavitt, showing what moral grit there was in the man—something you would call quite grand when fitly exercised and on questions that are no longer open, but very apt to degenerate into bigotry whenever new questions are raised or old ones brought up for a new hearing. Thereupon some of our Putney folks remembered that the Leavitt family had a singular streak of dishonesty in money matters, notwithstanding they had a great turn for piety. Old 'Squire N. was at a deal of pains once to recover a debt from the Doctor's uncle, during which trouble the 'Squire was observed to smoke two cigars a day instead of one. When all this reading and talk were over, Mr. Hinds asked if we would like to hear something from *Woodhull and Claflin's Weekly.* He then read extracts from Mrs. Woodhull's discourse that was to have been delivered at Cooper Institute. Then Miss Claflin's bit of satire concerning the naked truth, which was thought to be as "smart as lightning." Then came eight o'clock and put out the meeting.

—One of our men tells the following:

When last in New York collecting some money in a large business office, the clerk gave me a pen to write a receipt; after writing a few words the ink gave out. As I handed him the pen to replenish with ink he said, "Do you want some more beans on that stick?" I did not understand him, but seeing he meant it for a joke, I said, "Please put a little more chicken on that bone." He in his turn looked puzzled; but we both laughed, each at his own joke, and so parted. On telling the story to a friend he said the man alluded to the tale of the Irishman who after eating corn from the ear for the first time, handed the cob back to the waiter saying, "Here, Mister, please to put some more banes on this stick." I thought of our little Walter who after polishing a chicken-bone returned it to his mother saying, "Here, mamma, please put some more chicken on this bone."

WALLINGFORD.

—Splendid ice on the pond these days. The skating part of the family have been improving it. Some of the town's people appeared on the pond with ice-boats. The way their boats glide over the ice is quite exciting. It is an old fashion of locomotives practiced in Holland as long ago as when John Evelyn was in that country.

—E. H. H. offering himself for criticism an evening or two since, Charles J. being called on, said he thought Mr. H. a remarkable example of a man who had overcome himself; "he is a great encouragement to me and should be to any one who is conscious of having traits he does not like." He thought, too, that Mr. H. had a remarkable ability for carrying on a great amount of business, and yet maintaining his spirituality. Mr. N. remarked: "What Charles says of Mr. H. is great praise. It is a comparatively easy thing to be either a great business man or a very spiritually minded man. But it is a difficult thing to combine the two; and not many people do it. Mr. H. has had that power

in a very marked degree, and that is what makes him a great man. It is the same greatness that some of the old Bible heroes had. Paul especially. Paul was full of business all the time, yet he never lost his spirituality. That is where Mr. H.'s strength lies. I think he is liable to feel cramped in view of his not being an educated man. He should rise above that, rise into the dignity of his position as an inspired man. His greatness is the greatness of inspiration, and all the learning of the colleges will have to bow before that. Inspiration will lead, and all this mere intellect and education will have to follow."

—There is a good thing afloat about your old contributor "K." which is capital to tell when you want to hint delicately to somebody that it is well to mind one's own business. "K." was walking along the road not long since when he met one of our neighbor's boys driving some cows, and noticing that the boy was stoning the cows and urging them along on the run, he hailed the little chap in that mild, fatherly way of his, and said, "My son, don't you know that it is wrong to drive cows so fast as that?" Young Connecticut stopped, looked sharp at "K" for a moment, and replied, "Be *you* driving them cows or be *I*?" "K" passed on.

—We needed a photographer in the Hall the other evening. At one end of the center table, behind Mr. Noyes and Mr. Hamilton's chairs, were grouped a full dozen of the most substantial men in the family, deeply interested—as they are always ready to be—in the subject of dams, and looking eagerly at some pictures of the great Derby dam, at Birmingham, Conn. They were laughed at by some of the women; but in a moment the laugh was turned on the scoffers, for lo, there were a dozen or more of women gathered around Mrs. Noyes at the other end of the table, perfectly oblivious of dams and the like, and earnestly discussing with one voice——bedquilts!

BOYISH MEMORIES OF TROPICAL FRUITS.

I.

AH! it is one thing to "hear tell" of them, and quite another to test them by practical experience. Certainly the "proof of the pudding is in the eating." Happy the man who has a boy's recollection of the proof in this case. It is so long, however, since I have tasted of these delicacies, except as they have been imported in a half matured condition, that I can hardly tell whether or not my estimate of them has been affected by the lapse of time, as is often the case in other matters of diet. At any rate I will speak of them as a boy would whose appetite for all good things is yet in its prime. To begin then with the

COCOANUT.

This is a lordly looking tree of the palm family—a branch of our flora that is of great use to us. It is fine to see these trees towering along the seacoast (as in Ceylon, for instance) waving their fruit clusters in the breeze; there is such an air of jubilance about them. Although the fruit is everywhere known, because a hard shell enables it to bear a long journey, yet it is not known when most luscious, except where it grows. Open it when it is but half ripe—when the meat is yet soft and jelly-like, and you then have something that you will never forget. The sweet water and the pulp combined make a sop that goes to the very spot. It seems that they are aware of this in the West Indies, also, and reckon it a great delicacy.

The cocoanut tree is almost as great a boon to the torrid zone as is the banana. From the sap you get a never-failing supply of an agreeable and cooling beverage, which by a little fermentation may be made into palm wine (vulgarly called "toddy") of which the memory is yet fresh. It is amusing to see the monkey-like agility of the native when climbing the long trunk of the tree in pursuit of the sap, which is taken from the top—his ankles loosely strapped together to enable him to grasp with his feet the slender stem without effort, while he proceeds by jerks in caterpillar fashion. This he does daily.

With the leaves of the tree the native covers his hut, and relies on this roof for years. Some of the fibres furnish him with matting, and from the outside husk of the nut, which is said to be more durable than any other vegetable fibre, is made a large quantity of cordage which is sent to England. Of the midribs of the great leaves oars are made, and the thinner portions are used as material for writing. The oil of the cocoanut is nearly as good as that of sweet almonds, and many a swig have I taken from a cocoanut-shell which is in general use there for that purpose. One hundred nuts annually is the average yield—while the trees stand comparatively close together. Now for the

BANANA

or Plantain (as we call it in the East) which is the generic name. Like all other fruit this differs in quality. Happily we can only recall the finest. There is something in this production that amply satisfies the demands of the system. You feel it as you consume it and it has the merit of being easily disposed of by the digestive powers. But to use it to the best advantage, the youngster advises you to make a fry of it, either in fritters or by itself. It is then truly ambrosial, he says. You can also make a delicious drink of it when raw, by stirring it in water, as it easily dissolves. They sometimes bake it into a kind of bread. The tree itself is more properly a huge herb; for the trunk, though from fifteen to twenty feet high is soft and succulent, being composed of a number of sheaths enfolding one another in the closest embrace. It is surmounted by a tuft of undivided leaves from six to ten feet long and one foot broad—forming a canopy fit to cover a throne. From the midst of this majestic tuft springs the long spike of from eighty to a hundred flowers which bear the germs of the precious burden that is to come. I tell you it is no small thing to get a glance at the tree just at that moment; it is grace and majesty combined. The fruit is somewhat like a cucumber in shape, containing a pulp that is extremely luscious, and yet qualified by a fine sub-acid; and then the peel, which is of a decided consistency (to guard the soft contents, I suppose) comes off so glibly that it needs no help from the knife, which of course adds to the luxury. There are only two species of this fruit, the finer flavored being the shorter, straighter and rounder.

It is said that the banana tree alone would have sufficed for all the wants of the primitive man. It is propagated by spontaneous shoots, as it has no seeds. Crops are produced at every season, so that the same amount of land required to support one man on potatoes, would maintain over twenty on bananas.

R. S. D.

REVIVAL RECOLLECTIONS.

III.

THIS method of procedure did not continue many weeks before our faithful minister called upon mother to unburden his feelings respecting my course. I was within hearing of their conversation. He said that he had watched me closely and prayerfully, and was satisfied that I had a false hope; and that all my religious works were the instigations of Satan. The church, he said, was laboring to save souls; but I was the devil's tool, working against it. Mother joined in his judgment of me and they both came down upon me like an avalanche, rebuking me most severely. What a sense of mortified pride and guilt filled me! I would have gladly hidden myself from every human being. Mr. Johnson concluded his remarks by saying that he expected to preach in the school-house of the west district that evening, and had come to invite me to ride with him to the meeting. Our ride was a silent one.

The text from which he preached was, "For Satan himself is transformed into an angel of light." He represented the many ways in which Satan transforms himself, in order to make people believe their sins are pardoned before they have submitted to God; or before their consciences are really awake to the nature of their unbelief. The substance of his criticism of me was all in that sermon, and it seemed to me that he illustrated every point in the discourse by some of my words or deeds. I was distressed at my hardness of heart, but could not weep. The choir were seated in a circle around the minister. My seat was directly in front, and I thought every eye was searching me through. All excepting myself sang this hymn at the conclusion:

"Awake, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb:
Wake every heart, and every tongue,
To sing the Savior's name.

"Sing, till we feel our hearts
Ascending with our tongue:
Sing, till the love of sin departs,
And grace inspires our song."

When they sang that second verse Satan possessed me in despair. I longed to put my hands around the throats of those converts, and stop their singing those burning words. Then came a feeling of remorse for my bitter spirit, which was so intense that what immediately followed is lost in oblivion. When I returned to consciousness I was lying on the bed at home. It was evening. Miss DeVotee was praying, and mother was with her. She poured out her heart in an inspiration of thanksgiving to God. My mind followed her and caught the spirit of her words. My hard heart softened. They left the room without speaking, but such a sweet inward sense of God's goodness to me came into my heart that I seemed filled with his presence and his love. From that time I cared no longer for religious display, but was satisfied to study the Scriptures (which filled me with new delight) in retirement. I do not now consider that such extreme feelings of remorse were necessary in order to receive Christ as a Savior from all sin; but the lesson I learned was profitable to me in after life.

C. B. B.

THE VERB "TO BREAK."

"I begin to understand your language better," said my French friend, Mr. Arcourt, to me; "but your verbs trouble me still, you mix them so with your prepositions."

"I am sorry you find them troublesome," was all I could say.

"I saw our friend, Mrs. James, just now," continued he. "She says she intends to break *down* house-keeping. Am I right there?"

"Break *up* house-keeping, she must have said."

"Oh, yes, I remember. Break *up* house-keeping."

"Why does she do that?" I asked.

"Because her health is broken *into*."

"Broken *down*, you should say."

"Broken *down*. Oh, yes. And indeed since the small pox has broken *up* in our city"——

"Broken *out*."

"She thinks she will leave it for a few weeks."

"Indeed! And will she close her house?"

"No; she is afraid it will be broken, broken —, how do I say that?"

"Broken *into*."

"Certainly, it is what I meant to say."

"Is her son to be married soon?"

"No, that engagement is broken —, broken—

"Broken *off*. Ah! I had not heard that."

"She is very sorry about it. Her son only broke

the news *down* to her last week. Am I right? I am so anxious to speak the English well."

"He merely *broke* the news. No preposition this time."

"It is hard to understand. That young man, her son, is a fine fellow; a *breaker* I think."

"A *broker*, and a fine fellow. Good day.

"So much," thought I, for the verb "to break."

—*Young Folk's News.*

JAPAN ASKING FOR THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

THE most remarkable proposition in the history of language has just been made to Prof. Whitney, of Yale University, by Mr. Arinori Mori, Japanese Minister at Washington. It is nothing less than the adoption of the English Language, with some modifications, as a national language by the Japanese people. Minister Mori says that the "spoken language of Japan being inadequate to the growing necessities of the people of that Empire, and too poor to be made by a phonetic alphabet sufficiently useful as a written language, the idea prevails among many of our best educated men and most profound thinkers, that if we keep pace with the age we must adopt some copious, expansible and expanding European language, print our laws and transact our public business in it, as soon as possible, and have it taught in our schools as the future language of the country to the general exclusion of our present language, spoken and written." He then goes on to say that the English language is their first choice for many reasons, but there are "certain obstacles of an intensely practical character, which, if they cannot be removed will make the introduction of that language into Japan exceedingly difficult—all but impossible." These obstacles are, principally, the absence of law, rule or order in its orthography, based in etymology or on the sounds actually heard in the words, and the large number of irregular verbs, the latter being among the most frequently occurring words in the language. Mr. Mori's plan to get rid of these obstacles is as follows:

"Now, my proposition, which receives the concurrence of those of my countrymen best qualified by their knowledge of English, and by their general education, to judge accurately and wisely on this question, is to prepare and place in our schools, and in the hands of the people at large, spelling-books, dictionaries, grammars, and other text-books, teaching what may be termed a 'simplified English.' In other words, I propose to banish from the English language, for the use of the Japanese nation, all or most of the exceptions which render English so difficult of acquisition even by English-speaking people, and which discourage most foreigners who have the hardihood to attempt to master it from persevering to success."

Mr. Mori proposes to substitute the form, seed, speaked, bited, teached, beared, thinked, buyed, comed, &c., for the commonly received preterites and participles, to make all plurals regular, and to reduce the English spelling to a phonetic basis. He goes on to say:

"I think I have said enough to indicate the character of the changes I propose to make, and will not therefore trouble you with further details. It may be well for me to state, however, that being much interested in this subject, I have naturally conversed with many persons on it, and that, while seeking light in all available directions, I have found that most of my views are also entertained by many eminent men who have made language a life-study—some of them, after having duly weighed and considered the claims of etymology, even going so far as to say that not only English-speaking people, but the world at large, would be vastly benefited by a thorough recast of English orthography, making the written language what it claims to be, phonetic, instead of hieroglyphic on a phonetic basis, which is what it now really is."

"To conclude: let me suggest to you to consider, while you are making up the opinion which I hope to receive from you at an early day, that many of the reasons which make Americans and Englishmen hesitate to attempt radical changes in their language, for their own people, do not apply to the case under consideration; which is the adaptation of the English language to the necessities of a foreign nation of nearly 40,000,000 souls, thousands of miles distant from the two great English-speaking nations. Let me ask you to consider, also, that the people of the Japanese Empire are anxious to take a high position among the most advanced nations of the world but are unprovided with that great essential to individual and national progress—a good language; and that the English language, simplified as I have indicated, would be received by them as a boon, while it would be all but impossible to force upon them the language in its present form. Indeed, I think I could not conscientiously recommend my countrymen to cause their children to devote to learning a language so replete with unneccessary irregularities, and in which the interchange of thought and the acquisition of knowledge are rendered so difficult by a fantastic orthography, six or seven of the most important years of their lives—years which should be devoted to the study of positive science and the practice of the useful arts."

This is certainly a very interesting proposition and indicates that a very strong influence is at work pushing the Japanese onward toward the front ranks of civilizaton, and opening the doors of the vast mysterious East to a new spirit and life. We shall await Prof. Whitney's response with interest.

THE NEWS.

AMERICAN.

Reports from the camp of Captain Jack, the Madoc chief, are that he is anxious for a talk, and a peace commission has accordingly been sent to him with full powers.

A new medical periodical has been established in Philadelphia, with the title of *Archives of Scientific and Practical Medicine*. Editors, Dr. Brown-Sequard and Dr. E. C. Seguin.

Luther Tucker, late senior editor of the *Cultivator and Country Gentleman*, died at Albany on Sunday the 26th ultimo, in his 72d year. Mr. Tucker was editor and publisher of the first daily paper in Rochester, the *Advertiser*, commenced in 1826, which at that date was the only daily paper published west of the city of Albany.—Wm. Cassidy, editor of the *Albany Argus*, also died on the 24th ultimo.

Every day a fresh rumor is started in connection with the case of Phelps, Dodge & Co. of New York city, who have been charged with defrauding the Government of its custom-house dues. The latest and most trustworthy news concerning this firm is that they have abandoned all efforts to effect a money compromise with the Government, because the latter declined to admit that they were innocent of any attempts to defraud, and have concluded to fight the matter out in the courts, as the best way of proving their innocence to the public.

A "*Dictionary of Munson's Practical Phonography*," is a work soon to be published by Mr. J. E. Munson of New York city. "Besides giving the most approved phonographic outline of each word in the language, and its position, it will present all the principles of phraseography," illustrated with numerous examples, so that the learner as well as the experienced writer, will have a perfect book of reference to guide him at every point. Along with this, Mr. Munson will also publish a "Textbook of Munson's Phonography," prepared with particular reference to school instruction.

The bill repealing the franking privilege has passed both houses of Congress, and was signed by the President immediately on its reception. It makes a total end of franking in all its forms after the 1st day of July next. "Not only Congressmen," says the *Tribune*, "but the President, Cabinet Ministers, and Department officials of every grade, will after that date be obliged to put stamps on their letters like other people; and no provision is made for the transmission of public documents or official communications. The entire franking abuse is, in short, to be plucked up by the roots."

The last week has been one of great excitement in the public mind, growing out of the Congressional investigations of the "Credit Mobilier" affair. As matters stand, several prominent congressmen, including Vice-President Colfax, are convicted by the strongest circumstantial evidence of corruption and perjury; and in the case of Mr. Colfax an impeachment of him by the House of Representatives seems to be imminent. In the face of all this evidence the Vice President maintains his innocence, and yet hopes to prove it, though it must be confessed his chances of success are small indeed. Still it is possible the lapse of another week may shed a different light on the subject.

A very sensible article discussing "the remedy for hard times," in a late No. of the *Utica Herald*, concludes as follows:

"The great overshadowing evil is too much credit. No amount of legislation in regard to finance, usury laws, bankrupt laws, etc., can relieve us. The remedy is in the hands of the people themselves, and must be applied by them individually. *Pay as you go*, is a rule which, if faithfully adhered to, will in a few years work wonders. It will do for us as a nation what no legislation can do, and may save us from a terrible financial crash, which we have thus far evaded through the careful and discreet management of the United States Treasury. The cash system will make us independent as individuals, and render a financial crisis an impossibility. It will also add to the health and virtue of the people, and to the greatness of the nation."

Last year Congress made an appropriation of $15,000 for the promotion of fish culture; and since then (as we learn from the Utica *Herald*) the commissioner, Prof. Baird, has been industriously engaged in expending the money to the best advantage. Hundred of thousands of young shad from the Hudson and Connecticut have been deposited in the head-waters of the Mississippi and Alleghany rivers. The Platte river, too, has been similarly treated from the Connecticut, as, two years ago the Sacramento received a deputation from the Hudson river. An application was also made by Mr. Baird to the German Government for the purchase of a great quantity of impregnated ova of the Rhine salmon from the governmental hatching houses of Huningen. With its customary liberality the German government made our commissioner a present of a quarter of a million of germs; and these, with purchases made in Germany of private fish breeders, of some of the best varieties of European fish, are now upon the sea on their way here. The tanks and their contents weigh three and a quarter tons; and it is said to be no slight undertaking to move such a body of prospective life so great a distance, and secure for them an equable temperature. Though we cannot count upon so marvelous an accretion of brain-force in the country as we might perhaps have done before certain ideas about the intellect-stimulating effect of phosphorated food had been in a measure exploded we can congratulate ourselves upon the prospect of a wholesome and every way desirable article of diet which will soon be within the reach of all classes.

FOREIGN.

The new emperor of China assumes the personal government of his empire on the 24th inst.

The Japanese embassy to Corea has returned to Yeddo, and the relations of the two countries are said to be in a friendly state.

England is rejoicing over a year of extraordinary commercial prosperity, as indicated by the revenue returns. During the last nine months the receipts have been $258,423,430—a surplus over the corresponding period of last year, of about $16,000,000.

The Shah of Persia will start from Teheran next April on a European tour. He proposes to visit St. Petersburg, Berlin, Vienna, London, Paris and Constantinople. Buckingham Palace has been placed at his disposal for a residence during his visit to England.

The queen of Spain gave birth to a boy on Wednesday the 22d ult.; the mother and infant prince are doing well. The event was celebrated by the singing of Te Deums in all the churches, firing salutes, and a general illumination. It is said the prince is to be christened Louis Amedeo Fernando.

A royal decree has been promulgated by the Italian Government, whereby the State formally takes possession of sixteen convents in Rome. During the late Christmas and New-Year's holidays, an effort was made to induce the Pope to allow the members of the diplomatic corps accredited to Victor Emmanuel, to present their respects to him on the occasion. But he could not be moved from his determination to ignore their very existence. Even as private individuals, they, being excommunicated persons, may not enter his presence.

A terrible marine disaster occurred in the English Channel on the night of Jan. 22d. The emigrant ship Northfleet, bound from London for Australia, with 412

passengers exclusive of her crew, was run into at midnight while lying at anchor near Dungeness lighthouse, by a foreign vessel, supposed to be the Spanish steamship Murillo, bound for Lisbon, and was cut to the water's edge. Only 97 persons of the whole company are reported as saved. The steamer that ran into the Northfleet, paid no attention to the emigrant vessel after the collision, and proceeded on her course, leaving the sufferers to their fate. £100 have been offered by the London Board of Trade for her discovery, and preliminary means have been taken by the English government for a thorough investigation of the affair.

A STORY FOR 'GENE.

VIRGIE, just look at 'Gene; he's a very little bit of a bantam-legged fellow, but wonderfully boisterous. Why, he can roar like a bull of Bashan. You go and ask him to come here, and I will tell you and him a story that will suit his humor.

Well, there was once a little man who started on a long journey, and had not traveled far before he met a big man. Now this little man of whom I am speaking was a *very* little man; and and the big man was a *very* big man. So the big man asked the little man where he was going.

"I am going," said the little man, pointing his finger, "through that big forest to the town of Digby."

"Why, my dear sir," said the big man (for he had compassion on the little man), "you must not go through that forest alone, for there are robbers in it. They will rob you and perhaps take your life!"

"I *must* go through that forest this very day;" blustered the little man; "and now my ample friend I will tell you what I am thinking. It occurs to me that you are just the man to go along with me. So come along, eh?"

"Dear me," exclaimed the big man, "what can you and I do against a gang of robbers? We shall only lose our lives like dogs, and never be heard of more. So let me persuade you, my atom of a friend, not to go. Do, now."

"You cannot," said the little man; "I must go, and what is more, if you will not go with me I will go alone, and if I am killed you will know what has become of me."

"O, dear me, now," sighed the big man, whose soul was as great as his body, "if you will not, *positively* will not be persuaded, why, I certainly must go along and try to protect you; though we both perish. So have with you."

"Well said, my liberal friend;" shouted the little man, "we will come out all right yet."

"But," asked the big man, "can you fight?"

"No," answered the little man, "I can't fight, but I can talk big."

"So I perceive," said the big man, "but I think I should rather rely upon a big cane than big talk in a country infested with robbers."

"Very well," said the little man, "every man to his trade."

The big man said no more; but as he betook himself to his journey an expression of determination gradually overspread his face which betokened him a brave man. While on the other hand the little man whistled and bustled along, talking a great deal about not much of anything. Do you see the point, 'Gene?

'Gene.—What point, sir?

Why, don't you talk a great deal about not much of anything?

'Gene (bashfully).—I guess so.

Thus the travelers went on until they came to the borders of the forest, when the big man told the little man to walk close behind him. "I will," said the little man. And still they traveled on and on. But before they reached the middle of the forest the day was far spent, and the forest began to be overshadowed with that peculiar gloom which the waning day always imparts to it. Do you understand that, 'Gene?

'Gene.—No sir.

Virgie.—I do; it means that they were afraid because it almost began to grow dark a little.

That's it, Virgie. So they pushed on faster, hoping to get out of the forest before darkness came upon them; but just when they came to the thickest part of the woods five robbers sprang out of the thicket in front of them and demanded "their money or their lives." The situation was now desperate; no time to be lost. So the big man as quick as thought, wielded his heavy cane with such mighty force that he knocked down the two foremost robbers at one blow. Now 'Gene, what do you think the little man did? Why he just jumped right up in the air as high as he possibly could, and roared at the very top of his voice,

"*What! not but two at one blow? Give me the cane!*"

You can easily imagine that the other three robbers did not wait for him to get hold of the cane, but took to their heels and to the forest, and ran so fast and so far that they were never heard of more, and the travelers finished their journey in peace.

So you see 'Gene, after all, the big man with the cane only vanquished two, while the little man with big talk vanquished three. J. P. H.

LIFE'S QUESTION.

Out from life's shore we launch upon the sea,
Bright are the skies and soft the breezes blow,
Peaceful are the waves that roll beneath our lee,
While far o'er the waters hope beckons us to go.

Sweet are the days, the sun shines ever clear,
Golden are the visions of all that is to come,
Rich is the life that fills our hearts with cheer,
Many are the scenes in which we yet may roam.

But where lies the land for which the helm is set?
Where is the port in which to anchor cast?
Shall we drift with the tide and the storm's wild fret?
Or seek a harbor safe in which to ride at last?

T. L. P.

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ADMISSIONS.

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

THE LOWEST PLACE.

BY HARRIET MC EWEN KIMBALL.

Not that I may be chiefest, Lord,
But that I may obey
More closely Thy most sweet commands,
Teach me to serve, I pray.

Not that I may be honored more
Who am indeed the least,
I would the lowest place like one
Grace-bidden to the feast.

But that Thy smile, my blessed Lord,
Might reach that lowest place,
And show me, though the last and least,
The fulness of that grace.

[*Christian Union.*

GOD IN ALL THINGS.

Home-Talk by J. H. N.

WHEN we speak of special providences, let us see that we get the right meaning of that word *special*. It should not mean that God's management of things around us is peculiar, or that he affects and arranges affairs here and there in a special way, while other things are regarded as under the control of material laws. We *discover* God's providences in a way that is special to us, because we are able to read them only in that special way. We see the hand of God in certain events, and our recognition of those events requires faith. We may properly call them special providences, because they are recognized by us in a special way, different from other events that we do not understand. But I suppose the truth is, not a sparrow falls to the ground without his care and all the hairs of our head are numbered; and so, whether we understand things or not, God's providence is over and around us always and everywhere. In that sense it is not special, but general and universal.

If we believe in this general principle that nothing happens without God's intention, this faith, whether we understand things or not, will make us feel respectful toward whatever occurs. If you watch your experience, probably you will find that you are thankful for some things that happen to you, and perhaps a little cross about other things. I think you will find that to be a wrong way of receiving events. Paul says, "In every thing give thanks." The next time any thing happens that tempts you to feel cross, why not bethink yourself of this principle, and ask whether it is not God that is approaching you behind the disagreeable event; and if it is, be respectful, whether you understand or not. If it is God that is approaching you, be sure it is for some good, and that you had better yield him your attention and not quarrel with him.

I think if we had faith enough we should meet all events that come to us as we would meet God, respectfully, cheerfully and thankfully, instead of feeling cross, and thinking we are hardly dealt with. If it is true, that God arranges all things, then it is perfectly certain that there is a sense in which all things are good; and there is a sense in which we ought to be thankful for all things and meet them with cheerfulness and respect.

The particular fault that I am criticising exists, I should say, in all cases where persons allow themselves to get cross and are worried and fretted by things that happen to them. There may be a place for resistance and severe criticism in dealing with persons. There may be, under certain circumstances, cause for strenuous contention with events around us. God's inspiration may set us to work in a certain direction, and then his providence may present persons and things in opposition to us, that require to be resisted with contention and severity. Even here his inspiration and providence are not inconsistent. If he brings to us a person that is in a bad state and needs criticism, and on the other side gives us an inspiration to criticise sharply, then the inspiration and providence match each other. But this is a very different thing from being cross. The trouble is, when a person approaches us in a bad, provoking spirit, instead of our having wisdom to deal with the case as God does, we are tempted to feel cross and think ourselves hardly used, and so grumble.

For my part I am going to take all things as coming from God, and feel respectful toward them, let them come in what shape they may. "*Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him.*"

THE LOGIC OF CRITICISM.

WHEN inquirers are informed that we rely upon "mutual criticism" as one of the principal means of internal government, it is probable that they get but a very imperfect idea of what this mutual criticism really is. They no doubt think it a very singular instrument for effecting so important a result. We can imagine them saying to themselves: "*Criticism!* If that will make people harmonious, what a beautiful, orderly state of society we outsiders ought to have! Why our atmosphere is as full of criticism as a summer evening of insects, and unhappily much of it is of the stinging, biting, kind, which one instinctively endeavors to flee from. I would as soon think of making my bed in a room full of wasps and mosquitoes as to live in a free-criticism society." In substance such remarks as the above are sometimes made by people who visit us.

It does not surprise us that criticism is not received with enthusiasm on its first presentation, for we ourselves did not altogether un-

derstand it or enjoy it at first. Like children learning to be washed, we submitted with as good a grace as we could; but when the ordinance was followed by a new sense of interior cleanliness, justification, and peace with God and man, then we began to be enthusiastic about criticism. Criticism is in fact a washing applied to the inner man.

Ah, me! At this phrase "interior cleanliness" what a prospect arises before us of hopes realized, a world redeemed, the Millennium a reality! How beautiful is purity! How we love it! How we long to stand before the "throne clothed in white!" A pure heart—how priceless! Is it possible to

"Cleanse the stuffed bosom of that perilous stuff
Which weighs upon the heart?"

How many hearts respond to this secret inquiry! Here is a passion in poor human nature which, like the rock at the foot of the mountain, shows its divine origin, and the hight from which it has fallen.

It is related that God said of David, "I have found a man after *mine own heart.*" In the light of this remark David's character has a peculiar interest. His history reveals him a man of strong passions. He was mighty in war, strong in friendship and a great lover of women; but his deep, central passion was love of righteousness and internal purity. "Cleanse thou me from secret faults. Behold thou desirest truth in the inward parts. Purge me with hyssop and I shall be clean, wash me and I shall be whiter than snow. Create in me a clean heart, O, God, renew a right spirit within me."

Love of interior purity is a passion as distinct as the love of food, but it has so long been trodden under foot, and buried under the condemnation of the devil that its existence is made of no account. Love of interior cleanliness, purity, righteousness, is really the deep, central, king-passion, and we have learned to rely upon it as the citadel that governs the whole man. Men are governed by the passions and affections of the heart, not by the thoughts of the head, and if, as we believe, criticism is an ordinance which tends to develope and strengthen the central passion—love of the truth—those who honestly consider the matter will see that mutual criticism is one of the most potent means of government.

E. H. H.

PROVIDENCES.

I DELIGHT to look back at the providences of my past life and note how time after time God has arranged circumstances in a way to make them work for my good. Of the many pleasant providences that I thus remember, there is one that my mind often dwells on till my heart is filled with rejoicing, praise and thanksgiving; that is, the state of mind I was in when I first became acquainted with the truth about Salvation from Sin.

I had associated a good deal with religious people; I liked their society and liked to hear them tell their experiences. How often I wished I had something to tell! I had a class in a Sabbath-school, and while endeavoring to explain the words of Christ to the little ones in order to make it clear to them that Christ died for them and that they must pray to him as their Savior I often cried out in my own heart in bitterness of soul: "I know nothing of what I am trying to teach these children."

I recollect having some talk with the Sabbath-school superintendent. I told him that I was not a member of any church—not even a professor of religion—and I felt condemned for trying to teach the way of salvation to others when I was not saved myself. "O," said he, "such scruples as these are to me a sign that you are a Christian. You like to go to church; you like people that are religious; you like to read the Bible;" etc.

But this did not satisfy me. I felt that in the sight of God I was a sinner, and I feared I should die and go to hell. Often when I was out of health I would lie awake at night in an agony of spirit, fearing to go to sleep lest I should awake in the other world, a companion of lost spirits—my destiny fixed for all eternity. The words, "Lost, lost, lost," often rung in my ears. Once my mother came into my room after I had retired for the night and inquired into my symptoms and if I suffered any acute pain. After she left the room I sobbed out, "The pains of hell are worse than my disease."

While in this frame of mind, a good providence so arranged my circumstances that I should be thrown into the company of some earnest souls who had not only found salvation themselves, but knew how to point out the way to others. They told me that Christ came into the world to save sinners and that he had accomplished his mission; that I must *believe* this and believe he had saved *me*. "Christ has come into all hearts," said they. "Confess him in you a perfect Savior, and his life and light will well up in your heart and fill you with peace and happiness. Make a full surrender of your whole being to God and believe that Christ died for you and has saved you from sin and condemnation." They gave me Mr. Noyes's article on Salvation from Sin to read.

I need not describe here the conflict, and what seemed to me the life-and-death struggle which took place in my heart; how the tempter labored to direct my mind from the truth and to keep me from believing the plain words of divine revelation, "Thou shalt call his name Jesus for he shall save his people from their sins;" how I opened my Bible and read: "He that confesseth me before men, him will I confess before my Father and his holy angels;" and how at last, strength and faith were given me to confess Christ in me a Savior from all sin—and the ineffable gladness and rest that immediately filled my soul. It is sufficient to say that whenever I turn my mind's eye toward that time I am impressed with the fact that God planned it so that I should have the truth presented to me at just the time when I was under condemnation for sin and striving to do right in my own strength. I was hungry and thirsting after righteousness and the blessing promised to such was not withheld.

T. M. S.

From the Independent.

REVIVAL MEMORIES.

BY PRES. CHARLES G. FINNEY.

Some time since I briefly noticed in the *Independent* a revival that occurred in Antwerp, Jefferson County, N. Y. During that revival it was reported that some "roughs" in Governeur, a town twelve miles north of Antwerp, threatened to come down and break up our meetings. I thought no more of the report; and when I concluded my labors in Antwerp I went to Brownville, to the west of Antwerp some thirty or forty miles. I had never been in Governeur, and knew nothing of the state of society there, except what I inferred from the report just mentioned, and the report had passed completely out of my mind. I had not, to my recollection, so much as thought of Governeur since I left Antwerp, until about mid-winter, while at Brownville. One day, while engaged in secret prayer, the Spirit of God made it plain to me that I must go to Governeur and preach the Gospel. It took me by surprise, as I had not mentioned or so much as thought of Governeur while engaged in prayer. But the Divine showing was clear and irresistible. I must go to Governeur. Nothing was said or revealed in regard to the time when I was to go. Soon after this I was introduced to a member of the Congregational church of Governeur, who was at Brownville on business. I told him that the Lord had bidden me to go to Governeur to preach the Gospel, and inquired as to the state of religion there. He appeared incredulous and confused; but from him I learned that there were two churches (a Baptist and a Congregational, or it may have been a Presbyterian church) there, and that the latter church had no pastor, that the state of society was highly irreligious, and that the churches were asleep. I thought no more upon this subject for some months. I had left Brownville, and was commencing labors in the neighborhood of Le Roy-ville, when, of a sudden, the Lord bade me, in a very urgent manner, to go to Governeur, as I understood, immediately. I had two or three appointments to fulfill in the place where I then was; and, as Rev. Daniel Nash had just joined me, I requested him to go to Governeur, survey the ground, leave an appointment for me to preach there, and come back and report. He went; and returned, saying that he found some conviction on the minds of some professors of religion, but, on the whole, the state of religion was very discouraging. At my request, he returned immediately to Governeur, to attend a meeting of the church to prepare for my coming. Two or three days later I followed him, and arrived in the village an entire stranger, just as the meeting was about to be dismissed. I rode directly to the church, and entered just as Brother Nash had risen to dismiss the meeting. He saw me come in, and paused. I went directly to him; and he took me right in his arms, and then turned and introduced me to the church. I preached that evening. The house was full, and the Spirit and power of God were present. The next morning I found the village excited. I sallied forth to converse with whomsoever I should meet. In passing a tailor-shop, I observed a number of persons within, and heard them conversing about the sermon of the night before. I stepped in, and found myself in the midst of a company of Universalists, headed by a Dr. Spencer, a hotel-keeper of the village. I proposed to discuss the question of Universalism with the Doctor; and after settling the preliminaries, the discussion commenced. The Doctor's friends rallied around him, and evidently anticipated a triumph. They soon saw their mistake, and went out, one by one, leaving their leader to get out of the difficulty as best he could. I followed him up till he subsided. His wife was a member of the church. Before night I learned that he went home so much agitated that his wife inquired what was the matter. He at first made no reply; but she said, "Doctor, have you not seen Mr. Finney?" He burst into tears and replied: "Yes, and he has turned my weapons upon my own head." He soon after obtained a hope in Christ. God was perfectly faithful in fulfilling the promise to pour out his Spirit, as he had assured me that he would. A revival commenced immediately, and went forward with great power. We held meetings, either for preaching or prayer or inquiry, nearly every day. Prominent in the

village was a gentleman merchant, by the name of Hervey D. Smith. He was a gentleman of much more than ordinary culture. He was living with a second wife, who was the daughter of an Old School Presbyterian minister. His first wife also was a daughter of a minister of the same school. His father-in-law, together with his other Christian friends, had taken the utmost pains to win him to Christianity; but it had resulted in confirmed Deism. He was a reader, and familiar with such Christian literature as was found in the libraries of his fathers-in-law. He was an amiable gentleman, a good husband, and a good influential citizen. His wife was a lady of uncommon culture and refinement and exceedingly anxious to have her husband converted to Christ. I had been there but a few days when she called on me, requesting me to see her husband, informing me who and what he was. I appointed an hour to see him. When I called, he at first declined to see me, saying it would do no good; that he had spent time enough in conversing with ministers upon the subject—he was familiar with all the arguments in favor of Christianity, and was unwilling to give any more time to the consideration of the question. But, as his wife entreated with tears, he consented. * * * * * [After a long controversial talk] he began to be subdued, and said mildly: "Please to tell me, then, what you do believe." I shall not soon forget the look and tone with which he said this, as he drew his chair close up in front of me. * * * * When I explained the nature and necessity of the atonement, and that it was made for all mankind, that salvation was free to all, it completely overcame him. The blood rose to his face, which became scarlet red; and, covering his face with his hands, he burst into a flood of tears and broke completely down. While he wept profusely and held his face down almost between his knees, I rose and abruptly left the room. Shortly after the bell tolled for a church prayer-meeting. I had hardly commenced the meeting when Mr. Smith and his wife came in. The people looked with surprise to see Mr. Smith in a prayer-meeting. I took up most of the time in remarks intended to enlighten him, and held up Jesus. He looked at me with an intensity which seemed to say: "It is all new to me." Before the meeting closed his face was all in a glow. As his wife informed me, he had been particularly bitter against the doctrine of endless punishment, as being supremely unjust. In walking home from the meeting, he said to his wife: "What has become of all my infidelity? It is all gone! All my arguments in support of it now seem to me to be of no weight. I wonder that I ever could have rested in them. I have entirely misunderstood the government of God. I appear to myself like a man who has been called to pass judgment upon some magnificent temple or piece of architecture, who as soon as he came in view of one corner of it turned away and condemned the whole of it with disgust. I have done God the greatest injustice, and if ever a man deserved eternal damnation I am that man." He immediately came squarely out for Christ. entered into the work of revival with all his heart, and soon after united with the church.

[Mr. Finney afterward gives the following account of the progress of the same revival:]

Father Nash (as he was called) was still with me, and we saw that nothing but strong faith could ride out the storm of opposition. Emboldened by the state of things, a band of young men in the place bound themselves together in a pledge not to be converted. Understanding, as we did, that there was no help for this state of things but by a direct appeal to God, and seeing that the faith of the church was unequal to the emergency, Father Nash and I retired to a grove at some distance from the village, and there gave ourselves up to mighty wrestling in prayer with God for the continuance of the work. Father Nash had become one of the mightiest men in prayer that I then had known. The Holy Spirit gave us hold of the promise "Where any two of you shall agree," etc. We wrestled for some hours, until we prevailed, and came from our place of prayer with the assurance that the work would go on, and that no opposition should prevail against it. The meetings had not fallen off in numbers during the suspension of conversions, but were still crowded and intensely solemn. I did the preaching, and Father Nash gave himself wholly to prayer and personal conversation. The next Sabath after this triumph in prayer I had, as usual, preached morning and afternoon; and at five o'clock we had a general prayer-meeting in the church. The young men who had banded together to resist the revival were among the most influential in the place; and, joining their influence to that of opposing professors of religion, had arrested the work of conversion. The house was full, and we observed that numbers of those young men were present. The meeting was awfully solemn, and toward the close Father Nash rose and made a short address. From the first he spoke like a man inspired, and made a profound impression. After addressing the congregation in general for a short time, he turned and addressed those young men in a very pointed manner. He told them what they were doing, and with the utmost solemnity besought them to abandon their position. He denounced the wickedness of their conduct in unsparing language, and assured them that, "though the wicked join hand in hand, they shall not go unpunished." He went on in a strain of alternate indignation and compassion, till he wound up by saying: "Now, young men, mark what I say. In less than one week the Lord will break your ranks. He'll either convert some of you or send you to Hell in less than one week, as sure as the Lord is my God." With the last word he brought his hand down with full strength upon the top of the pew by which he stood. The words and blow together had well nigh caused an explosion in the congregation. It was as much as their nerves could bear. He seemed to speak with the authority of an inspiration from God; and never in my life, I think, have I seen a more profound impression produced by any sentence uttered by human lips. The shock was electrical. The Holy Ghost was in it. Father Nash sat instantly down, bowed his head, and groaned aloud with pain. But he had committed himself, and in some sense the cause of God, by asserting that in less than one week some of those young men would either be converted or sent to Hell. I shuddered, and feared that he had gone too far. I had not risen to the hight of his inspiration, and I thought he was imprudent. I thought of rising to modify what he had said; but I feared to do so. I let it pass, and immediately dismissed the meeting, as I had to preach again in the evening. I then expressed my fears to Father Nash; to which he smilingly replied, "We shall see." Early on the next Tuesday morning the leader of those young men called on me. He was overwhelmed with conviction; and, after a few words of conversation and prayer, he broke thoroughly down, and made full confession of his awful guilt. He seemed completely subdued, and inquired with the deepest humility, what I advised him to do. I advised him to visit this whole circle of young men, confess to them, and beseech them to be reconciled to God. The Holy Ghost seemed to lay the burden of their souls upon him, and he went out from my presence borne down with the weight of his commission. Before the week closed, as nearly as I can remember, almost every one of those young men had hopefully submitted to God.

HOME-TALK BY J. H. N. ON THE ABOVE.

President Finney, in the preceding sketch of "Revival Memories," does not hesitate at all to say that "the Lord told him to go to Governeur" and repeated the command "in a very urgent manner." He does not mention it as a mere impression or instinct; he says it was plain to him—"clear and irresistible"—so that he felt free to declare at the time that "the Lord had bidden him to go to Governeur to preach the Gospel." It is probable that President Finney is now entirely out of that line of experience, and that the *Independent*, which approvingly publishes Mr. Finney's "Memories" under the heading "Our Pastoral Sketches," might ignore the principles involved, and regard as foolish and fanatical such experience when related by a less distinguished man than Mr. Finney; but it is none the less important that such experience should be carefully studied, and that its value and bearing should be determined.

In the first place, it is to be remarked that what the so-called Orthodox people term "fanatics" all over the world—the Spiritualists, the Shakers, Mormons, etc.—use language identical with that which Mr. Finney uses in describing old revival experiences. They are continually affirming that the Lord tells them to do thus and so. And this language, whether used by the Oberlin President or by a veritable fanatic, involves the idea of direct communication with the living God—that inspiration and manifestations of miraculous power are as appropriate now as they were in old Bible times. No essential difference can be discovered between God's telling Mr. Finney forty years ago to "go to Governeur to preach the Gospel" and his saying to Jonah, nearly three thousand years ago, "Arise, go to Nineveh, that great city, and cry against it." I do not say that God did tell Mr. Finney to go to Governeur, nor that God really talks to the so-called fanatics as they pretend; but I do say, that it will not answer for Mr. Finney to use such language, and for the *Independent* to publish it as sound, edifying pastoral truth, and at the same time oppose the doctrine of present inspiration and present miracles. The only position they can consistently take is, that it is possible that everybody, even the fanatics, may be inspired; but as all are manifestly not inspired by the same spirit, that the best we can do is to endeavor to discriminate between true and false inspiration.

In the second place, it is obvious that the language of Mr. Finney involves the fundamental principle of Theocracy. If the Lord really told him to go to Governeur he would have been justified in going there, though the Government of the State and of the United States forbade him; for he would have received orders from a power that is supreme and must be obeyed. In the particular case under consideration, the order was inoffensive; Mr. Finney was simply bid to go to Governeur and preach the Gospel—acts not in opposition to any State or National laws; but if God had a right to give him a specific order he had a right to give him any number of orders and to keep him under orders—to make him a sort of consul or embassador to this nation, with more authority than any representative of England, for instance, has in any foreign country. Once admit the possibility of a man's receiving orders from God in the manner described by Pres. Finney, and you cannot say where it will end, for God may choose to interest himself and give orders concerning the arrangements of society, including even State and National Governments; and this is what is meant by Theocracy—the right of God to control the affairs of this world.

Thus far we have simply discussed the matter abstractly: a personal view now occurs to me that may be worth mentioning. A powerful revival followed the labors of Mr. Finney and Father Nash; but it is to be noted that one special object for which Mr. Finney was sent to Governeur was to convert a man by the name of Hervey Smith. Now this man was connected with a family of Smiths who had removed thither not long previously from our village in Putney, Vt. Capt. Benjamin Smith, probably brother of the Hervey Smith that Mr. Finney speaks of, had been a merchant and leading man in Putney till about 1824. In fact, he built and lived in the house which, at his removal to Governeur, was purchased by my father and became the home of the Noyes family. He took with him to Governeur two nephews, Hervey and Henry Smith, who were known in Putney as rude fellows, and probably belonged to the band in Governeur who pledged themselves not to be converted, but afterward succumbed to Father Nash's desperate attack. These two young men after their conversion returned to Putney on a visit, while the revival was still going on at Governeur. I have an impression that they said that God told them to come there. They brought with them all the zeal of Mr. Finney and Father Nash and the audacious revival habits of those days. They would stop men anywhere in the streets to talk with them on religious subjects. They did not hesitate to ask strangers if they knew they "were on the road to hell!" The sensation produced by them was very profound and lasting; a great revival followed; and although I was not converted by their direct efforts, I have always known that their

course and spirit had great influence upon me both directly and indirectly; they were doubtless primary causes of my subsequent conversion. Those interested in tracing the connection of events might thus find a chain of special providences leading from the Governeur revival to the establishment of the Oneida Community. They might say the Lord sent Mr. Finney to Governeur for the special object of converting the Smith family; and then sent Hervey and Henry Smith to Putney to assure my conversion; and then told me to come here and found the Oneida Community; in which work, furthermore, I have had as co-laborers Daniel and Seymour Nash, sons of Father Nash of the "Revival Memories," for whom doubtless he constantly wrestled in prayer with the covenant-keeping God, and who have been as zealous for the progress of God's cause in the world as the "man of prayer" himself. In fact Daniel P. Nash, Father Nash's first-born son and the true heir of his "mighty faith," was a leading man in the first colony that joined Mr. Burt at Oneida in November, 1847, and commenced the Oneida Community some months before I joined it. He and I together laid the cellar-wall of our old Mansion House. He lived and died here, and his brother and descendants are with us to this day. Truly Mr. Finney and Father Nash were fighting for a far-off end in those old battles at Governeur and all through Central New York. The O. C. found its home almost on the very spot where they commenced their career. Vernon Center is only six miles east of us, and that is the place where the histories say the great Finney Revival commenced. Father Nash died at Verona, another village almost within sight of us. Pilgrims to the shrine of this devoted man, by stopping at the Community, may see his descendants of three generations, and may find among them guides that will take them to his grave.

ONEIDA CIRCULAR.

TIRZAH C. MILLER, EDITOR.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY, 10, 1873.

The only person who ever undertook to morally annihilate the O. C. by refusing "on principle" to sell goods to its agents, was Mr. Wm. E Dodge, Jr., of the firm of Phelps, Dodge & Co., New York city. That firm is now accused of fraud on the revenue to the extent of a million dollars.

It is noticeable that the "awful disclosures" of corruption that are going on in the political world, were preceded at no great distance of time by similar disclosures in the religious denomination which has most control over the Government. The affairs of the Methodist Book Concern were troubling the public a year or two ago, much in the same way as the affairs of the Credit Mobilier are now.

A few years ago, Bennett and Greeley were competing, neck and neck, in the newspaper world; and most persons of the moral and religious classes considered Greeley an angel and Bennett a devil. But somehow the ends of these two men, and what comes after them, do not indicate that Providence saw things exactly in that light. Greeley died in a mad-house, confessedly ruined by false ambition, leaving no son to take his place, and bequeathing a miserable lawsuit to his daughters. Bennett died with comfortable dignity, leav- his paper in the full tide of prosperity, and a son at the head of it, who has just achieved a feat of world-wide fame and almost regal magnificence, in his successful expedition for the discovery and relief of Livingstone in central Africa. The lessons to be learned from the histories of these remarkable rivals are abstruse and not half in sight yet.

SEX IN THE UNITED STATES.

ACCORDING to the census of 1870 there are 428,759 more males than females in the United States. In our native population there is an excess of 17,898 females. In the foreign population there is an excess of 446,657 males. In our white population there is an excess of 498,799 males. Of native whites there are 77,355 more males than females. Of foreign whites there are 391,446 more males than females. In the colored population there is an excess of 93,483 females. Of the 58,680 Chinese, only 4,574 are females. In Alabama there are 19,516 more females than males. Arizona has 4,116 more males than females—a great disproportion considering its limited population; every two men in three must either go without women, or enter into polyandry with the lucky third, or come East for a wife. This remark is still more applicable to some other Territories; in Montana only about one man in five can have a wife. Arkansas has 12,051 more males than females. California has an excess of 136,711 males. Colorado has an excess of 9,776 males. Connecticut has 6,914 more females than males. Dakota has males in excess 3,575. Delaware has only 241 more males than females. The District of Columbia has 7,316 more females than males. Florida has 1,348 more males than females. Georgia has an excess of 26,199 males. Idaho has an excess of 9,369 males in a population of 14,999. In Illinois the males exceed the females by 93,183; in Indiana by 35,351; in Iowa by 57,814; in Kansas by 40,049; in Kentucky by 10,339; while in the comparatively old State of Louisiana there is an excess of 2,585 females. In Maine there are 709 more females than males; in Maryland 10,926; in Massachusetts 49,793. In Michigan there is an excess of 51,431 males; in Minnesota an excess of 30,892 males. The females in Mississippi exceed the males by 1,080. Missouri has 71,399 more males than females. Montana has 3,824 females in a population of 20,595. There are 17,857 more males than females in Nebraska. There are 22,267 males in Nevada who cannot find wives if they stay there; let a few of them go to New Hampshire where there is an excess of 7,020 females; and some to New Jersey where there is an excess of 6,752 females. New Mexico has 2,396 more males than females; New York has an excess of 56,301 females; North Carolina an excess of 33,953 females; while Ohio has an excess of 9,840 males. Oregon has 15,339 males in excess of females. The State of Pennsylvania has 4,953 more females than males, while the little old State of Rhode Island has 7,841. South Carolina has a surplus of 17,802 females; Tennessee, 11,826. Texas has a surplus of 28,535 males. In spite of its polygamy Utah still has 1,456 more males than females. How is that Dr. Newman and Judge McKeon? To make all fair out there, there ought to be a little polyandry or something. Vermont has a small excess of males, 891. Virginia has a large excess of females, 31,047. Washington, 6,025 more males than females; West Virginia, 3,672; Wisconsin, 35,102; while Wyoming has only 1,899 females in a population of 9,118. It will be seen that the excess of males is in the new States and Territories, while the excess of females is in the old centers of population, New York, Massachusetts, Maryland, Virginia and North Carolina. Of the 428,759 males who cannot in the natural course of things be expected to get wives, let us hope that they will all be the least worthy and capable, and that by this process of natural selection by which the fittest survive and marry, the nation at large will slowly improve.

A. B.

COMMUNITY JOURNAL.

ONEIDA.

Thursday, Feb. 6.—This is the sixty-fourth day of good sleighing between O. C. and Willow Place. Although the snows have been frequent and heavy, the thaws have been timely; the last one saved us from the necessity of resorting to steam at the Willow Place works.

—Mr. Hinds, the keeper of our herbarium, says it has now 1,068 species and varieties of plants—flowering and Cryptogamous. These are mostly northern plants found east of the Mississippi and described in Gray's "Manual." Two or three peculiarly southern orders are represented, and all of the northern ones save ten or a dozen, of the smaller orders. Altogether we scarcely have a third of the flowering plants which grow in the United States east of the Mississippi. The orders best represented are Violaceæ, Liliaceæ, Orchidaceæ, and Filices. Of the fifty-six golden-rods growing east of the Mississippi, we have only twenty species and varieties. We should be glad to have them all. Mr. Charles Burt, who has been collecting trees and shrubs in Connecticut, during his studies at Yale, will soon add his specimens to our collection, making it much more complete in his department. A very considerable number of our specimens were sent us by a friendly botanist in Chicago. We hope soon to be in a condition to enlarge our herbarium by pleasant exchanges as well as by our own collections. Mr. H. says we already have duplicate specimens of about 300 species.

—Some of our folks are afraid that our readers will think the description of an evening meeting, given in last week's journal, is a specimen of the general character of our evening gatherings. Dear, dear! we wouldn't scandalize our religious audience for anything; but can't we secularize a little once in awhile as well as other folks? We thought we had said enough about our serious meetings to make it possible to give one of another character without shocking anybody very much. We believe in downright religion which changes character and enables the heart to fasten on God; but we don't think it is necessary to sit with folded hands and give all our time to "goody" talk.

—Here is a little poem which has found its way to the copy-box. It treats of home sentiments. Let it go into the Journal:

LITTLE THINGS.

Little deeds of kindness,
Little words of love,
Dropping here and there
Like snow-flakes from above.
Many a flake must fall
Before the earth is white;
They are so very small,
And lie so very light.
So with deeds of kindness,
One by one they fall,
Bringing many blessings,
Lifting many a soul.
Each kind word is mighty,
However small it be,
Making hearts grow lighter,
Helping unity.

L. B. S.

—The following comes from the Villa:

Scene, dining-room; family at breakfast. Waiter comes in bearing a new dish called German puffs. They are made of Indian meal, flour, eggs and milk stirred into a batter without shortening and baked in the gem-irons in a quick oven.

L. (looking at the bright, golden cakes)—"I suppose if you break one open you will find it full of holes."

S.—"Yes; but I am not aware that holes are an unhealthy diet."

D.—"But then they are not particularly nutricious."

E.—"I suppose they are healthy because they are *whole*some."

I.—"Nobody ought to object to holy food."

S.—"True; but the *whole sum* of the holes would not amount to much."

—What employment have women in the Community aside from the common domestic routine? An impromptu census, taken this morning, gives the following answer:

A woman superintends the spooling department in our silk works. Five women spend several hours each day in the family machine-shop, running lathes and learning the use of machinery. This is a new industry, and according to the testimony of H. H. S., a most fascinating one. She thinks she might have quite missed her vocation in life if she had not had this opportunity to become a machinist. One woman is teacher in the elementary school and three others instruct classes in music, writing and drawing. The CIRCULAR is edited by a woman. Another woman has charge of mailing the paper, keeps the subscription-book, and attends to the foreign correspondence connected with our publications. From three to four women are employed as compositors in the printing-office. Phonographic reporting is done by women. Making paper boxes for our silk manufacturers is a new home industry lately started. This gives employment to two women and several children. Still another home business is making trap-chains. It is carried on in a well warmed and lighted room in the basement. This is a business well adapted to women and children and promises to "draw" well. Two women are employed in ticketing and labeling silk-boxes. Two others have the entire business of putting up skein silk. They work in a pleasant west room in the same building (the Tontine), where are the printing-office and box-room. A number of women find pleasant and profitable employment in skeining silk. This is chiefly done in the upper and lower sitting-rooms. The financier and two book-keepers in the general business office are women, who take a large share of the duties and responsibilities connected with the accounts and money transactions of the Community.

—The following sentences were written in reply to a correspondent who proposes to make the O. C. a visit in company with his wife, but does not quite agree with us in respect to marriage:

"In your musings on marriage, have you ever thought that, with all the 'happiness, cheer and inspiration that cluster around it,' the homes which it creates are, at the best as ephemeral and uncertain as the life of man? Every one of them after a gay voyage of a few years, breaks in pieces and goes down! Perhaps the sorrows of the shipwreck are proportioned to the pleasures of the voyage. We are trying to build homes that will be *permanent* centers of 'happiness, cheer and inspiration.'

"Another thing: the homes that you are thinking of in your musings on marriage are New England homes. They are or have been (I know by experience) in many cases, blessed schools of love and happiness. But what makes them so? Is it marriage? I doubt: or rather, I am sure that what made my father's home a little semblance of heaven was religion. Are there any such homes as those of New England without New England religion? According to my observations, wherever there was a really sweet home there was a devout mother. How do you know after all but that the homes of New England are beautiful because they are little branches of the old New England church? I think we shall find that good religious experience is the center of good family experience. Let us praise religion then, instead of marriage: for the 'happiness, cheer and inspiration' that cluster about sweet homes, and let us trust that the revival spirit will carry forward religious experience till it will make such homes as there are in heaven, where there is no marriage."

WALLINGFORD.

—C. S. Joslyn lately gave us a very interesting lecture on Geography as known by the ancients, beginning near the time of Alexander and extending to the discovery of America. To illustrate the subject Mr. Joslyn referred to maps of which eleven of various sizes were hung near him. These maps were made by Mrs. H. A. Noyes, who spent several days on them, enlarging them from originals in Murray's Geography. Crude and curious ideas those old nations had, one of which was, that the river Nile ran under the Mediterranean Sea by some subterranean passage.

—Two tramps made their appearance at our kitchen door the other night, and asked for something to eat. Harriet Howard made ready two great dishes of milk toast and two big bowls of hot coffee. Taking that hospitable entertainment out to them, one, ungratefully kicking at the chair brought him, said they "needn't bring any chairs out for him," and marched off. The other tramp after eating what was given him said, "That other fellow said he didn't like *that stuff*, but I like it; it is good enough for the king. See, I have eaten it all. That other fellow don't *deserve* wittles; some folks don't deserve wittles, when they behave like that." He seemed so grateful for his fare that two great apples were given him on his departure.

Thursday, Jan. 30.—As Mr. Hamilton was looking out of the printing-office this forenoon he espied what seemed a duck hovering over the water below the dam. He thought of the rifle which Charles Joslyn keeps and at once ran into the composing-room to find the man and gun. Not finding him there he went into the press-room, and fearful of losing the bird, called "Come quick! come quick!" C. did come quickly, but the rifle was not loaded; still the bird remained, and in a few moments C. opened the window and fired, the duck falling immediately into the water. How to get it was the next question. Mr. H. and some of the young folks went out with poles, and they had quite an exciting time; about equal, Mr. H. said to some, of Stanley's adventures. The prize was finally gained, and a beautiful bird it was, the down on its breast looking like silver. It is the first game shot on the pond. Charles Burt took it to New Haven. It proves to be no duck at all, but a rare and valuable bird, a species of loon, called the Pied Billed Grebe. It is said to be very difficult to shoot, having often been known to dodge after seeing the flash of a gun.

Remarks at an Evening Meeting.

J. H. N.—Our experience at O. C. goes to show that when the system of mutual criticism shall be perfected, so that God can use it as a lively medium of his Spirit, Communities will be able to take care of themselves without special leaders, and revivals in the churches will propagate themselves and go right along, without any other special measures. Indeed it is not too much to say that the system of mutual criticism perfected will be the most effectual means of preaching the gospel and carrying salvation to the soul that the world has ever seen. I would say to any church that has no minister—If you want a revival, don't send for a preacher and start a protracted meeting; but organize yourselves into classes for mutual criticism; humble yourselves before God and before one another, by first confessing your own sins and then inviting, each from all, faithful sincerity in detecting your secret faults; in other words, wash yourselves in the spirit of truth, and *get your neighbors to help you;* and I will warrant you the best revival you ever saw or heard of. I believe that the perfecting of the system of mutual criticism is God's plan for the day of judgment. Those who love criticism need not fear that day. It will be as pleasant to them as the dawn of the morning. The revivals that shall come by sincere mutual criticism will be the day of judgment and the beginning of the millennium.

In the experience of the O. C. this winter the Community church is seen taking care of itself, and carrying on a revival, without preaching and almost without leaders of any kind. All that I did was to suggest the plan of devoting the week between Christmas and New Year's to a series of mutual criticisms. William Hinds took hold of the plan with enthusiasm, and by my advice, devoted himself to organizing the movement. His business was simply to receive applications for criticism, select the persons to serve on the criticising committees, and put up on the bulletin board each day a programme for the day following, showing who were to be criticised and who the criticisers, and the times and places of meeting. This was all the leading there was, and there was no preaching at all. The committees and the Community did the work. A wonderful interest was manifested from the beginning. There were as many as fifteen committees serving on some days, besides public criticisms in the evening meetings. The eagerness for heart-searching and truth-telling in those who received as well as those who administered, steadily increased, and at the close of the week many applications remained unsatisfied, and all were enthusiastic for continuing the work. The results were, the beginning of religious experience in some, the brightening of religious experience in others, and a substantial conversion of the whole Community.

One feature of the work at O. C. which was particularly interesting to me was the power of justification that went with the criticisms. Quite a number of persons who have been long regarded as hard cases of fixed character, offered themselves for *public* criticism, which is considered the severest ordeal of all; and I was surprised to see how many good things were said about them. With manifest love and sincerity one after another would acknowledge their improvement, till at last they would come out of the trial with an actual rise of reputation, and with new self-respect.

In such cases of long-standing unpopularity, improvement may have been going on for years unrecognized by those around them and perhaps unknown to themselves, till at last an occasion of open criticism summons their acquaintances to reflect, and specify observations on their character; then, behold! they are found to be better folks than anybody—even themselves—supposed! Thus, in cases of chronic self-condemnation, public criticism given in perfect sincerity may be—nay has been—the right hand of God to lift persons out of the slough of despond and put a new song in their mouths. This is what I mean when I say that the system of mutual criticism perfected will be the best preaching of the gospel, carrying salvation to the soul.

REMOVING BOILER INCRUSTATION.

THE VALUE OF SCIENTIFIC JOURNALS.

WE annually subscribe for half a dozen or more scientific journals, including the *American Journal of Science, American Chemist, Scientific American, Nature* and others of a similar character, costing us altogether perhaps $30 yearly for such reading. The *American Journal of Science* and the *American Chemist* are the two most thoroughly scientific in their treatment of subjects and are, in consequence, the most trustworthy, and—the least read. In fact, such ques-

tions as these are sometimes asked by members of the library committee when making out our list of periodicals for the coming year, "Who reads these journals? Do we take them merely for show, or are they of real practical value to us? Do we get any return from this investment which is filling our library shelves with books which are rarely opened by common folks?" Well, let us look into the matter and see if we *do* get any return which can be stated in dollars and cents; or, in other words, let us see if we can really estimate the cash value of our scientific journals.

To begin with, we will take the *American Chemist*. This journal costs us $5 per annum, and is read by a very few, not over half a dozen in all. Something more than a year ago our attention was called to an article in that paper, on the subject of boiler incrustations and the best method of removing and preventing the formation of scale in steam boilers. The writer was a practical chemist, and treated the whole subject on scientific principles, giving the result of actual tests and experiments.

Our ten years' experience with hard water had given us a taste of what we were to expect in future in the line of labor and expenditure, unless some remedy could be found which would effectually check the rapid destruction of our boilers from the deposits of lime. We were having no end of trouble from the leaking and burning of boiler-tubes, to say nothing of the increased amount of fuel used and dangers of explosion which are very much increased by incrustation. We at once ordered a quantity of the necessary material, tannate of soda, and began using it. It required some little time before we could discover any effect produced, owing to the very heavy deposit of hard scale with which our boilers were coated. But in the course of a month we observed that our boilers required less coal to keep up steam, and otherwise seemed to do their work without so much driving. Upon examination we found the tubes perfectly free from scale, and in as good working condition as when first put together.

Last June we started a new thirty horse-power, Densmore boiler. This boiler has been in constant use ever since, using nothing but the hardest kind of water. Having occasion lately to open it we found the tubes perfectly clean and free from scale of any kind. The inventor of the boiler, who was present at the time was much surprised at the result, and declared he had never seen anything like it before in all his experience in making and using boilers.

In regard to the amount of tannate necessary much depends upon the character of the water used. At the rate we are now using it the cost per annum is about $66 for three 30 H. P. boilers. But as we use considerably less during the summer when we can get more soft water and require less steam for heating, the annual outlay will not be much over $50.

Now how much do we save by the use of this agent?

In the two boilers at the house we use about $2,500 worth of coal per annum, reckoned at last year's prices, which were below the prices paid any previous year. As near as we can now estimate, the cost of coal used in the Densmore boiler is about $375 per annum. Now according to our best authorities on the subject of steam and economy of fuel, a deposit of scale one-sixteenth of an inch thick, will increase the amount of fuel required 15 per cent.; a deposit one-fourth of an inch thick, will increase the fuel 50 per cent.; a deposit one-half an inch thick, 150 per cent., and so on. From careful observation we feel warranted in assuming that by the use of tannate of soda in our Root and Phleger boilers, we save at least 20 per cent. in fuel; and in the Densmore boiler, which has to use very hard water, 25 per cent. This being allowed, it is plain that $2,500 is 80 per cent. of the amount of coal which we should have to use to produce the same results without the tannate. $2,500 as 80 per cent would be $3,125 as the cost of the coal required in these boilers with a scale less than an eighth of an inch thick. A saving of 20 per cent. would be equal to $625 in these two boilers.

In the Densmore boiler we have a present cost of $375 as 75 per cent. of the cost without the tannate; $375 as 75 per cent. would be $500 per annum as the cost of coal without removing the scale in the boiler. A saving of 25 per cent. would be $125 dollars.

Here then are our figures:

Saving in coal per annum in three boilers	$750
Cost of tannate of soda per annum at highest rates	66
Balance in favor of tannate of soda	$684

To make sure that we are within limits we will call the saving in the two boilers at the house 15 instead of 20 per cent.; and in the Densmore boiler 20 instead of 25 per cent. This would reduce our total amount saved to $492.

The subscription price of the *American Chemist* is $5 a year. The sum, then, which it has aided us in saving in one year, would renew our subscription for ninety-eight years, which is certainly as long as there is any probability of its remaining in the hands of its present editors.

In this calculation we leave out of account the increased wear and tear of the boilers, from the presence of lime-scale. We have at present no means of estimating the saving in this respect, but any one at all familiar with the effect of hard water on boilers, will readily admit the great practical value of this discovery. G. E. C.

FROM OUR YALE STUDENTS.

IV.

The Dog-Tape-worm---Its Development---Effects and Remedies.

THE *tænia echinoccus*, or, as it is commonly called, the echinoccus is the only parasite of the dog which is dangerous to man. To get a clear idea of its life and development we will begin our observation of it where it most frequently presents itself. This is in the form of tumors both in sheep, pigs, horses, cattle and man. These tumors occur in various forms and sizes; some are simple, others are made up of an aggregation of small tumors. In their simplest form or when young these tumors contain a roundish cyst or membranous sac enclosing a watery fluid. More frequently the cysts become compound by a process of budding, either upon the outside or inside, or both without and within the membrane of the original cyst, so that its size goes on increasing indefinitely until it sometimes becomes as large as a child's head. If the membrane of one of the cysts be examined when fresh with a microscope there will be seen attached to it by means of slender stalks numbers of small oval or rounded heads looking something like fruit on a miniature plant. These heads line the membrane both internally and externally, and by a process of budding develop new cysts which in their turn produce buds. Each of the oval heads is a hollow sac, which contains the real head of the young tape-worm. As long as these cysts remain in a living animal new heads are constantly forming, so that if the animal or man live long enough to develop a large tumor, it will finally contain many thousands of these minute tape-worm heads.

If at any time a dog eat any part of an animal containing such tumors, and swallow either the cyst or the detached heads, the enclosing membrane will be digested and the heads liberated. These soon fasten themselves by means of small hooks to the living membrane of the intestine, and there attain their full size which is only about one eighth of an inch. Unlike the beef and pork tape-worm which become long with hundreds of joints, this has but three joints when mature. The last joint which is much the largest contains both male and female organs, and is capable of self impregnation. After this has matured and discharged its eggs the next two develop and discharge their eggs in like manner. A dog in this condition is constantly discharging and scattering thousands and millions of the extremely minute eggs of this worm wherever he goes. They are scattered among the grass in the fields and pastures; they get into the water of brooks and springs; they are liable to adhere to fruit which has fallen, or to lettuce and other garden vegetables.

These eggs when taken into the stomach of an animal or a man are acted upon by the gastric juice, and immediately hatch. The embryo is a very minute worm, different from the parent, and provided with hooks by means of which it bores its way through the lining of the intestines into the blood vessels, and entering the circulation is carried to all parts of the body where it develops into the peculiar cysts and tumors which I have described. Dr. Cobbold has calculated the number of progeny that might proceed from one egg during a generative cycle, and it amounts to the enormous sum of one hundred and fifty billions!

These tumors, as before remarked, occur in various organs of the body. When lodged in the brain they are most dangerous, soon causing insanity and death by their rapid growth. When they occur in the lungs and liver they often prove fatal. When the lodgment is in the vesicles or near the exterior of the body they may be removed by a surgical operation. When in the internal organs there is generally no remedy. The true nature of the diseases caused by this parasite is seldom known until after the death of the patient, when a microscopic examination reveals the truth.

The means of preventing the spread of these parasites are simple although not easy of application in all cases. Prof. Verrill recommends the following plan:

The first and most important thing is to diminish the number of dogs to the lowest figure possible, and then to keep them at the minimum number; second, avoid as much as can be done the proximity of dogs and sheep; third, avoid feeding dogs with uncooked livers and other offal of sheep containing these parasites, or if given, let them be carefully examined; fourth, avoid too much familiarity with dogs, and especially do not allow children to play with them; fifth, be careful not to eat lettuce, fallen fruit or other raw food that has not been thoroughly washed, both on account of this and other parasites; sixth, avoid by all possible means the use of impure water or water liable to be contaminated by eggs of parasites and excretions of animals, both for household purposes and for the use of animals, for such water is not only liable to contain echinoccus eggs, but those of several other tape-worms, round-worms and many other parasites, and is of itself unhealthy and often the prolific cause of disease. If water from a good well or a well protected spring cannot be had, the water used should be carefully filtered and by preference through charcoal.

Although this subject is by no means exhausted I presume enough has been said to acquaint the readers of the CIRCULAR with the dangers which attend familiarity with animals. C. A. B.

The contract for the first five miles of the Gilbert elevated railway, which will reach from Chambers street to Central Park in New York city, was awarded on January 29th, to a Boston and New York iron firm. It is expected that work will begin in a few days, and be pushed with the utmost expedition, so that the line will be finished to Central Park and travel begun by the end

of summer. By December it is expected the road will be in complete working order to High Ridge, where cars will connect with it from all parts of the country. Local trains will run on this road at the rate of 30 miles an hour, at intervals of five minutes, and stopping at stations half a mile apart.

FISH-CULTURE IN THE UNITED STATES.

II.

THE SHAD.

IN the fish markets of Connecticut the shad in its season, has always stood at the head of the list in point of excellence and popularity. In the early colonial days its first appearance in the spring gladdened the hearts of the famished pioneers, and more than once averted a threatened famine. Scarcely one hundred years ago salmon and shad were sold for the same price per pound on the banks of the Connecticut with the proviso that every buyer should take ten salmon to one hundred shad. As population increased the supply did not keep pace with the demand, and of late years the shad has been a luxury unattainable by common people. But the experiments of Seth Green at Hadley Falls, will soon make this fish almost as cheap as the water it swims in. Mr. Green began his experiments on the first of July, 1867. After repeated failures he finally achieved a complete success, and in a few days hatched and turned into the river several millions of the young fry. In 1868 it was estimated that no less than 60,000,000 were hatched there.

Previous to these experiments but little was known in regard to the habits of this fish. Some old fishermen were firm in the belief that shad lived but one year, and nearly all, it is said, were obstinate in the notion that no effect of the hatching at Hadley Falls would ever be visible. Even the commissioners were so much in doubt about it that they did not continue their operations in 1869 In 1870 the question of the feasibility of propagating shad was decided in the affirmative. The Rev. Wm. Clift in the last issue of the *Phrenological Journal* says:

"On Sunday, the 22d of May, they appeared in the Sound in vast numbers. Captains of vessels reported immense shoals of them near the surface of the water, all making for the mouth of the Connecticut river. On Monday, the 23d, over 25,000 shad were taken from the ponds at and near Saybrook. The same day at Lewis-point 3,560 were taken at one time, seven times the usual catch. At Hadam 700 were taken at one haul; at Wethersfield 900 were taken during the day; at Holyoke dam 450 were taken between 4 and 5 o'clock; and at all other places on the river so far as heard from the catch was unusually large, and the fishing continued uncommonly good throughout the season.

"In 1871 the catch of shad was so great that the price fell from $18 to $10 per hundred and in the hight of the season they were even sold for $3 per hundred. In 1872 the increase of shad in the Connecticut was more marked and at the mouth of the river the dealers resorted to the long discontinued practice of salting them down."

The success of the enterprise was now demonstrated, and the fish commissioners again resumed their labors at Hadley Falls. 50,000,000 shad were hatched there in 1870; in 1871, 63,000,000; in 1872, 92,000,000.

The difference between the natural and artificial methods of hatching fish is almost too great to be appreciated except by those who give attention to the subject. A full-grown shad produces about 60,000 eggs. By the natural method not more than one in a thousand of these ever hatch; but by the artificial method ninety-nine per cent. are hatched and at an expense of only five dollars per million. In 1870 the fish commissioners began hatching shad on the Hudson. Large numbers have been taken from there to stock the western and southern rivers; ten thousand were even sent as far as California and there deposited in the waters of the Sacramento.

THE SALMON.

This fish has been introduced into some of our rivers, but in too small numbers as yet to justify any conclusions in regard to the result. Some interesting facts, however, have been learned in regard to its habits. It appears that about half of the young fry make their way to the sea in the fall. They are then about six months old and four or five inches in length. These return the next spring weighing from two to four pounds. The next fall they return to the sea again and come back the following spring weighing from six to ten pounds each. It is proposed to stock all the rivers north of the Hudson with this fish as soon as the spawn can be obtained in sufficient quantities. Heretofore it has been difficult to get salmon as we have but one river on our Atlantic coast where they are found. But arrangements have been made to obtain some from Canada and from Oregon. A few thousand were received from the latter place last fall, and a small lot also from Europe. After our rivers are once well stocked it will of course be easy to get any amount of spawn, and two or three hatching establishments would keep them well supplied at a trifling expense. The prospect before us then as a people is an abundant supply of cheap food; which means, better schools, more commodious, and substantial dwellings, and a higher civilization. B. B.

THE HOUSATONIC DAM AT BIRMINGHAM, CONN.

DEAR CIRCULAR:—Having occasion to visit Derby a few days since, we learned some particulars respecting the Housatonic Dam near that place, which may be of interest.

The Dam is situated a short distance above the confluence of the Housatonic and Naugatuck rivers, and exactly at the head of tide water in the former stream. It was built by a joint stock company organized for the purpose, with a capital of $600,000, called the Ousatonic Water Power Company. The company own the land for nearly a mile in length, on each side of the river, and furnish water-power, together with factory and dwelling sites to parties wishing the same. The fact that the Housatonic river is navigable up to this point renders the location a very desirable one to individuals or companies who wish to carry on a business involving the transportation of heavy and bulky material, as docks can be built so as to load and unload such material at the doors of the manufactory, being transported thence by water to New York, or any other part of the world.

The Dam is built of stone, is 870 feet long and 22 feet high. It curves up stream, forming the arc of a circle having a radius of 2,000 feet. The base is 20 feet thick, and the front slopes 2 1–2 inches per foot. The Dam, with its appurtenances, as headgates, locks, etc., contains 451,000 cubic feet of stone, and is founded on the solid rock. The pond formed by this dam is five miles in length, and covers one thousand acres.

The working force thus obtained is estimated at 2,500 horse-power, of which about one-fifth is already in use. The water is taken from the pond on the west side of the river by a canal extending along the bank and which can be prolonged for one and one-half miles. On this canal are now located a paper-mill, bolt works, two wood sawing and planing establishments, bleaching works, etc., and a thriving village has already sprung up around them.

The Water Power Company sell the factory sites, but rent the water, the amount being estimated at a given number of cubic feet per second. Thus, what is called in technical language "a foot of water," brings a given price. This foot of water is the amount of water which will flow through a hole one foot square, with one foot head. Under any head, it amounts to about five cubic feet per second, and is estimated to yield an actual working force of ten horse-power after making all proper deductions for friction and waste caused by the machinery in its application.

Much difficulty was experienced in the construction of the dam, and it was twice partly swept away by freshets. It was completed however, on the 14th of October, 1870, and now forms one of the most valuable water-privileges in the country.

We are indebted to the courtesy of Mr. D. S. Brinsmade, Jr., the engineer in charge, for much of the foregoing information, as also for kind personal attention. Y. Z.

Wallingford, Conn., Jan. 27, 1873.

REVIVAL RECOLLECTIONS.

IV.

IT was announced on Saturday evening that Doctor Porter from Catskill, had come to our village to spend the Sabbath. The news was hailed with delight. The revival which had been in progress for several weeks had begun to decline, and the cause was apparent enough. A large number of the converts were young people under twenty years of age. The most influential young man in the place, who had formerly been considered a model of morality, was determined to resist the revival himself and to prevent others from coming under its influence. He had been made a special subject of prayer by the church; but he would cavil, and start skeptical queries, and at times appear almost beside himself. On Sabbath morning there was an inquiry meeting in the ball-room of the public house, and Oh! what a feeling of thankfulness came into our hearts when we saw this young man and his companions, in that meeting. Dr. Porter was present. He was a fine-looking, white-haired old gentleman, as vivacious and sprightly as a youth, and greatly beloved by all who became acquainted with him. He was dressed in the antique style, with short breeches, long stockings and knee-buckles. It was interesting to observe the wisdom, the efficiency, and wonderful adaptation of the Doctor's words to the condition of each individual. He saw the heavy burden this young man was carrying and that he was looking to him for help; but he passed him by without a word. That only increased his trouble for he thought he was forsaken by God and man; but before the day was over he found that Christ was ready to receive the repentant prodigal.

After the morning exercises in the pulpit, the Doctor took off his coat and commenced his sermon, as though he were determined to make a desperate onset to liberate captive souls, destined to a hopeless bondage. There was such a mingling of shrewdness, humor, poetic enthusiasm and spiritual power in those two sermons, that the excitement became intense. The work moved forward with great rapidity until I doubt whether there was an indifferent family in town. I love to think of the harmony and unity of feeling among the people during that summer. It was like the spirit which reigns in our Community home. But a controversy between the Old and New Schools crept in and was conducted in a manner which was far from Christ-like. The excitement ran so high that a paper was drawn up for all the Church members to sign showing on which side they stood. I knew there was much talk about "being eternally reprobated for the sin of Adam;" about "not doing what in all respects we were unable to do;" about

"being condemned for not believing in a Savior who died for only a part of us, and who had no more to do with us than he had to do with a fallen angel:" but these were meaningless words to my understanding, so when the paper was presented to me, I placed my name among the small minority of those who advocated the New School doctrines, because I thought they were the most spiritual.

A marked providence followed both the revivals I have described. Mr. Nettleton went from our place to Albany to contend with Mr. Finney against New Measures. He was afterward instrumental in producing some revivals at the South; but he was never blessed with another at the North where the New Measure revivals prevailed. Mr. Johnson went from our town to Ohio, and took the same position against Mr. Finney which Mr. Nettleton had done. His health failed immediately and he was obliged to leave the ministry, which is the last I have heard of him. C. B. B.

Mrs. Partington's last: Overhearing a young gentleman say that he had bought a very good piano for only $350, the good old lady exclaimed, "Three hundred and fifty dollars for a pianner! Why I sold a good bureau once myself for ten dollars!"

THE NEWS.

A Canadian Pacific Railroad Company has been organized.

Official census returns show that there are 269,000 slaves in Cuba.

Prof. Tyndall gives five hundred dollars to found a Tyndall prize in the Yale Scientific School.

Prof. G. F. Barker is delivering a course of lectures on the Spectroscope in Cooper Union Hall, New York.

Mark Twain lectured to a fifteen hundred dollar house in Hartford recently, and gave the entire receipts to the poor.

A boiler explosion on the 3d inst. at Syracuse, at Geddes rolling-mill, injured eight persons, and damaged property to the amount of $5,000.

M. F. Maury, formerly commander in the United Sates Navy and an author of some note, died at his home in Lexington, Va., Saturday, the 1st inst.

A dispatch from Calcutta says: "An earthquake has occurred at the city of Lehree in the Territory of Scinde, attended by heavy destruction of human life. The disaster overtook the city so suddenly and unexpectedly that no escape from the terrible doom was possible. It is estimated that upward of five hundred persons perished."

The testimony of Cabinet officers is favorable to the new system of appointment by competitive examinations. They concede that the Government is served with greater efficiency, and that the new appointees are as a rule more intelligent than their predecessors. An incidental advantage is the relief it affords officials from the ceaseless persecution of office-seekers.

A party of professional men to the number of two hundred assembled at Delmonico's on the 4th inst. to take part in a banquet given in honor of Professor Tyndall, who is about sailing for England. The most noticeable speeches of the occasion, and the happiest in point of manner and matter, were those of the president, Mr. Evarts, and the learned Professor himself, who made an eloquent plea in behalf of scientific research conducted out of love for abstract truth.

The Hartford *Courant* says: "Recently at the Polytechnic School in Paris, one of the professors, on inquiry, found that in each grade in the school the students who did not smoke outranked those who did smoke, and that the scholarship of the smokers steadily deteriorated as the smoking continued. On account of several trustworthy reports of such a nature, the minister of public instruction in France issued a circular to the directors of colleges and schools forbidding tobacco to students as injurious to physical and intellectual development."

A bill passed the House of Representatives on the 1st inst. providing that all contracts, vouchers, receipts and papers of every description, relating to the payment of money on Government account, shall be made public record and open to the inspection of any person during business hours. The importance of a law like this will be seen, when it is known that many of the Indian agents have not been in the habit of keeping any account of their transactions, and that a greater per centage of money appropriated for the Indians is stolen than is applied to its lawful use.

There seems to be a movement toward reform this winter on the part of our national legislators at Washington. The franking privilege will be extinct after the 1st of June next, and now a bill is before the House to abolish the mileage of members and pay only their actual traveling expenses. The highest amount of mileage drawn by a member is that of Delegate Garfield of Washington Territory, who receives seventeen hundred and eighty-five dollars: the lowest that of Mr. Merrich of Maryland, sixteen dollars. As the members from the Pacific coast have free passes over the Pacific Railroad, the payment seems doubly extravagant.

A terrible boiler explosion occurred at the American Iron Works, Pittsburg, on the 3d inst. A battery of four boilers went off with one deafening roar, killing seven men outright and wounding about a dozen more. The buildings were very badly damaged. The cause is as yet unknown. The engineer examined the boiler gages only a few moments before the explosion and found plenty of water. The boilers had been used five years. This establishment is the most extensive nail and spike factory in the country, covering an area of seven acres, and employing three thousand men. The nail makers were, fortunately, on a strike at the time or the loss of life would have been far greater.

An event which is likely to have great influence on the business interests of our country is the arrangement made by the Secretary of the Treasury with several of the most eminent banking houses of Europe and America for the sale of $300,000,000 U. S., five per cent. bonds, redeemable after the 1st of May, 1881, principal and interest payable in gold coin of the present standard. Foreign investors will be eager purchasers, for the reasons that the rate of interest is nearly double that received for a large part of all the securely invested capital in Europe, and also that the Messrs. Rothschild, who are large takers of the loan, have never failed to negotiate any security, to the introduction of which they were willing to lend the name of their great house.

"KNOWING."

I.

You say you know them, since they every day
Go glancing by with gentle, jesting speech;
But are you sure you any more than reach
Their outer crust; life's upper, coarser clay?

II.

You do not know where 'tis they find a balm
For all life's hurts, nor why they sweetly sleep;
You cannot read them rightly when they weep
Or tell their peace with God; their inmost calm.

III.

Is it then knowing all or any part
By one another just to brush and graze?
With touch of hand, and formal, courtly phrase?
Do these betray the deep things of the heart?

IV.

Nay, they are deeper far and precious more—
The heart's hid sorrows and the heart's hid mirth.
Then wisely hold all else as little worth,
And seek if you may find to these a door.

G.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

To P. R. M., Montreal, Ca.—You will find in our Hand-Book a brief sketch of our regulations, &c.

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THE UNITED COMMUNITIES.

ONEIDA COMMUNITY

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

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SPECIAL NOTICE.

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

ADMISSIONS.

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

TRUST.

Since thy Father's arm sustains thee,
Peaceful be;
When a chastening hand restrains thee,
It is he.
Know his love in full completeness,
Fills the measure of thy weakness;
If he wound thy spirit sore,
Trust him more.

Without murmur uncomplaining,
In his hand
Lay whatever things thou canst not
Understand.
Though the world thy folly spurneth,
From thy faith in pity turneth,
Peace thy inmost soul shall fill,
Lying still.
Like an infant, if thou thinkest,
Thou canst stand;
Childlike, proudly pushing back
The proffered hand;
Courage soon is changed to fear,
Strength doth feebleness appear.
In his love if thou abide,
He will guide.

Fearest sometimes that the Father
Hath forgot?
When the clouds around thee gather,
Doubt him not.
Always hath the daylight broken,
Always hath he comfort spoken;
Better hath he been for years
Than thy fears.
Therefore, whatso'er betideth,
Night or day,
Know his love for thee provideth
Good alway.
Crown of sorrow gladly take,
Grateful wear it for his sake,
Sweetly bending to his will.
Lying still.

To his own thy Savior giveth,
Daily strength.
To each troubled soul that liveth,
Peace at length.
Weakest lambs have largest share,
Of the tender Shepherd's care,
Ask him not the "When" or "How,"
Only bow.

[*Frankfort Herald.*

GOD'S BUILDING.

Home-Talk by J. H. N.

IT is good for us to inquire how large the Church is that we are connected with. I think of our Community and those that we have particular fellowship with in this visible world, as only the merest point of the great unit. Go back over the history of the world to Abraham's time, and you will find reason to believe that there were multitudes, perhaps millions, of men and women who believed and had more or less union with God. We know that when Christ came at last, and was perfected so that he was fitted to be the center of faith for the whole Church, then all those men and women in the other world were gathered to him.

Mr. Hamilton has compared the work of God to the building of our house. Well, it is certain the house was not built till the corner-stone was laid. You cannot begin to build a house at the top of the chimney and so work down; you must begin with the corner-stone and work upward. Therefore there was no house built till Christ came, for He was the corner-stone. Whatever was done before that, was in the way of preparing material; all of those who believed previous to that event were like loose timber and stone that were being gathered together and deposited where they would be handy. When Christ the corner-stone was ready, the building was put up and all this material was organized into a great unit. That is what was foretold as about to take place at the Second Coming. It was written, "Then shall he send his angels, and shall gather together his elect from the four winds, from the uttermost part of the earth to the uttermost part of heaven." We can see when that took place. The work commenced at Christ's resurrection. The corner-stone was then laid, and many of those who slept arose at that time, and the prophets and apostles in the visible world were from that time being gathered together and organized into a union that never was to be broken. It could be said from that time that there was a church, a building, and that the material did not lie round loose as before. This gathering was finished at the Second Coming and within the life-time of those who were living when Christ said that he would "send his angels, and gather his elect from the four winds, from one end of heaven to the other." The angels put together the timber that had been prepared and the stone that had been quarried in previous ages.

So much we know of that unit. We say we have connected ourselves with that Church, for we have found the same precious faith that they had. We recognize Christ as the soul and center of that unit, and as the beginning of unity for us.

Now we may go a little further. From the time of the Second Coming, when the connection with heaven was partly broken, there has been, nevertheless, what is called a Christian church in the world. And there can be no doubt that there have been millions of men and women in these eighteen hundred years who have believed in God and had something of the same faith that Abraham and the prophets had; but we find no evidence in Scripture or elsewhere that they were built into this first church, the great heavenly unit. On the contrary, it seems to me that God has been again preparing material during these eighteen hundred years and depositing it in preparation for another time of building.

Some years ago we put up the main part of our Mansion-house and made calculations that at a future time we would add a south wing. After we had once had our time of building we did not continue to add a little constantly year by year. On the contrary we waited several years, collecting funds and making preparation for the construction of the wing. When we found that the time had come and we had

the means and material ready, we joined another wing to this house. The time between these periods of building was one of preparation.

Now, I understand that the last eighteen hundred years have been a time of preparation, just as was the period before Christ came. And we are now coming down to the time when God is going to put on the other wing of the Church. At the first ingathering the last became first; we may therefore expect the same thing will happen now. Christ who was at the very end of the Jewish dispensation was made the head-center of all that had gone before. He said to his disciples, "Other men labored, and ye have entered into their labors. And herein is that saying true, One soweth and another reapeth." The patriarchs and prophets had sown, and the apostles reaped; the saints in all ages had labored, and the Primitive Church entered into their labors. Christ and the apostles and prophets of the Primitive Church, who were the last in the order of time, became the foundations of the final building. The twelve apostles were to sit on twelve thrones, judging the twelve tribes of Israel, that is, judging the whole church that had existed before them. I don't know why we should not expect that similar principles will govern in putting up the second wing; and if they do, the church that has the broadest faith *now* will be the foundation on which all the material that has accumulated during these last eighteen hundred years will be built up.

Now if you ask why the modern churches have not discovered these truths, you may as well go back and ask why the Jewish nation did not discover the true gospel before Christ came. The great building-time of the Jewish dispensation, you must remember, was in the last generation of that church. The last living generation was the highest and best, and the one that took precedence of all that went before; the one on which all preceding ages were built in the final organization. I don't know why that principle should not hold in the Gentile dispensation. If there was at the Second Coming an interruption of the connection between the heavens and the Gentile church, then I should expect that things would go on again in a course of imperfect development; that there would be a long time of preparing material; and that the final building would take place when God should have raised up a generation that would have faith enough to connect well with what he had built before. I should expect the last generation of the Gentile dispensation would be the foundation of the church built of Gentile material.

AN ORPHAN'S STORY.

SEVENTEEN years have not obliterated in the least the memory of an event which occurred to me when a child between three and four years old. My earliest recollection is that of hunger and bitter tears for food. My parents both died, I am told, before my first birthday, and a place was found for me and a twin brother among strangers in Eastern Virginia, how far from the place of our birth I do not know. Relatives, if I ever had any, never made themselves known to me. Indeed, so far as my memory serves me, my brother and I were treated as unfortunates who had no business in this world to add more misery to those already miserable. Those infant days of hunger and discomfort seem, in looking back to them, like so many ages. The people with whom we lived were so very poor that they were often unable to give us more than a cracker to live upon all day long, and many a time did I steal down cellar, when nearly famished, to nibble some tallow candles which I found there. Our sleeping accommodations were very rude, for we were obliged to make anything our couch which happened to be most available when we were overcome with sleep and weariness. The floor of the wretched apartments occupied by the family who had the burden of our orphanage was our usual bed, and I remember hearing folks say that the Poor-House was to be our future home.

One day—a day never to be forgotten—a deliverer came to our miserable abode in the form of a beautiful woman. To me she was more than beautiful; she was angelic. How I gazed at her comely features, her dark eyes and rosy cheeks, from a distant corner of the room! After talking a while with those who had charge of us, she bade my brother and me come to her. For the first time in my life did I experience the pleasure given by gentle words; and, while standing beside her, my little fingers found their way unchecked through an open corner of a package of crackers which lay in her lap. My hunger for once was appeased. To my childish feelings this was heaven on earth begun; my cup of happiness was full. But the good angel, in the mean time, was negotiating for my brother. His dark eyes and handsome features absorbed the larger share of her motherly sympathies. She had two daughters of her own and wanted a boy for a brother to them. But our mistress told the lady that if she took the boy the girl must go too. How anxiously did I watch that motherly face that I might read in it my fate! To all eternity shall I praise the God of heaven for the decision then made. Though Mrs. M—— did not really want me, she concluded to take us both and try us for six weeks.

To our new home we were soon conducted, and for the first time was I permitted to call any one "mother." It was not long before my brother, notwithstanding his good looks, proved so mischievous and ungovernable that he, instead of myself, was finally sent to the Poor-House, that dreary refuge for the outcasts of society. I therefore date my advent into this world from the day that the kind-hearted stranger came to the house where I was, with her package of crackers. Previous to that time my life was only that of a poorly-fed animal whose life was considered of no value whatever. But the acute memory of those days of infant destitution was soon dulled.

My new mother, and the only mother I ever knew, was a mother indeed, and no natural parent was ever loved more tenderly. By her teachings I became aware that I was something more than an animal. Another self, of which I had been ignorant, was awakened within me as I began to comprehend what she told me respecting my heart and mind. Among the first lessons she then taught me was the fact that Jesus Christ was in me a good spirit, and would protect me from the influences of bad spirits. When my passions were aroused, making me a naughty girl, my mother would say, "Now my dear, you are unhappy because a bad spirit has got hold of you. When children are willful and selfish, they are always unhappy. You must put away your playthings and sit down by me and think." She taught me to say, "I confess Christ in me a good spirit." Those simple words had a wonderful power to break the spell of willfulness, and I thus learned day by day to resist a bad spirit and to love a good one. As my young mind developed, I became much interested in the stories my mother read to me from the Bible; but even more was I delighted with accounts she related to me of a people with whom she had lived for a number of years, and would not have left had not her husband become discontented and compelled her and their two daughters to break the connection and accompany him to Virginia. One day I was thinking of the many stories my mother had told me about that interesting family, and the happy children who lived with them, and I said:

"Mother, if father had not brought you here what would have become of me?" She replied that God would have taken care of me in some other way. Then she added, "I think we shall sometime go back to the Community." This is the first time I remember hearing the name of that beautiful home. "And if we do," she continued, "I shall think that God sent us down here to take you there too."

Mother used to receive letters occasionally from her friends in the Community, and never shall I forget how she looked when reading them. Tears and smiles alternately covered her face as she read and re-read those letters; and I would hear her say to herself, as she was about her work, "Oh, how happy I am! How good God is to give me such kind, loving friends!"

At last father began to relent and confess to mother that he had done wrong in leaving the Community. He accordingly wrote to O. C. asking permission to return, for his family's sake, if not for his own. After a long time a letter came granting his request. Oh, the happiness and joy which now filled all hearts it is impossible for me to describe. My mother's face beamed with happiness from morning till night. Father had been troubled with some doubts whether he should be allowed to carry with him a child which was not his own. But the large-hearted Community bade me welcome also. Mother, indeed, said she had no doubt about the matter, for the providence of God had placed the orphan child under her protection and she knew that the same good providence guided the instincts of that upright people.

Having grown up in this Society where I am taught to love God and save my soul I often look back upon the providence which brought me here as a miraculous one and thank God again and again for my Community home.

EVA.

BACKWARD GLANCINGS.

XIV.

J. SPENT the summer of 1835 in New Haven. It was a season of great suffering and spiritual conflict. Weld had proved himself a "wolf in sheep's clothing," and Boyle had become cold and critical. The latter still edited the *Perfectionist*, but J.'s articles were tardily printed, and finally notice was given that no more were wanted. A final breach came on in the latter part of the summer, when Boyle declared "everlasting separation" from J. and his spiritual novelties, and J. said "Amen." One interesting and remarkable conversion to the doctrine of holiness occurred during this period of confusion —that of E. A. Stillman, a Baptist theological student. But Boyle's rejection of J. and his hostile influence on the other believers, now left him but little foothold in New Haven.

In September J. went to Milford, about ten miles from New Haven, and remained some time with Edward Lambert, a man he had met occasionally before; who, though not a professed Perfectionist, was a warm friend. Mr. Lambert had been editor of a paper in New Haven, and had a file of old subscription accounts. These J. took and traveled on foot through a large circle of towns in southern Connecticut, collecting what he could, preaching holiness as he had opportunity, and especially busying himself in reflection. Mr. Lambert was at that time engaged in writing a history of Milford, and J. spent several weeks in traversing the town, measuring the roads and other distances by pacing, taking their bearings by compass, and noting down the situation of houses, streams, etc., etc. He then constructed a tolerably accurate map of nearly the whole town which was afterward published in "Lambert's History of New Haven." In these employments his mind recovered from its late desolating experience and took a favorable turn. To quote his own words: "I saw that an independent, and for the present a solitary, course was laid out for me. I had an anticipative view of much of the way in which I have since been led. From this period I date the birth of many of the purposes which I am still pursuing."

The following letter, dated at Milford, indicates the changes going on in his mind, and gives glimpses of the direction of his after course. The reader will please bear in mind that it was written when he was twenty-four years old:

Milford, Conn., Sept. 9, 1835.

DEAR FRIENDS:—So far as I am concerned the work of strife is finished. The God of battles has given me the liberty for which I have long been contending. My independence is achieved. Earthly relations and friends can never again hold me in bondage. I am as free for God's service as if I had never known father or mother or brother or sister; and now I am ready to turn and bind up the wounds I have given in the conflict that is past. "The wisdom that cometh from above is FIRST PURE, *then peaceable;* not first peaceable and then pure. During my spiritual infancy I have been compelled to fight for purity: now I am strong enough to proclaim peace, and to *keep* the peace, whether my proclamation is heeded or not. "Charity *thinketh no evil*"—that charity is mine. I see nothing but *good* in the universe. All that is called evil, is good to one whose head is above the clouds. "Evil to him who evil thinks." "Charity vaunteth not *itself*." That charity is mine; and when I speak well of my own estate, you will understand that I magnify only the grace of God, by which alone I am what I am. God claims me as his own property, and I admit the equity of his claim. My body, soul and spirit, with all belonging to them, are his. I can never have good, nor greatness, nor glory, separately from him. As one with him, I glory; I cannot conceal his righteousness; I cannot assume a voluntary humility.

In giving an account of myself, if I do not gratify fully the curiosity expressed in your letter, I shall at least remove from your minds all just reasons for anxiety concerning me. My character has undergone a great change since I was with you, and indeed, within a few weeks. Larger views of truth as it *is in God*, have set me free from the necessity of contention. I can love all men in spite of themselves; and peace-making is my business. You will perhaps accuse me of fickleness. Let me say, before answering the charge, that to me accusation is but commendation. If a man accuse me of idleness, by implication he commends industry; and as I am conscious of possessing that good quality, I take to myself the implied commendation, and leave the expressed censure for those who deserve it. In like manner, if you charge me with fickleness, you thereby praise stability; and as I know myself to be immutable in obedience to the will of God, I thank you for your commendation. True it is that I have passed through many changes of external character within the last two years. Like a man climbing a mountain, as I have reached one hight after another, the prospect around me has widened—the coloring and local appearance of the scenery have changed; but my eye has still rested on the summit; my nerves have still been strung for the *ascent;* I have never taken a step backward, and never shall till I sit down with Christ on his Father's throne. I thank God for the varied scenery of my course; and I thank him for the immutability of its direction.

During the summer I have been studying theology in New Haven and the country round about—not with book or pen, but with all the energy of the intellect which God has given me. Severe suffering of body and mind was a necessary and salutary accompaniment of my studies, for which I give thanks. A complete separation from the sect of Perfectionists, has been one of the happiest results of my meditations; and I am now free from my *spiritual* as well as my natural relations.

I have learned that perfect self-possession stands first in the list of blessings which God gives his sons; and that self-knowledge is the first lesson in their education. To this lesson I have been devoting my attention; and my discoveries have been such that I have given up all thoughts of undertaking the business of teaching others, until I have attained perfect self-knowledge, and perfect self-control. A preacher, by implication, professes to know important truth and also to know how it should be communicated. I shall therefore never again assume the place of a public teacher, till I am certain that I possess such an amount of important truth, and such a knowledge of the human mind, that I can accomplish all I undertake; that is, honestly fulfill the promises of such a profession. When I compare myself with those who walk in the shadows of this world, I perceive that I know much: but when I cast a glance at the unexplored fields of knowledge comprised within the first lesson of the book which God has put into my hands, I *know* I am but a sophomore, and I lose all relish for the business of instructing others.

Having thus studied myself out of friends and business, and being without money, I began not long since to inquire for the will of God concerning my course in reference to temporal support. I found that the love of independence was one of the strongest cravings of my nature, and that this could never be gratified till I can earn my bread as other people do; not as ministers do. I found that the love of money, which I *know* "is the root of all evil," the reigning idolatry (especially of New England), was forever extinguished in myself, and that I need not fear to seek money lest I should adore it. In view of these considerations, I came to the deliberate and fixed determination to engage in some business which shall render me independent of friends for worldly sustenance. An acquaintance in this place (Milford, ten miles west of New Haven), employed me for a time in collecting his debts; and I am about to begin with him to-morrow a survey of the town, for the purpose of making a map, which will occupy us several weeks. I have engaged in these matters, as Providence threw them in my way, with the expectation of getting better business soon. I am seeking my fortune, and for the present have a good season to look about me, and devise ways and means. The people of the place are very friendly, and insist upon my preaching to them on Sunday. I shall give them a talk. I can at least tell them I know nothing, and am not a preacher. It would not be strange if I should teach a school this fall. I have courage enough to believe that I can gain the confidence of this community sufficiently for such a purpose. The man with whom I am now connected is much attached to me and wishes to keep me here, and forward my designs in every way possible. I have given you a general sketch of my situation and prospects. Let me say for the comfort of such as prize the "wisdom of this world," that in my own opinion I never was so sober and considerate as at this present time. The "children of this world" have been wiser than the "children of light;" but I promise you they shall be so no longer, if my example and influence avail anything. I have learned that logic is worth more than poetry, and matter-of-fact industry more than building air-castles.

My head is just now full of Yankee notions about money-making, economy, etc., and I have become a great admirer of Dr. Franklin. Is not this a wonderful metamorphosis? I hope you will all have a hearty laugh over it, and that no suspicion of deception, or fear of disappointment, will shade your anticipation of my success and welfare. If my mutability forbid you to expect permanency of purpose, I can only send you to the throne of God, where my own hopes of stability are anchored. I know more fully than you *can* know the chaotic ocean of change over which I have been tossed; yet I have lost no confidence in myself, because I know that God has been, and is, my pilot; and as I now perceive myself riding quietly at anchor in the haven of God's peace, I have no disposition to lose the comforts of my present situation by anticipating future shipwrecks. I fear neither ocean nor storm, nor quicksands, nor whirlpools. Innocence cannot fear.

I verily believe, mother, if I had your bodily constitution, with all its infirmities, I should soon find my way to the blessing of sleep, and sound health. Your mind diseases your body, and you think you cannot control your mind. I *know* you can, with God's help. My own mind has sometimes preyed upon my health, and I have thought I could not control its movements; but now I know better. I have learned that God has not kindled a fire in my brain to burn me up, but to warm me; and when the fire goes beyond its proper office, I throw water on it. The pilot of a steamboat can stop his vessel in a moment, even when it is under full pressure. The human mind, under proper government, is as obsequious to the will of its pilot as a steamboat. In

the midst of the mightiest movements of which my mind is capable, I stop thinking in a moment if my life begins to suffer under the pressure; and I can be perfectly thoughtless when I please, and sleep when I please. I should prefer to be the slave of a Southern negro-driver, rather than be the slave of my own brain. Will you set yourself to inquire whether you are not voluntarily the slave of your own mind? and whether you may not be disenthralled? You are not too old to learn something of yourself; and I tell you that you and all the rest—men, women and children—will find the necessity of studying metaphysics, that is, mental philosophy, self-knowledge, before you will secure the end of your being. Horatio, Harriet, Charlotte and George have studied almost everything, save the *A B C* of useful knowledge. They probably know much about the solar system and the fixed stars; but how much do they know about their own natures—the spiritual machinery in the midst of which they live?

You perceive I have grown self-centered and egotistical. Herein I think my example is the best possible. I pray you may all follow it. "Charity begins at home," is one of those maxims in which the superior wisdom of the "children of this world," is manifest. Act upon the principle of that maxim under the light of God, and I engage you shall do more good than all the missionaries of the American Board. That love of souls which hurries and worries to save others, while self remains in ruins, is baby-benevolence—foolish and fatal sentimentalism. Surely, the instrument should be perfected before the work is begun. I deliberately aver it as my purpose, *to make the most of myself:* and my example and influence henceforth shall bid all men do likewise. Call this selfishness, if you will; it is selfishness which requires perfect benevolence. As "honesty is the best policy," so a perfect fulfillment of the law of love is the dictate of intelligent "selfishness." While I would exhort all "not to think more highly of themselves than they ought to think," I would also exhort them not to think more *meanly* of themselves than they ought to think. Independently of God "all flesh is grass;" but as the creatures of God, immortal minds are not to be despised. Voluntary humility is as bad as pride; bashfulness is as bad as impudence. Harriet. Charlotte—awake! Esteem yourselves not as your own, but as God's workmanship and property. You must not undervalue his handiwork; you must not dishonor his temple. Voluntary humility calls you worms; intelligent self-respect ranks you among the noblest of God's works. Think for yourselves; stand up in the majesty of your nature; inquire how you may secure fully the end of your being? Let us all begin from this hour to *make the most of ourselves* as the property of God.

If I can in any way help any of you to burst from your bondage, tell me how. I will gladly write as often as you wish if my communications can effect anything for this object. I care not to pamper curiosity or mere family affection; but if we may hold such correspondence as becomes immortal beings, I shall most joyfully fulfill my share of the task. I expect ultimately to get my living and furnish my "quota" of usefulness to this world by writing. I may well begin with writing schoolboy's letters to my kindred. Notwithstanding your imaginations about my stoicism, I assure you my relish for a letter from home has not abated one jot or one tittle in consequence of my emancipation from your apron-strings; neither has my affection for you all suffered the least diminution. Rather it has vastly increased; and withal, it has become pure. I should be glad to visit Putney and Westminster according to the desires expressed by many; but at present I have no business there. Tell the people to wait on the Lord and not on me or on any other man. Tell them to look for greater things than my work among them last spring. We are all yet in the wilderness. The pillar of fire is before us, but we have not yet reached the "land flowing with milk and honey." I see glorious light ahead; but gross darkness yet covers the people. A few are beginning to watch for the morning.

The peace of God be with you. J. H. NOYES.

ONEIDA CIRCULAR.

TIRZAH C. MILLER, EDITOR.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1873.

REV. JOSHUA LEAVITT, D.D.

I WAS acquainted and associated with Dr. Leavitt in the old times of Revivals and Reforms. He was editor of the *New York Evangelist*, the organ of Finney, at the time when I was Managing Agent of the *Advocate of Moral Reform*, the organ of J. R. McDowall. We worked together in many a field and fought together in many a battle. Of course I have watched with interest whatever the papers have said about him since his death. The following scrap from the *Springfield Republican* caught my eye some time since, and I said to myself, I can tell a story to illustrate that:

Mr. Tilton's notice of his long-time associate in the *Independent* office, Joshua Leavitt, is both genial and truthful, and probably gives a better idea of the man than any other of the newspaper obituaries. He describes him as very courtly in manner, but very bitter and lasting in his prejudices. He never forgave a man for being a protectionist or a "free-thinker," or for being against cheap postage. He hated the *Tribune* as the Jew hated a Samaritan, yet, oddly enough, the most cordial and flattering account of his life and character in any of the papers was that in this. Finally, Mr. Tilton says: For a fine specimen of a thoroughly intolerant Christian gentleman, we point back proudly to our old friend, Dr. Leavitt. We used to think what a polite and superb pope he would have made!

The story I had in mind to tell upon this was told for me by the *Independent* itself in its editorial eulogy on the Doctor, as follows:

What he saw he had the nerve to say, no matter who opposed him. He might have been imperious but for that utter unselfishness and humility which marked his Christian character. "I never wish to see you here again. I ABHOR you!" were his words to an acquaintance of his youth who called upon him at this office, with whom he had once been associated in Christian labor, but who had adopted principles and practices subversive of all social order.

I am the man whom Joshua Leavitt turned out of doors with those rude words. I called at the office of the *Independent* on a little matter of business with Mr. Benedict, another old friend of mine, who was then the business manager of the paper. Mr. Leavitt was the only person in, and on discovering that I was his old acquaintance, he saw in me nothing but an enemy and a reprobate, because I had become a Perfectionist and joined the Oneida Community; and without provocation or prelude he broke out upon me in the manner described above. The present editor of the *Independent* "points proudly" to this eruption as a fine specimen of "nerve" and fidelity to principle; but Mr. Benedict, whom I met on the street shortly after my adventure with the Doctor, seemed grieved and mortified at the affair, and remarked that "Mr. Leavitt had very little *self-control* when his prejudices and passions were aroused; and that he often abused his best friends and made many enemies by his imperiousness and irritability." Whatever may have been the actual moral merit of Mr. Leavitt's treatment of me, one thing is certain, that it did not make me "*abhor*" myself—nor him. I sincerely thank God that I had an opportunity, a few days before his death, to send him an expression of respect and kind remembrance. GEORGE CRAGIN.

COMMUNITY JOURNAL.

—The event of the week is the arrival of a new piano for the Hall. It was purchased at Utica of Couch Bros., and was made by Kranich, Bach & Co., N. Y.

—We are again indebted to our Congressman, Wm. E. Lansing, for interesting public documents. "Preliminary Reports for the United States Geological Survey of Wyoming and Montana and parts of Contiguous Territories," giving catalogues of plants, birds, mammals, insects, shells, and so forth.

—Noticing a gradual accumulation of lumber beside the railroad we inquired what new project was on foot, and learned that the Midland Railroad Co. are making preparations to repair the trestle which runs across the meadow south of our house. They propose to strengthen it with 50,000 feet of lumber. It is a relief to hear this, for it makes one's blood run cold to think of any insecurity in the timbers of that long, high trestle.

—Our taxidermist has been stuffing a three-legged duck for a gentleman at Oneida. We went down to the farm-office this morning to see the anomaly, expecting to be shocked by an unsightly outrage upon nature; but the curious tripod stood so gracefully and looked so altogether at ease in its trifurcated condition that our wonder is that all ducks don't have three legs. The third leg was of little use in walking, but served as a rudder in swimming.

—The greater part of the meeting hour last evening was occupied with reading an account from *The Sun* of the sorrowful tragedy which ended the career of Mr. Greeley, and in conversation about the strange providence which made his last days so different from any thing he ever contemplated. It is scarcely more than a year since he said that he looked back upon his life as a successful one; and yet the cry which told the burden of his heart during the few days previous to his death was, "I am ruined! I am ruined!"

—When we were children we used to play

"Pinny, pinny, poppy show,
Give me a pin and I'll let you know;"

but now that we are grown up we do something different. "Pinny, pinny, poppy shows" are not pleasant to the washerwomen at the laundry, so Miss Emma, who has charge there keeps an account each week of the pins left on garments by careless ones, and Mr. W. reads the list in meeting as an aid to the memory. The last reading showed a great reduction of heedless barbarity. Mr. Victor Hawley, who is the boiler superintendent, and is frequently annoyed by an excessive return of steam, has employed the same plan for jogging the memories of those who leave their waste-valves open. The delinquents caught take the exposure in good part, and say they hope Mr. Hawley will criticise them every time they are guilty of like unfaithfulness.

—Mrs. M. E. Newhouse, who has mothered our youngest flock at the Children House for a year, stepped away from her post a few weeks ago for rest and change of scene. She was admirably adapted to this vocation and won every baby heart and every mother's heart by her gentle, earnest ways. She took the little ones when they went from the arms of their mothers and cared for them until they were old enough to enter the higher department. Passing through the halls you will frequently meet some tiny figure running after a familiar dress, and calling "Mamma 'House! mam-

ma 'House!" in a tone of voice which shows how warm a place she has in the affections of the little ones.

—S. B. C., who walks out with the children before breakfast, says they treated her to an impromptu masquerade the other morning. When she met them on the piazza for the start she could scarcely recognize one of them. Theodora looked unusally small and Emily had suddenly grown tall. Fanny and Anna looked strangely; and George, Temple, Ormond, Harold and even Eugene, Ransom and Deming, as well as Cossette, Virginia and Maud had added some new kink to their dress or had exchanged sacks, hoods, caps or tippets so as to be quite transformed. Some of them acted their parts so admirably that she failed to discover "who was who," until they reached home.

Friday Morning, Feb. 14.—A roaring, rushing, grating sound at midnight startled us from our slumbers. Springing to the window we saw a freight-train about midway on the trestle, the engine looking like one sheet of flame. There was a great deal of hallooing, swearing and shouting. The night was clear and cold, with a great golden moon looking soberly down. Some of our men hastened to the scene of distress, and found that two empty coal-cars had pitched off the trestle a short distance north of the bridge, to the ground, twenty-three feet below. The wheels of one of them had been off the track since the train left the first switch a quarter of a mile back, scraping along on the ties, and finally wrenching and tearing them from their places. On the trestle-work back of where the catastrophe occurred, full two hundred ties were splintered and broken into kindling-wood. For an hour this morning there was a steady line of pilgrimage to the ruins.

—Terpsichore, dainty goddess, tripping with "light fantastic toe," has lately been superseded by Mars, with his measured tread and upright mien. "Squads," "regiments," "captains" and "divisions" are every-day words. Don't be alarmed, gentle reader We are not projecting a revolution, and President Grant will never be any wiser for our military operations. We are affecting the milder attributes of the warlike god, so there will be none of the smoke and din of battle. We observed that dancing is an amusement in which not more than half the family take part. Let's have some exercise, suggested one, which will bring us all upon the floor. As there is scarcely anybody but can walk in a straightforward manner, marching was hit upon as the thing for us. Mr. Herrick drilled a small company for several weeks to see what might be done in this line. He gave an exhibition of their attainments a few evenings since, and the family were so well pleased with their varied evolutions that a large number of volunteers have entered the lists. The drilled "Squad" act as captains of the raw recruits, and it won't be long before we shall do the "right and left wheel," "double-quick" and all that quite *a la* the Prussian six-footers or the Imperial Guards.

—We have disarmed winter, thanks to our admirable system of steam-heating, so that we suffer none of the shrinking dread which is often experienced, especially by elderly persons living in ordinary habitations, at the approach of a long, rigorous, northern winter. Our chief concern is that we do not get over-heated, living as we do inclosed in brick walls, with a summer temperature maintained day and night from basement to attic. We are threatened with the enervating influences that pertain to tropical climates, and we have had to earnestly exhort the "heaters" to carry less head of steam. The women occasionally have to bestir one another to take constitutionals. We are under more than ordinary temptation to neglect out-door exercise. Our great Community mansion, containing two-hundred inmates, provides good society and good distances of travel, so that there is no occasion to go abroad visiting. Our assembly Hall, which is in our home dwelling, makes it unnecessary to step out-doors to attend meetings, hear lectures or find amusements. The dining-room, to be sure, is in the "Tontine;" but it is connected with the mansion by a steam-heated, covered passage, through which persons who do not choose to encounter the storms and chills of winter may find their way to their semi-daily supplies of mush and hard-tack. Thus while we rejoice that winter is so effectually kept at bay, and laugh at the winds and storms and pinching frosts, we must see to it that we do not become mere hot-house plants, and lose the vigor, elasticity and enterprise which our nothern latitude is so well calculated to foster.

—Since we have adopted the two-meal system and have given rather more attention to the subject of dietetics and hygiene than heretofore, there has come about an increased home consumption of apples, and especially of sweet apples. Sweet baked apples are in good demand at every meal. But the Midland Railroad took a bee line through, and perched a station-house in, one of our orchards so that our home supply has been very materially diminished. Another railroad has surveyed its route right through two more of our orchards. In view of this alarming aspect of affairs the question has lately been agitated of setting out a new orchard in some secluded spot where locomotives will not be likely to go. There are some things to encourage us in such an undertaking. One is the fact that we have had during the last two years very good luck in fighting that worst enemy of the apple crop, the codling moth. The experiment we tried was that of keeping sheep in the orchards. Two years' trial, of course, is not enough to fully determine the question whether or not this is a "sovereign remedy;" but the balance of evidence last fall was certainly on that side. The Henry Sweet, a very fine-flavored, red-streaked apple, yielded abundantly, and it happened that many of the trees were in an orchard that was not pastured, while a somewhat larger number were in a sheep-pasture. Those in the sheep-pasture were almost wholly free from worms and the scars and knotty places that are caused by them, while scarcely an apple could be found in the other orchard that was not affected.

—The practice of arranging in advance the date, place and person for any given course of action, so common with traveling performers of every kind, is coming in vogue with us to some extent. For instance: A chart has been made out for the year 1873, informing our nine silk agents of the routes they are to make, and the days on which to start. The date of their return is also definite, being two or three weeks distant, according to the importance of the route. Thus their year's work in this line is before them. Our late round of family criticism was systematized in this way, and later still our hair-cutting, which has always been a slow and irregular process, has been similarly mapped out for the coming year. The question arises, would not our businesses generally be benefited by an arrangement like the foregoing, modified to suit the particular case? Our farmers, gardeners, horticulturists and fruit-preservers could make out with tolerable accuracy, a scheme of operations, based on the experience of former years, as to the time and labor involved in many routine duties, and thus save themselves the burden and perplexity of carrying so much on the mind.

—Though religious experience often causes one to feel the delicacy and shrinking from publicity with which a newly-awakened love fills the heart, yet it is very difficult to hide the light which comes from heaven "under a bushel." So it often happens among us that what one writes but for the eyes of a friend, becomes a source of edification to the whole family. The following letter was intended for the private ear of Mr. N.; but he sent it to the meeting, where it created a great deal of interest, and now we put it in the Journal, where it may serve to strengthen some whose faith is wavering:

O. C., Jan. 27, 1873.

DEAR MR. N:—For some time I have thought it might interest you to learn something of my spiritual whereabouts. I have thought also that it might be good for me to open my heart; so here is my story.

To begin with, I will refer to my terrible fever-and-ague experience, which so used me up that I almost despaired of ever recovering from the dreadful state into which I had fallen. I had, indeed, scarcely a ray of hope to which I could cling. For weeks I felt that the fever-and-ague devil held me completely in his power, with his foot upon my neck, gloating over me. The vivid recollections I still have of my condition at that time, make me shudder. I know I came into personal contact with the devil's vile life; and that the cold, clammy sweat, from which I suffered everything, was only the effect of his wicked spirit. After the severe criticism which was given me when I came from Wallingford, I became so discouraged that I did not care for anything. I seemed to have commenced a down-hill course, and everything conspired to urge me on. Every one, young and old, it seemed to me, felt it a duty to give me a thrust, and shove me along. To attempt to make headway against such a current, I thought a hopeless task, and I said, "I won't try; I will keep out of everybody's way and float with the current." Yet in spite of all this discouragement, there was a spark of hope in my heart that things would sometime mend. This hope was not, however, strong enough to assert itself, and so matters went on frombad to worse.

As I now see things, it is plain to me that every circumstance of my life for months had been thrusting me more and more inextricably into God's mill, with no possible way of escape from a grinding to powder; but I did not understand this at the time. Many questions concerning the doctrines of the Community, which had long been settled, and, as I thought, unchangeably, came up for reconsideration. The question of salvation arose before my mind, and my position in regard to it; and I was made to feel that very probably I was a reprobate and a candidate for damnation. Such was the hardness of my heart, that I could contemplate that fact without fear. I realized that everything desirable was passing away from me. At last I had a clear sense that I was completely stripped, with nothing left, when I became reckless. In order to avoid trouble, I endeavored to get along without getting into collision with any one. I tried to live peaceably with all, and devoted myself wholly to the business I had in hand.

The first idea I had that I was looked upon with favor by any one came from a remark of H. M. W. W. A. H. called upon various persons one evening to praise any person whom they would like to speak a good word for. She being called upon, made a few commendatory remarks of one whom she designated as H——. Passing her after meeting she asked, "Did you know who I meant? It was you."

About this time it was proposed to me to take the flower-garden for my summer work. I found some crumbs of comfort in my new occupation, but matters did not mend much, as I could discover, until I had a certain talk with you. Then I experienced something new. God came nigh to me, and a new thing was done; something was begot-

ten in me which gave me great peace. Although the "I don't care" feeling had not wholly passed away, there was something in me which took care of itself. It grew and prospered independently of my will, and steadily asserted itself in my life over every temptation. There was a power in it which removed all obstacles. It began to make me happy and independent of circumstances. For the first time in my life, I realized what Paul meant by "walking in the spirit." For years I had sought to gain my ideal of this state; but all my efforts only ended in disastrous failure and disappointment. Often in my distress, the question would arise, "How do others succeed where I fail? Have I been called of God? Then why this distress?" Only a short time ago, the sorest temptation of all was, "Why am I tormented thus?" But now all this is changed. How I could be otherwise than happy I cannot conceive. This seed which God has planted is growing and taking a controlling possession of me. Behold! that thing which I sought long and eagerly, has been flashed into me as a free gift, and that too, at a time when, so far as I was concerned and can see, I was careless and indifferent to it. It is a wonderful mystery, for I understand now what it is to have Christ work in me "to will and to do of his good pleasure." The day has certainly dawned and the day-star has risen in my heart. Christ is formed in me. I am in the highway of holiness. I assert and believe with all my heart that Christ is in me a thousand times stronger than any power the devil can boast, and he can make it manifest.

I want to keep this new growth which God has put into me, and I have no fears but I shall, for I trust it wholly to the same almighty power which has begotten it; and therefore I shall be kept from trying to hold it in my own strength. I yield my all to Christ, for of his own free grace he has saved me and planted me on a rock; and because of that grace I shall never wander from him more. Words fail me to tell the strength, the joy and the comfort I feel in the realization of this great salvation by the Gospel of Jesus Christ. I know I shall be a young convert *forever*.

To-day a cloud of anguish came over me. So intense was it for a few moments, that the tears rolled in streams down my cheeks; but I talked with God about it and asked him to help me, and to do anything with me which would make me realize my union with Christ. In a few minutes a broken, soft-hearted spirit drove the cloud away, and a glimpse of the riches I inherit in Christ came to me. I seemed to touch the heavenly Church, and to understand what and how much Christ meant when he said, "All mine is thine, and thine is mine." Truly, all things are ours. Seeing what God has at his command takes away all feeling of poverty, and from henceforth it shall be sufficient for me that I am his.

One word more and I will end this perhaps, already too long letter. I find from time to time within me a struggling or yearning of heart after the resurrection power of Christ. It impels me to seek to take hold on that great power. It stimulates me to strive in all ways to please Christ. I believe it is his resurrection life which I feel working in me. Now and then it asserts itself in a very sensible way, and with such power as to assure me that by it I shall be preserved unto his heavenly Kingdom. I feel that I shall not grow old, whatever changes I may meet. A young and vigorous life is mine, which will know no decay. The Lord is my God and he will dwell in me. I believe in him and his goodness, whatever or however things may be. Turn they as they will the Lord is my joy and song. He is my salvation; in him will I trust.

I have taken a part of three days to write this, and it expresses my experience pretty well, only half is not yet told.

I am your son in the Gospel, L. H. B.

WALLINGFORD.

—Some of us have scarcely comprehended the term "Credit Mobilier," so last evening C. S. J. gave us a very clear and interesting explanation of the discreditable affair in which so many of the men of the nation are involved.

—The harvesting of the ice has been attended with splendid luck this year. John got all through with it on Monday and just in time for a thaw which came on in the night. Mr. Nash has been out to measure the thickness of the blocks and reports it to be eighteen inches—twelve inches solid, clear ice.

—It is getting to be a busy time here again, but it does not show so much at the house. Just take a walk down the hill to the factory—carefully, for it is exceedingly slippery. You can peep in at the silk-room door as you pass by. Work there is going on evenly as usual. Then run up stairs and in and out one or two narrow passages and you will come to the press-room (pleasant place); there the three presses are under full headway. Leonora is feeding the Campbell press; two or three girls are bronzing for George Henry, and a company of six are taking out papers from the press and at the same time putting in a new set. Now come into the composing-room, stopping as you go along to speak to E. H. H., who is at work at the cutting-machine. Here in the composing-room you will find Marion and Charlotte at work upon a catalogue; Annie Kelly is over in the corner, and by the case in front of her stands Miss Harriet Allen, who frequently comes up from the silk-room to help. Mrs. Noyes, with a handful of type, is going from case to case distributing. Mr. Skinner, Mr. Campbell and Harley are distributing too. C. S. J. is taking a proof for which a man is waiting outside the door, while Edwin is getting a form ready for the press.

—Harry, whose eye is under treatment by Dr. Bacon at New Haven, has been quite unmanageable, making it very hard for those who take care of him to do for him what is considered necessary for his good. His fear of pain made him perfectly unreasonable. The other day Mr. Hamilton talked with him most earnestly and wrestled in spirit with him so effectually that he has appeared like a changed boy ever since. Mr. Campbell took Harry to New Haven to-day, and he behaved well. After Dr. Bacon had placed him in the chair, Dr. Farnham came in. Dr. Bacon went on with the operation, explaining as he went along. While he probed the eye and put in nitrate of silver Harry sat *very* still, and presently Dr. Farnham said, "This is a better behaved boy than the one you had here a few days ago." "When?" asked Dr. Bacon. Dr. Farnham specified. "Why," said Dr. Bacon, "it is the same boy." "Well," said Dr. Farnham, "I thought I recognized the motion of his hands, but I thought if it was the same boy he had lost the use of his lungs." "Yes," said Dr. Bacon, "he is much more tractable."

FROM OUR YALE STUDENTS.

v.

EVERY school-boy, perhaps, knows that iron expands or contracts as its temperature is increased or diminished; and may be able to repeat from his "Physics," that, according to the dictum of that duplex authority, Dulong and Petit, its expansion in bulk is 1 in 282—whether in inches, feet or miles, it does not matter. Yet sometimes very smart people, like the Directors of the Pacific Mail Steamship Co., seem to forget it. Years ago when our Prof. Trowbridge was in charge of the Novelty Iron Works, they called upon him to get up the machinery for one of their steamships. Among other things, they stipulated that the paddle-wheels should be made with a solid hub. When the steamer was returning from Aspinwall on her first trip, she encountered a storm, broke down, and had to be towed several hundred miles to New York. Examination showed that the huge solid hub, weighing perhaps twenty or thirty tons, had cracked in two from end to end. "Damages, gentlemen—heavy damages," said the P. M. S. Co.. "Very bad iron." Superintendent Trowbridge, though the solid hubs were made contrary to his advice, was finding it a little difficult to prove his own hypothesis, viz: weakness of the wheel from strain of contraction in cooling, when chance or Providence gave him a lift. An extra wheel had been cast, and thrown aside to meet this possible emergency. When the order came to fit it up, a workman went to examine it. It lay in the yard, exposed on one side to the heat of the sun. As the man went over it, he struck it carelessly with a hammer, when with a sharp crack, the hub split from top to bottom! The casting was spoiled, but the "Novelty Iron Co." was "let out."

One of the most remarkable instances in which the contracting power of iron is taken advantage of [I am still collating from Prof T.], is in casting the Rodman cannon. By means of a stream of water introduced into the hollow core, in a pipe, the inside of the gun cools the fastest. The effort of the contractive force is, in consequence, that of crushing the gun *in*, thus to a certain extent neutralizing the bursting strain when it is discharged.

As a kindred item, I will mention that the road to fame is open to him who will invent a pyrometer —some instrument whereby high temperatures may be measured with absolute accuracy. Hundreds have been invented, but now, not even Daniells' can be regarded as perfect. Tyndall thinks that an instrument which will in some way indicate, perhaps photographically, the length of the heat vibrations, is, at least, a possibility. K.

SCHAUS'S ART STORE.

THE children needed some new drawing cards, so the last time I was in New York I stepped into Schaus's store to buy them. It was always hard for me to pass the great glass windows of that store without stopping. Some fine oil paintings make it easier and easier to stay the longer you tarry; and if [illegible] poppy show-bill on the little cabinet pictures at the side, your down-town appointment at ten o'clock is sure to be unfulfilled for that day.

There is a sort of unworldliness and generosity in artists which affect even the sellers of their works. They permit you to enter their rooms and look at their pictures by the half hour, and never make you feel that you are at all in the way, or that it is your duty even to speak of buying. Those polite men in Schaus's, how many pleasant hours I owe them! Pictures, like nature's works, give pleasure without impoverishing themselves They are like the bounty of the sunlight which all eyes can enjoy without fear of coming want.

There were some new studies in crayon fresh from Julien, of Paris, which pleased me much. My eye delighted to follow their graceful shaded lines and drink in their soft lights. Then there were new German chromo-lithographs—so beautiful, so clear, with cloud and sky and mountain, and in oil colors, too. High art effects, which but a few years ago were out of the reach of all except the richer classes, can now gladden frugal homes, and adorn the walls of cottages.

In a quiet back room is a little free art gallery, and there stand four long-wooled sheep, the

sunlight striking one wether on his head, so that you can see through the white wool almost to his pink and tender skin; near by an old hen, with unbounded self-respect, is wading slowly through the yellow straw. Why, she looks like one of the very hens we used to have! Everything is so still. Can it be possible that things alive can stand so long and not move? Is it only a picture? O, divine art, which makes us forget for the moment that we are in Broadway, in the heart of a great city, and, as if by magic, transports us far away into the country and back to the summer days of our childhood, when we watched the sheep and hens as we watch now this picture lost in wonder.

J. B. H.

JOTTINGS AT THE CRITICISM CLUB.

IV.

V—— has this serious fault, that her words are often better than her deeds. She has a bright intellect, and seems to apprehend the truth readily; her understanding assents to it and apparently rejoices in it; but for some cause it does not sufficiently modify her external conduct. Consequently her words are at a little discount—like the notes of banks that have issued more paper than they can redeem. Our deeds form the specie basis of our characters, and if they fall behind our words the latter will not long be taken at par. Such a condition of things is deplorable, and must be the result of unbelief. If the heart sincerely believes in God it will express itself in deeds truer and better than any words.

....

L—— is very earnest, and yet his discourses in public and private are often unacceptable and unedifying. We involuntarily feel that his exhortations savor of legality rather than of grace. He needs to consider that *being* is far more important than *doing*, and seek to attract persons to his standard of excellence by his own life-example rather than to drive them to it by words. In his zeal to improve others he ignores many faults in his own character. In other ways his zeal defeats itself. For one thing, it leads him to introduce the most profound religious subjects into conversation with little reference to the proprieties of time and place. We would not have him less earnest, but more wise.

....

A—— is another earnest man; but he fails to some extent of the grace of God because he is too personal and [illegible] seeking improvement. He makes himself too much the center of his prayers and strivings. If he could induce God to do as he wishes it would evidently fill him with spiritual pride. He needs to make God's great interests the main object for which he labors, and link his personal interests to them. The Lord, we may suppose, is interested in our improvement only as it will help on his great work in the world. He will see that the personal interests of those heartily devoted to his service are well cared for; but we need not ask him to give very special attention to us as individuals seeking improvement independently. As Mr. Noyes says in one of his Home-Talks: "Private interests have their day, but they are limited in their nature, and will last only so long as they are profitable to the great public interest. If we have any interests separate from the public interest, we may be assured that God has made no arrangement for their satisfaction; but so far as we have identified ourselves with the public interest, success and prosperity are ensured to us for time and eternity: governmental arrangements are everywhere made to prosper the agents of that interest. The actual *couriers of heaven* will find *relays* of horses waiting for them in all directions; but persons who travel for their own objects must get along as best they can: possibly they may have to go on foot."

RECEIPTS FOR THE CIRCULAR.

S. B. M., Salt Lake City, Utah, $2.00: S. S., Gratiot, Wis., 50 cts.; D. R. B., Dunleith, Ill., $2.00; G. F., Cedar Falls, Iowa, $1.00; D. M. H., Prospect, Conn., $2.00; M. C. C., Westminster West, Vt., $1.00; M. L., Bergen, N. J., $2.00; E. D., Chicago, Ill., $2.00; C. E., New Castle, Ind., $5.00; L. T., Drummondville, Ont., $2.00; A. I., Brooklyn, L. I., $2.00; F. H. B., Rockford, Ill., $1.00; T. H., Ottawa, Ont., $2.00; M. W., North Lawrence, Kans., $2.00; J. H., D., Spring River, Pa., $2.00; S. H. D., Collinsville, Cal., 50 cts.; E. Y., Dixon, Cal., 52 cts.; T. M. C., New York, 50 cts.; S. W., South New Berlin, N. Y., $2.00; D. R. W., Prospect, Conn., $1.00; J. S. C., Pontiac, Mich., 50 cts.; M. M. S., Wilcox, Pa., $2.00.

THE NEWS.

AMERICAN.

It is reported from Salt Lake City that the Mormon leaders are much excited in anticipation of immediate Congressional action in relation to Utah.

A thousand departmental clerks in Washington have signed a petition favoring the passage of the bill, now before Congress, to abolish the sale of liquors in the District of Columbia.

Gen. John W. Geary—for years one of the most influential and respected citizens of Pennsylvania—died on the 8th inst. He had just completed his second term as Governer of his native State.

Lozada, the Mexican leader who refused to capitulate upon the death of Juarez, is at the head of an insurrection that threatens much trouble to the Lerdo Government, but that is not likely to be permanently successful.

Henry Wilson has resigned his seat in the United States Senate, his resignation to take effect on the 3d of March; after which he will serve in the higher office of Vice-President. He has represented Massachusetts in the U. S. Senate for eighteen years.

The quarrel over Mr. Greeley's wills has been finally settled by the decision of Owen J. Coffin, Surrogate of Westchester county, that there is proof that Mr. Greeley was insane before he made the last will, and no proof that at the time he made it there was an interval of reason. The will of 1871 is therefore accepted as Mr. Greeley's last will and testament.

Senator Pomeroy, on returning to Washington, pronounced the charge that he had attempted to secure his reëlection by bribery utterly groundless, and earnestly called for an investigating committee, which was appointed; but it is thought there is not sufficient time before the close of the session to fully investigate the matter. Meanwhile an investigation is going on concerning similar charges brought against the other Kansas Senator, Mr Caldwell.

The electoral vote of the different States for President and Vice-President was read in joint convention of both Houses of Congress on the 12th inst., and resulted as follows: whole number of votes cast for President, 366; number counted, 349; for Ulysses S. Grant, 286; B. Gratz Brown, 18; Thos. A. Hendrics, 42; C. J. Jenkins, 2; David Davis, 1. Number of votes counted for Vice-President, 352; Henry Wilson, 286; B. G. Brown, 47; N. P. Banks, 1; Geo. W. Julian, 5; Alfred H. Colquitt, 5; Wm. S. Goesbeck, 1; John M. Palmer, 3; Willis Machem, 1; Thos. E. Bramlette, 3.

Congressional investigations continue to absorb the attention of the public. It is too early to say who have been unjustly charged with complicity in the Credit Mobilier scandal. The suspected all deny any intention of wrong-doing; while it is more and more plain that Congress includes many corrupt men high in influence, and that the judgment is very likely to strike where least expected a short time ago. It is a rather sorry spectacle to see Congress arranging for a crusade against the Mormons, professedly in the interests of morality, when it can scarcely find time to look after the morality of its own members.

The text of the Charter of the Canadian Pacific Railway is published. It provides "that the railway be divided into sections as follows: The eastern section, extending from the eastern terminus to Red River; the Lake Superior section, extending from some point on the eastern section to Lake Superior; the central section, extending from Red River to a point in the longitude of Fort Edminton; the Manitoba section, extending from the main line in the Province of Manitoba to the boundary of the United States; and the western section, extending from a point in the longitude of Fort Edminton to the Pacific Coast. The Company shall, within two years from the 20th day of July, in the year 1871, begin simultaneously the construction of the railroad from the Pacific Ocean toward the Rocky Mountains, and from a point in the Province of Ontario, hereafter to be determined by the Government, toward the Pacific Ocean, to connect the seaboard of British Columbia with the railway system of Canada; and, further, shall construct the Manitoba section by the 31st of December, 1874; the Lake Superior section, and such portion of the main line as shall be required to complete communication between Lake Superior and Red River, by the 31st of December, 1876; shall proceed with and construct the eastern and western sections simultaneously; shall prosecute the work of constructing the railway with all due diligence, and shall complete the whole railway within ten years from the said 20th day of July, 1871, unless the last-mentioned period be extended by Parliament, in whose care the Company shall complete the whole railway within such extended period. The Company is also empowered to make arangements with any railway company in Canada or the United States for connecting the sections of the Canadian Pacific and to secure running powers over such railways. The maximum amount of both land and money subsidy, namely, 30,000,000 acres of land and $30,000,000 in money, are guaranteed to the Company. It is reported that Sir Hugh Allan, Mayor Walker, the Hon. A. G. Archibald, and the Hon. J. J. C. Abbott, will proceed to England about the end of the current month to make the financial arrangements in connection with this great work."

FOREIGN.

Lunalilo, the new King of the Sandwich Islands, promises to restore to his people the constitutional rights of which they were deprived by the late king, Kamehameha V.

The inquiry having been raised in the English House of Lords, whether measures had been taken to complete the settlement of the western part of the boundary line between the British Dominions and the United States, Earl Granville replied that steps had been taken to settle all boundary questions between the two countries; that a British Commission had surveyed a line which is almost identical with that laid down by the Americans; and that instructions had been sent out with a view of arriving at an agreement upon the exact boundary.

King Amadeus has determined to resign. His reasons are supposed to be, disagreement with the Cortes and dislike of a life of turmoil. The following dispatch from Minister Sickles has been received at Washington: "The Cortes have adopted a republican form of Government by a vote of 259 in the affirmative and 32 in the negative." Great excitement in Madrid, and the abdication of the Spanish King is the absorbing topic of interest in London and Paris.

Later.—King Amadeus has sent his formal message of abdication to the Cortes. Telegraphic dispatches represent him as saying, that "when he accepted the Crown he did so under the belief that the loyalty of the people who had called him would compensate for the inexperience which he brought to his task. He had found that herein he was deceived. If the enemies who had beset his path had been foreigners, he would not have taken the course now determined upon; but they are Spaniards. By them Spain had been kept in perpetual disquiet. All his efforts to quiet her or put an end to the intrigues which were the source of her agitation had proved unavailing. It was not enough that he had a partisan support. He had no wish to remain on the throne as the King of a party. He therefore announced his abdication on behalf of himself and his heirs."

The abdication was unanimously accepted. The Senate and Congress immediately constituted themselves the Sovereign Cortes of Spain, and resolved—that Spain be

declared a Republic; that the National Assembly assume all the powers of the supreme authority; and that they appoint a responsible government to execute their decrees. Señor Figueras stands at the head of the new government, while Señor Castelar, the great Republican orator, holds the office of Foreign Secretary.

WHAT A DUCK!

DEAR CIRCULAR:—An item from our W. C. Journal, in your last week's issue, says: "Mr. Hamilton espied what seemed to be a duck *hovering* over the water," &c. Good gracious! Who ever heard of a duck, or any game of that kind, "hovering" over the water? What will Kit Carson and all his satellites say? They'll think we have a new species of duck out this way. Now our journalist is a most worthy and honest person, I know; but she is not accustomed to the use of fire-arms. At any rate, if she is, she entirely overshot the mark this time, for the bird was not "hovering *over*," but playing *in*, the water when our steady-handed Mr. Joslyn fired the successful bullet.

E. H. H.

W. C., Feb. 13, 1873.

FEET VS. FEELING.

ONE of the most irritating, temper-spoiling conflicts into which fashion pushes poor, civilized men and women, is, I have lately discovered, that which rages between the feet and the feelings.

The opinion seems to be verv well settled that small feet are handsomer than large ones. Of course we are not yet debased to the Chinese standard, but only tending toward it, so that those individuals who have naturally the smallest feet in proportion to their size and stature are esteemed fortunate. Perhaps no fault can be found with this opinion in point of artistic taste. At any rate fashion has asserted it as a maxim, and that is sufficient for our present purpose, for just here comes in the difficulty. Those unfortunate humans who, on arriving at years of indiscretion, are dissatisfied with the size of their pedal extremities, incontinently fall back on that hoary artifice of a foolish world which persuades them that even if their feet are not small, the defect may be partly overcome by *making them look small*, by some device. This device constitutes, now-a-days, the shoemaker's art and mystery, which art, in this view of the matter, may be said to have made great strides.

If you order a pair of boots I can describe your experience beforehand. You go and have your measure taken. Nothing easier. The man of the bench is anxious to please and has the most perfect confidence. You explain to him that, your feet being a little tender, you desire an easy fit. "O, certainly! Of course!" and down go the figures. After a reasonable time you call for the boots. They are finished and look handsome enough. At the shoemaker's suggestion you try them on; or, to speak more exactly, you try them part way on. Then you are compelled to back off until the obliging shoemaker, who takes this all as a matter of course, has daubed your stockings with pulverized soapstone or something similar, and handed you a pair of boot-hooks, over which you bow yourself, litting until you are very red in the face. The man of leather, who knows his part, meanwhile gets on his knees and further assists by rubbing vigorously up on the instep and directing your toes, until at length you have the exquisite sensation caused by your poor heel's slipping inside the "counter." Then with two or three vigorous stamps the boot is on! The shoemaker, in positive glee, rubs it a little more to make sure there is no wrinkle, then steps back, casts an admiring gaze, and assures you all is right. The boots are a "splendid fit;" "like a glove;" "like a duck's foot in the mud;" "Jaumet's best French uppers, and oak-tanned soles;" "after they are *broke in* they will be easy, and such a fit." (*After* they are "broke in," mind you.)

Your foot, as it protrudes from your trowsers, does certainly appear much daintier than usual, and although the joints of your toes show through Jaumet's best uppers like little knuckles, your feelings are immensely tickled thereby. Unwilling to remove so elegant a fit, or doubting your ability to put them on again unaided, you decide to wear them home, thus getting them partly "broke in." So you wrap the old pair in a piece of brown paper and take your departure indulging in pleasing fancies of the effect such dainty leather must have on the susceptibilities of Maria Jane.

But before you reach home your feelings have had their day and your feet begin to assert themselves. You discover that they ache badly, and in fact, are partly benumbed so that they feel like wooden feet, or like a tooth which the dentist has "wedged." This intensifies each minute and when you finally limp into your own friendly room, the "fine" boots come off in a hurry and go *slam* into the closet. They flattered your feelings, but oh! how they hurt your feet!

After a dozen or more such experiences you begin to philosophize upon the matter, and end by uttering the following aphorisms:

1. Never "break in" boots or shoes. If they are not easy when new, don't take them; for the boots will break your feet oftener than your feet will break the boots.

2. If you go on "breaking in" boot-leather, you will need a special last, made with all sorts of knobs and protuberances to correspond with your distorted joints. Then you will be sorry.

3. If you have large feet, admit it in all honesty and have your boots made accordingly. Then you will be happy.

F. W. S.

☞The Address of the Rev. Jesse H. Jones is East Abington, Mass. We are receiving some responses from our subscribers to Mr. Jones's "Plan for the Organization of a True, Christian Community," which was published in the CIRCULAR of Feb. 3rd. More or less fault is found with his scheme; but as we do not care to engage in any further discussion of this matter, we have forwarded these letters to Mr. Jones.

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

WALLINGFORD COMMUNITY.

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

SPECIAL NOTICE.

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

ADMISSIONS.

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

EVER PRESENT.

The sun of yesterday is set—
  Forever set to time and me;
Yet of its warmth and of its light,
  Something I feel and something see.

The flower of yesterday is not;
  Its faded leaves are scattered wide;
Yet of its perfume do I breathe,
  Still does its beauty stir my pride.

The friend of yesterday is dead;
  On yonder hill his grave doth lie;
Yet there are moments when I feel
  His presence, as of old, draw nigh.

A part of what has been remains;
  The essences of what is gone
Are ever present to my sense;
  Though left, I am not left forlorn.

In thought, in feeling, and in love
  Things do not perish, though they pass;
The form is shattered to the eye,
  But only broken is the glass.

Sun, friend, and flower have each become
  A part of my immortal part;
They are not lost, but evermore
  Shine, live, and bloom within my heart.

[*Baptist Weekly.*

SELF-PROVING INSPIRATION.

Home-Talk by J. H. N.

IS it possible to have immediate and definite communication with God so that the guiding of our life shall be primarily within ourselves? Is the baptism of the Holy Ghost an intelligent and directing influence, freely given to all believers? The world says no. We say yes; and the issue here made covers or includes most of the specific doctrines in which we differ from others. Settle that, and the question of salvation from sin is determined; because salvation from sin is effected, if at all, by the presence of God in the heart, without law or any external influence. So our views of faith and unbelief are involved in the decision of this point. We say that unbelief is not a mere lack of faith, but a positive baptism of a spirit of darkness, by which the true light is excluded from the guidance of men. But if there *is* no such spiritual illumination, then we have mistaken the entire nature of faith and are still under law, dependent on human interpreters of the Bible for direction, and must be content with uncertainty in all our actions; in short, our experience and theology are worthless.

The point, then, of actual and direct intercourse with God is the key to our position. Now while the whole Bible, by the very nature of its origin, witnesses to the truth of this position, and while its specific instructions clearly and uniformly teach that immediate, personal, universal inspiration is the very soul of Christianity, yet these verities are either boldly set aside or are ingeniously nullified by the teachings of the popular sects. It is clear, then, that the LIVING EXAMPLE of believers must justify the declarations of the written word and break up the time-hardened atheism of the church and world. The inspiration of the writers of the Bible is a seed which must spring up and bear fruit *after its kind*—must produce such living embodiments of the divine influence as the prophets and apostles were, in order that the spirit of falsehood and the perversions of unbelief which gather round their testimony, may be swept away. "God MANIFEST in the flesh" must again be the power and harbinger of judgment; the presence of the "Comforter" in humanity must again "convince the world of sin."

We are satisfied with the most concrete and practical form which can be given to the question in controversy. Let the world shut us out by their faithless experience and prejudices from the Bible and from all argument in proving what we claim in regard to inspiration. We are willing to depend on the thing itself; knowing that like the immediate hand of God, it is irresistible and self-sustained. *Having* it, we shall conquer in spite of all denial; and without it a change of the world's mere belief would be good for nothing.

Let us then direct our attention to the decisive point; and if *we ourselves* are to be the agents of proof in this case, let us coöperate in God's design of making us unincumbered vehicles of his Spirit. The beginning is made in every believer. However latent and obstructed his inspiration may be, it is in him a hidden fire, which in due time will burn its way through all obstacles to perfect manifestation. To be thus cleared of obstructions, a transparent medium of the light of God and a perfect instrument of his will, should be the ambition of every one who is a partisan of faith in the great controversy that is agitating the world. * * * * * *

INSPIRATION IN UTTERANCE.

It is as important now as it ever was that men should speak "as they are moved by the Holy Ghost." But the mental habits which will allow a person to speak in this way are very different from those which govern the ordinary communications of men. In the case of inspiration thought is not prompted by external suggestion; it is not the offspring of mere intellectual exertion; it is not, in fact, the creation or property of any mere human faculty; but is infused into the man through his spiritual nature by the Holy Ghost. He is "an oracle of God." His attitude is that of an active listener, rather than that of a voluntary thinker. A prayerful working of the central life is the main exercise, and the intellect is only the servant of the heart. Thus

Christ directed his disciples, when delivered up to the magistrates, to turn their minds, not to their plea, but to God. For, said he, "*it shall be given you in that same hour* what ye shall speak. For it is not ye that speak, but the Spirit of your Father that speaketh in you." We may with certainty infer from this language that habits of thought, such as are formed in the schools of the world and are adapted to a condition of non-inspiration, are utterly incompatible with the process by which we are enabled to speak the "wisdom of God." Until true central reflection takes precedence of the common superficial modes of thought, education must be in many respects a direct impediment to the flow of inspiration.

FACTS OR FEELINGS—WHICH SHALL WE HEED?

IT is not uncommon for persons who once rejoiced in freedom from condemnation and were happy in God's love, to sink at times into the depths of self-accusation and be tempted to the verge of despair. These extremes of experience remind us of the spiritual philosophy involved in Paul's question to the Galatians—"Received ye the Spirit by the works of the law, or *by the hearing of faith?*" Gal. 3: 2. The subjects of it have their eye on their feelings, or their imperfections, or on something besides Christ, and have forgotten for the time being that they are justified by faith. But such a spiritual condition need not be wondered at, and should not be allowed to work self-condemnation. The temptation to reaction from a bright to a mournful state of mind—or the liability to a sudden transition from spiritual exaltation to spiritual darkness—grows out of the new relations to the spiritual world which the believer enters upon in making his first confession of Christ; and an analysis of the experience in question would show it to be simply the collision in his nature of the two opposite principles of "law and grace," or of "the flesh and the spirit," which in all believers are contending for possession and control—a conquest for which believers are in no wise responsible, though one in which they must learn to take sides.

Justification by God's free grace, through faith, and freedom from condemnation as a consequence, is the doctrine that is preached and reiterated again and again in the epistles of Paul; and especially in those to the Romans, the Galatians and the Hebrews, is it the theme on which by simile, allegory and illustration the changes are rung until it would seem the truth should be clear as a sunbeam that he that *believeth* is justified.

If the tempted one will revert to his first experience when the joy of the Lord and the assurance of salvation were in his heart, he will see that these blessings came to him as a result of his believing in Christ—that FAITH was the medium to him of God's reconciliation and justification. It was the grace of God apprehended by faith, and not his happy feelings, that justified him. If he is now in trouble, beset with self-condemnation and with sensations the reverse of his first happy experience, and perhaps judging himself for this cause as unworthy of salvation, let him remember with thankfulness his first consciousness of God's work in his heart, for it was surely not in vain; and let him recur in a believing spirit to the same facts of the gospel which first gave him a justified heart, and his original sense of justification will assuredly be repeated. The question of happy sensations, or of any effervescence whatever, of "good feelings," need not come into the account, as they form no part of his justification, though sometimes a natural consequence of it. He will learn in time that suffering and discipline—the *crucifixion*, in fact, of his old life—are quite as legitimate consequences of true faith and justification as are ecstatic but evanescent feelings; and that the most important victories and enduring joy are often won when, if feelings merely were allowed to testify, failure would seem inevitable. He will find, indeed, that he is called to a *warfare*, though not to defeat, and to endure and conquer what he could not endure and conquer without the grace of God in his heart; and that the most grievous tribulation even, which he may for a time be tempted to interpret as just occasion of discouragement and despair, may be instead evidence of his acceptance with God and as such to be rejoiced in, knowing that it is working for his good and necessary for his perfection. "For whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth." And again, "If ye endure chastening, God dealeth with you as with sons. But if ye be without chastisement, whereof all are partakers, then are ye bastards and not sons."

Consider also the rugged faith heroes of the past, from Abel to the Primitive Church, and since—how in all ages they have endured persecutions, afflictions, temptations and death, and have overcome; and the believer may see how he can suffer all the evil, physical or spiritual, that it is in the power of a devil to inflict, or any discipline that a wise Father may arrange for his purification and salvation, and still have remain to him the enduring fruits of the Spirit, without which all external good is nothing, viz., "love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance." But he may be sure that the worst possible use he can make of spiritual distresses, of unsatisfactory circumstances, or of present discomforts of any kind, is to get into a quarrel with God about them, and so allow them to breed in him self-condemnation. By faith he is justified, irrespective of his works, his feelings, or his circumstances; and as the sense of God's justification is the basis of all real self-improvement, so to forget this fact or to substitute anything in its place is sowing to the flesh or turning to dead works for justification, in which case the harvest in store will be disastrous. S. R. L.

LOSS AND GAIN.

"HE that loseth his life for my sake shall find it," says Jesus Christ. Who has tried this, and not found it more than true? What if there is an interval of desolation between surrender and return; it is short—and our faith and patience are profiting the while. "The husbandman waiteth for the precious fruit of the earth, and hath *long patience for it;*" but the harvest is not so sure to him as to us who bury our lives with Christ. For me, I have not given up any attachment, any source of pleasure, any good in life, which was not well parted with for this promise; and I have said in my heart many times, "Return unto thy rest, O my soul, for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee." With improving capabilities of happiness, we find all its natural sources returning in our heavenly inheritance. We relinquish our idols reluctantly, we make a great virtue of the sacrifice, as though they were gratuitous favors to Christ, for which he would say, "*Your most obliged;*" but he has doubtless some of the pride of an honorable man, and will keep even with us at least. Our repinings, and lingering looks behind, are but small compliments to the generosity of him who once gave his life for us, and who is now the most noble and glorious of Princes, with thrones and kingdoms in his gift. If we would not insult the greatness of his soul, we should expect certainly not less than a hundred-fold for all that he receives from us. And our regrets are more ridiculous, for, magnify our loss as we may, we hold no lease of the possessions we give up. Chance may take them away any day, and death would certainly take them some day; and to exchange them while we may for a hundred times their value, would be anything but grievous. We do not believe Christ's promise if we look wishfully behind; if we make much of the sufferings of the present time, it is because we do not think enough of the glory that is to be revealed. If we ask bread, Christ will not give us a stone. He will not take our friends, our name, our houses and lands, our ambition, our pleasures, and give us only a harp and a kneeling-place before his throne. We shall find the same breathing life that we lost. The affections, the cravings that we gave up to be crucified—we shall find them all alive again, in a field of innocent and expanded gratification. H.

TRUE LUXURY.

SAID a friend in my hearing lately, "The sweetest luxury I know is the sense of improvement, and I enjoy it so much that I am not ashamed to ask God to give it to me all the time." Who has not experienced the blessed consciousness of improvement, and does not know the hunger and thirst which invites it and opens the life receptivity to it? If any such there are, we can only say, You have not yet penetrated to the true secret of happiness. Improvement implies success. Whoever seeks improvement faithfully, may be said to have the promise of the life that now is and of that which is to come. It is equivalent to seeking the kingdom of God; and all such subjective workers may be sure of the objective part of the reward. If, as has been said, "the English hell is the fear of not succeeding," then we should say that the way to escape that hell, and all other hells, is to get in love with improvement. Yea, "bind it about thy neck; write it upon the table of thine heart."

All the success the O. C. has gained is to

be attributed to the love of improvement. Its founder has been a devotee to improvement, and it has shaped his whole career and destiny. It so ruled his life that his soul revolted against a religion that did not lift its converts out of the slough of sin and selfishness. His love of improvement impelled him forward till he caught the light of the primitive gospel, and in its clear beams sin and condemnation fled away and his heart found innocence and peace. The revolt in his soul against sin reacted also against the conditions that sin has imposed on society. Once emancipated from the bondage of Satan, an improved social life became possible.

Why should it be thought incredible that religious and societary conditions should undergo changes—should be lifted out of the time-worn grooves of tradition and habit upon the plane of inspiration and science, when we see every other interest of life instinct with the spirit of progress? Shall science, invention and discovery have free scope in all the minor departments of human weal, and yet be excluded from the spiritual and social domain where sin and ignorance have wrought their deepest degradation? The darkness is too far past and the true light shineth with too clear a light for ignorance and intolerance to bear rule in this nineteenth century. The spirit of improvement certainly deserves toleration, and the only claim which the Community urges for itself is that it has subverted old institutions and customs under the dictates of that spirit. If our works and our innovations will not stand the test which is inevitably applied to all progressive measures, we ask no favors for them.

W. H. W.

CONQUER WHERE YOU ARE.

I WAS earnestly praying one day for a change of circumstances. If this thing only were different, or that obstacle removed, I thought to myself, it would be easy to do right, and I should not have to resist temptation. I cried to the Lord with my whole soul. Suddenly those beautiful words that were once given to the apostle Paul were given to me: "My grace is sufficient for thee." At first my faith did not grasp the promise, and I continued praying; but again those words seemed whispered in my heart, and this time I stopped and thought: "Yes, those words are for me; I will believe them. Christ is 'the same yesterday, to-day and forever.' He can save me from temptation right where I am, without any change of circumstances, if I will only take him at his word. His strength is in me to resist the devil. What if I am weak? His strength can be made perfect in my weakness. I will consecrate myself anew to him and not try to save myself. I will make good resolutions again; but instead of breaking them, I will trust God to make me keep them."

This prayer and the assurance that God heard me were the beginning of victory. I found, to my surprise, that the temptations which had appeared so formidable were in reality very small. I realized the promise, "Draw nigh to God and he will draw nigh to you." My weakness took hold of his strength and I no longer wished for a change of circumstances. Everything was just right. The path of duty which before was full of thorns to my feet was now smooth and easy to tread. My heart which seemed so hard and encrusted with worldliness seemed to break and I thankfully exclaimed, "It is not a hard thing to serve God. I will begin anew, thanking him for the simple faith which enables me to lay hold of the promise, 'My grace is sufficient for thee.'"

T. M. S.

HABITATIONS.

III.

WE have discussed the location and character of habitations, first, as determined by the necessity of securing safety; second, as determined by the demands of exchange or commerce. We will now glance at the location and characteristics of dwellings which the earth affords for production. Houses of immense strength built on piles driven in lakes, castles of stone, and light tents in a plain country affording every facility for flight, characterize those people whose chief object is safety. Cities by the sea and situated at all points which are easy of access and egress are characteristic of people who are devoted to trade. But when we speak of the location of habitations with reference to facilities of production, we find a large proportion of the land can be appropriated to this use. The principal source of the wealth which contributes to human sustenance, comfort and luxury, is the pulverized rock which we call soil. If modern research has rightly read the rocky records of the past, it is to the huge, icy mill-stones of the glacial ages that we are indebted for the grinding of this enormous, and to us indispensable, grist. Wherever on the land there are sunshine and rain, the third condition of productiveness, that is, soil, is not usually lacking. There is therefore a large amount of the earth's surface which, so far as the work of production is concerned, is adapted to the establishment of human homes.

It is curious to notice how the homes as well as the characters of men are modified by the land upon which they dwell. How different were the primitive races who inhabited the hilly and wooded countries from those who took up their abode on the immense plains that constitute so large a portion of the earth's surface! In neither case were they so far advanced in the arts but that they were compelled to take the shortest cut to the goal of securing a living; viz., killing animals, both for food and clothing. But before the advent of civilization the plain-dweller evidently had the advantage. He was the owner of the flocks and herds upon which he subsisted, and their numbers were limited only by the extent, richness and continuous yield of the pastures which supported them. The Indian, who roamed through wooded and hilly countries, where he was wholly dependent on his skill in the chase for his subsistence, was evidently much more exposed to danger from famine. In either case the habitations of men must have been few and far between as compared with what they have been since civilization has so multiplied and enlarged the sources of production. The dispute between Abraham and Lot about lack of pasturage for their numerous animals could only be settled by placing them in fields at a greater distance apart.

But admitting these manifest advantages possessed by the plain-dwellers at that time, let us compare the two regions since the advent of civilization. Why is it that the people of the hilly and wooded countries of Europe and America have made such steady and rapid progress in civilization, while the Arab and other Asiatics on their native plains are to this day in precisely the same condition that they were in the days of Abraham? Are there not some things in the location and surroundings of the dwellers among the wooded hills and mountains that are more favorable to the work of striking out new paths in the direction of securing human liberty as well as in the direction of discoveries in the arts that promote physical comfort and luxury?

Each family or tribe among the plain-dwellers having the means of supplying its simple wants within itself has no outlet for its ambition, or means of gratifying it, except in the conquest of its neighbors. Such conquest results in no change in the form of society, but merely effects a change of masters. A certain amount of servile work must be done, the largest share falling to the women, and society exists from age to age with no outward cause to stimulate it to an onward and upward movement.

Let us look, on the other hand, at the condition of the people inhabiting a hilly country. Assuming that they are sufficiently intelligent to subdue the forests and raise grain, one of their first wants is to rid themselves of the irksome drudgery of grinding it by hand. They immediately call to their aid an agent which the plain-dweller does not possess, viz., water-power. When the plain-dweller proposes to rid himself of this drudgery, he can think of no other means than that of conquering and enslaving his neighbor and compelling him to do it. But in the case of the hill-dwellers this same desire to rid themselves of drudgery binds together the whole neighborhood of those who take their grists to the same mill, putting them under bonds to keep the peace. At the same time that the grist-mill liberates them from drudgery, it makes bread more abundant.

But is it conceivable that a people who have taken this step in the way of availing themselves of their advantages of location should stop there, and make no further progress? No, indeed! They demonstrate at once that the power that can grind grain, or saw logs, can drive machine-shops and iron foundries, weave cloth and serve them in a thousand other ways. How true is this of the people of New England! Of the thousands of streams that trickle from their hills and mountains, there can scarcely be found a water-power that has not at some time been put to use. It is therefore not at all surprising that their habitations huddle around the falls and rapids which do such a large share of labor for them and contribute so much to their comfort, leisure, and luxury. So attached are

they to their water-powers that they can even afford to cease entirely the cultivation of their sterile soil, drawing their subsistence from the rich prairies of the West, through the medium of exchange.

It may be said, however, that steam-power is as accessible to the plain-dweller, as to the hill-dweller. That is true, but when we come to inquire why it is that the uses of steam were not discovered and appropriated in a region where there were no water-powers, we shall find, that the step from mere hand labor to the use of steam is altogether too long for the human mind to make. Mankind needed an apprenticeship at the business of using the more simple water-power before he could discover and apply the more complex steam-power.

It seems evident, therefore, that the hilly and wooded regions of the earth are designed by Providence as places where certain races are receiving the impetus and drill which are necessary preliminaries to the great work of elevating the mass of mankind to a higher stage of existence. H. J. S.

ONEIDA CIRCULAR.

TIRZAH C. MILLER, EDITRESS.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1873.

OUR MUSICAL EXCHANGES.

The *Musical Gazette*, published by Bigelow and Main, 425 Broom st., N. Y., now comes to us much enlarged, and greatly improved in character and appearance. Among other new and interesting features, the Feb. issue presents an engraving of the fine face of Dr. Lowell Mason, who has perhaps done more than any other man to revolutionize sacred music, and make it popular. We have followed the *Gazette* through its several changes of form, management etc., and have gleaned from its pages many a gem of sacred song and fine old Anthem. "Answers to Correspondents" by Theo. F. Seward, a gentleman of well known musical ability, are alone worth the price of the paper. To Mr. Seward, also, we are indebted for producing the hitherto unwritten, but soul-stirring songs of the "Jubilee Singers," in printed form, so that they have become the songs of the people. *The Gazette* is ably edited, and a greater variety in the style of music will naturally follow its expansion.

The Bulletin, another musical paper published by Charles W. Harris, N. Y., gives as its name imports, glimpses of home and foreign artists, and the current events in matters musical, both on this, and the other side of the water, accompanied often by a home-life sketch of some grand old master. *The Bulletin* has the rare faculty of discussing a musical celebrity with candor and good will. The music it contains is generally good, and its visits are always acceptable. H. C. N.

A correspondent writing from England says:

"There is one striking coincidence which I cannot account for unless by a theory that there is a spiritualistic sympathy which annihilates space and takes no thought of time. I allude to Mr. Noyes's condemnatory criticism of 'Excelsior.' About the time he must have uttered it, and long before I could have known that such utterance had been made, I was strongly impressed with a similar reflection. Why, thought I, should such waste of life and effort be depicted for so barren a result? And then I further cogitated, Is it not true that many of the woes and foibles of Americans are owing to the very fact that 'Excelsior' is so deeply imbued into their souls, that contentment ever recedes from them—the demon of unrest ever pursues them, and instead of obeying the Scriptural injunction, 'Be not high-minded, but fear,' the continuous effort after the high and unattainable, makes society a constant battle, and life a furious fever, in which the strong trample on the weak, and the cunning lord it over the feeble? *Humilior! humilior!* is a new cry which may be unwelcome to some ears, but which as a counteracting agent may not be without its instant influence and benefit."

POPULATION OF THE UNITED STATES.

IN 1870 the total population of the United States and Territories was 38,925,598. Of this number 33,592,245 were white, 4,886,387 were colored; 63,254 were Chinese; and 383,712 were Indians (the latter partly estimated and partly enumerated). The increase of population since 1860, has been 22.22 per cent.; and the increase of the blacks 9.21 per cent. The white population has changed as follows: In Alabama there was a loss of 0.93 per cent.; Arkansas, 11.71 per cent. gain; California, 54.54 per cent. gain; Connecticut, 16.84 per cent. gain; Delaware, 15.84 per cent. gain; Florida, 23.55 per cent; Georgia, 8.01 per cent. gain; Illinois, 47.34 per cent. gain; Indiana, 23.69 per cent, gain; Iowa, 76.35 per cent. gain; Kansas, 225.57 per cent. gain; Kentucky, 19.49 per cent. gain; Louisiana, 1.29 per cent. gain; Maine, 0.34 per cent. loss; Maryland, 17.39 per cent. gain; Michigan 58.57 per cent. gain; Minnesota, 158.72 per cent. gain; Mississippi, 8.19 per cent. gain; Missouri, 50.74 per cent. gain; New Hampshire, 2.42 per cent. loss; New Jersey, 35.37 per cent. gain; New York, 13.01 per cent. gain; North Carolina, 7.70 per cent. gain; Ohio, 12.99 per cent. gain; Oregon, 66.66 per cent. gain; Pennsylvania, 21.32 per cent. given Rhode Island, 24.36 per cent. gain; South Carolina, 0.56 per cent. loss; Tennessee, 13.23 per cent. gain; Texas, 34.17 per cent. gain; Vermont, 4.85 per cent. gain; Virginia, 32.01 per cent. loss, owing to the erection of fifty counties into the State of West Virginia; Wisconsin, 35.89 per cent. gain.

The colored population of the several States has been affected as follows: Alabama shows 8.62 per cent. gain; Arkansas, 9.81 per cent. gain; California, 4.55 per cent. gain; Connecticut, 12.07 per cent. gain; Delaware, 5.40 per cent. gain; Florida, 46.29 per cent. gain; Georgia, 17.06 per cent. gain; Illinois, 277.06 per cent. gain; Indiana, 114.91 per cent. gain; Iowa, 439.01 per cent. gain; Kansas, 2628.55 per cent. gain; Kentucky, 5.91 per cent. loss; Louisiana, 3.95 per cent. gain; Maine, 21.02 per cent. gain; Maryland, 2.49 per cent. gain; Massachusetts, 45.25 per cent. gain; Michigan, 74.28 per cent. gain; Minnesota, 193.05 per cent. gain; Misisippi, 1.55 per cent. gain; Missouri, 0.36 per cent. loss; New Hampshire, 17.41 per cent. gain; New Jersey, 21.01 per cent. gain; New York, 6.28 per cent. gain; North Carolina, 8.33 per cent. gain; Ohio, 72.37 per cent. gain; Oregon, 170.31 per cent. gain; Pennsylvania, 14.65 per cent. gain; Rhode Island, 26.01 per cent. gain; South Carolina 0.85 per cent. gain; Tennessee, 13.89 per cent. gain; Texas, 38.57 per cent. gain; Vermont, 30.32 per cent. gain; Virginia, 6.57 per cent. loss; having now become second in point of colored population: Wisconsin, 80.44 per cent. gain. These figures show that the colored population is gradually diffusing itself through the free States, especially those in the West and North West. After deducting the percentage of colored increase from the percentage of total increase, we have a difference of 13.01 per cent in favor of the latter rate of increase, a difference too large to be accounted for by the influx of foreign whites. The blacks have, in a sense, been a petted race, but now under circumstances which put them on their real powers of endurance, they begin to show signs of weakness. The next census will settle this point better. A. B.

COMMUNITY JOURNAL.

ONEIDA.

—Evening reading resumed. Stanley's "How I Found Livingstone" draws a very good audience.

—Our machine-shop is certainly more worthy of its title than it used to be in the old "mill" when three or four second-hand lathes, a gear-cutter and drill, comprised the modest outfit of that department. It has now fifteen lathes and at least half of them are substantial well-made machines; four are rather new and combine all the modern improvements. Mr. D. A. Abbott runs the large twelve-foot lathe, and those great rough disks, which he turns to a true polished surface, are designed for the largest sized chuck, of which there are nine sizes now made. There are two shaping-machines, two planers and a new milling machine. Eight hired men are employed, and it has been found advantageous to let each become skillful in some particular part of the work. The obliging foreman will show cupboards filled with polished parts of chucks ready to be fitted together. The machine-shop is and always has been a very valuable helper to our other industries, but it has now risen to the dignity of a self-supporting manufactory of machinist's tools.

—We were about to speak of a fireside chat which interested us the other evening, when we bethought ourselves: Fireside? Why, we haven't any such thing. That pleasant word will soon pass away. How does this sound: Steam-coil chat—radiator chat—register chat? Ugh! How one's sense of the euphonious is outraged! It will take a decade at least to wear away the intense practicality of those words and cover them with the moss of sentiment. We have one room, though, which seems like a bit of antique among the modern improvements of our establishment. This is the nursery-kitchen, and never was there a room of its size put to so many uses. Here are a stove, a pump (rare antiquity), a sink, a buttery, a lounge, an easy-chair, and all the other contrivances of a farm-house kitchen. Here you may see boiling, frying, stewing, washing and ironing *ad infinitum*, and here you may toast your feet in the oven of an evening, to the simmering of the tea-kettle, while your thoughts wind and twirl and soar far away with the curling vapor which repeats over and over its montonous song.

—The railroad men have been busy all day removing last week's wreck from below the trestle, hauling it up the hill and loading it upon platform cars. Since an early hour two of our strongest teams have been hard at work drawing the fragments as near as possible to the foot of the hill, and now at 10 A. M. superintendent Lewis has ordered up the locomotive "Otsego," with a hundred feet of huge manilla rope, heavy hooks, chains etc., and soon we have a grand exhibition of the power of steam. First come the trucks. These being comparatively light and on wheels are brought up with a rush, crashing and splintering everything and anything which happens to lie in their way, it seems to make no difference what; an instant more and they are landed on the road above, lifted upon the rails and run off to the side track. Now they fasten to one of the heavy platforms or body of a car. This huge mass of wood and iron besides being very heavy is exceed-

ingly rough and irregular, presenting many protruding corners and angles. To smooth the way a little, heavy timbers are placed at the angle at the foot of the hill and now all hands out of the way, for the grand trial of steam vs. inertia and a rough road. Superintendent Lewis, standing where he can command a view of the whole field of operations, gives his orders: "Now, then, Condee (the engineer), do your best!" The engine starts and slowly the rope gets more and more tense as the whole power of the engine is brought to the strain. Suddenly the huge mass below starts forward; faster and faster it moves, plowing and grinding through the frozen earth and snow. Striking the timbers at the foot of the hill, with a tremendous jar, it mounts upward. Crash! a projecting end of one of the trestle cross-timbers is reduced to splinters and checks for an instant the moving mass. "Go on! Go on!" shouts the superintendent, and on it goes with a frenzied bound which scatters in wild dismay the crowd of Irishmen standing near. In two seconds more the top of the hill is reached and the engine stops. Bravely done! The huge platform is soon loaded upon a car, and now at 5 o'clock the entire mass of the wreck is starting off on its way to Oswego.

—Mr. A. L. Burt, when recently passing through a New England town saw a company of boys sliding down hill on a novel kind of sled, which pleased him so well that he has since constructed a similar one for the Community boys and girls. It is very well adapted to the gregarious habits of children, and especially of Community children, because a dozen or more can ride on it at a time, and this is one of its chief charms. It is simple and easily made, provided you have a couple of ordinary sleds to use; for you have only to take an inch board of any length you choose, eight, ten, or twelve feet, place the two sleds, one under each end of the board, and attach them to it in the same manner that "bob" sleds are attached in the construction of ordinary "traverse" sleds or sleighs. Another merit this kind of sled has, which prudent folks think of (though it doesn't have much weight with children) is, that it saves boots and shoes, as the "steering" for the dozen is done by one and that without using the foot for a rudder, as commonly practiced. The forward sled, which is attached by a "king-bolt," moves easily in either direction from the line of the sled, by aid of the hands on the "tongue" or rope by which it is drawn, and thus the direction of the sled can be determined easily at will. This aggregation too, greatly increases the momentum, so that the single sled is materially distanced in coasting competition. The dignity and responsibility of the office of steersman is much enhanced by this double-geared arrangement, for he has the safety of his comrades intrusted to him, and he must have a quick eye and a firm, steady hand that will guide his precious freight to the foot of the hill in safety or he will be disgraced, lose his position, and be obliged to take a back seat. The spectacle, as the observer watches the descent of the sled, with its ten-foot row of boys and girls in variegated costume, is unique, not to say comical.

—Our Sunday evening entertainments afford us a great deal of amusement this winter. They are made up for the most part of short dramatic scenes, original or selected, tableaux, burlesques, with musical sprinklings, instrumental and vocal. They serve also as a school to bring out and develop whatever artistic and dramatic talent there may be latent among us, thus combining improvement with pleasure. Our last, which was more impromptu than usual, opened with a three-part song. Then followed a recitation by H. J. S. Next a young lady who has lately heard Miss Anna Mehlig appeared in costume and gave an imitation of her style. Following this came an old English song, "Robin Ruff." The next piece, "The Bashful Lovers," was a capital hit, but is one of those indescribable scenes which has to be seen to be thoroughly appreciated. However, we will try to give some idea of it. The curtain rises and discloses the interior of an old-fashioned kitchen. At a table in the center of the room, busily engaged in paring potatoes, sits a country lass, jauntily dressed and looking very demure. Suddenly a knock is heard which is immediately responded to by the fair occupant. The door opens, and a tall, green-looking youth steps awkwardly in, holding his cap in one hand and a smoky lantern in the other. His hair is carefully plastered down, forming two of the most miraculous beau-catchers imaginable, and his pantaloons have long since dissolved partnership with the tops of his buckskins. He has evidently never strayed far from the pumpkin and squash-vines of his father's farm, and his appearance and manners exhibit a ludicrous mixture of sheepish pleasure and overpowering embarrassment. He is cordially invited to take a chair, which is standing some yards distant from the damsel. Then ensues an awkward pause. The fair one smiles encouragement, but says nothing. Growing desperate the youth breaks the ice with the anxious inquiry,

"Do you like cheese?"

"Yes," is the response. He hitches his chair a little nearer at this, and evinces his embarrassment and pleasure by continually rubbing his great hands over his knees and casting sly, sidelong glances at his companion. He again ventures,

"Does your mother like cheese?"

"Yes," very sweetly.

"Does your father like cheese?"

"Yes."

Emboldened by his success, the rustic lover hitches his chair nearer and nearer his sweetheart and asks with unction,

"Does your grandfather like cheese?"

"Why, he's dead!"

This somewhat disconcerts the youth, who moves his chair uneasily backward and scratches his head as if in perplexity. Presently he brightens up with,

"Do you think he would have liked cheese if he had lived?"

"We *all* like cheese," she confidingly answers. Abruptly changing the subject he asks,

"Do you like maple-sugar?"

"Yes, ain't it sweet?" her head on one side, looking very winning. At this the swain moves his chair very near that of his fair companion and says affectionately,

"Wal, the next time I come, I'll bring you a great gaub!"

The concluding piece was an overture by what purported to be Theodore Thomas's orchestra, and was one of the funniest burlesques we ever had on our stage. The performers were as innocent of any practical knowledge of the instruments they held as babes unborn. Their leader was equally proficient; but what he and they lacked in other respects they made up in enthusiasm and vim. What wonderful *crescendo* and *diminuendo* effects! What excruciating solos on the clarionet! What marvelous rhapsodies from the violoncello! But the pen falters.

—S. R. L. writes from Gouverneur: "Occasionally on the cars or elsewhere, I am drawn into conversation with some one who is curious to learn a little more about the Community of which he has heard so much by report. 'Why, *that is not nature*,' said one gentleman to me when I informed him that it is our freedom from selfishness that enables us to live together in harmony; 'the general conviction is that not even two families can live amicably together as one household.' 'It is not human nature as we generally see it,' I replied; 'but it is *God's* nature to be unselfish, and we believe in being born again.'

"Said another gentleman to me—'Your *social* position seems to be the great bug-bear in people's minds. Everything else but that they can get along with. But my opportunities of acquaintance with society have been somewhat extensive, and according to my observation, happy marriages are extremely rare. When persons come together in courtship,' said he, 'they see no evil in each other, or if they do see some things they don't quite approve, they yield to one another's prejudices and try to make themselves mutually agreeable. But some how or other after the parties become united in the holy bonds of matrimony all the little faults come to the surface, and produce disagreements and unhappiness.' 'That's it exactly,' I responded; 'so long as a loving couple remain unmarried, they strive to please each other. But marriage changes the relative standing of the parties—they are no longer on an equal footing. The law of marriage places the wife in the power of her husband, and she finds that if for any cause he is tempted to irritation or ungentlemanly conduct, he no longer feels under the same necessity to please her whom the law has made his own. Hence the closer familiarity of marriage, instead of increasing love as was hoped, tends to the contrary. And this state of things suggests the real difference between social life at O. C. and that of ordinary society. It is the difference between courtship and marriage. One sex does not own the other, but both are put upon their good behavior; and all the politeness and tender regard for one another in little matters which are so common in courtship, with us continue to be the standard of every-day life.' 'If that is what you are doing,' said the gentleman, 'your example, if it could be followed, would be of inestimable value to the world.'"

WALLINGFORD.

—This evening Mr. H. expressed thankfulness for the good spirit manifest in our work, and hoped we should work as "unto the Lord." In our business here we are liable to many pressures and severe strains, and we should learn how to meet them in a spirit of steadiness and cheerfulness, that is not worried nor frightened by a great rush of work. A few people, well organized, will accomplish double the amount of business that a great number working in an unorganized way can. It is well for us to consider also our remarkable exemption from accidents. Let us remember God's goodness to us in this respect and give expression to thankfulness.

—During the reading the other night, Fidelia and journalist kept noticing a peculiar and unaccountable noise, not loud nor continuous, but occurring at intervals and something like the rumble which is said to precede an earthquake. It was really quite mysterious and ghostly. At meeting time one and another began to notice it. One would say (listening intently), "There, I hear it!" and then would arise such a chorus of "I hear it," that it was quite certain no one was hearing it. "It is the vibration from the dam," said one practical voice. The windows were raised, but the air seemed still and no sound of the dam could be heard. C. S. J. went up stairs and down stairs and out of doors, but heard nothing, we in the Hall affirming that we had heard it in his absence. It was in that room somewhere. After meeting Mrs. Noyes went round and rattled each window, but not till the next morning was the question solved. Marion was studying in the Hall when, lo! the noise again! She went to a certain window and put her finger on it. The noise ceased; taking it off, it began again. It was the vibration from the dam that caused it after all. The boys who room down stairs say that some nights it makes the

windows rattle so that they have to wedge them in order to sleep.

—How you Oneida people *did* surprise us to-day! It is hard to tell when our little family has been thrown into such a flutter of wonderment. A telegram was received at noon from Springfield, notifying us to meet three or four at the half-past four train. "*Three or four!*" was quickly echoed about the house. "Who *can* be coming with Martin? We wondered and guessed, and wondered, and wondered again. We couldn't think of much else. At dinner time, what a buzz the dining-room was in! John C. said he had a letter from Martin saying something about bringing on a farmer and his family. "Oh, pshaw!" That's just it! Some busy brain suggested *sheep*, and that idea was quickly caught at. The consciences of some fun-loving girls suggested that Martin had prepared some joke in return for the cold "gems" with which his pocket had been filled. Another brilliant idea suggested was, that there had been a mistake in the telegram, and Martin meant to say, "Bring three or four to meet me." Wilfred, whose enthusiasm over any new event always calls forth our merriment, put on his wisest thinking-cap and after a profound cogitation, gravely asked Mr. H. whom he "*suspected?*" to which Mr. H. as gravely replied, that really he had been too busy all day to "suspect" any body. We all agreed upon one thing, that a joke was in store for us, and that we would not *one* of us go to the door. The time of arrival drew nigh, and, in spite of our assumed stoicism, feminine curiosity showed itself in the eyes which cautiously peeped out from behind the curtains of the front-room windows. As the sleigh came in sight, Mary Bolles's face was seen, and scattering all our resolutions to the winds, to the door we scampered from all directions. Oh, oh! how astonished we were! But if we had known it for a week, Ann and Mary and that precious baby could not have had any warmer welcome. John with a sly look said, "What do you think of the sheep?"

FROM OUR YALE STUDENTS.

VI.

Indian Canoes.

WENDELL PHILLIPS, in his brilliant lecture on the "Lost Arts," says, "If a London chronometer-maker wants the best steel to use in his chronometer he does not send to Sheffield, the center of all science, but to the Punjaub, the empire of the seven rivers, where there is no science at all." This reminds me of a fact mentioned by Prof. Trowbridge the other day.

In 1854, when he was in command of an expedition to the Pacific coast on some coast-survey business, he found canoes among the Indians at Cape Flattery the model of which was almost perfect. Made from a single log dug out with fire, shaped with the rudest of hatchets, yet with the single exception of greater proportional length, the outline was absolutely the same as that of our best sailing yachts, the lines of which are the result of so much scientific research and mathematical calculation. To be certain of this fact, Prof. T. had his draughtsman make complete drawings of one, and upon his return to New York a model was constructed from them. One would naturally suppose that it would take wild Indians a geological age to work out such problems.

MEDICINE.

Finding that I was likely to have a spare hour every forenoon this term I looked about for a method of spending it. After some inquiry I discovered that the medical students were having four or five lectures every day, and straightway decided to see what they were like. Soon after, meeting Prof. B. I told him I would like to go to a few lectures to get a little smattering of medicine. He made me free to attend any I chose. "Mention my name and your connection with Drs. Noyes and Cragin," he said, "to any of the lecturers and it will be all right." Accordingly, during the next few days I went to one of each course, with a view of selecting the most interesting.

Dr. Hubbard, on Obstetrics and Diseases of Women and Children, comes first in the morning.

Dr. Sanford is next, on Anatomy and Physiology. For pure technicality I never heard his equal. Imagine such talk as this kept up for an hour without a break:

"The fifth pair with the Casserian ganglion, is situated near the inner extremity of the petrous portion of the temporal bone; the glosso-pharyngeal with the ganglion of Andersch, is situated in the jugular fossa, while the pneumogastric presents, just before its passage through the jugular foramen, a ganglion known as the ganglion of the pneumogastric nerve,"—and you have an idea of it. He stopped short one day and observed, "Gentlemen, perhaps this is a little confusing;" a rapid vibration of twenty or thirty pairs of boot-heels on the floor assured him that his suspicion was correct. Nevertheless, his lecture on the spleen and pancreas was of much interest, even to me.

Dr. Lindsay, on Materia Medica, told us all about wine and alcohol, when to use it, what kinds of wine, etc., also Aconite Belladonna, and such stuffs.

Dr. Charley Ives, as the boys call him, lectured on Cancer in the Stomach, Peritonitis Phthisis and the like.

But for me, Dr. Bacon on Surgery was the most fascinating. Cool and self-possessed, yet quick and gentle as a woman, with, so far as I could judge, entire mastery of his theme, the doctor's exhibitions on a "subject" of trephining, tracheotomy, amputations of arms and legs, were only excelled in dexterity by his operations on living subjects at the State Hospital. K.

"FIGURES CANNOT LIE."

A PRACTICAL accountant, of many years experience, once told me of the thousands of persons who start in business it had been estimated that less than one per cent. attained to any position of credit; and that of the thousands of failures among business men, in all his experience, he failed to recall one instance in which the cause could not be traced to the lack of a correct system of accounts. At that time I knew little or nothing of book-keeping, and the statement of my friend, the book-keeper, looked so much like praising his own wares that I treated him to a recital of the old story of the beleaguered city, the Burghers of which called the citizens together to devise the best material for placing the city most effectually in a state of defense. Many trades were represented and each person warmly advocated the adoption of the particular material in which he dealt. At last the shoemaker, hitherto a silent listener, being called upon for his advice, rose with a majestic solemnity which ever gave weight to his counsel, and declared that "there was nothing like leather."

I have since learned more about book-keeping and am inclined to accept my friend's estimate of the value of his "leather." Of course, many start in business with insufficient capital, and so fail; but a knowledge of accounts would enable them to forecast such a result. Then many are ruined by fire or storms; but such contingencies are among the things provided against by those who count well the cost; even those who enter into speculation with an ample system of account-keeping will have an incalculable advantage over those who ignore the record of their transactions. But speculators cannot properly be ranked among business men; they are usually adventurers and gamblers, or men who step outside the bounds of business habits to stake their fortunes on the hazard of a die.

It frequently puzzles me now to imagine how I could have transacted so much business in the past with so little regard to account-keeping, and there is no difficulty in recalling many instances where, with my present business education, I could have saved thousands of dollars. How many times have I been angered, in a final settlement, with the unanswerable argument that "figures cannot lie!" I have sometimes wished they could, but they never did, and the more I have to do with them, the more convincing is the proof that they never will.

I have fallen in love with figures for their very truth-telling. It is this attribute of figures which makes them so popular among us. We care nothing for accounts between each other. One person owns the whole as much as another. There is no place in the world where there is less necessity for acccount-keeping than here; but we love accounts because they speak the truth. We demand the truth from our businesses no less than from each other, and the way we do it is by keeping accurate accounts. When account-keeping in the O. C. was first reduced to its present system of thoroughness, many of us could not see the use of such careful estimations of the exchanges between departments. Some said, "It is like the right hand keeping account with the left;" but when J. H. N. said it was a method whereby the right hand made the left hand tell the truth, we all saw the point and determined that every department and every branch of business should tell the exact truth. The consequence is that we now have as complete a system of accounts as any business organization in the world. Not only are strict accounts kept with every department of expense and production in the Community, numbering as many as forty departments, but some of these departments are again subdivided, so that in our hardware department, for instance, an account is kept with each article of manufacture; each size of trap has its separate account and is charged with its separate inventory which is checked every month, so that our financier can tell at a glance, not only what department is losing or gaining, but the exact status and the actual results in dollars and cents of each article of manufacture. A. E.

BEET-SUGAR MANUFACTORY.

Freeport, Illinois, Feb. 2, 1873.

DEAR CIRCULAR:—Having recently spent a few hours at the beet-sugar factory, situated about two miles east of Freeport, on the farm of Mr. C. H. Rosenstiel, and knowing the interest you take in the development of useful industries, as well as in the progress of science, I jotted down a few of my observations. Mr. Rosenstiel is the general business manager of the establishment, and to him and the gentlemanly and intelligent superintendent, Mr. Richard Pfeiffer, I am indebted for a good look through the establishment, and much interesting information in regard to the cultivation of the beet as well as the manufacture of the sugar. Mr. Pfeiffer is not only thoroughly acquainted with the manufacture of beet-sugar, but is a practical chemist and civil engineer. J. I. Case, Esq., of Racine, Wisconsin, and L. Bunn, Esq., of Springfield, Illinois, both men of large wealth and enterprise, are partners of Mr. Rosenstiel, and have been liberal in outlay of capital to ensure a successful experiment. Mr. Rosenstiel has been for many years a resident of Freeport and vicinity, and has devoted considerable attention to beet-culture, partly for the purpose of furnishing feed to his extensive herds of

cattle, sheep and hogs. A leading object has also been to learn by experience how to successfully raise and encourage the cultivation of beets with reference to the ultimate establishment of a beet-sugar factory.

The building is an immense structure of brick and stone, and appears to be well calculated and arranged for doing the work by machinery with the least possible outlay of manual labor. It stands upon the east side of the Illinois Central Railroad, and with its tower nearly one hundred feet high, can be seen a long way down the railroad coming from the south. A side track runs along on the west front, convenient for receiving coal and other freight by rail. The front of the factory is three stories high. The entire length of what may be called the main building, in which most of the machinery is placed, is three hundred and seventy-four feet, by fifty-five feet wide. Then there is another building, eighty-five feet long by fifty-five feet wide, in which there are six large steam boilers. This building is parallel with the other, and fronts on the railroad track where coal is received. In the rear of this is another building, forming with the main building, a T, one hundred and forty-two feet long, by thirty-three feet wide. This part of the building is two stories high. It is used for storage, and also for purifying the bone-black after it has been used for filtering. When the manufacturing was commenced, about thirty-five or forty tons of bone-black were used for filtering. This was before Mr. Pfeiffer took charge of the works, and he informs me that it would have been good economy to have used at least eighty or one hundred tons to begin with. When the bone-black needs purifying, it is taken out of the filters, and after being treated to a wash of water and muriatic acid, in large vats made of brick and laid in water-lime, it is taken out and carried to a large drying-pan, capable of holding several tons, which is heated from furnaces below. After being sufficiently dried, a process which requires much care in order to avoid over-heating the bone-black, it is again ready for use, having lost in the process of purifying only a small percentage, if the work has been carefully and properly managed. There should not be over ten or fifteen per cent. loss in the bone-black, for the entire season of five or six months.

We will now go round to the east end of the main building where the beets are received and stored until wanted for use. Here we find a room for storing about three hundred tons of beets. A cheap railroad track is laid through the center, by which they are conveyed in a car to a room in the basement of the next building, where they are put into a large, long, revolving washing-machine, which is placed horizontally in a wooden vat, constantly supplied with a stream of fresh water. The washing-machine or tub is made with slats, so that the water can pass out freely, and is raised at the end where the beets are shoveled in. As the washing process goes on by the revolving of the tub, the beets gradually work toward the lower end, where they drop out into an elevator, which carries them up into the next story of the building to the grinding apparatus, which is not unlike a bark-mill, though it revolves much faster. From a vat below the mill, the pulp is shoveled by hand into an inclined trough which carries it to a series of six revolving, perforated metallic tubs. These tubs revolve with great rapidity, and throw off the juice into an outer tub, from which it passes by a conductor into a large vat on the floor below. It is now pumped up through iron pipes, to six large copper boiling-pans, holding from one to two barrels each. In the process of boiling in these pans, it is treated with a substance called the milk of lime, for the purpose of neutralizing the foreign salts and otherwise cleansing it. It is next conveyed through iron pipes to the filtering press, made of strips of woolen cloth and upright iron plates. It is now pumped up into the large tank in the tower, from whence it runs down into eight iron vats filled with bone-black, where it passes through the final process of filtering. As the syrup comes from the last filters it is clear and deliciously sweet. It is now pumped into the boilers for granulating. These boilers are of copper, capable of holding several hogsheads each, and cost between five and six thousand dollars apiece. After the granulating point is attained, it is drawn off from the boilers into large tubs in the main or front part of the building, and when cooled is shoveled into revolving cylinders, of which there are four which revolve with almost lightning speed, throwing off the syrup and retaining the dry sugar, which is emptied into buckets and conveyed to the place for packing and shipping. The syrup which remains is again subjected to the purifying and boiling process until it is converted into sugar; so that there is but a small percentage left which is not convertible into first-class sugar.

To give you, perhaps, a better idea of the extent of the machinery used, and also of the expense incurred, I will mention some of the figures I obtained: there is one seventy-five horse-power steam-engine, one twenty horse-power, one ten horse-power, three air-pumps, three water-pumps, three syrup- and juice-pumps, and one gas-pump. Six boilers supply the steam for the whole. There is an almost endless amount of iron tubing, stop-cocks, etc., etc. Perhaps all the work is done by machinery that can be, and yet eighty hands, consisting of men, women and boys, are needed during the grinding and boiling season to keep the factory running night and day.

The machinery was originally imported by Mr. Bunn, from Germany, at a cost of one hundred and twenty thousand dollars. It was for a time used at Chatsworth in this State; but the soil at Chatsworth and vicinity did not seem adapted to raising a good quality of beets for manufacturing purposes. They grew large and rank, but lacked saccharine matter. This, together with other causes, made the works at Chatsworth quite unprofitable. To make the business a profitable one, the beets should yield from ten to twelve per cent. sugar. If the product is below eight per cent., it can hardly be regarded a remunerative business, considering the large outlay of capital. Some of the beets raised here have been shown, by actual test, to contain thirteen or fourteen per cent. sugar; though that is above the average. A good yield per acre is about fifteen tons; but twenty or twenty-five tons is not an uncommon crop. Dry seasons are better than wet for raising beets of good quality.

The factory here can easily work up about fifty tons of beets per day, if reasonably well managed. When in full blast, from twenty to twenty-five tons of coal are used, costing at the factory about three dollars and fifty cents per ton.

In Germany, where manufacturing sugar from beets has proved profitable, the coal costs from fourteen to fifteen dollars per ton. The manufacturers have besides to pay a Government tax nearly equal to the first cost of raising. If the manufacture of beet-sugar can, with these disadvantages, be profitable in Germany, it would certainly seem that it ought to prove profitable here, where the price of coal is so much cheaper, and where there is no Government tax to pay.

Mr. Rosenstiel and Mr. Pfeiffer both concur in the opinion that the quality of beets raised in this vicinity is fully as good as the quality raised in Germany.

L. W. G.

The 130th asteroid was discovered by Dr. Peters, of Hamilton College, on the night of Feb. 18th. It is in the constellation of the Lion, and only half a degree east of the planet Jupiter.

THE CATECHISM.

[We struck out the following paragraph in the extract we made week before last from "Revival Memories" in the *Independent*, because we thought the article too long; but Mr. Finney's description of Mr. Hervey Smith's repeated stumbling over the Catechism is so good a specimen of the way some people confound the Bible with precepts which have been instilled into their minds from other sources, that we insert it this week:]

As soon as we were introduced, I said: "Mr. Smith I have not come to have any controversy with you; but, at the request of Mrs. Smith, to try to do you good. She has informed me that you are a Deist; and, if you will state to me in brief your objections to the Christian religion, it is possible that I may be able to relieve your difficulties." I then said, kindly: "Mr. Smith, how much do you admit?" He replied: "I am no Atheist. I believe in the existence, providence, and government of God. I am a Deist; still I admit the immortality of the human soul. But I do not, I cannot believe the Bible to be the Word of God." I inquired why. He replied: "Mr. Finney, you and I need not consume much time in going over the subject. We can soon ascertain in what we agree and wherein we disagree. We agree that God created us." "Yes," I replied. "That we are conscious of being free moral agents." "Yes." "That we are endowed by our Creator with certain irresistible convictions of right and wrong." "Yes." "That God is just and good." "Yes." "That any pretended revelation from him must represent him as being wise, just, and good." "Yes." "That any pretended revelation that represents God as doing or saying things that are contrary to our fundamental and irresistible convictions of what is right and just cannot be from God." I again said: "Yes, provided the revelation be rightly interpreted and our convictions rightly and thoroughly developed." He then said: "I am glad that we are agreed so far. My objection to the Bible is that it teaches doctrines that directly contradict my irresistible convictions of right." "Wherein?" I inquired. He replied: "The Bible teaches that God holds all men guilty of Adam's sin, and threatens us all with eternal damnation for the guilt of it. Certainly, no book can be from God that teaches such a doctrine as this." "Where," I asked, "does the Bible teach this? Will you produce the passage?" Instead of quoting the Bible he quoted the Catechism. I said: "Mr. Smith, let us confine ourselves to the teaching of the Bible, and for the present lay the Catechism aside. Where does the Bible teach this?" He could not produce the passage that, when justly interpreted, he dared to say taught such a doctrine; but proceeded to say that the Bible represented all mankind as being born under a divine constitution, with a nature wholly sinful in every faculty and part of soul and body, as wholly incapable of good and disposed to all evil, as coming into being in a state of condemnation and wrath, and for this sinful nature doomed to everlasting misery. Here he waxed warm, and asserted that no book that taught such a doctrine as this could be from God. Again I mildly demanded the passage that taught any such doctrine; and he again quoted the Catechism. I again declined to receive the Catechism as proof, and insisted upon his showing me where the doctrine was taught in the Bible. He failed to produce any passage on which he could rely as teaching the doctrine. "But," he said, "are you not a Presbyterian minister, and do you not receive the Confession of Faith as teaching the true meaning of the Bible?" I replied: "Mr. Smith, we are not all agreed as to the exact meaning of the Confession of Faith on all points. If you please, we will confine our examination to the Bible, and deal fairly with it." Failing to fasten this doctrine on the Bible, he proceeded to say that the Bible calls upon all men to repent, on pain of eternal damnation; and yet teaches that we can no more repent than we can create a world. "Can that be a revelation from God, that demands the performance of impossibilities, upon pain of eternal damnation?" I again called for proof; and he again quoted the Catechism, and added that these were in substance the doctrines that he had heard preached all his life. I held him to the Bible. He proceeded to charge other doctrines upon the Bible; but failed to show that the Bible taught any such doctrines. He finally set himself back in his chair and said: "Mr. Finney, you are the first Presbyterian minister I ever conversed with that would not receive the

Catechism as the true exponent of the teachings of the Bible." I replied: "My dear sir, we have the Bible in our hands. We need not go to the Catechism. We can expound it for ourselves; and certainly, you have failed to show that the Bible, when rightly interpreted, teaches these obnoxious doctrines, to which you so strongly object."

DREAMING.

WHERE is the strange, mysterious land in which we pass a third of our existence? What vagaries, what absurdities we there commit! Sleep has been called the great leveler of distinctions; the rich and the poor, the loved and the despised, go together to the realms of Morpheus. Yet who can give an accurate description of that boundless kingdom? We read the conjectures of philosophers; but they seem only able to account in part for the capricious character of our dream-life.

Though our dreams are as varied as our dispositions and ambitions, it being seldom if ever that we encounter similar adventures in our night wanderings, yet there are a few dreams which all have in common. Among these the one of which I oftenest hear is the fancy that you are about to take a journey and discover, just as you seat yourself in the cars or have started down street with your satchel, that you are minus your shoes and stockings, or even your gown or coat. Dismayed at your condition, you return in search of your clothing; starting again, you find that some mischievous elf has spirited away your hat. You instigate another search, and continue this aggravating process until, worn out with the endeavor to get your wearing apparel into concrete and decorous condition, you awake without ever accomplishing the journey you projected. There are also dreams of flying, climbing, falling, which we embellish with similar incidents and which are doubtless produced by similar causes.

Dreams often afford people practical assistance. Dr. Franklin once observed that "the bearings and results of particular events which caused him much trouble while awake were not unfrequently unfolded to him while dreaming." I have heard of a number of instances of persons who had lost or mislaid some valuable article and after vainly searching, fell asleep with the subject on their minds, beheld the missing object concealed in a certain spot and on awaking found their dreams to have been a kind of clairvoyance. One of our best inventors has often been aided by dreams in the solution of mechanical problems.

With what Quixotic heroism we dare and do in dreamland! We calmly ascend hights or cross yawning chasms which in our waking moments we shudder but to think of. Last night I dreamed of being upon the top of our highest Mansard roof, from whence I must descend by the corner-stones, while I carried in my hand—O, inexorable fate!—a stopperless inkstand! I reached the shelf below the slate roofing in safety to ink and bones; but essaying to descend by the white, jutting stones, I discovered, to my horror, that they were so much loosened, that at the slightest touch of my foot they slipped from their sockets and fell with a terrific crash to the ground, thirty feet below. But the situation became too fearful for the bands of sleep to hold me, and I escaped the inevitable catastrophe.

Dreams played an important part in Bible-life, particularly in the early days of the prophets. Men when sleeping were peculiarly impressible to the supernatural, and God often approached them in the visions of the night. "In a dream," says Job, "..... he openeth the ears of men and sealeth their instruction." "God came to Laban in a dream," he "appeared to Solomon in a dream by night;" "the angel of the Lord appeared to Joseph in a dream." The mind, while the body lies passive, seems much at the mercy of spirits, both good and evil; and how sweet is that innocent trust in a "guardian angel" with which the child closes its eyes in slumber! Who has not been made happier for a whole day or had the whole course of his experience changed by a dream in which good angels seemed hovering near? Sleep to the guilty conscience is purgatorical torment; while to the righteous man it is the balmy restorer of all his faculties.

THE NEWS.

The new Spanish Republic has been recognized by France.

An explosion occurred on the 18th inst. in the coal mines at Staffordshire, England, by which from thirty to forty miners are reported killed.

The number of emigrants who left Bremen for the United States during the past year was 80,000; and from Hamburg the number was 59,000. These figures are largely in excess of any former year.

A movement is on foot, initiated by prominent citizens of the city of Brooklyn, for annexing Brooklyn to New York. It is reported that a bill will be presented to the next Legislature of the State, proposing the immediate consolidation of the two cities.

The Watchman's Cry, an Adventist paper published in West Meriden, Conn., says "the prophetic numbers clearly indicate that the year 1873 is the last in the world's history this side of the resurrection of the dead and redemption of all the saints."

The Beet-Sugar Factory at Freeport, Ill., has now been in operation two months, and is turning out a good grade of refined sugar. It is run 24 hours per day, working up sixty-five tons of beets, and employing 80 men. It is claimed that at the rate paid at the factory, the beet crop has paid $50.00 per acre to the growers.

The Congressional Investigating Committee in the case of the Credit Mobilier affair, made their report to the House on the 18th inst. They recommend the expulsion from that body of Mr. Oakes Ames and Mr. James Brooks, as the two members most dishonorably implicated. Early the present week it is understood the House will take up and consider the recommendation of the Committee. Meanwhile their report is making a great commotion in Congress, and it is anticipated that any vote on the question of expulsion will be preceded by an excited debate.

The National Association for securing such an amendment to the Constitution as will suitably acknowledge God as the author of the nation's existence and the ultimate source of its authority, and the Bible as the fountain of its laws, have issued a call to all citizens who favor such an amendment, without distinction of party or creed, to meet in National Convention in the Hall of the Cooper Union, New York city, on Wednesday, Feb. 26th. The Convention will hold five sessions, organizing at 2 o'clock Wednesday afternoon, and adjourning finally on Thursday night. Addresses by able and eminent citizens will be delivered at each session.

"The Rocky Mountain Saints; a full and complete history of the Mormons, from the first vision of Joseph Smith to the last courtship of Brigham Young;" is the title of a new work just published by D. Appleton & Co. The author of this History is Mr. T. B. H. Stenhouse, who many years ago was connected with the New York press, but for twenty-five years has been an elder in the Mormon church, and for part of that time editor of a Mormon journal. "The book," says the Evening Post, "bears inherent testimony of an honest purpose to tell the truth, even to the extent of drawing no unjustifiable inference from the facts given, and thus utterly obliterates the suspicion which one naturally feels of a story told by a person who has put himself in hostile relations with that which forms the theme of his narration."

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

ADMISSIONS.

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

NOT AS IT SEEMS.

Not long ago, in pensive mood,
I left the town and sought the wood,
Where underneath the naked trees
The dead leaves lay, in mimic seas
Heaped by the wind. The sun's slant rays
Shone through the Indian summer haze
With kindly warmth, as if they strove
To lengthen out the days of love.
In vain, alas! the summer dies
So soon, so soon: above us rise
The drear, cold clouds of winter gray,
While yet we hoped to hear the lay
Of the wood-robin in the grove.
To-day we gather round the stove,
And from our windows view around
A waste of snow that hides the ground.
And shall we ever thus behold
The grave our cherished joys enfold,
And all things lovely end in death?
O, coward! hast thou no more faith?
More have the grasses of the plain.
Rouse up thy soul and go again
Into the forest; even there
A lesson thou mayst learn, though bare
Are all the beauteous trees. Not dead
They are, but sleeping. O'er thy head
Cut with thy knife a twig away,
Its heart is green as e'er in May.
Already formed, the new buds wait
The spring that's sure to liberate
The opening blossoms; and below,
Brush but away the fallen snow,
Thou'lt find the leaves thou mourn'st as dead
Are covering in their matted bed
The seeds that in the years to be
Shall bless the land in many a tree.
Then think, if e'er thy joys are shed,
The heart is sleeping, and not dead;
Nor reckon lost those joys to be,
If they have brought good fruit to thee.

J. J. S.

SPIRITUAL FERTILITY.

Home-Talk by J. H. N.

ANIMALISM in the sexual department works in the two extremes of action and reaction. On the one hand, it is sensual and fiery, and on the other, dead. Both these forms are equally disgusting. The second form of animalism, that of amativeness in its reactive state, is considered a high state of grace in the world. There is a seeming continence in it, which actually passes for virtue. But it is repulsive to real purity. It is antagonistic to the spirit that makes truth supreme. A person under its influence is virtuously horror-struck whenever sexual matters are alluded to. His mind revolts from the study of an important branch of human nature, and the Spirit of Truth can not be at home with him.

This reactive form of amativeness, so much commended, is really a disease. A person can not be in health who has lost the natural activity of the passion of amativeness. The devil's oxidation is at work in him.

Fix your attention on animalism, and don't be deceived with regard to the identity of these two forms of it, but learn to hate it in both forms. I do abhor this kind of touchy virtuosity that the world is so full of, as much as I abhor the sin of harlots. It is the same thing in another form. "Be not conformed to this world, but be ye transformed by the renewing of your minds, that ye may prove what is that good and acceptable and perfect will of God." We are apt to think of this passage as referring to our spirits; but in the verse before, Paul beseeches believers to present their *bodies* a living sacrifice, holy and acceptable unto God. The trouble yet is, even among us, that we cannot talk on sexual matters without making the waters turbid. We must be able to think on this subject and speak of it in a way that is really natural. We can judge what is natural by little children; their minds are full of curiosity about sex. This subject is the vital center of society. It is the soul of the fine arts. It will be foolish for us to undertake to cultivate music or poetry or painting or sculpture, until we set the center and soul of them in its true place. * * *

All our capability of serving God acceptably in anything depends on our being magnetic. I take it as a universal principle that our usefulness will be in proportion to our magnetism; that we are dead and barren except as we are charged with electric life. It is true that we may be charged with life inwardly, and yet be dead outwardly to a certain extent. The soul may be in one state and the body in another. But still there is action and reaction between the two, and a constant tendency toward identification. Now what precisely is it to be magnetic? It is to be *porous*, so as to admit the infusion of the life of God and a chemical combination throughout between his life and our life. That is what is meant by *softness of heart*. When a heart is spoken of as *hard*, the meaning is that it is *compact*—that cohesion exists between its own particles, so that there is no room for another life to come in. Cohesion in chemistry is opposed to combination or chemical attraction. Cohesive attraction, or the attraction between particles of the same body, is egotism. It is chemical attraction, admitting other particles into the combination, that makes us magnetic, charges us with love and life, and so makes us fruitful.

You will inquire, perhaps, What has all this to do with the subject of love between the sexes? It has a great deal to do with it. To be in a condition to be permeated by another spirit is much the same thing, whether that other spirit is human or divine. A soft heart in relation to the attraction between the sexes, and a soft heart toward God, are so nearly alike that they often coalesce and run into each other. And though I should say that a person might be capable, to a certain degree, of love without being inspired, I should say the converse cannot be true; a person cannot be inspired, i. e., charged with the Spirit of God, without being magnetic toward human beings. In Paul's philosophy, to be without natural affection is as damnable a thing as to have inordinate affection.

THE EFFECT OF BEING.

WE are constantly exercising an influence, by our spirit, on all around us—imprinting ourselves upon others. We preach by spirit as well as by word, and generally with more effect. For this reason we are bound to *be* what we wish others to be. Instead of fretting at the faults we see in our companions we should make them inducements to us to attain the opposite virtues. For instance, if we would teach humility, we must attract those around us to a meek and lowly spirit, and in order to do it we must ourselves have a meek and lowly spirit. The same is true of all the fruits of the spirit. Paul said that in the gospel of Christ, "the righteousness of God is revealed *from faith* to faith;" by which I understand that he expected to communicate to others the faith he had in himself.

H. A. N.

BACKWARD GLANCINGS.

XV.

THE sixteenth of December, 1835, will long be memorable as the day of the "Great Fire" in New York, and also as one of the coldest days ever known in our climate. It was on this terribly cold day that J. rode in the old-fashioned stage-coach of the period from New Haven to Hartford with only his ordinary clothing on; that is, without overcoat, drawers or over-shoes. His fellow-passengers, furred and wrapped from head to foot, pitied him and feared that he would freeze. But, battling the cold by faith and a vehement action of the will, he became sensible of a warm current flowing to every extremity, and he made the forty-mile journey with less discomfort than the other passengers with all their furs and cloaks. On the 19th he arrived in Putney. He was gladly received by the family and the believers in that section, and remained with us till the following spring. My memory does not recall with much distinctness the occurrences of this winter. J. did not preach or visit as much as the winter before, but lived rather retired, and was much occupied with deep reflection and prayer. He was accustomed to sit or lie with folded arms and closed eyes while thus engaged, and one of my most vivid recollections of him, at this period, is that of seeing him often in this attitude. Mother was still struggling with unbelief and bondage to church ordinances, and could give him but little spiritual aid or comfort. The rest of us were pre-occupied, and not yet sufficiently earnest to understand and enter into sympathy with him.

I extract from J.'s "Religious History" his description of the spiritual exercises and experiences of that winter:

"I remained at Putney through the winter of 1835—6. Perfectionism at that time was in its darkest trial. Disorder and dissensions within, and reproach from without, rendered its desolation complete. Though I was separated from the sect, yet I felt myself identified with its testimony, and its desolation came upon me like a flood. I was compelled to take a minute measurement of my own responsibility in regard to the disastrous consequences which seemed to be following the career of the doctrines, in the publication of which I had been so deeply concerned. In a substantial sense I stood before the judgment-seat of Christ. My works were tried by fire; and although the result of the trial was altogether favorable to my peace, my sufferings for several months were very severe. The scrutiny through which I passed, instead of convicting me of sin, purged and healed my conscience; but it deepened my sense of responsibility, and impressed upon my spirit a sobriety and a resolution to resist corruption among professed Perfectionists, which has since been of great value to me."

In the spring, April, I think, J. left home suddenly on foot. He bade no one good bye, but simply told my sister E. he was going. He took a road little traveled, leading over the western hills, and we saw him no more for several months.

In a few weeks we received the following letter:

New Haven, May 12, 1836.

DEAR FRIENDS:—I thank God for your sakes as well as for mine, that he sent me away from you suddenly and without ceremony. It was absolutely necessary for the good of my soul, and God gives me hope that it was also expedient for you. God plainly manifested to me his will that I should go to Albany, and without conferring with flesh and blood I departed, not in anger, but in great sorrow and heaviness of heart. I spent the Sabbath in Albany, and was permitted to bear testimony to a few persons concerning the kingdom of God, but found none with whom my spirit could rest. From thence I went to Pittsfield in Massachusetts, and tarried two days with Elder Beach, a beloved disciple of Christ, and spent the next Sabbath at Southampton. On Tuesday of this week I arrived here, and till this have lodged with the old lady whom I have often mentioned to you—Mrs. Spencer. The Lord sent me again to sit at her feet, for which I thank him without ceasing. I was weary, sick and in prison, and the Lord made her my comforter. By his grace I now rejoice in the strength and liberty of the inner man without carefulness for the outer.

Boyle and his wife have removed to Newark, and the witnesses for the truth that remain in this city are few and feeble. In the abounding iniquity of these last days the love of many waxes cold. After Christ's crucifixion some of his best disciples returned to their fishing. In like manner at this time I find many who were once free entangling themselves again with this world, and all scattered like sheep without a shepherd. Yet the hosts of heaven have not ceased to sing, "Hallelujah, for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth," and my lot is cast with theirs so that I can and will rejoice. Though Israel be not gathered, the foundation standeth sure, having this seal, the Lord knoweth them that are his. The Lord hath established my heart in the purpose henceforth to know no man after the flesh. My friends are the friends of Jesus Christ, and his enemies are mine. I know that his will is that all men be saved and come to the knowledge of the truth; and he has sworn that he has no pleasure in the death of him that dieth. Herein his will is mine. Yet I know also that "narrow is the way that leadeth unto life and few there be that find it;" and I must content myself with that which satisfies the soul of Christ—the salvation of comparatively few. God has given me grace, after much tribulation, to set my seal upon his righteousness in taking vengeance upon them that know not God and obey not the gospel; and like grace I know will be given to all whom he calls to salvation.

Mother, my hope of you remains, though I have greatly feared lest I have bestowed labor on you in vain. The Lord suffers me to pray for you fervently and I am somewhat comforted concerning you. May the Spirit of Truth bring to your remembrance the things I spoke to you and lead you into all truth. I know not what more I can do for you, though it is in my heart to live or die with you and for you. The Lord will surely show you that "with the *heart* man believeth unto righteousness, and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation." It is his work to take the stony heart away and give the heart of flesh, and he will do it for *his own sake*. Yet he will be inquired of by the house of Israel to do it for them. I desire the peace and salvation of you all. But my God testifies that there is no peace to the wicked, and I know his testimony is true. You must take refuge in Christ or abide the storm. "Flee the shadows of this world; look for your everlasting rest."

My inward monitor bids me remain for a time in this city, and I shall board for the present at the house where I boarded in the fall, trusting God for the means of living honestly with all men. I am not ashamed to dig or beg if it be the Lord's will. But he suffers me to do neither, giving me a quiet assurance that in some way my necessities will be supplied. I would that I might kiss you all; but first you must all kiss the Son, who is my king and redeemer. J. H. NOYES.

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

SURF-BATHING.

WE must attempt to give our readers a notion of the pleasant novelties of *surf-bathing* as we experienced it, for the first time, one day this week. Step then with us and a visiting friend, who "wished to see the ocean," on board the steamboat *Economy;* and in a passage of an hour and a half we are landed at Coney Island at the mouth of the harbor. We step ashore on the hither or bay side of the island; it is a desolate place of drifting sand, with some patches of coarse sea-grass, but without a tree or shrub to break with a friendly shadow the arid glare of the place. On the rising ground, however, as we cross over the island, there are one or two houses of entertainment for summer visitors, whose verandahs invite us to a moment's shelter. Here we have the ocean all in front—its long, level horizon of blue, stretching on and on in the direction we are looking, unbroken by land till it reaches the coast of Spain.

But let us pass down to the beach on the seaward side. We can already see the white caps of the breakers as they feather their spray along the shore. How fresh and exhilarating is the facing breeze! Now we come within sound again of that solemn mysterious roar that we first heard last year at the Sandy Hook Ocean House.

We stand by the "sounding sea!" It always must strike the mind as a scene of surpassing mystery and power, suggesting God. Here is this eternal *motion*, and this never-ceasing *sound*, and nothing to suggest a cause. The wind is still—everything else is hushed in the calmness of a summer noon, and yet this sublime, continuous vibration and concussion—you are puzzled to account for it. Philosophically, it would be explained we sup-

pose thus: The ocean, being so vast a surface of water, is always in a state of disturbance somewhere, by the winds; and the waves thus formed, however distant, are transmitted in some degree over the whole expanse. They reach us here in the fine, calm weather, in the shape of great glassy swells, rolling on noiselessly until the bottom of the wave is stopped by the shelving beach, when the top, still urged on by the old momentum, suddenly rears itself like a perpendicular wall, and then the white-cap comes combing over like a small cataract, and the heavy fall upon the hard sand of the beach makes the resonance we hear; then all is broken and leveled away for the next swell. This is the after-thought of philosophy, making all clear enough, but still the immediate impression suggests a living power, and is eloquent of faith.

But there are various groups of bathers, men and women, whose odd figures and adventures in the surf we have been laughing at. How like a rude but good-natured giant old Ocean plays with them—handling them as gently as possible; but his lightest touch evidently has power in it. Shall we join them? We step into a long board building near by, where we are furnished with dresses, and private stalls in which to make our bathing toilet. Soon we emerge, in the simplest kind of a rig that it is possible to devise, viz., striped shirt and pants somewhat shortened at the extremities, and with a straw hat tied on to shade the head. If your companion is a lady, the costume is nearly the same, a well-fitting sack being the upper garment. Hand in hand we advance to the margin of the creamy strand, shyly essaying to tempt, for the first time, old Ocean's embrace. Timid at first, we follow down a retreating breaker, and then wait till another one comes in, bursting around us in square rods of milk-white foam. Presently we get bolder, and advance into a greater depth, where the swells stagger us, and try to lift us off our feet, to float on their rocking bosoms. But this is not getting fairly into the business: come on a little further. See, yonder is a big wave coming. Here is the spot where it will surge. Now stoop a little, and——the next thing you know you are swallowed up body and senses and all. The billow breaks over you with a crash and din that stops your thinking—your underpinning is knocked out, and you are tumbled on by the mighty thing that has got you, you know not where. For the instant you seem to be at the mercy of chaos: but the next moment you find yourself left almost bare, and at liberty to pick yourself up—blowing the salt spray from your dripping countenance, while you join in the hearty merriment of friends on shore, who witnessed your baptism. Repeat this a good many times, and with numerous variations (as you become more accustomed you can keep better posession of yourself), and that is *surf-bathing*. To the uninitiated it is a delightful first experience.

We found that the shock and force of the blow given by the waves upon the body produced an excitement and exhilaration that made it pleasant to stay in for a longer time than in ordinary bathing, and we infer that it must be in general a very healthy as well as delightful mode of water recreation.

HABITATIONS.

IV.

THERE is probably no single circumstance which has a greater influence in determining the character of human habitations than the poverty or wealth of their occupants. As a rule, the poverty or wealth of the tenants of particular dwellings is determined by the length of time which a country has been inhabited by a people. Great Britain, France, Germany, Spain, Italy, Russia, etc., demonstrate this fact. In these countries we find an exceedingly small minority of rich people who live in splendid edifices, while by far the greater part of the population live in small, mean houses. That the stronger, more shrewd and intelligent of the human race, should acquire the great bulk of all the property that exists, and that they should shape the laws and customs so as to secure it to their progeny, is one of the natural laws of a selfish society, and is no more to be wondered at than the Darwinian law that the strongest and healthiest animals invariably crowd out the weaker. But the complete working out of this law, necessarily requires the element of time. It is necessary that the land and all other sources of wealth, excepting muscular power, should be appropriated by the stronger party, before the ripe fruits of this arrangement can be distinctly manifest.

The only reason why there is a different state of things in this country is, because the nation is still young and there is an abundance of room for the people. Selfishness has not yet had time to thoroughly ripen its fruits. Wealth is more easily and evenly distributed in a land where so many methods of accumulating are open to the enterprise of all, and where labor of all kinds is so eagerly called for on every hand.

The United States seems to be characterized by the large number of cheap dwellings which it contains. The accumulation of sufficient property to enable a man to become the owner of a house and the head of a family is here a comparatively easy matter. Under this regime how rapidly is population increasing, and how swiftly are we approaching the inevitable goal of all selfish society in which the select few shall possess and control by far the largest share of the wealth of the country! This, we say, is the natural law or tendency of selfish society; and these results will inevitably follow, unless these tendencies are interfered with by the operation of some higher law, for which interference, all lovers of their kind ought most devoutly to labor and pray.

But there is one factor that is so constant and universal in our estimate of what goes to make up a home, that we are apt to overlook it entirely. That is, the idea that every home must necessarily have two persons, a husband and wife, as its head. The first and most notable effect of this arrangement is, that it limits the size of families and also of their habitations, at the same time that it multiplies and scatters them. Families are like the corn and wheat and other annual plants which the farmer cultivates. They sprout and grow in courtship, blossom in marriage, and bear fruit in children; then they grow old and die as the children establish other homes. It is only when families pattern after the perennial trees instead of the annual corn and wheat, that human beings can be surrounded by the very best conditions. Look among your acquaintances, and point out if you can, a perfect, model family, in which the children are born and reared under the best possible influences. Even supposing that you are able to indicate a single instance, is there any probability that these conditions could be made universal under the marriage system of the world as it now exists? No; not until the hearts of men are purged from selfishness, can they enjoy the privilege of living in palaces where all the offices that pertain to the highest life which mankind is capable of attaining, can be attended to in perfection. It is only in Communism that science can discover and apply the necessary pre-natal conditions for the production of the highest order of human beings.

When society shall be made up of hearts that have attained to the heavenly plane of civilization, the landscape will appear very different from what it does now. Poverty being banished and population being under intelligent control, we shall have no more miserable contracted habitations, necessarily located in lonely or crowded, barren, bleak or unhealthy situations; but the large and beautiful homes in which human beings shall dwell, will be placed in the richest and choicest locations, having railroads and telegraphs at their command, fit emblems as well as servants of the united brotherhood. A complete unity of plan will prevail in the apportioning of woodland to their appropriate places; the work of cultivating the soil will be perfected and the whole land will suggest to the eye, the harmony which reigns in the hearts and in the homes of men. Nor will this beauty and harmony be of the evanescent and perishable type which characterizes the dual marriage family. The glory which radiates from an innumerable multitude of happy homes, will be characterized by the infinity as well as the joy of heaven.

H. J. S.

A LOOK AT THE MOON.

WE all admit that there is something unaccountably charming in the usual aspect of the moon, and we take it as a matter of course; but have we ever thought of a reason for it? With some of us, the charm may lie partly in the fact that the function of the moon as a distributer of light, suggests a deeper fact—one which touches the inner life. We have an inkling of it in the following passage, for instance: "For God who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God *in the face of Jesus Christ.*" Here we have a most interesting analogy. From the moon, the otherwise overpowering rays of the sun come to us so tempered that we "behold as in a glass" the reflected glory of that great luminary, and consequently that which would have blinded us to look at, is now become the delight of our eyes. So, the office of Christ, as a mediator, is to temper to us the glory that excelleth, that we may not be consumed thereby.

The moon is the handmaid of the sun, without

any pretension whatever, modestly dealing out what she gets from him. Blot out the sun and where would be the light of the moon? So, "the Son can do nothing of himself, but what he seeth the Father do." Now this subservience on the part of the moon, is brought to view in the phenomena of her phases. It is interesting to watch them, for they unerringly point to the source of her wealth. She sets the sun always before her face, waiting upon his smiles and transmitting them as she gets them—sometimes more and sometimes less—but always faithfully and always freely.

We never fail to associate with the moon that which is gentle and mystical. We are still apt to wonder, notwithstanding scientific decisions to the contrary, whether she has inhabitants, and whether they are like us; what they think of us and our great world; whether the earth appears to them as bright as the moon does to us, etc., etc. It is greatly owing no doubt to this incessant call for speculation, that our satellite maintains a permanent hold upon our imaginations. There is no telling how we should feel were we to lose our moon.

R. S. D.

ONEIDA CIRCULAR.

TIRZAH C. MILLER, EDITRESS.

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DOUBTFUL SUCCESS.

THE editor of the *Independent* says, at the close of his eulogy on Joshua Leavitt, that "*he lived to see the labors of his life crowned with success.*" I doubt whether this is essentially true. If the labor of his life, to which the first love of his heart was given, was for the abolition of slavery, then it is true that he lived to see a certain kind of success. But I doubt this premise. From my memory of Mr. Leavitt's early career I have a better opinion of him than to believe that his heart was set on any such external achievement as the abolition of slavery or even the "molding of the elements which formed the New School wing of the Presbyterian church" which the *Independent* editor speaks of as his secondary life-labor. He started from Putney, Vt., as I did a few years after him; and the impulse that sent him to the front, was the same that sent me. It was the REVIVAL MOVEMENT. Putney was a center of Revivals as far back as I can remember. There was a wonderful awakening there in 1819, which spread in the neighboring towns and swept through all classes, taking possession of children by hundreds, myself among the rest, then living at Dummerston, eight years old. There was another great Revival in Putney about 1826, just after Finney commenced his career in the Gouverneur region. Two of his early disciples, Hervey and Henry Smith, appeared there like angels of judgment, and the "new measures" and awful scenes that agitated Central New York were reproduced in that little Vermont village long before they had any general run in New England. In the period between these Revivals, during which the rumblings of the same spiritual forces were yearly renewed, Joshua Leavitt was awakened and found it necessary to quit the law and turn to the ministry. I was away at school most of the time, but well remember the vibration of those movements and their effects on Mr. Leavitt's character and career. A third great revival came to Putney in 1831, and carried me away in like manner from the study of the law to the business of "saving souls." (And by the way, Mr. Finney himself, to whose influence one, if not both, of these conversions from law to preaching may be traced, was himself a lawyer when the revival spirit siezed him and sent him to his great work.) It was in 1831 that Mr. Leavitt became the editor of the *Evangelist*. That paper was the devoted organ of Finney and the Finney Revival. The editor of the *Independent* says, "It was started for the express purpose of defending Revivals and Evangelists against all opposition to the New Measures," [meaning by this term, "protracted meetings," "anxious seats," &c.] and again: "Dr. Leavitt's exhausting labors, especially in reporting, we might say reproducing, Finney's Revival lectures, nearly cost him his life." The *Evangelist* was the acknowledged flag of the great Revival army which, in the period between 1831 and 1834, undertook to conquer the United States, and came very near doing so. I served in that army with my whole heart and strength, and know very well what was the spirit and purpose of Joshua Leavitt at that time. I can not believe that the abolition of slavery was, either in point of time or of importance, the leading object of his life. He was, by his first love and by the labors of his most effectual manhood, preeminently a Revival man. His heart in the most fervent period of his life was set on nothing less than the establishment of the kingdom of heaven on earth. "On to the Milllennium!" was the battle-cry of the earnest souls among whom he was standard-bearer. To say that "he lived to see the labors of his life crowned with success" merely because slavery has been abolished, seems ridiculous to one who remembers the great hope of 1831. It may be true that Wm. Lloyd Garrison "has lived to see the labors of *his* life crowned with success." But he won his success by drawing away such men as Joshua Leavitt, Theodore D. Weld, and even Charles G. Finney, from their true life-labor to a local and inferior reform, which, according to present appearances, has not saved the nation from its desperate wickedness, and certainly has not ushered in the Millennium. J. H. N.

RUSSIA ADVANCING ON INDIA.

THE recent panic in the English Cabinet in regard to the Russian expedition to Khiva reveals at once the jealous care with which England guards all approach to her rich possessions in the Punjaub and the fertile valleys of the Indus and Ganges. Russian ships on the Aral, and Russian engineers exploring the ancient bed of the Oxus are considered but the prelude to the final conquest and occupation by Russia of the whole of Turkestan from the sea of Aral to the summits of the Hindoo Koosh, virtually giving her command of all northern India in case of war between the two powers.

Since the tenth century, and even earlier than that, Russia has steadily pushed her conquests south and east. Although defeated and checked in her advance upon Constantinople and the control of the Mediterranean and Black seas, she will not in the least abandon her gigantic scheme of territorial aggrandizement until she has cut her way through to the Indian Ocean and compelled England to divide with her the control of the Eastern World. England demands that Russia shall respect the neutrality of Afghanistan in the hope that the latter country will prove an effectual barrier to the progress of Russian conquest. The history of England's subjugation of India at once shows the fallacy of such a hope. If Russia occupies and civilizes Turkestan, even though it be the civilization of a modern military protectorate, she will easily find a sufficient pretext for extending her power through to the Arabian sea.

By conquest and treaty Russia has acquired complete control of the Caspian Sea, which gives an unbroken water communication by means of the Volga from the middle portions of her vast empire to within five hundred miles of the Persian Gulf. With war fleets on the Black and Caspian seas, and the right to occupy the sea of Aral and ascend the Jihoon or Amoo river to the foot of the Himalayas, through the deserts of Khiva and Bokara, she now seeks control of this last-named river, with a view of completing her facilities for military movements.

It has long been claimed by Russian geographers and topographical engineers that the river Jihoon or Amoo—the ancient Oxus—at one time discharged its waters into the Caspian sea instead of the sea of Aral, and that the ancient bed of the river can now be traced across the desert of Khiva to where it joins the present channel near its mouth. If this were true, and were it possible to turn the river back into its former channel with its mouth at the Caspian, three hundred miles west, the advantage to Russia, in a military point of view, would be incalculable. It would give an unbroken water communication of over three thousand miles in length, from Moscow and Nijnii Novgorod to Khiva, Bokara and Samarcand. Malte-Brun discusses at some length this question in regard to the river Oxus. He shows quite conclusively that the ancient river entered into the Gulf of Scythia, which was then supposed to be an arm of the Caspian sea, but which is now known to be the sea of Aral. It has been demonstrated by barometrical observation that the sea of Aral is at least eighty-four feet below the Caspian sea, and the travelers, Georgi and Gmelin, claim that the basin of the sea of Aral is completely separated from that of the Caspian by a chain of mountains extending from Kirghis to Astrabad. Peter the Great sent an expedition of three thousand men to take possession of this river, from its supposed mouth on the Caspian, to Khiva, the Capital of Northern Turkestan. The expedition met with final and total defeat by the Tartars and the skin of the leader, Beckewitz, was made into a drum-head, and preserved at Khiva as a trophy.

Russian engineers have doubtless by this time dispelled the illusion in regard to changing the river into its ancient hypothetical channel and are preparing to make the sea of Aral the base of operations against Turkestan and Northern India.

G. E. C.

COMMUNITY JOURNAL.

ONEIDA.

—The farmers we notice have put up fixtures at the large barn for steaming food for the cattle.

—The carpenters are making preparations for building three or four tenant-houses. We have already twenty-two, and the total number of buildings on the domain, including barns and sheds, is fifty-three.

—The "star performance" of this week's entertainment was by the youngsters, Richard, Humphrey, Rutherford and Dorr. With turbans on their heads, each one stoutly dragging his dust-pan by a string, they pranced about the stage like Lilliputian ponies, making a feint at grading with tiny scrapers.

—The cheery song of the snow-bird comes pleasantly to the ear from various parts of the domain. These hardy little creatures are unusually numerous this winter. Glancing out yesterday we saw a flock of them beneath the dining-room windows busily picking up crumbs, quite unmindful of a freezing nor'wester which was ruffling their pretty brown feathers.

—It is reported from the Willow-Place Works that Mr. J. W. Wescott, who has worked in the machine-shop there for several years, has left, for the purpose of engaging in business at Oneida village, where his family resides. Mr. W. com-

mended himself while in our service by his skill, his faithfulness and his gentlemanly deportment. Our Mr. Dunn will fill his place in the machine-shop.

—It pays to visit the barn at this season when every day brings additions to the grade Holsteins, the full-blood and grade Ayrshires, the Cotswold, Leicester and Lincoln lambs, etc. The January inventory of the Farm department has these statistics of stock on hand: 4 pure-blood Holsteins, 3 grade Holsteins, 28 pure-blood Ayrshires, 74 grade Ayrshires and natives, 213 sheep, 24 horses and colts.

—The "great blow" is apparently over for this time. The drifts between here and W. P. are so high that passengers have to jump out at certain points in the transit and steady the sides of the sleigh, to avoid tipping over. But the Midland has had the hardest of it. The snow packed so heavily that it was with great difficulty that the track was cleared. For several days the trains went and came in the most promiscuous manner.

—An evening this week was given to health-testimony. The general health of the family this winter has been excellent. Freedom from colds has been very marked. Many testified to having recently overcome chronic difficulties which had harassed them for years. The children have been remarkably well. We see reason to believe that health revival will go hand in hand with genuine heart revival.

—To "go down cellar and see the kitty" is the two-year-old idea of enjoyment nowadays, unequaled by anything unless it be the sport of throwing handkerchief-rabbits at spinning tops. J. H. N.'s room is the scene of this exercise. Upon his table is a rare collection of tops—tall tops, short tops, thick tops, thin tops, level tops, curved tops—and to see them all going, while the little fellows energetically pelt them, is a sight worth beholding.

—Our evening meeting has been held at eight o'clock for twenty-four years; but last fall, when we changed the dinner-hour to three o'clock, we also changed the meeting-hour to seven. Since then an hour has been gained for slumber. Ten used to be the general hour for retiring, and by eleven the house was very still; but the house is as quiet now at ten as it was wont to be at eleven. This may prove a beneficial arrangement, if it be true, as has been said, that two hours' sleep before midnight are worth four afterward.

—"The court," intermediate between the central part of the Community mansion and the south wing, is an excellent place for green-house plants. It receives the common warmth of the house from the halls which open into it on three sides, and the fourth side being of glass it catches the western rays of the sun. Among the plants which it has harbored this winter there are two which meet the eye with a peculiar charm, as they are approached and seen through the vista of the hall, they are so suggestive of tropical warmth and luxuriance. One of these is a venerable century plant, with dark green and fleshy leaves terminating in dusky spikes, sharp enough to impale the hand that should fall upon them rudely. We involuntarily thought of this spiked-tipped plant while listening to the reading of Stanley's adventures and hardships in working his way through the jungles of Africa in search of Dr. Livingstone. The other plant is a Yucca, standing seven or eight feet high, with its tufted foliage at the top very much like the pictorial representations of the palm-tree. This little ten-foot area of tropical suggestiveness, has been like an oasis to us all winter, as we have passed through it into the regions of ice and snow outside.

—February has been tempered so mildly this season, that it is very likely we may have been tempted into some delusive anticipations. Only a few days since the prophetic rumor was put in circulation, and the external signs conspired to give it currency, that the winter had well nigh spent its strength, that it was disabled, in short, from a serious fracture of its "back-bone." One who received the "prophetic rumor" with pleased credulity talked to his friends of the "spring influences" that were stealing in upon us in subtle, mysterious ways. It is all well enough, perhaps, for sanguine folks to indulge in a little sentiment and enthusiasm of this kind, and we will not say it is all imagination; but it is rather premature, in this latitude, to throw open doors and windows before February is gone under the delusive enchantment that winter has come to an untimely end in consequence (by accident or otherwise) of a broken back-bone. At all events the last few days, with the mercury at zero and below, and a roaring, blistering nor'wester upon us, has had the effect to dissipate some of the "illusions of hope" that were based on spring influences, broken backbones and the like.

—The old Noyes clock, which has been for years in J. H. N.'s room, has lately been furbished up and hung in the South Parlor. It has been steadily running for more than half a century, and yet it is at this moment the best timekeeper in the house. Mr. Abbott still consults it every morning when he starts on his regulating round. This is a most wonderful clock. Its very idea of existence appears to be different from that of clocks in general. It has a repose of manner which is truly salutary to the mind. Though exceedingly exemplary in its behavior, it never obtrudes itself upon the attention. Instead of ticking excitedly, as is the habit of most clocks, as though life were a race which must be run at a frantic speed, it marks the passing moments with an air of lofty composure which is positively soothing to the troubled spirit. If you sit down with a book, it never goads you to be up and doing, but, like a sensible clock as it is, it allows you to read in peace. It never startles you by the announcement that another hour is gone, for it is never guilty of striking. Calmly, considerately, majestically it runs its course, conveying its instructions by rectitude of behavior rather than by rasping warnings.

THE VILLA.

—A glowing fire-place is a joy forever, as every body knows who has sat by one. It radiates cheerfulness even faster than it does heat, and is doubly comforting now that the stormy winds do blow so vehemently. Our parlor is warmed and lighted by a genial grate, and about this grate cluster much of the sociability and merriment of home. The other evening the family formed a large circle around the fire-place, which S. piled high with wood, and played the game called "Proverbs." We have a notion that the readers of the CIRCULAR might like to try this game, in their own families, so we will tell them how. Have your family gathered together with the exception of one who shall wait in an outer room. Then select some every-day proverb with which all your household are familiar, and without letting the person outside know what proverb has been chosen recall him and allow him to ask any question which his fancy may suggest of the various persons in the group. In answering the questions, the first one addressed must introduce into the reply the first word of the proverb selected; the second must bring in the second word, and so on till all the words comprising the proverb have been brought into the replies. The questioner is generally able to guess the proverb before all the words have been introduced; but sometimes, when the answers are ingenious and the words are brought in cunningly, he is baffled till the final word (which is often odd and significant) betrays it. The fun of the game is in the droll circumlocution which has often to be made use of in order to bring in the required word, and the irrelevant matter which is thus introduced. To illustrate from our game last evening. One proverb selected was: "Birds of a feather flock together." This having been agreed on, Mr. K., who had been waiting in the kitchen, was recalled to the parlor and beginning with Mr. I., who works in the machine-shop, he asked:

"Mr. I., have you been making screws to-day?"

Mr. I. (after deep cogitation)—"No, I have not been making screws to-day; but in the course of the spring when the *birds* sing and all nature looks gay I hope to do something at it."

Mr. K., after reflecting a moment, goes on. The next two words, *of* and *a*, are not significant enough to afford any clue. The fourth question he puts to Mrs. B.

"Mrs. B., were those gems which you made for dinner to-day with water as good as those which were made with milk?"

Mrs. B.—"Yes, I don't know but they were better. They were light as a *feather*, and the folks ate them all." (*Laughter and cheers.*)

Mr. K., looking somewhat mystified, finally asks Belle:

"Belle, are you going to O. C. to-morrow?"

Belle. (Laughing.)—"Why, I don't know but I shall if a *flock* of us go over."

"I have it," says K. "Birds of a feather flock together."

Another proverb agreed upon, while Belle was in the kitchen, was: "A rolling stone gathers no moss." Her second question was put to L.

"L, why did you stay at O. C. so long to-day?"

L.—"To practice singing. I like to sing the Jubilee songs very much; especially the one called, 'I'm a *rolling*.'"

Belle.—"Mr. K., were you glad that you found the tippet you lost the other day?"

Mr. K.—"Yes; I don't think I should have lost it if I had not stumbled over the *stone* at the door when I was coming in."

Belle plies the questions till she comes to the last word. Her question is now to Mr. I.

"Mr. I., did not that spark which just flew from the fire-place burn you?"

This was a poser, and Mr. I. breaks down with,

"No, but I was fearful that it might *burn the moss off from the carpet!*"

Amidst general laughter at this reply Belle pronounces the proverb to be: "A rolling stone gathers no moss." G.

WALLINGFORD.

—We are reading Irving's "Astoria," and find it interesting.

—Last evening we listened to a very interesting lecture from E. H. H. on "Philip the Second."

—A fine portrait of Mr. Noyes now ornaments our Hall, the gift of Mr. John Hull, photographic artist of Springfield, Mass.

—Ann and Mary went down this morning to see the dam. Mary surveyed it some time in silence, feeling no doubt duly awe-struck by its grand proportions. At last, instead of going into any ecstacies, she simply exclaimed, "And that is *all soft water!*" What an appreciative mind was that!

—This afternoon while Fidelia was up in the silk-office she heard a great screaming down-stairs and immediately the machinery stopped. Going down she found that one of the cleaners in endeavoring to put on a belt, had in some way got her hand caught and drawn over under it. One of the girls, with presence of mind, stopped the silk machinery, and another was so frightened that she ran into the machine-shop and shut down the gate. The little girl was rescued from her uncomfortable

position without serious injury. Her hand and wrist got a thorough pinching and looked pretty red and some swollen; but after a while she went to work again. Fidelia says it is the nearest approach to an accident that they have had in the shop.

—Master Wilfred went down to the factory this morning to take some apples to "Mr. John" and the "Captain." When he got there the Captain asked him to get some things that were up at the house, and said that if he would do so he would give him ten cents. Wilfred did the errand and soon came bringing the things. True to his promise the Captain offered him ten cents, but Wilfred, looking at him very solemnly said, "No, Mr. Snow, we are rich and don't need your money. We are very rich. No, I can't take it." Much against his sound convictions it was forced upon him. When he came up to the house, Mrs. N. told him he could put his money into the treasury. He looked rather crestfallen at that proposition; so she told him he could make a deposit, and when at any time he wanted to get something he could present a check for his money. This plan seemed to please him.

[Master Wilfred does'nt know how much money we borrow.]

—C. S. J. had promised 1800 catalogues to a customer to-morrow and Mrs. N. was anxious to have a grand bee to finish them. There were two sheets of eight pages each, besides an extra leaf to be slipped in at the front, and another to be pasted on at the back. At one o'clock we had a fine bee. Mrs. N. organized it well, and the work went off like magic. One set folded, another pasted, another cut the leaves and put in the leaf with the bronzed illustration. One person did all the pricking, and still another set were sewing books. We kept Mrs. N. going busily enough attending to us all. It seemed possible that we might get through by nine o'clock. After dinner we went back again. Twelve hundred books were yet to be sewed. The men helped in various ways. Mrs. N. called out now and then, "One hundred more done." And would you believe it, by half-past five those books were *all* sewed, and ready to go to the cutting-machine, and the Hall was in order.

EVERGREEN HEDGES.

WERE I a farmer living on the western prairies I would make much use of the hardy evergreens, especially of the Norway spruce, not only for fencing but also as a protection from the bleak winds of winter. It appears to me (and I have had some experience with the Norway spruce) that the farmers of the West could not do a better thing than plant parallel lines of this evergreen, running north and south across the land every forty rods, thus belting their entire farms with hedge-rows of this kind. If desirable, they could cut up the land into lots, planting rows at right angles eighty rods apart, thus enclosing twenty acres or less. These rows of spruces, if cultivated and well cared for, would in a few years not only form a substantial hedge, but would be found of great benefit in protecting winter grain and grass lands from the bleak winds of winter, which seem to be the greatest drawback to raising winter grain on the western prairies. The winds having an unbroken sweep, carry away the snow that falls, leaving the plants of wheat and grass exposed, to be uplifted by the frost, or, as sometimes happens, to be blown out by the roots in consequence of the violence of the winds.

A specimen of this sort of hedge and windbreaker may be seen on the O. C. domain. Having occasion a few years ago to remove some Norway spruces, when about three feet high, we transplanted them in a single row running north and south, setting them four feet apart. Not having occasion to use the spruces elsewhere, they were allowed to remain. They were twice cut back and then left to take their own course. Consequently we have now, by mere accident, a hedge wind-breaker twenty feet high which is a perfect barrier to either man or beast, and so compact from the ground upward that a bird can with difficulty find its way through it.

This wind-breaker, though short, is highly appreciated as a shelter to a dwarf pear orchard which stands near it, and the fruit is considered comparatively safe from the violence of the west wind as far as the hedge extends.

We have another spruce hedge growing by the roadside, some twenty-five rods in length, which, though entirely neglected except for the first two years, promises in a year or two more to become a substantial hedge. The plants in this case were set three feet apart in a single row, and, with the exception of the first and second years, have received an annual clipping for the purpose of forming a compact base.

The objection may be raised that to belt a farm with evergreen hedges after the above plan would ultimately take up too much room; but I think it will be found that a spruce hedge, even twenty feet high, will occupy scarcely more space than an ordinary worm fence. Should it, however, in time take up even more land, the benefit derived from the protection afforded to growing crops would more than compensate for the extra land and the cost of planting and cultivating the hedge.

Not only do prairie farmers stand in great need of some such protection, but eastern land owners also will one day find it for their benefit to plant largely of these hardy evergreens. As to the durability of such hedges, we see no reason why they should not last for generations.

H. T.

"PRAISE IS COMELY."

H.—I dislike the voluntary humility which refuses sincere, hearty praise. An incident occurred to-day which led me to look at this spirit and criticise it. I helped Mrs. C. about some work she was doing; and when she said it was kind, and just like me to do people good, I disclaimed her praise.

J.—I think *you* need never be afraid of receiving praise; there is no danger of your over-appreciating yourself. Your modesty is excessive.

M.—When I praise a person in sincerity, I hate to have it thrust back upon me.

J.—So do I. I take the praise if merited, and thank God, and help it along by backing it up. And this spirit we condemn, what is it? Is it not a coquettish spirit, seeking for more praise?

G.—How are we to know when praise is sincere?

J.—Judge by the *feeling;* and if it is flattery, criticise it on the spot.

M.—I wish to mention an instance which occurred to-day, of my being praised, and receiving it with thanks to the person and to God. F. praised me heartily for general management, good housekeeping, etc. She used to think me very green at it. I thanked God, saying, "Things *do* come round."

J.—I think you deserved it.

All.—So do I.

M.—*I* think so too; thank God for his grace.

REVIVAL RECOLLECTIONS.

V.

A few years have passed, and I am numbered among the pupils of the Canandaigua Female Seminary. I can truly speak of my life there (which continued between five and six years) as full of revival experience. Not a term passed during that time but that some who entered the school, thoughtless and impenitent, returned to their homes with a warm interest in the Redeemer's kingdom, and with a serious and determined purpose to devote their lives to God. In that Seminary the heart received attention as well as the intellect. Our united Principals, Miss Upham and Miss A. Smith, made the Bible their most prominent text-book, and all questions of truth and duty were referred to it for decision. The Bible was not so unpopular in the schools of those days. I remember how the frank, energetic manner in which the great-hearted Miss Upham received me as a new comer, impressed me like the welcome of a mother to a daughter, while the sweet tone of the voice, the light of the eye, and the gentle pressure of the hand, of the quiet, lady-like Miss Smith went to my heart. Although these two women were quite unlike in character, they were both quick to draw practical, religious instruction from all their scientific pursuits.

Among the many teachers in the Seminary was my friend, Miss De Votee, who had been sent there by Dr. Porter (then President of the A. B. C. F. M.) to be educated for the foreign mission. When the spirit of the Lord was upon her, her earnest supplications would start a flame of living fire which it was as impossible for the heart to resist as it is for chaff to lie quietly before the whirlwind. There was also Miss E. Smith, whose intelligent face and open countenance invited confidence, and who has since been popular in connection with the Packard Institute of Brooklyn. There, too, was the plain Miss E. Chadwick, whose confidence in God was as simple and true as a child's in its mother. Her fellowship with God was so close that the thoughtless could not comprehend her, for their spirits did not harmonize with hers. The energetic way she had of saying the most common things would absolutely constrain you to give ear. There was a regular prayer-meeting in the Seminary, generally led by Miss C., which the scholars attended *ad libitum*. So vividly does she come up before me now, that it seems but yesterday that I was sitting upon the seat in that large library, drinking in her words as she dwelt upon an important thought or a passage of scripture, until my whole mind was pervaded with the truth which she saw and felt. Her soul would sometimes be so ravished with the glories of the heavenly state, that the veil would be lifted from my own mind, and my soul too would be carried forward into the glowing realities of eternity.

On preparatory lecture day, before the church communion, we were assembled in the lecture-room. Mr. Thompson was our minister. He was a frequent visitor at the Seminary, and had caught so much of the revival spirit that he had an earnest desire for the revival of the whole church. After preaching a rousing sermon, he called upon Deacon A. to speak. But O! what lifeless words he uttered! Then Deacon B. was called upon. He did likewise. Prof. H. was then called upon, and his prayer was no better. There was no life in any of them. Mr. Thompson arose and said, "he was discouraged. He felt as though he preached to the walls, and the walls only echoed back his words." He then turned to a gray-haired colored man who was sitting in the farther corner of the room and said, "Jacob, have you any thing to say?" In a moment black Jacob (as he was called) was on his feet, and said:

"Yes, Massa Thompson. When I was praying in my chamber this morning, and trying to get ready for this meeting, it seemed to me just as if my Savior spoke to me and said, 'Jacob, I want you to speak for me to-day, to the people,' and I have been waiting for you to ask me." Then elevating his voice, and rasing his hands he said, "Why, Massa Thompson, you feel discouraged? My Massa Paul said he could do all things through Christ strengthening him, and who couldn't with such a helper as my Lord Jesus Christ? He is my helper, and is he not yours, Massa Thompson?

The Lord and I have been talking together about this matter. While I have been busy with my work I would tell him how much we needed his spirit to come down here because the church were all dead, and sinners were rushing down to hell. And now Massa Thompson," said he, "do not be discouraged, for the Lord is going to pour out his spirit, and great numbers will be converted. Don't feel troubled about these dead professors, for the Lord will take care of them."

And the spirit did come down with mighty power. What a scene followed! Mr. Thompson groaned aloud; and the deacons and professors wept with all the rest of the congregation. When Mr. T. arose to pronounce the benediction he could only wave his hand and let us go. That revival spread through the village and a large number were converted. But who was Jacob? I will tell you something about him in the next chapter.

C. B. B.

NOT TOO OLD.

I SOMETIMES hear such expressions as these from middle-aged and elderly people: "I am too old to learn this or that new thing; I cannot remember it if I try. It is of no use for me to read or study now. When I was a child I learned as easily as anybody. I never had to study much to get my lessons in school, and kept at the head of my class with very little effort; but now I cannot remember anything. Do not ask me to join a class in history or any thing else, for I shall not know any more about it when I get to the end of the book than when I begin. There is no use in my trying to commit to memory a piece of poetry or a wise saying in prose, for I shall forget it in a very short time if I do."

Hearing such remarks as the foregoing, and also realizing in my own experience to some extent the truth of them, has led me to reflect upon the subject and ask: Why is this? Why do we lose our power of acquiring and retaining knowledge when we get beyond the spring-time of youth? Why does not the ability to learn new things grow with our growth and strengthen with our strength? Why does the keen, eager appetite for knowledge that characterizes childhood become palled as we advance in years? Why is it that we look back with such intense longing for the fresh zeal with which we once undertook a difficult problem—and for the deep satisfaction we felt after mastering it?

May not the answer to these questions be something like this? We allow our life and attention to be absorbed by the external cares, duties and wants of every-day life. As we progress from youth to middle life and old age, our whole life flows in new channels and a thousand things claim our attention where perhaps not more than one forced itself upon our minds when we were young. Now, if we could, as it were, empty our minds of these accumulations of years and take hold of study with the single eye of childhood, I have no doubt we could learn, and retain what we have learned, as well now as then. Can we not do this? I, for one, feel like entering my protest against this clogged state of the mind. Can we not find a way to stop the great swarm of objects which force themselves upon our thoughts, and learn to so control our attention that we may concentrate our whole strength upon our lessons or upon whatever is most desirable? As believers in Christianity we have a right to expect to be able to do this. One of the most earnest Bible students I ever knew once said, "The power of concentration is one which is of vital importance to believers growing in grace."

What is growing in grace? Is it not overcoming ourselves; concentrating our attention on Christ and yielding our natures, step by step, to be possessed by his nature? When this is done in such a way that we can say, "I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me," we shall be able to exert that self-control which is necessary to make us "become as little children." Children are wide awake to learn new things. They always have time enough, and it is easy for them to turn from one thing to another. They do not fall into fixed habits of thought nor into fixed ways of doing any thing; so, when they are asked to leave any pursuit in which they are engaged and attend to this or that study, they put out of mind whatever at the moment engrosses it and are instantly ready to "go off on a new tack."

This susceptibility to change is one of the most interesting traits of childhood. It is the exact opposite of old age. When we have found out a way to change with the facility and aptitude of a little child, have we not found out the way to immortal youth? "Except ye be converted and become as little children ye cannot enter the kingdom of heaven;" i. e., except we find a way to get rid of fixed habits and free our minds from the clogs and fetters which make them tardy servants to our wills, we cannot enter the kingdom of heaven.

T. M. S.

TO A LITTLE BOY—AN ONLY SON.

DEAR J.:—I dreamed about you last night, and I will write you my dream. I thought I was at Oneida, and noticed one day that you were not among the children, and come to look for you, we found you had not been seen for a day or two. No one remembered putting you to bed with the other children for two nights; and the last we could learn about you, some one saw you going into the woods alone. The woods, I thought, were our Putney woods—but dreams, you know, mix places all up together. This made me feel very bad. I thought you had lost your way in the woods, and must have slept on the hard ground two nights, with nothing to eat all day, and no fire to warm you by, and nobody to speak to. I cried very hard, and my heart almost broke. Then I dreamed some of the Community went to look for you, and pretty soon Mrs. W. came and told me that they had heard you call, and would soon find you, which made me wipe away my tears—and very soon you were in my arms. You looked bright and happy. I asked you if you did not cry a good deal; you said you did at first. Then I asked you if you did not pray to God; and you told me you did—you had been praying when they found you, and it made you feel very courageous and happy: you had got all over feeling bad, because you prayed. Then I thought I was not sorry this had happened to you, because it had taught you to pray, and taught you something about God; and softened your heart toward him. When I awoke in the morning, the first thought that came into my mind was this text which you will find in your Bible: Zechariah, 12th chapter, 10th verse: —"And they shall mourn for him as one mourneth for his only son—and shall be in bitterness, as one that is in bitterness for his first-born." This means, I think, that our hearts will mourn after Christ as I did for you when you were lost; and I was glad to know the depth of that feeling by my dream, so that I could see how we shall long for Christ, when we know how lovely he is, and see all his goodness; and we shall find him as I did you.

MOTHER.

VALUE OF SCIENTIFIC KNOWLEDGE.—As a striking illustration of the value of scientific knowledge, I will refer to the well known case of Pasteur among the silk-worms of France. A disease broke out among the worms of the silk districts, which reduced production fully one-half and threatened the entire destruction of the silk-producing industry. Not only the people, but the government was alarmed. The friends of Pasteur, having confidence in his scientific abilities, turned to him and told him he must go and look into the matter. He protested that he knew nothing about silk-worms, and it was absurd to expect him to do anything to remove so alarming a scourge. But they would not take no for an answer, and he was commissioned by government to go and see what he could do. He applied the microscope, after making himself familiar with the character and habits of the worm. It revealed the fact that a species of fungus grew all through the body of the diseased silk-worm, and the germ of this fungus was found in many of the eggs. All eggs that contained the fungus germ produced diseased worms. The remedy was simple—destroy all diseased worms and eggs, and develop the healthy eggs under circumstances that would prevent their coming in contact with the fungus germs. The result was, that in two or three years the silk culture of France was restored, with the knowledge how to prevent another disaster from the same sources. Such was the value of science in this case, and of the services of a man trained in making scientific investigations. He simply brought to light facts and principles not before understood, and made their application easy. And such is the end of all science. It may for a time be called abstract, but sooner or later it is made applicable in some way to the uses of life, and the world is the better for it. Let us not look lightly on any scientific discovery, however useless it may seem to be; for it may be the germ of something as valuable as the telegraph or steam engine. It may save to the country and the world a valuable industry, as did the simple discovery of Pasteur among the silk-worms of France.—*Address of T. D. Curtis before the Lewis Co. Dairymen's Association.*

LIFE ASSURANCE.

From an article with the above heading in the *Galaxy* for February we learn that the first American Life Assurance company was organized in 1842. Nineteen years later there were 60,000 policies in force, assuring $170,000,000. Ten years still later—in 1871—there were over 800,000 policies in force, covering more than $2,000,000,000. In 1871 the New York companies alone issued nearly 210,000 policies. In 1861 the income of the companies was less than $7,000,000, and their assets some under $30,000,000. In 1871 the incomes must have reached $125,000,000, and the assets more than $300,000,000. These figures indicate great confidence in Life Assurance, especially on the part of those who originate these companies for purposes of money-getting. But this is the bright side of the picture. To show what an undertone of disappointment there is in this business, especially among the policy holders, we quote entire:

When a policy is issued, the contemplated method of its termination is the death of the holder or the expiration of the term for which he was assured. Under the heads of "death" and "expiry" ought to be found, therefore, all or nearly all the policies terminated in any given year. How nearly the facts correspond with the reasonable expectation may be learned from the annual reports of the New York Insurance Department. These reports deal merely with the companies authorized to do business in this State, but they cover, nevertheless, a very large proportion of the business of the country. From them it appears that in 1864 (the first year for which returns were properly classified), of the policies terminated (excluding those "changed" and "not taken"), but fifteen per cent. ceased through "death" and "expiry," and that even this small percentage had shrunk in 1871 to less than seven and a half. The decrease in the number terminated in the natural and proper methods has been accompanied by an increase of those ended in modes that are a reproach to the business. The modes here referred to are "lapse" and "surrender." It must be understood that in surrender the policy is delivered up to the company for a small consideration, and is cancelled; and that in lapse the company confiscates to itself all, be it much or little, which the unfortunate holder has paid upon it. [This privilege of wholesale confiscation does not exist in Massachusetts.] With this understanding, the significance of the following facts will be apparent. The figures are taken as before, from the New York reports, and policies "changed" and "not taken" are not considered. In 1864 twelve per cent. of terminated policies were surrendered, and seventy-three per cent. lapsed—and lapse and surrender swallowed up eighty-five per cent. of the whole: in 1871 twenty-

one and a third per cent. were surrendered, seventy-one and a third per cent. lapsed—and lapse and surrender took the lion's share of nearly ninety-three per cent. Verily, "something is rotten in the state of Denmark." In view of the average experience of the last eight years, it may be said of every ten policies which cease, but *one* will do so by death and expiry, while *one and a half* will be given up for a slight compensation, and *seven and a half* will be absolutely thrown away by the holders. The number of policies which fail of their proper use would, perhaps, surprise the general reader more even than the statement of percentages. In 1871 the number of policies really terminated in companies of New York was 124,275; of these, 9,063 were by death and expiry; 115,212 lapsed and were surrendered, of which 88,706 were by lapse alone. When next the companies issue their circulars and expatiate on the blessings bestowed by life assurance on the widow and the orphan, let them devote a paragraph or two to the loss, disappointment, and vexation which in some way or other, through it, are inflicted on thousands who wish to avail themselves of its benefits and are excluded.

THE NEWS.

Austria, Prussia and Russia will not recognize the Spanish republic until convinced of its stability.

The papers report particulars of a frightful socialistic insurrection that has broken out among the peasants in the Russian provinces of Volhynia and Podolia.

Thomas Guthrie, D.D., the eloquent Scotch divine and philanthropist, died in London on the 24th ultimo, in his 73d year.

A distinct shock of an earthquake was felt at Eastport, Me., on the morning of the 22d Feb., at about half-past seven o'clock.

It is said that the success of the beet-sugar cultivation and manufacture in California has already reduced the price of sugar there from 1 to 1½ cents per lb. The usual proportion of sugar to pulp in that State, is 8 to 8½ per cent.

It is reported that a Philadelphia manufacturer is preparing a plan for a column one thousand feet high, to be constructed entirely of iron in open-work, from the summit of which the grounds of the Centennial Exposition are to be illuminated by means of a Drummond-light.

The House recently passed a bill reducing the postage on all letters from three to two cents, and providing that newspapers shall be prepaid at the office where mailed. The bill however must be passed by the Senate before it becomes a law.

The entire force of the Government printing-office at Washington is reported as now working eleven hours daily, instead of eight as heretofore, to get out public documents, the printing of which has been ordered, so that they can be mailed before the 30th of June, the date at which the franking-privilege ceases to exist.

The officers of the Pan-Handle Railroad have recently discovered an extensive swindling operation, which has been carried on for two years by employés of the company working between Cincinnati and Pittsburg. Sixteen persons are implicated. The *modus operandi* was for the conductor to take up the tickets on the train and pass them back to the station-agent without punching them. The loss to the road is estimated at $80,000.

A general movement of European religious societies toward this country seems imminent. The latest sensation of this character is the proposed emigration, almost if not quite *en masse*, of a society of German Mennonites, who have for a long time been subjects of the czar. This sect was first organized in Holland in the sixteenth century, and derives its name from that of the founder, Menno Simonis. They are a denomination of Baptists, and like all religious bodies which had their origin during that period of time, were persecuted by the dominant sects. The Russian colony dates from the eighteenth century, when, strange to say, they fled from the intolerance of protestant and catholic Germany, to the autocrat, for protection and exemption from military service. Since their establishment in Russia, the colony has increased rapidly in numbers and influence, and is now said to number more than 270,000 souls. The enemies of the society in Russia admit the peaceful and orderly character of its members—less than forty it is said, of its number having ever been convicted of any crime; and if they come, they will undoubtedly make excellent citizens. The cause of the movement is said to be a recent decree abrogating their privilege of exemption from military service.—*Exchange and Review.*

The *Evening Post* says people are going to Rochester from all parts of the State to obtain fish and spawn for stocking purposes. Over one hundred lakes and streams have been furnished with bass or pike, or both, this winter. And to show how far a small number goes in stocking a body of water it mentions that fourteen years ago 14 black bass were put in the Potomac, and that river has now become the best stream in the country for black-bass fishing.

In the House of Representatives last week Mr. Wood of New York introduced a resolution to impeach Mr. Colfax, which was voted down by 109 nays to 106 yeas—all the democrats and nine republicans voting in favor of the resolution. The Judiciary Committee of the House, to whom was afterward referred the testimony criminating Mr. Colfax, reported, after a session of several hours, that the House had no jurisdiction relating to the improper acts alleged to have been committed by him prior to his election to the Vice-Presidency.

The Sewing-Machine Ring, which is made up, says the *Springfield Republican*, of the two Howe companies, the Wilcox & Gibbs, the Wheeler & Wilson, the Grover & Baker, and the Singer companies, are endeavoring to carry through Congress a renewal of one of their representative patents. The *Republican*, the *Scientific American*, and other papers earnestly oppose the influence and scheming of this monied combination to carry their point, contending that further extension should be refused them. They say that the most approved sewing-machines can be sold, with reasonable profit, for $20 to $25, instead of $60 to $65 as now charged—and would be sold for these lower prices if these grinding monopolies were refused extension. The present high prices of sewing-machines they say are the heaviest taxes now imposed on the industry of the country, and fall heaviest on the poor women out of whom the greater portion of their enormous profits are made.

Tuesday last was termed by some a "field day," and by others a "judgment day," in the House of Representatives. At no time since the impeachment of Andrew Johnson, report says, has there been seen in the Capitol such an audience as was assembled to listen to the debate on the resolutions reported from the Poland Committee, to expel Ames and Brooks for bribery. The galleries and lobbies and even the floor of the House were crowded with spectators of both sexes. Messrs. Brooks and Ames themselves were in their seats, the observed of all observers, and both taking a more or less active part in the debate. A lengthy address was read by the clerk of the House from Mr. Ames, in which he rehearsed the story of the building of the Union Pacific Railroad, the obstacles it encountered, its expenses, and its connection with the Credit Mobilier corporation, which altogether was an able and eloquent plea in his own defense. The whole of Tuesday, Wednesday, and of Thursday until 12 o'clock was taken up in speeches and debate on the resolutions for expulsion, when a vote was ordered, which resulted in 59 ayes against 165 nays. Afterward, resolutions of censure and condemnation of the conduct of Ames and Brooks, were offered as a substitute for those of expulsion, and passed.

RECEIPTS FOR THE CIRCULAR.

W. A. B., West Meriden, Conn., $2.00; J. C. B. W., Baldwinsville, N. Y., $2.00; S. E. C., Washington, N. J., $1.00; W. M. D., New York, $1.00; H. G. G., Waukon, Iowa, 50 cts.; G. W., Drummondville, Ont., $2.00; J. M., Patterson, Pa., 50 cts.; L. S. P., Willow Springs, Kans., $2.00; H. F., St. Croix Falls, Wis., $1.00.

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

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

ADMISSIONS.

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

LOVE.

I.

Love lingers not where sorrow dwells,
She cannot bide the downcast face,
Where laughter rings like golden bells
Is her abiding place.

II.

Love follows those, though seeming vain,
Who gild life's path with faith and hope;
She smiles on those who smile again—
Not on the misanthrope.

III.

Love ne'er can be disconsolate,
For love is happiness untold;
Oh, then, whate'er may be thy fate,
Be cheerful, bright and bold.

IV.

Then fairer than a morn of Spring
Beneath the sun's unclouded glance,
Shall be thy life, for love shall fling
O'er all, her radiance.

G.

THE DRIFT OF FAITH.

Home-Talk by J. H. N.

I HAVE queried how we were going to get at the public mind, so as to bring the great truth of the Second Coming to bear. But I see now that the work is done and being done, in this way: Most persons have the Bible, and read it from time to time; the more zealous people in religious denominations ponder it; theological students and ministers study it; it is the most common book in the world. We have found and demonstrated the true doctrine in regard to the Second Coming, and the report of our position has gone abroad very widely. It is reported and known quite extensively that *somebody* believes that the Second Coming is past—that it took place within the generation in which Christ lived. After that theory is once circulated, every one who reads the New Testament will stumble upon it; every few steps it will trip people up, and they can't help saying in their hearts, "Why, that is the Perfectionist doctrine; that looks as though Christ really did come." They may not believe it; they may be willfully dead-set against it; and yet that process will go on as long as they read the Bible. That book will all the time buffet them toward our theory. It is so plain and manifest in the language of the New Testament, that they can't help being constantly reminded of it, and compelled to brace themselves against it. So far as they are truthful and honest, our theory will all the time leak into them. Little has been said in the churches since 1834 about a future Second Coming. I am inclined to think that the greater part of the ministers and persons of advanced minds are convinced that the Second Coming is past. Alpheus Crosby, the Dartmouth Professor, wrote a book long ago which substantially seconded our doctrine.

We may be prepared for a great and sudden disappearance of the common doctrine concerning the Second Coming. It will be like what takes place at the end of winter on the lakes and ponds. The ice holds together until it is perfectly water-soaked, and then some night it suddenly disappears. We shall not have the credit of beating our doctrine into the public mind; the Bible will have that credit, while we only stand by and catch the ball, as you may say, and throw it back. It is a great advantage to get into such a relation to the Bible. It is so universally read that it is worth a great deal to have it in our favor. The case is like the flood of population going west. A man sometimes goes a great distance beyond present civilization, and selects for himself some favorable spot where he is sure civilization will come. He is in a safe place for making money: the tide will roll on west until it reaches him, and his land will rise in price. We are just in that situation in relation to the Second Coming and many other doctrines. The whole population which reads the Bible is rolling on toward our position.

A RELIGIOUS DAILY.

[G. W. N. Looking Forward in 1854.]

DO our friends keep in mind the idea that we are sometime to have a *Daily Paper*, devoted to Christ and the Truth? We do; and if for any cause it becomes temporarily obscured or overlaid by other cares, it ever comes up again with new force and liveliness, as one of the good things that is preparing for us and which we are preparing for. We must have a Daily for our own improvement, and to please the living Spirit of Truth. That is the point of view from which we start. It is not a question whether we are to have a large subscription list, or an advertising constituency demanding the measure; that is a consideration for those who do their work as unto men, and who receive honor and reward one of another. There is a more central law of action, a genius within, which is the only motive which we care to consult. Has the time come for the Heavens to have such an agency? Is there a Spirit ready to communicate good to the world on this great scale? These are the questions that arise first in our hearts. And the affirmative answer in our consciousness gives a buoyancy for the enterprise that no variations of outward fortune will seriously affect.

We wish our friends who are purposing to coöperate in the matter to take the same view. Communicate with God about it, and find out his pleasure, and whatever is done or given in the cause, let it be as unto him, and not unto men. In this way the communication of help will be an ordinance of blessing to all parties.

If there is any spirit of misgiving that a daily paper will be too much of a tax on the time and attention of readers, or that it cannot be made interesting, etc., we answer that just such a faith-movement as the one proposed is required to rout the dull and lazy spirit that takes this view. The tendency of the movement will be to strain up all concerned—both readers and writers—to the true concert pitch of resurrection energy; and we are assured that in so doing it will bring us into *rapport* with good influences, infusing into the paper and all its concerns new power. We should not tolerate for a moment, as believers, the old humdrum inactivity that leads many people to be content with Sunday preaching and a weekly newspaper. On the contrary, we should not be satisfied till the spirit of improvement makes us eager for constant supplies and equally active in doing our share in supplying others. Nothing short of a lively and powerful *daily* circulation through the whole body of truth-lovers will develop them to the point of sympathy with the social energy of heaven.

NOW.

"There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune:
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows, and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now afloat,
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our venture."

THESE words of Shakspeare occurred to me a few days since with great force. I had had a bright revival experience and felt as if I had given my heart to God without reserve, and it made me so happy that I wished my good feelings might last forever.

"What is to hinder," I asked myself, "my going on to still brighter and brighter experience? I must do so or else go backward. Suppose I stumble and make a failure of this conversion after all." The thought troubled me greatly.

"Be sincere with yourself and you will not fail," said the inward monitor.

"I will," I said. Thorough self-searching showed many a weak spot where the devil could reach me if I were not wide awake. Giving up *all* for Christ never meant so much to me before. But I was not alone. On the right hand and on the left, brothers and sisters were giving in their testimony for an unreserved surrender of all for Christ. I felt as if I were indeed on a "full sea," and must keep in the current or lose all. Strong affections hampered me; but *now* while the tide was setting toward victory was the time for me to get my freedom. Conscious of the grace of God, and strong in a sense of unity with those who were seeking entire salvation, I found it easy to be sincere. If tempted to hold back any part of the price, Paul's words spurred me on: "Behold *now* is the accepted time; behold *now* is the day of salvation." *Now* it shall be then," I said, "while inspiration gives me strength. If I wait till to-morrow, I am undone, weak, indifferent." I am rewarded above measure. That bright, happy revival experience still clings to me and I have full faith in the power of God to keep me in it as long as I am obedient and faithful to his inspiration.

S. L. N.

REVIVAL RECOLLECTIONS.

VI.

BLACK JACOB, as he was called, was a free-born native of Pennsylvania—a child of ignorance and poverty. A part of his life was spent on the ocean. When quite advanced in years an event took place which changed the whole aspect of his subsequent life. He was living with a family, in Orange County, N. Y., who were in a quarrel with one of the neighbors about some property. Murder was determined upon, and poor, ignorant Jacob who lived with the injured party, was selected to be the immediate instrument of the fatal deed. The guilty instigators at first tried to persuade him of the justness of the act, and gave promise of reward, but he steadily refused to comply because he felt that it would be a sin. To overcome this difficulty, they took advantage of his intemperate habits, and when in a state of intoxication put a gun into his hands and told him to follow and shoot the man. He obeyed; but the shot not proving mortal, his accomplice, who was close by, seized the gun, and with it struck the man until he died.

When Jacob became sober he was so filled with remorse and anguish for the deed, that those who urged him to it felt that it was not prudent for him to remain in the place, and they sent him off to the sea; but he was arrested while going down the river to New York. He made a full confession of the whole transaction and was sentenced to be hung; but when Judge Van Ness pronounced his sentence, he said to him, "You possess more than ordinary strength of mind. Providence has blessed you with a memory without a parallel in all my experience." The simplicity and honesty of Jacob's whole deportment, while upon trial, made such an impression upon the people, that they applied to the Legislature and obtained a change of the sentence to that of imprisonment for twenty-one years.

Jacob was sent to the Auburn prison, and in his narrow cell was placed a Bible, which was then a sealed book to him, for he did not know a letter of the alphabet. The gratitude he manifested for the kindness he received, attracted the attention of the chaplain of the prison and he proposed to teach him to read. His first lesson was the first word in the Bible—*In;* but he very soon learned to comprehend the force of letters when combined in words. He always spoke very affectionately of the chaplain in after life. "God sent him," he would say, "to put me in the way to gain the salvation of my soul." The fifty-fifth chapter of Isaiah was read to him by one of the theological students, and that encouraged him to call upon God in prayer; but he said the more he prayed the worse he felt. The student told him to ask the next person that called on him to read to him the fifty-first psalm. So Jacob commenced counting the chapters himself, until he came to the fifty-first, and when he had spelled out the first verse he went to the corner of his cell and prayed about it, and thus he continued with every verse through the chapter. When he came to the words, "Deliver me from blood guiltiness," etc., he cried earnestly for mercy, and felt the pardoning love of Christ. But one should hear the description of his experience in his own simple, unbroken language to fully realize how powerfully God can work in an honest heart, however ignorant. In speaking of the circumstance afterward, he said that the prison became a palace to him, and he felt like blessing every stone in it. He continued the practice of praying over the passages he read from the Bible during the remainder of his life. He once said to me, that he was such a poor, ignorant man that he never felt sure of knowing what was meant till he had asked God; but the Lord had promised to give wisdom and knowledge to all who lacked as he did, and he had not failed to give him understanding. "Oh!" he would say, "the Lord is so good to this old Jacob."

Jacob's deportment was so satisfactory that he was soon released from prison and taken into the family of the steward of the Theological Seminary. He also united with the Presbyterian church at Auburn. During a revival which occurred there Jacob was requested to go and pray with the steward's daughter who had been in great distress of mind for several days; but when he came into her presence he did not pray, as requested, but told her to give her heart to Christ at once, and left the room. She obeyed and found peace.

After a few years Jacob went to Canandaigua and took charge of the residence of a widow in in that village. The first time I saw him he was at the bellows of the large church organ, which he worked every Sunday, and I noticed the very close attention he gave to the services. When we scholars followed our teacher down from the gallery, Jacob stood where we passed by and returned the bows which many bestowed upon him. I was much impressed with his joyful countenance, his straight and manly stature and with his dignified and commanding movements. When I became personally acquainted with him I many a time crossed the street to walk down to the office with him, conscious that I was walking by the side of one who was familiar with God, and whose utterance was that of a heavenly spirit. At such times a remark upon some passage of scripture would often escape him clothed with such majesty of thought, that I knew that it could come from God alone, and it served as food to my spirit for many days.

Rev. Mr. Dwight, who was devoted to the improvement of prison-discipline, was very much interested in Jacob's history and character. He remarked that no human being ever read the word of God in his hearing in tones so impressive. Whenever he visited him he was accustomed to ask Jacob to lead in prayer, and Mr. Dwight said he never felt drawn nearer to God or more impressed with the feebleness of his own exercises than when attempting to follow this simple servant of God. No one indeed did attempt to follow him without feeling similar emotions.

When Black Jacob died the Canandaigua people erected a splendid monument, with a short sketch of his history engraved upon it. This monument was placed among those of the aristocracy of the village; but his body was buried in the corner of the yard among the graves of the colored people

C. B. B.

JOTTINGS AT THE CRITICISM CLUB

V.

EVIL spirits love darkness and work in darkness. If persons do not let into their hearts the daylight of heaven, they must not wonder that bats and owls make their home in them.

....

The word *imprudence* describes the great cause of many persons' bad spiritual experience: they are imprudent in listening to evil thoughts and suggestions—imprudent in the use of the tongue—imprudent in exposing themselves to temptations. We are dealing with a watchful, subtle enemy, who is ready to take advantage of every mistake; and the results of our imprudence are measured, not by our own intention, but by the power of the enemy. But if the devil is subtle, God is more subtle. His sagacity is infinite; and it is accessible to us; with it we can conquer at every point in the great contest with evil.

....

Evil spirits are always in a hurry and will not wait to be tested: good spirits, on the contrary,

love the judgment—love to be put to trial, and are never in such haste that they cannot wait for it.

....

To tease children to be obedient and otherwise treat them so that they do not expect to obey promptly, is real cruelty. It keeps alive in them the spirit of disobedience: whatever obedience they have is forced, and so good for nothing. It fosters cant and hypocrisy in them. Mercy and wisdom alike require that even small children should be taught to obey the first time spoken to, and never wait to be coaxed into obedience.

....

Children often get into the major position toward their parents and manage them and bring them into bondage. This is all wrong. Much as we love our children, their good and our own good require that we should keep the major position toward them and control them. And we must not let our happiness be dependent upon them. We must ever realize that their destiny as well as ours is in the hands of God. Let your heart be dependent on your children for happiness and they will instinctively find it out, and soon act as though you were made for their pleasure. The reverse of that is nearer the truth. In a certain sense children are made for the happiness of their parents—made to be dependent on them and serve them. But children cannot be made to feel this unless it is a reality in the hearts of the parents. Many persons live and labor as though the great end of existence were to serve their children, and especially to see that all their superficial wants are satisfied: they have little thought of disciplining and educating them for God: that is left to take care of itself.

....

R—— is a woman of very winning disposition. She is affectionate, kind and sympathetic, and makes a great many friends. She is faithful and public-spirited in business, and there is a kind of fervor of earnestness about her which draws out confidence in her spirituality; and yet there is a lack in her: what is it? Studying her character and looking back upon her experience, we see that she has been one of those persons who come under conviction, after a time of straying from God, and make an apparently sincere confession of wrong-doing, and then consider that the matter is ended. It has often been a mystery to many that she should repeat again and again the same unprofitable experience after a season of what seemed to be earnest conviction and self-judgment. The work of judgment does not go deep enough; no real change of character takes place. She confesses, but does not forsake. Letters of confession which are written without any serious idea on the part of the writers of changing their course and character, are mockery. They breed the genuine article called *cant*—one of the wickedest things in the world. The more people deal in that kind of currency the poorer they will be. The way to help R—— is to help her to make an end of cant. In doing this we may help others; for there are, no doubt, many persons who squander the grace of God and stop his work in them by talking about it and writing about it under the feeling that if they put their experience on paper or bring it out in meeting they need not give any further attention to it, but count it ended. The experience described is often only the beginning of what should continue for a long time. A woman after the first pain in child-bearing might think her suffering ended; but she must have many pains, one after another, before the child is born, and if she is wise she will desire them. So the birth into the kingdom of heaven cannot be accomplished by a single pain—a great number are necessary; but they may be dissipated and stopped by foolish ostentation and by unnecessary talk about them. Superficial, shallow, religious experience which expresses itself in talking and writing, but does not result in deeds, will never save anybody. Testimony is paper currency, which must sooner or later be redeemed with the specie of actual deeds. "Not every one that saith unto me Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven, but he that *doeth* the will of my Father which is in heaven."

The following paragraphs from J. H. N.'s "Religious Experience" are applicable in this connection:

"The reaction upon myself, of my labors to convert others in the revival at New Haven, was the immediate cause of my conviction and conversion to Perfectionism. In searching the scriptures for truths to pierce the hearts of the impenitent, I was found at last pierced and writhing on the points of those very truths myself. Every discourse I preached came back upon me with all its convicting power. I knew I was a sinner myself, and I could not 'preach to sinners' without classing myself among them and sinking with them into condemnation. I felt in my inmost soul that the hand of God was upon me, and that he was making use of that revival, and of my labors, not merely to convert others, but to convert myself.

"I well remember one discourse which I preached, in different places, four times within a few weeks, and every time with an increasing weight of self-application. The text was Prov. 28: 13; 'He that covereth his sins shall not prosper; but whoso confesseth and forsaketh them shall find mercy.' The train of thought was this: The antithesis of *covering* sin is confessing *and forsaking* sin. Mere confession is not enough. If men do not forsake their sins they cover them, though they may confess them every so much. In fact, confession of sin in the common way, i. e., without forsaking it, is the most ingenious and satisfactory way of covering it. When a man's sins lie before him in all their hatefulness, what better way can he take to cover them than to spread a *neat white confession* over them? This hides their deformity from himself and his fellowmen. But God sees through the cover and must abhor this whole system of sinning and confessing and sinning again, which prevails in the churches. Common sense, as applied to the dealings of men with each other, repudiates it. If a man steals from you to-day and afterward confesses it, you forgive him. But if he steals again to-morrow, and again confesses it, you begin to distrust him. Perhaps, however, you forgive him the second time. But if he steals the third day, and confesses the third time, even with tears, you account his confession as bad as his theft—an insult added to injury—a cover of iniquity. Yet this is the way that men who profess to be religious are dealing with God all over the land. From day to day, from Sabbath to Sabbath, from year to year, in the closet, the family and the church, they confess the same sins over and over, and never forsake them—never expect to forsake them. The thought I have thus sketched was like a barbed arrow in my heart. Every time I handled it it entered deeper. It brought me into an agony of conviction, from which I knew there was no escape except by the abandonment, once for all, of the whole body of sin."

THE GREAT MUSEUM.

WE have always considered the British Museum as the head and parent of all similar institutions of the kind, embracing in its vast collection every thing of interest in every department of science and art. Huge as it is, we have, however, a growing rival at Cambridge, Mass., which even now in the department of natural history far surpasses it in size and in the scientific character of its system. This great life-work of Prof. Agassiz, to which he is devoting every energy, is rapidly developing such grandeur of plan and completeness of detail as to command the admiration of the whole scientific world. It already exceeds everything of the kind in Europe, not excepting the famous *Jardin des Plantes* at Paris.

The plan of the Museum contemplates no less an object than the illustration of the entire history of creation, so far as science has revealed that history. Prof. Agassiz says that he needs a million dollars to enable him to carry out the entire plan of the work. The present buildings are barely sufficient for the beginning of this stupendous undertaking, and additions every year are becoming more and more imperative. "He desires room wherein to display all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them." In the words of Mr. Cary, "It is intended to exhibit all the animals peculiar to the different parts of the world in such a manner as to impress the observer with their actual association in nature so that the student in natural history shall be able to make himself familiar in one part of the building with the latest results of scientific research in working out the system of thoughts which binds together the whole animal kingdom as a unit, while in another part of the building the geographical distribution of animals upon the whole surface of the earth, and their various combinations and associations in different continents will be made apparent. Such a two-fold arrangement of collections has never yet been attempted in any manner, not even in the largest and most prominent institutions of the kind in Europe. The fossil remains of past ages will be exhibited in like manner in such a way as to display at the same time their order of succession in geological periods and their relations to animals now living. It is intended to complete this plan by exhibiting also the different stages of growth of all known animals from the earliest period of development from the egg to the adult condition."

G. E. C.

CONNECTICUT.

IT is so difficult to say anything about Connecticut without lugging in something about the "land of steady habits" that I shall try, as a bit of moral exercise, to avoid doing so. There is no denying that many peculiarities are to be noticed in the people of Connecticut, as to their characters and habits, by one coming here, for example, from New York State. Let me mention a few at the risk of repeating what "Foot-Notes" may have described much more felicitously.

First, then, I have been impressed with a certain increased civility and good-natured conduct of the people which shows itself in a variety of ways. If you are traveling afoot on the highway, people in carriages or on horseback will take care to turn out for you, a rare thing in my experience farther west. I have seen a railroad conductor here stop his train after starting out from a station, to oblige a single youth who was a little too late to make the connection. I was surprised at this, but after looking at the man carefully, I judged that such acts of kindness were a habit with him.

Another noticeable thing is, the larger number or proportion of well educated people. It is particularly unsafe here to judge of a man's intellectual attainments by his looks and clothes. The laws in regard to the attendance of children at school are strict and thoroughly enforced, and at the same time college life and its advantages are held up before them, so that all the young folks have attractions in front of them and a smart, legal incentive behind them. Quite an effect results with the lapse of time. Ordinary, farmer-looking fellows

you find to be graduates of the college, who are now managing large businesses or making important surveys. Or, as was my unhappy case, you may discover that they are college professors!

Possibly there is a connection between the two points I have mentioned; that on account of the impossibility of discerning those who are worthy of respect by their outward appearance people have come to treat all more politely and so avoid unpleasant mistakes.

I might mention some disagreeable peculiarities also, but will content myself with one; to wit, the prevalent custom of domesticating large and bad-tempered dogs, thus forcing timid gentlemen into the undesirable practice of carrying canes.

W. C., March 4th, 1873. F. W. S.

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TIRZAH C. MILLER, EDITRESS.

MONDAY, MARCH 10, 1873.

The Advertisement of the *Daily Graphic* is on our last page. We print it partly for the sake of bringing to the notice of our readers the new art of photo-lithography and a vast enterprise connected with it which is likely to be famous, whether successful or not; and partly for the sake of getting the paper for ourselves by complying with the terms offered to weekly papers. We must, however, for honesty's sake, express some dissent from the claims of the advertisers. We have seen two or three numbers of the *Graphic*, and cannot say that its illustrations are "executed in the most faultless and artistic style." Several of them seem to us slovenly. All we can say is that they are wonderful, considering the short time required to make them, and that we may hope they will improve, as the photo-lithographic art outgrows its infancy. We must also apprise our readers that the *Graphic* is conducted by persons who are not likely to flavor it with Christianity. It is, however, quite sure to be entertaining.

The *Daily for the Eye* has come. *The Daily for the Heart* is yet to come; G. W. N. prophesies that on our first page.

WHERE THE MONEY GOES.

AFTER publishing a financial statement of our year's earnings, we are apt to receive a good many letters importuning us for money. Such has been the case more than ever this year. Judging from the coolness with which some of our correspondents request us to disburse, we are inclined to think that perhaps many of our readers are laboring under the erroneous impression that we have a large surplus of funds lying idle. For the sake of their enlightenment, we will briefly explain where the money goes.

The Community and its industries are yet in the stage of development. We have some prosperous manufacturing interests from which we derive our principal income; but these are limited for lack of capital, and if their crying wants were all supplied they would absorb a much greater surplus than we are yet able to command. As yet they use a portion of borrowed capital, accounting that they can better afford to pay interest on it than to go along in a crippled state, unable to fulfill the demands upon them.

There are at least two good water-privileges on the Community domain which are still undeveloped, waiting for the propitious time in the future, when they can be utilized and turned to profit. There are also innumerable other schemes which show brilliant possibilities, but are obliged to lie in durance like eggs that await the favorable time for hatching. The Community has had a very successful incubation at W. C. during the last two years, and the result is a two hundred-horse water-power; but this is only the basis of enterprise. In order to utilize that great power and make it pay dividends, a great deal more money must be expended upon it. But the result already attained affords some self-complacency, and we like to tell once in a while of the self-denial we exercised to gain the means to arrest and take into our service, the water-power of the Quinnipiac. For one thing we went a whole year without buying any new clothes, shutting up the tailor's shop and placing the tailor among the producers of the Community. In this and many other ways that might be mentioned, we practiced rigid economy, cutting off those things that were non-essential to our happiness or well-being, and thereby saving twenty thousand dollars for the use of the W. C. enterprise.

Perhaps we may as well confess in this connection, what is the central ambition of our lives; what it is that stimulates us to business activity and enterprise—to develop water-powers, and covet all the means and appliances of extended business, education and wealth. It is that we may create *good homes*. By good homes we do not mean simply homes which shall be free from selfishness, and centers of all the bright joys and warm affections which cluster around the common ideal of a true home. While we would secure all these, we would say that these alone would fall far short of constituting what we regard as a true model of home. Beautify and glorify home as much as you please, and if it yet lacks *perpetuity*, it will not at all satisfy the objects we have set before us. In ordinary society men and women may work never so assiduously for the interests of home, and yet, all that they do is under the shadow and paralysis of dissolution. Marriage and death are active agents of disintegration in ordinary families, and their wrecks are common scenes of desolation. Communism implies perpetuity of home. We are seeking that foundation, and all our acquisitions are made subservient to this object. That is the altar to which we freely bring all our gifts and gains. And in this great work we claim to be true philanthropists and benefactors, with an enterprise as broad as the world and as deep as humanity.

We indulge ourselves in one wholesale benefaction—that of publishing a free paper; and a little reflection will show any one that the expense of an indulgence of this kind, continued for years, must amount to a large sum. We do not mean to be behindhand in sympathy for the misfortunes of our fellow-creatures; but the law of self-preservation is a sound one and people must allow us to be in a measure our own judges of our limitations, and not cavil at us if we firmly adhere to our life-purpose and sometimes turn a deaf ear to those who would absorb our attention and means in petty ameliorations of the hardships of ordinary society.

W. H. W.

COMMUNITY JOURNAL.

ONEIDA.

—The principal attraction in the library just now is a beautiful copy of "Black's General Atlas of the World," which is placed upon a pivotal book-holder at the end of the desk, where it is handy for any one who wishes to consult its full and clearly outlined maps.

—Stanley's "How I Found Livingstone" proves quite entertaining. His style, verging perhaps on the sensational at first, improves in simplicity and force as we proceed. The interest is enhanced too by the thought that he all the time had a definite object in view—the discovery of Dr. Livingstone, and in the attainment of which he was entirely successful. One can't help admiring the author's pluck and perseverance and the indomitable resolution with which he surmounts every obstacle.

—A thrilling incident occurred the other day which might have made a companion piece for the the love-lorn tragedy of the "Misletoe Bough." When the south wing of our mansion was built, a new style of fastenings was put on the closet doors, which had no knobs on the inside. Some of the cautious ones, remembering the fate of Lovell's bride, of whom it was said that

> "They sought her that night, and they sought her next day.
> They sought her in vain when a week passed away."

had some misgivings about this new-fangled notion, fearing that our closets might some day prove themselves "old oak chests" in earnest; but their apprehensions were considered groundless, and the fastenings went on. Two years and more have passed away without any serious inconvenience from the semi-knobless condition of the closet doors, and our fears had become somewhat allayed, although some of us, when alone in the Mansard attic last summer, used occasionally to shudder when we stepped into the closet at the possibility that a sudden breeze from the window might blow the door together. It would have been quite out of the question to liberate one's self, had that happened, except by breaking through the panels. Our house is so thoroughly inhabited from garret to cellar that there is little danger of remaining a prisoner for more than half a day at the utmost; yet the prospect of being shut up in a closet for any length of time is hardly an enjoyable one; which opinion, however, may be a relic of the "halcyon days" of childhood. But to our story. A few evenings since, C. A. M. was in her room, on the second floor, and with her were the little two-year-olds—Holton and George. Her room opens into the South Parlor on one side and into one of the avenues on the other. She stepped into the closet for a moment, and while her back was turned the little fellows ran and shut the door. In a moment the horror of her situation flashed upon her. She remembered that both the doors of her room were shut, that the steam was coming with full force into the long coil which was wholly unprotected from their infant hands, that there was no one in the adjoining parlor, and that she herself might smother before any one should happen that way to extricate her, though she knew it was seldom that ten minutes passed during the day without some one calling to see her on business. She shouted and pounded with all her might upon the door. Then she listened for a moment; but nothing could she hear save the play of the children and the distant noise of the house. Again she screamed for help and struck upon the door. To add to her distress the babies now burst into a frightened cry. With the energy of desperation she shrieked again and renewed her pounding. Joseph, who was upstairs practicing on the violin, had his attention suddenly arrested by the unusual commotion below and ran down to see what the matter was. Meeting Constance they entered the room together where they found the two little boys in tears, vainly endeavoring to turn the knob of the closet door and crying "mamma, mamma," in pitiful tones. C. was instantly liberated and when the meeting-hour arrived told her story to the family, who with one accord voted an immediate reconstruction of these dangerous door-fastenings.

—What were the people thinking and talking about a century ago—when our grandfathers and grandmothers were unborn, and our great grandfathers and great grandmothers were the "rising generation," the "hope of the nation?" What were the subjects that interested, the topics that occupied their thoughts and conversation from day to day? Were they like us, full of hope and speculation for the future, or were they content

with the present, unambitious for coming events? These, and many more questions were suggested to our mind on looking at two daguerreotypes last evening—one of little Richard's great grandmother—the other of his great great grandmother. The picture of the great grandmother (our "grandmother Noyes," who spent her last years in the Community)—looks majestic in her consciousness of mature old age; and as some one expressed it as if "she were master of the situation;" and indeed, the peace of mind she enjoyed, is shown in the calm serenity of the expression of her countenance. The picture of her mother, Richard's great, great grandmother, though taken when she was scarcely older, looks worn, and impressed us as a sadder and more anxious face, and we were not surprised to learn that she, though a very pious lady, was never satisfied with her religious attainments. Little did she divine the manner in which the "desires of her heart" were to be fulfilled, and far from her imagination was the thought that her descendants were to be chosen as preachers and teachers of the Gospel of salvation to the world; else that anxious face would have been lighted with the smile of peace and hope that we see in her daughter, who lived to hear the truth proclaimed.

IS RELIGION OPPOSED TO AMUSEMENTS?

IN a late *Independent* we notice a curious collision of opinions on the subject of amusements. A long article entitled "A More Excellent Way," by Rev. Charles G. Finney, represents the class of strict religionists, who keep the revival-tone of forty years ago; and the reply of the editor in the same number undoubtedly represents the popular mind of the churches at the present time as taught by Henry Ward Beecher. A sketch of these articles may be entertaining to our readers.

Mr Finney after showing the double nature of man—one side being allied to the physical universe, the other to the moral and spiritual universe—describes the change that takes place in the natural appetites, desires and propensities when the heart is surrendered to Christ. "The desires of our lower nature," he says, "begin their development at birth. At first these desires are very few and simple, terminating on food and drink. As we grow older, our sensibility is more and more developed in its relations to the multitudinous physical objects with which we become acquainted. If unenlightened by the spirit of God at an early age, the development is altogether on the natural or physical side of our nature. We begin with desiring to play with a rattle, then with a doll or a hammer or whip; and then we desire pictures and music and books, and physical science and art, sports, pastimes, and rise from step to step in our desires. As the higher ones are developed the mind naturally drops out and ceases to exercise the lower ones. The rattle and the doll are exchanged for higher amusements, and the lower are suppressed by the development of the higher, until we lose ourselves in reveling in the higher walks of science." All this takes place before the conscience is awakened. "But when the Spirit of God once takes possession of the heart, we are overwhelmed with our sinfulness. All that was pleasure to us before, we loathe and detest. We are bowed under a sense of condemnation and lose all interest in worldly amusements. When at last we are entirely abandoned to this love for God and live only for him, we are born again. We have come to live, as it were, in a new world. A new set of truths, realities and facts have been revealed to us; and our moral nature is engrossed with them and we naturally lose our interest in the pleasures, fun and play of this world. * * * As an inevitable consequence, our desire for worldly sports, glee, fun, pastime, play is no longer present in our consciousness. This is only a higher development, and no annihilation or mutilation; it is only the inevitable consequence of divine illumination. * * * From this standpoint it is easy to see how Christians may be and are enabled to live above the world whilst they are in it; how and when it ceases to be a snare to their souls, and by what means both the aged and the young Christians of all ages may be permanently so interested in Christ and his religion as to be full of spiritual cheerfulness, peace, joy in the Holy Ghost, and effectually rid of the clamor of their lower propensities for fun, glee, merriment and hilarious sports. Pleasure-parties, picnics, pleasure-excursions, theatres, balls and all like amusements cease to be desired. * * * It is spiritual darkness that leaves the mind in so low a state as to be hungering and thirsting after worldly pleasures and amusements."

The editor of the *Independent* regards this "as an utterly mistaken theory of the Christian life," and puts in the following "words of earnest protest:"

"President Finney is one of the best men of this generation, but he is not infallible; and we have no more doubt that he is wrong in his teachings about amusements than that the Pope is infallible. The worthy President seems to concede that the love of sport is natural to a child; but we are left to infer that the 'propensities' which seek it are sinful even in a child, and that children who are converted in early life have thereafter no fondness for fun—that children who are 'unenlightened by the Spirit of God' are fond of rattles and dolls, but when that enlightenment takes place this guilty fondness is immediately suppressed, because a higher principle of life has taken possession of them; that all little children who become pious, immediately destroy their rattles and burn their dolls on the funeral pile of dead innocence." * * * "But," continues the editor, "the main argument of the article seems to be that, although converted men may resort to pleasant pastimes, yet, when they are thoroughly converted, they are 'effectually rid of the clamor of their lower propensities for fun, glee, merriment and hilarious sports,' or that they cease to desire not only such high-spiced diversions as theaters and balls, but also 'pleasure-parties, picnics, pleasure-excursions, and all like amusements.' * * We have no doubt that he is sincere in this opinion; but we have grave doubts as to whether this opinion fairly represents the mind of Him who hath made all things beautiful in his time. If President Finney has become effectually rid of all desire for diversion, as well as all appreciation of the beautiful in art and nature, we do not believe that it is by the work of God's spirit in him. God's saints in all the earth are against him in their testimony, a hundred to one. * * * By the standard which President Finney sets up nine-tenths of the Christians in the land are condemned as utterly wanting in spirituality. 'If this is Christianity,' writes a good man, 'then I never was a Christian, and what is more, I never want to be.' * * * We do not write these words of protest because we think that the love of amusement needs any encouragement at this time, or because we suppose that many persons will undertake to live by President Finney's rule. We speak only for the sake of those who may be repelled from religion by words like these, coming from a recognized authority in the church. * * * If President Finney had said that when a man is thoroughly consecrated the love of sport is no more the ruling affection, that it ceases to be sought as an end in itself, but rather as a means of health and usefulness; that no true Christian ever permits it to absorb his affections or keep him from the post of duty, we could have heartily agreed with him. But when he says the best Christians are 'effectually rid' of all desires for diversion, then we cannot but cry out against the laying of such a burden upon Christ's little ones."

Perhaps it does not become us to interfere in this quarrel, or to give any opinion on the merits of the case; but we will say so much as this: that the more liberal view represented by the editor, has been pretty thoroughly popularized by H. W. Beecher, and is becoming more and more the practical policy of the Young Men's Christian Association; so that there seems to be little reason to hope that the churches will ever return to the severe style of piety recommended by Mr. Finney. He was pilot forty years ago and run out his tack in the solemn direction with great faithfulness. Since then the vessel has "come about," and H. W. Beecher has held the helm, running on the tack of "cheerful Christianity." Whether the latter pilot may not have nearly gone ashore, we cannot say. Our hope is that we shall by and by get a fair wind, so that we "can lay our course" in the direction between these opposite tacks, keeping all the advantages of both sobriety and mirth in our voyage toward heaven. H. M. W.

CANT OUT-CANTED.

ACCORDING to a maxim of the homeopathists "like cures like." A corresponding paradox of equal truth is that like *kills* like. When Napoleon Bonaparte began his brilliant career, he held the world at his feet by his wonderful military genius; but he so lavishly used his power that his enemies learned his arts, and it was not long before the tables were turned upon him and he was defeated by his own strategic inventions. The Methodists, in the days of their greatest influence, had a marvelous knack at harrowing men's souls, by shaking them over hell-fire and transfixing them with darts of damnation; but the newspapers have learned their style of warfare, and perceiving their vulnerable points, are pitching into them with their own weapons. We do not think of the Methodists exactly as does the writer of the following article from the *Sun*, but what he says is so funny as a specimen of a rousing Methodist sermon against the Methodists themselves, that we think it ought to be preserved as a literary curiosity, whether the Methodists deserve the sermon or not:

WHAT AILS THE METHODISTS?—LACK OF FEAR OF GOD.

The Methodist clergymen of the New York Conference, who hold weekly meetings to discuss the affairs of the Church, have been much exercised for several months past in regard to the lack of religion in their congregations and the difficulty of getting up evangelical revivals. Many of them declare that the trouble is that Methodist ministers do not nowadays preach up the old-fashioned hell with sufficient frequency, power, and unction. At their last meeting the Rev. W. B. Corbett, a preacher of thirty-five years' experience, closed as follows an impassioned appeal for the old-fashioned style of preaching:

"Why do you ignore the fact that hell, damnation, and the devil are means, if rightly applied, that will be instrumental in winning souls to God? What! are you spending your time trying to find some new method of salvation? Perhaps you would like to create a new heaven and a new God, or some new Pullman palace cars to convey damned sinners to heaven. I was never so much astonished as when I heard one of our own number say that he seldom used the words hell or damnation in his sermons, but used words more appropriate. Great God! has it come to this?"

A frightened brother here jumped to his feet and requested the speaker not to be so profane, at which the Rev. Mr. Corbett shook his fist and said:

"Will my friend please mind his own business? I ask you, brethren, has it come to this in a preacher's meeting that I be kept from saying what I please, and when under the influence of the Holy Ghost? I say preach depravity, preach hell fire, hot damnation,

scorching flames, and the devil, until the world shall be awakened."

After the adjournment a throng gathered around brother Corbett and said that he had done his work well; but we think that he is mistaken in attributing the decadence of the Methodist Church to a lack of hell-fire in the preaching of its ministers. The real trouble lies in the lack of the Spirit among leading and influential members of the Methodist denomination, and in the non-enforcement of discipline against such members when they violate the rules of the Church and the fundamental principles of religion. The old camp-meeting hymn says:

"Oh, when you come to the Land of Rest,
You will find me there among the Blest,
Because I'm an honest Methodist."

That word "honest" tells the whole story. Who does not remember the time when Methodism and morality were synonymous? When membership in the Methodist Church was a certificate of good character, because a man who held it, however poor and humble, was known as one in earnest in his religion, despising the world, and faithful to the commandments of God? Is it so now? In these days, is the fact that a man is a member of the Methodist Church equivalent to a certificate that he is a spiritually minded and an upright man? Does it not, on the contrary, raise a suspicion in the community that he is a worldly man and even a rogue? Will the reverend gentlemen who may assemble at their weekly conference this morning, meet these questions squarely and with the good, old-fashioned spirit of truth and honesty which once made the Methodist Church a power in the land? For the Methodist Church was once a power in the land—a power for good, a very bulwark of society, a sheet-anchor of the republic.

No other church ever got such a hold on the Protestant masses of the country as the Methodist Church once had. Even those who made no profession of religion believed in it as they never believed in any other church; and why? Because its members were earnest, unworldly men and women, who kept the Commandments and paid a hundred cents on the dollar, and because if a member was caught in unchristian practices he was disciplined, and if he did not stop his evil doing he was expelled from the Church, no matter how rich or distinguished he was. Such men as Harlan, Garfield, Pomeroy, Daniel Drew, William E. Dodge, and others of that kidney, could not have retained a membership in good standing in the old-fashioned Methodist Church. Had they been members of it they would have been expelled, and its rolls purified of their names. But who ever hears of the expulsion of rich and influential Methodist scoundrels from the Church in these days? What Methodist preacher dares now to go to any rich member of his church, whom he may know to be living in sin and corruption, and reprove him and compel him to amend his ways on pain of expulsion? And as the rich and influential wrong-doers are not expelled, of course the poor and obscure ones must also be allowed to remain, and the result, as everybody knows, is that the name of Methodist has ceased to be a sure passport to public and private credit. In truth, the Methodist Church is no longer filled with the living spirit. It lies dead in trespasses and sins. The lusts of the flesh and the flood of worldliness and the love of lucre have gone over it and drowned out the fear of God and the love of heaven. Its voice once startled the world and raised sinners almost from death; but that voice is dumb and well nigh forgotten.

This is no strange result, nor is it any new thing. From the earliest ages every church that has tolerated dishonesty and corruption in its bosom has suffered in consequence. In the seventh chapter of the book of Joshua, there is a striking illustration of this truth recorded for the benefit of every church on earth, and it is an illustration and an example to which every church on earth should pay incessant heed. The Lord's chosen people were discomfited by the men of Ai, because, as the Lord told Joshua, the Israelites had soiled their hands with public plunder, "and have also stolen, and dissembled also, and they have put it even among their own stuff." What an accurate description this is of the great pious thieves of the present day, who have stolen and dissembled also, and put the plunder even among their own stuff! And the Lord said to his chosen people then, as he says to the Methodists now, "Neither will I be with you any more, except you destroy the accursed from among you." And so the thief was hunted out, and "was burned with fire, he and all that he had;" after which—and not before—the Lord's people were able to overcome their enemies.

The time was when the Methodists were as inexorable to the extent of their discipline with offenders in their Church, as Joshua was with Achan, and with similar results. When they kept their Church purged of thieves and dishonest people of every kind, they were full of the power of the Spirit. Then victory always perched upon their banners, and the Jerichos and Ais of sin went down before their triumphant hosts as they marched on to conquest in the name of the Lord. And if the Methodist Church would regain its old power, it must turn its back upon the flesh-pots of Egypt and return to its old spirituality and earnestness. It must first purge itself before it can successfully undertake the work of purifying outside sinners. What good does it do for a Methodist minister to preach hell-fire to unconverted men who have been cheated out of their just dues by conspicuous members of that very Methodist minister's own church? Will not those men look upon the whole thing as a piece of hypocrisy? Every Methodist clergyman in the land knows that they will do so, and that his preaching hell-fire to outsiders will be in vain so long as the insiders are allowed to cheat and dissemble also, and put the plunder even among their own stuff—except that portion of it which they give to the church or unload themselves of at donation parties.

What would be the use of a Methodist clergyman's trying to get up a revival in Senator Harlan's neighborhood? That unctuous old hypocrite was once a Methodist preacher himself, and is still a member "in good standing" of the Methodist Church. What good would it do to preach hell-fire to Harlan's neighbors with Harlan sitting as a shining example of the benefit of religion, in full view of the sinners? What would Brother Corbett's invocation of the devil avail in such a case? If the devil would only come forth at Brother Corbett's call, and go at Harlan with a red-hot pitchfork, right in the presence of the sinners, and after proding him up and down the aisles, carry him off beyond the help of whitewashing Congressional committees, then indeed we might see such an awakening as Brother Corbett prays for. But so long as the devil declines to come to the front, and saves up the red-hot pitchfork which he has in the embers for Harlan until preachers shall be in vain, it is useless to try to play him off on Harlan's neighbors. Call Harlan to account first; then peradventure, ordinary sinners may be likewise awakened.

We ask the Methodist clergymen who may assemble to discuss these matters this morning, if they expect, or if it is reasonable to expect that the Gentile Ai, can be captured by any army of the Lord's which is swarming with Achans, loaded with plunder and steeped to the lips in immorality. We ask this question not scoffingly, but in sincere sadness. We would gladly see that Church, which in former days was alive with the spirit and was such a bulwark of morality and religion, regain its ancient power for good among the people, and shine again with its old glory.

"Triumphant Zion lift thy head
From dust and darkness and the dead;
Though humbled long, awake at length,
And gird thee with thy glorious strength.

"Put all thy beauteous garments on,
And let thy excellence be known;
Decked in the robes of righteousness,
Thy glories shall the world confess!"

BOYISH MEMORIES OF TROPICAL FRUITS.

II.

WHAT shall we say of that marvel of lusciousness, the

MANGO?

When you hear some people hold forth about this, and other such fruits, you strongly suspect that "ne'er a bit" ever got into their mouths, because there's not a particle of enthusiasm in what they say. The mango is a fruit which makes my mouth water even to think of, although it is more than half a century since I saw one. The mango, my friends, it seems to me, may have sufficed to put the finishing touch to the banquet in Eden. I wish I could give you my impressions of the rare excellence of this product of our kind mother nature. But you must be in the tropics to do it justice—and perhaps in the shoes of a youngster. Of all fruits in those regions, it seems to be the best adapted to relieve the system from the effects of the excessive heat prevailing there. It does more; it regales you with a combination of some of the finest properties to be found in the category of fruits. The pulp is mellow; yet there's grain enough in it to retard its deglutition after the juice is disposed of, which of itself is not only overflowing, but exquisite in quality. True, it is rather more than a sub-acid, but so compounded as to suit the palate exactly. The flesh is just firm enough, in the best varieties, to let you slice it, but it must be done over a dish, to save the juice. The better way, however, is to eat it as you would a peach, first peeling it, for the skin is thick and leathery, like that of most of the tropical fruits, being intended, probably, as a shield against the withering effects of a burning sun. Like the peach, it has a stone, though larger, to which the flesh clings.

As to the flavor of this renowned fruit, the richest, tenderest and juciest apple you ever ate, having added to it something of a perfumed flavor, may give you just the faintest idea of what the mango is. There is no other fruit to which I can compare it. It might indeed be called the apple of the tropics.

Now you'll want to know how the tree looks. It is lofty, with a fine spreading top, not unlike that of the sweet chestnut, but of a dense and dark green foliage, forming altogether one of the finest looking trees known. The blossom is white, streaked with yellow. The fruit is somewhat kidney-shaped, in size generally that of an average apple—the skin of the same quality, but much thicker. The home of the mango is in the East, but it is plentiful in the West Indies also, having been introduced there about a hundred years ago. It is cultivated in hot-houses in England and in this country; with what success I know not.

But how do early recollections paint the

CUSTARD APPLE?

The very name implies something rich. This freak of nature is of the size of a large orange, and grows upon a small tree. The surface of the fruit is covered with lobes of a uniform diameter of a fourth of an inch, which are well rounded and closely packed. The skin itself looks somewhat like sha-green. Now, when you take an outside view of this curious looking ball, you little think that the inside can contain anything very nice. Your surprise then is all the greater when you open it and discover the hid treasure that seems to laugh at your quandary. Behold! a cup of custard made ready to hand after the choicest receipt, of the consistency of the thickest cream, delicately tinged with yellow. Take a spoon, now, and see if I am mistaken. You will not fail to notice the fine granulation of the contents, which is so common a case with these fruits, and which I think contributes much to one's relish. What is remarkable in this fruit is the fact that although it is luscious in the extreme, you never tire of it, nature has so seasoned it (and the young appetite too, no doubt). To call it custard is a feeble attempt to convey an impression of the luxury; it is simply unique. Suffice it to say that while you are entertained by it, you have not a thought beyond; unless indeed, it be of Him whose bounties cry aloud for acknowledgment.

R. S. D.

TOWNSHIP CO-OPERATION.

[Here is a speech that is well worth reading for the sake of its last paragraph if nothing more, in which the speaker, already known to our readers as the champion of "Christian Fourierism," sticks to it "that coöperation cannot succeed without a religious basis."]

SPEECH BY SAMUEL LEAVITT.

"The New York Liberal Club was addressed last evening upon 'Township Coöperation, the Legitimate Fruit of the Protectionist Theory,' by

Mr. Samuel Leavitt. The lecturer said that the only originality he claimed for the views he should present was to be found in the fact that he gives a novel turn to the doctrines of the Protectionists. The latter, or at least their strongest writers make these well-substantiated assertions: That the first need of man is association with his fellows; that societary motion, and thence prosperity, is in proportion to the intimacy of association and the diversity of employment in any district, if human rights are tolerably respected therein; that commerce being the direct exchange of services and ideas, and trade their indirect exchange for others, the former should be encouraged and the latter counted as simply an inevitable evil, to be restricted as much as possible; that the value of a thing being the measure of the obstacles to obtaining it, and middle-men being "creators of values," they are by so much nuisances; that approximation in the price of raw and finished commodities is a prime desideratum, and is to be accomplished by home manufactures; that keeping producers and consumers close together relieves the community of the heaviest tax, that of transportation, and prevents the ruin of soils by sending them afar in the shape of produce.

"The turn given by the speaker to these doctrines is that man being the molecule of society and the family a microcosm corresponding to the macrocosm—the state—what is good for the latter is good for the former; though it is not necessary to bring the technical doctrine of Protection into operation in a smaller sphere than that of the township. A man, to be sure, must be enabled to protect himself against all other men, but as a social and commercial being his highest prosperity is to be obtained by combining with a thousand or so others in a township for protection against the world. A truly scientific, cooperative society associated in all the relations of life, having agriculture for a basis, working up its raw material in factories, having all trades and productions maintained on the domain that can be carried on profitably, returning the debris of its produce as manure, &c., to the soil, displays the acme of Protectionism. Any other is open to criticism. For instance, as White, of the Chicago *Tribune*, says, in his introduction to Bastiat, it makes no difference to the soil of the Western State whether its product of wheat goes to England or to New England, it loses its vitality all the same.

"The township must be enabled to protect itself against the State Government, and the latter against the General Government. Thus shall the centripetal and centrifugal forces of society be kept in balance. The Senator from Flushing told this Club lately that a chief cause of legislative demoralization was the passage of small bills at Albany, and that all small local matters should be decided by township supervisors. Let the township be scientifically organized and officered by men whose interest it is to promote the general welfare, then supervisors can be trusted to control local interests, and then if the 'referendum' is adopted there will be a body of careful thinkers to respond to it from each of these little centers of true civilization such as any true legislators may fearlessly refer their enactments to. In the cooperative townships also a noble nomination and balloting for legislative, Congressional, and judicial officers would obtain such as the world has never seen. Some think that if the machinery of the General Government is well put together all will go well. The lecturer lays much more stress upon the minor machinery, and says: 'So circumstance the individual, so organize the family and the townships as will best tend to make them good, wise, and prosperous, and the General Government will soon come right.' Jefferson said, 'True political reform begins in the township.'

"Mr. Leavitt dwelt upon the appalling signs of the times. We should not be deceived by the glitter of progress in sience and art. Our advancement is different in degree and not in kind from that witnessed ages ago in India, Egypt, Assyria, Greece, and Rome. There are times when the scientific, artistic, and æsthetic classes rise in haughty disdain of the ethical man. They promise to carry humanity to an earthly paradise of luxury and ease. But they bring ruin only when unchecked by moral restraint, and presently the despised moralists come again to the top and gather up the fragments of all this 'skilled labor.' So the early Christian Church gathered what was left of Greek and Roman art and culture; so in the time of Dante and Tasso the long-despised Giaour began the work of gathering from the cultured Mohammedan Moor those glorious treasures of art and science that were falling from his enfeebled hand.

"The major part of the address was a setting forth of the protectionist arguments upon the points mentioned. He had not time to go into particulars as to the style of cooperation which he most admired. He had shown, however, in a previous lecture, as Horace Greeley finally admitted, that integral cooperation had never succeeded except upon a religious basis. He read, as further proof of this, an account of the rich German colony in Iowa. These are communists; he is not. He might, he said, be called a Christian Fourierite. He showed further that besides the eighteen rich Shaker societies and the Oneida Communists there are half a dozen other prosperous bodies of full cooperators in this country. Partial cooperation is flourishing greatly in England in stores, in France and Germany and Italy in banks, and latterly in Iowa, where 35,000 farmers have shown the world how to check railroad monopoly. Integral association by townships is sure to come ere long—for even such conservative progressives as Colonel T. W. Higginson are telling us of 'that great undercurrent which is sweeping us all toward some form of associated life.'"

A CO-OPERATIVE PLAN.

[As a pendant to the above we print the following letter, acknowledging hearty sympathy with the apparent spirit and wishes of the writer.]

———, *Hall Co., Nebraska, Feb. 24, 1873.*

DEAR FRIENDS:—Since I have been in this country and observed the crowds of immigrants, singly and in colonies, which are pouring in here, I have thought it possible to form a colony of those who love Jesus above everything else, and who love his followers as they love themselves. How pleasant it would be to live in such a neighborhood, and how profitable too, in a spiritual sense! I do not propose that we form a Community, but that we live as in ordinary society, and let the loving, brotherly spirit bind us closer together. If, at length, when we become known to each other we feel like gradually drawing the bonds closer, and forming a Community, we will but realize the hopes I entertain. We may make the change so gradual, as we learn each other's characteristics, and are drawn toward each other by love and sympathy, that there will be no danger of the disappointment and vexation that would certainly result if we attempted to gather at some point and form a Community at once. This is a splendid country, and good locations for such a colony could be found at numerous points between here and Colorado.

What do you think of the plan? I shall not select a homestead until I hear from you. I should be glad to correspond with any that desire to enter such a colony, and will make Jesus, his glory and honor, the prime object of their lives. While the prospect is fair for them to better their material condition if a Community is never formed, it is certain that the prospect will be even brighter for bettering our spiritual condition. B. F. O.

[Here is another letter nearly in the same vein, but aiming a little higher.]

Cedar Falls, Iowa, Jan. 25, 1873.

DEAR FRIENDS:—I am reading and studying the "History of American Socialisms." The thoughts that fill my mind while reading I would respectfully submit to your criticism. I have social ideas and desires, which are essentially religious and obtained from holy scripture. The teachings of Christ and his apostles are so deeply planted in my heart that I must meditate upon them day and night. Should I ever attempt to construct a social scheme or system I would have to do it on a Bible basis. To what has God destined and created man? The answer to this question is the substance of my ideas and desires. May it be truly answered not only by myself, but by Christ and his Holy Spirit. I do not attempt to form social theories, although I have extensive meditation, but I wish to enjoy the fulfillment of Bible teachings.

After reading "American Socialisms" I am not discouraged, but humbled in a certain measure. I do not consider myself a worthy leader or originator of an independent Association; but I should be thankful if I could only, even as a hired servant, come under the influence of a sound and prosperous Communism. Such is the present condition of my feelings and desires.

I do desire neither more nor less than a perfect image of the living God, and a perfect love to God and man. Love, not as a mere doctrine but as an afflatus, is, according to my ideas, the first and principal essential of a successful Communism. This book has taught me many very important lessons. I am convinced that prosperous Communism cannot be the task of one distinguished person. It must be the result of the unanimous and cooperative labor of several who are truly qualified and in one accord, as the New Testament requires. It cannot be the work of man, but must come from a higher inspiration.

I do not wish for a joint-stock or a common-stock Association, nor for an attractive Industry in which I cannot obtain that religious and personal Communism which the New Testament teaches and requires. I am in favor of a perfect, religious, Bible Communism. I have no right to require either more or less than does the Holy Bible. G. F.

THE NEWS.

The reduction of the Public Debt during the month of February was $5,277,880.

A duck of the Icelandic species, known as the long tail bird, was recently shot in the vicinity of Oswego.

An enormous California vulture, measuring 15 feet from tip to tip of wings, is exhibited in San Francisco.

The rebel Vice-President, Alexander H. Stephens, has been elected to the Congress of the U. S. from Georgia.

The fastest railroad train in the world is said to be the one from London to Bath, a distance of 107 miles. It makes the trip in two hours and thirteen minutes, including a stoppage of ten minutes.

According to the official records of New York city, last week was unusually favorable for matrimony, there having been 234 marriages, which is 128 more than during the previous week. Deaths in the city for the same period, 519; births, 408.

The New York Tribune Company have issued an extra sheet of eight pages containing a complete history and report of the Credit Mobilier matter in Congress, which sheet can be obtained from the publishers by enclosing ten cents with an order for it.

On the expiration of the 42d Congress, the Senate of the 43d Congress immediately convened, in compliance with a call from the President for an extra session of that body; so that this branch of Congress is still at work on unfinished business, attention to which seemed to the President imperative.

On the 28th ult. the Pope received a deputation of citizens of the United States. Mr. Glover of New York read an address; to which the Pope replied with hearty thanks, saying he would always pray for a country so particularly blessed of God with fertility of soil and industrious inhabitants. He hoped, however, that material things would not become the sole affection of the American people, for excessive love of riches corrupted the heart.

The suit against the firm of Phelps, Dodge & Co. for defrauding the Government of custom-house dues, has been settled by a compromise with the Government, the firm confessing judgment in the sum of $271,000,

and depositing their check for the amount, and the Secretary of the Treasury giving an order for the discontinuance of the case before the court. This is a virtual confession by the firm that their invoices were not correct, either by mistake or design.—*Independent.*

The proposed tour of the Shah of Persia is strongly opposed by the priests of his kingdom, who contend that his leaving is an infringement of all the traditions of Persian history, and use their influence to induce him to alter his determination. But the Shah has fully made up his mind to visit St. Petersburg, Vienna, Berlin, Paris, London, Constantinople, and probably Rome; and is proud of the thought that he will be the first monarch of Persia to break through the bonds imposed by prejudice and ignorance.

The recent discovery of immense frauds on the Bank of England, causes great excitement in financial circles in London. Forgery of U. S. bonds to the amount of about two millions of dollars is the trouble. The forged drafts were drawn on Jay Cooke & Co., Baring Brothers, and the Rothschilds. The workmanship of the bills was such as to almost defy detection, and the accidental discovery of the forgeries was brought about by one of the Messrs. Rothschilds noticing in some bills of exchange a difference in the color of the ink from that ordinarily used. £2.500 have been offered for the arrest of the forgers.

On the eve of adjournment both houses of Congress passed a bill increasing the salaries of Congressmen and government officers, to take effect from the 4th of March 1873, as follows: The President of the United States to receive $50,000; Vice-President, $10,000; Justice of the Supreme Court, $10,500; Cabinet officers, $10,000; Assistant Secretaries of the Treasury, State and Interior Departments, $6,000; Speaker of the House, $10,000; Senators, Representatives and Delegates (including the Congress just expired), $7,500. This is to be in lieu of all pay and allowance, except actual individual traveling expenses from their home to the seat of government and return, by the most direct route usual to travel for each session.

At noon last Tuesday the 42d Congress adjourned *sine die.* The inauguration of the President and Vice-President elect immediately followed, and the accompanying ceremony and parade, was reported as unusually brilliant and imposing. The following paragraph from President Grant's Inaugural address, gives his idea of the future of this country:

"It is my firm conviction that the civilized world is tending toward republicanism, or government by the people through their chosen representatives, and that our own republic is destined to be the guiding star to all others. Under our republic we support an army less than that of any European power of any standing, and a navy less than that of either of at least five of them. There would be no extension of territory on this continent which would call for an increase of this force, but rather might such extension enable us to diminish it. The theory of government changes with general progress. Now that the telegraph is made available for communicating thought, together with rapid transit by steam, all parts of a continent are made contiguous for all purposes of government, and communication between the extreme limits of the country made easier than it was throughout the old thirteen States at the beginning of our national existence. * * * * * I do not share in the apprehension held by many as to the danger of governments becoming weakened and destroyed by reason of their extension of territory. Commerce, education, and rapid transit of thought and matter by telegraph and steam, have changed all this. Rather do I believe that our Great Maker is preparing the world in his own good time to become one nation, speaking one language, when armies and navies will be no longer required."

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ADMISSIONS.

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

THE BATTLE OF LIFE.

Home-Talk by J. H. N.

THE world and the world's doctors say that death is *natural*. Yes, I answer, and so is life natural. Indeed if there were no life, there could be no death; so that life is natural first, and death only afterward. It ought to be presumed therefore, that life is *more* natural than death. They are exactly opposite to each other, and yet both are natural: therefore nature fights itself, and antagonism is natural. The fact that a thing is natural, then, is no sure sign that it will prevail or has a right to prevail. It has a right to fight, but so has its antagonist; and the question which shall prevail must be determined by a higher power. It is natural for the cat to kill the mouse; but it is just as natural for the mouse to escape the cat with all its might, and a little more so, because life to the mouse is worth more than meat to the cat.

The statement, therefore, that death is natural, is not quite half of the truth: the whole truth is, that a fight between life and death is natural, and that life being primary and better than death, has the right to prevail, and is most likely to in the long run, if there is a good God that manages the world.

Throughout the animal creation there is a universal and everlasting fight against death. Every living being, from the infinitesimal insect to the elephant and the whale, is striving with might and main to keep itself alive, and stave off death as long as possible. But this fight, so far as brutes are concerned, is carried on by mere instinct and momentary struggles without concert or foresight, or science.

Man on the other hand, though an animal, is quite distinct from all other animals, by the fact that in the fight with death, he foresees, calculates, lays plans. uses science and combination; and even hopes in one way or another for immortality. It must be that man hates death far more intensely than the brutes can, because he understands its horrid character, can reflect upon its details, foresees and dreads it from afar. In fact, man's life, unlike that of the brutes, is made miserable almost from birth by the fear of death. So that the universal revolt against death is immensely fiercer and stronger in the human sphere than anywhere below; and with this intensified hatred of death, man's foresight and invention go to work and organize all the results of experience and science into a vast system of strategy against the destroyer. With thousands of educated men for leaders, the millions are forming themselves into one great army of resistance to disease; and as disease is the cause of death—nay, is death itself in its beginning—the courage and enthusiasm of this army, must at last rise to the encounter with the central foe under whom the whole creation groans. Now must we believe that man, with all this advantage of power and reason, will have no better success in the war with death than the brutes have? Are we to be stopped in our plea against the king of terrors by the allegation that death is natural, when we know that this allegation only means that death has been natural to brutes, and to men so long as they were like brutes, too ignorant to combine and fight the enemy scientifically?

What is the difference between man and the brute? The popular answer is, Man has a soul, and the brute has none. Very well; but is man, with a soul, amenable to death, just as if he were a brute without a soul? Must man, with the consciousness of an immortal, inner life, submit to the law that governs the brutes that perish? Reason demands that there should be a difference of bodily destiny between soul and no soul. If the soulless brutes do die, that is no reason why immortal souls should have nothing but mortal bodies. Let like go with like. If we are immortal beings, I say it is natural that we should have immortal bodies.

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

THE RESURRECTION CHANGE.

THE numerous railroads, telegraphs, lines of steamships, and enterprises of similar magnitude which abound in our country, give evidence of a great amount of well-directed energy. The enterprise which leads so many of our citizens to accumulate splendid private fortunes, is an index of much individual power and prowess. Inherent in the organization of most men, there is a reservoir of energy and enterprise, which in one way and another constantly struggles for expression. Hence the many monuments of individual power, which so impress the beholder in all parts of our land; hence the railroads which compress as it were days into hours, and the telegraphs, which anticipate time itself. They are but the outward manifestations of a principle which dwells, consciously or unconsciously, latent or active, in the breast of every man.

The death and crucifixion of the flesh is a direct and inevitable consequence of the believer's union with Christ. It is a painful and trying process, and to no part of human nature is it more painful than the department of life mentioned above—that which craves active, energetic expression in some outward way. Often the sufferer feels himself broken—ground to powder, as it were; his native energy and strength gone—the will of the flesh subdued and weakened, and he comparatively powerless. He fears he shall never be the strong, efficient person he once was. The heavens look dark

above him, and life, for a time, seems deprived of half its charm. This is the death of the cross—the extinguishment of the natural life—of the old man.

But God's purpose in this is not to annihilate or weaken our natural powers, but to *change their direction.* He desires that that part of our nature whose tendency is outward—toward the inane, should be turned within, and should gravitate toward the center. The severe ordeal which tries the very soul, is the least painful process necessary to effect this change. And when the current of our life sets in the central direction, we shall find not only that we have lost none of our normal energy and power, but on the contrary, that by amalgamation with the life of Christ, our spirits have a tenfold buoyancy and strength. There is opportunity for the exercise of any amount of individual enterprise in the direction of Christ, and the church which is "the bride, the Lamb's wife." And in looking this way—laboring earnestly "to apprehend that for which we are apprehended by Christ," we realize in us a constantly increasing vigor—a perrennial freshness of strength, which never wearies, but is immortal. This is the resurrection.

PAUL'S HUNDRED-FOLD.

HE exchanged the service of a bigoted, persecuting Jewish council for that of a devout, loving, Christian brotherhood. From hunting down and destroying innocent Christians, he became the bearer of the glad-tidings of salvation to both Jews and Gentiles all over the world. He was blessed with abundant revelations. He founded churches that loved and served him as their father in Christ. He vindicated himself and his cause in eloquent, inspired speech in the presence of Roman Governors and kings and high priests and before Hebrew, Greek and Roman citizens. He was endowed with power from on high and wrought many mighty works; in Christ's name he healed the sick and cast out devils, and became known and loved as a great public benefactor. He wrote a large share of the world's text-book for teaching the truths about Christianity, for which countless hearts in the ages since have fervently blessed him. In a life crowded full of suffering, adventure, heroism, romance, and manifestations of supernatural power he always exhibited an unquenchable zeal, an undaunted courage and devotion, unsurpassed and sublime. Truly he fought a noble fight and finished a splendid course and won that crown of righteousness which was laid up for him in that bright world to which he was called. J. H. C.

A LIFE-CHAPTER.

MY father died when I was but two years old, leaving my mother entirely penniless with myself and a sister older to provide for as best she could. My father was a very unthrifty man, living from hand to mouth. He was also intemperate, so that our home was a very wretched one. Unable to support us, my mother gave me away to a neighboring farmer. I was then three years old. The family having charge of me had an only son, a boy about four-years my senior. Being a petted child, he, of course, had pretty much his own way, as such children usually do. I very soon became a pupil of this lad and was by no means a dull scholar in learning the juvenile vices in which he was an adept. My new master seemed to regard me as having been born for toil and nothing else, and as my disposition refused to appreciate his theory, I did as much shirking as I could with safety to my skin and bones.

How much of my father's shiftlessness I inherited I cannot say, but a good deal of it, no doubt; I also inherited a weakness toward strong drink. At a very early age I indulged in intoxicating liquors whenever offered me, and I remember getting drunk several times before I was fifteen years of age. One of my most serious faults was that of contracting debts without bestowing a thought upon the question, How am I to cancel them? I would borrow a neighbor's horse, for instance, to ride off to some village and then say nothing about compensating the owner of it on my return. I was naturally quite generous toward my friends, giving away things with a free hand; but that was no justification for running in debt.

In looking back on those dark days of my childhood, I can see that a good providence did not entirely forsake me. In the wife of my master I had a friend. Mrs. D—— was a religious, God-fearing woman. To me she was a good angel. When I was deserving of severe chastisement, she would, like a true mother talk to me very kindly, but sincerely, about my faults and about seeking the salvation of my soul. My own parents were Universalists, so far as they pretended to have any religion, and the question of saving their souls, through a change of heart, had never troubled them.

At the age of seventeen I left Mr. D—— to go and learn a trade. Possessing considerable mechanical talent I was soon able to earn good wages. My shiftlessness, however, did not leave me, and being easily drawn into bad fellowships, I foolishly squandered my earnings. The tendency also, to contract debts without knowing or caring how I was to meet them, grew on me as I advanced in life. I had a good trade and could always find work at liberal wages. But my father's shiftlessness, like an evil angel, pursued me wherever I went, so that my reputation for being the most unthrifty of mortals was generally understood in all places where I found employment. "C—," my employers would say, "is a tip-top workman; but he is always in debt, and never even with his promises." At times my thoughts would wander back to the good advice given me by Mrs. D——, and I would ask myself if it were possible that I could get religion and be made a better man? That I was a great sinner no one needed to tell me. But could my character be changed for the better?

In the town of B., where I was at work, a a new sensation occurred in the religious world. A public lecture was advertised on the subject of "Perfection, or the Doctrine of Holiness." If any man in the world, thought I, needs a religion that can change character I am that man. Accordingly I attended the lecture and to me indeed was opened a new gospel. With all my vices I had conformed to the prevailing custom in New England society of attending church on Sunday. The preaching, however, did not seem to reach my case. The lecturer on this occasion was a man who spoke as one having something to say and authority for pressing it home upon the hearts of his hearers. From that hour the Bible became a new revelation to me. I began to be impressible to good influences and to yield to their guidance. Though it is now nearly thirty years since that evening, I have never ceased to thank God for the good providence which led me to listen to J. H. Noyes, the discoverer of Paul's gospel of justification by faith, freedom from sin and self-condemnation, through the confession of an indwelling Christ. My heart was made joyful by the abundance of light and love which now filled my soul to overflowing and I little dreamed of the deadly conflicts with enemies within which awaited me. I connected myself with a few other converts to the doctrine of Perfectionism and we congratulated ourselves that we had so easily put off our old life. This delusion, however, did not last long in my case. I learned by long and severe combats with evils in my character that God does not destroy our enemies for us, but strengthens our own arm, by giving us the faith and spirit of his Son, that we may do it for ourselves.

Soon after my conversion I formed an acquaintance with the Putney School of Perfectionists and became a reader of their publications. I went on swimmingly for a while; but it was not long before my old enemies, shiftlessness and debt-making, appeared again in all their strength. I had a good trade and no one to support but myself, and yet I was unable to keep out of debt. From my earliest recollection I had been a victim of the spirit of fear. Discouragement seized me, and finally to cap the climax disease prostrated me.

While in this situation a good providence sent to me a physician, not exactly of my own choosing, and one whose prescriptions were then a novelty. A member of the Putney Corporation happened to be in town on business, and having heard of my illness he called on me. That visit is still fresh in my memory. After learning something of my spiritual state he said the medicine I needed could not be found at the drug-store, nor in the prescription of a doctor, but in the Spirit of Truth: in a word, what I needed was a rousing criticism. That, he said, was the only medicine which would do me any good. I having signified my wish to have the dose administered, the Putney friend called into my sick room a few of the neighboring Perfectionists and without ceremony this impromptu committee spoke the truth about my case in all sincerity.

"What!" said my Putney brother, "do you expect to enter heaven and associate with the pure, the honest, the faithful and the victorious and keep at the same time your shiftlessness, indolence and a score of other faults? What is your confession of Christ good for, if it does not begin at once to change your character by giving you courage and strength to con-

quer your bad habits? God, in his infinite goodness, has given you the spirit of his Son for the very purpose of enabling you to overcome every enemy that your adversary the devil can bring against you. Undoubtedly you inherited this shiftless tendency from your father. Well, admitting that you did, then criticise your father, your mother, or any other one who may have had an agency in transmitting to you these defects of character. Sincere criticism was undoubtedly what Christ meant when he said, 'If any man come to me, and *hate* not his father, and mother, and wife, and children, and brethren and sisters, yea, and his own life also, he cannot be my disciple.'"

The foregoing is a sample of the medicine administered, and it was not long, I can assure you, in taking effect. Before the criticism committee had fairly finished its work I found myself in a profuse perspiration and the breaking up of my fever soon followed. That criticism brought a flood of light upon my soul. I seemed to hear Christ saying to me, "You have ample means in the gift of my spirit, which is in you, to work out your own salvation." I immediately set about judging my past life, boldly combating the spirit of my family in myself with the confession of the truth about it, however mortifying to self-complacency and family pride. From that criticism I date the beginning of a radical improvement of character. When temptations assailed me, presence of mind and strength were given me to effectually resist them. Twenty-five years ago I joined the O. C., and of the grace of God working in me through obedience to the faith principles of the Community, I cannot say too much. In conclusion I venture to assert that one can scarcely be found, in any of the walks of life more heavily burdened with inherited and acquired defects of character than was I when cast upon the cold charities of the world. C.

THE SHAKER PARADOX.

IT is well known that dancing forms no insignificant part of the devotional exercises of the Shakers; but the arguments by which they defend their practice in this respect against the criticisms of those who urge that dancing has been from time immemorial perverted to the service of the wicked are not so generally understood. Here are some which we condense from a chapter on "Dancing as an Act of Divine Worship" in one of their standard works:

"Every created talent pertaining to fallen man, which was designed for the service of God, has been perverted and abused to vain, foolish and wicked purposes; and perhaps none more generally so than that of singing. Music, unconnected with dancing, is doubtless much more generally used as an amusement of the wicked: besides, as it is the very life of dancing, it must, at least, be equally reprehensible in that view alone. But this is not all. The talents of poetry and music, exclusive of their connection with dancing, are still far more abused by being devoted to base purposes. Is there a single base passion or evil propensity in human nature which has not been more or less excited, indulged and gratified by means of poetical and musical compositions?

"And yet music has been encouraged and practiced, as a part of divine worship, by nearly all denominations, while dancing has been condemned and excluded. But upon what principle? Why truly, upon this: that dancing cannot be an acceptable mode of worship, because it is practiced in the carnal recreations of the wicked! Thus man assumes the right of deciding in what manner God shall be worshiped! But will God acknowledge such a decision as this? And must the followers of Christ, in compliance with this decision, bury a portion of their talents in the earth, which were given for the service of God, because the wicked have profanely abused such talents in the service of the devil? Does such a decision appear honorable to the wisdom of man, even upon the supposition that he has a right to decide in what manner God shall be worshiped? Is it not rather a glaring evidence of the total insufficiency of human sagacity to regulate those things which belong to Divine Wisdom?

"God has created man an active, intelligent being, possessing important powers and faculties, capable of serving himself according to his needs and circumstances; and he is required to devote these powers and faculties to the service of God. To devote only a part to the service of God is to render an imperfect service, which God never will accept. Man is required to love God with all his heart, soul, mind and strength. Every faculty must therefore be devoted to the love of God; but it is in vain to talk of loving God with all the faculties without serving him with all the faculties; for no man who truly loves God with all his faculties can refrain from devoting all to his service; and he who is unwilling to devote all to the service of God can never devote all to his love.

"God has created nothing in vain. The faculty of dancing, as well as that of singing, was undoubtedly created for the honor and glory of the Creator; and therefore it must be devoted to his service, in order to answer that purpose. God has created the tongue of man and endowed it with the faculty of speech, by which he is enabled to manifest the desires and feelings of his mind. He has also created the hands and the feet, and enabled them to perform their functions in the service of the body. And shall these important faculties or indeed any of the powers and faculties of man, which God has given to be devoted to his service, be active in his own service, or in the service of sin, and yet be idle in the service of God? Or shall the tongue alone be employed in the service of God, while all the other faculties of the body are idle or otherwise employed? employed, too, perhaps, in some evil, or at best, some useless purpose.

"The parable of the unfaithful servant, who buried his talent in the earth is well calculated to show that God requires of man the faithful improvement of his talents; and it must hence appear evident that he who will not improve his talents cannot be accepted of God, nor find an entrance into the Kingdom of Heaven. Man is made up of certain active powers and faculties which were created of God, and which must be employed in some active service or remain idle. When these faculties are exercised in divine worship God is honored and glorified by them; but when they are exercised in the service of sin and Satan then God is dishonored thereby. If, therefore, the soul who suffers these talents to remain idle and unimproved is to be excluded from the Kingdom of Heaven, what must be the portion of him who employs those talents in the service of the devil, which were given him for the service of God?

"God requires the faithful improvement of every created talent.

"Since we are blessed with hands and feet, those active and useful members of the body on which we mostly depend, in our own service, shall we not acknowledge our obligations to God who gave them, by exercising them in our devotions to him?"

We think the reader will agree with us that there is much truth as well as shrewdness in these arguments. It must be admitted that the Shakers show there is no good reason why the abuse of any part of our God-created faculties should excuse us from their legitimate use, and that we are under obligations to devote every talent and power given us to the service of God. But how persons who put forth such arguments should at the same time make such a notable exception to their own ruling as the Shakers do, or how they excuse themselves from the grossest inconsistency, we cannot understand. They cannot deny that the same Power which endowed man with talents for poetry and music endowed him with sexual attraction, or that the means by which that attraction finds expression were not created by Him who "blessed us with hands and feet." They have cut themselves off from all recourse to the common argument that the sexual functions cannot be exercised in the service and to the glory of God "because they are practiced in the carnal recreations of the wicked," by declaring that "God requires the faithful improvement of every created talent," and that "to devote to his service only a part" of "the important powers and faculties" with which he has created man "is to render an imperfect service, which he will never accept." Their language covers the whole ground. To be sure, sometimes, in claiming every faculty of man for the service of God, they add the qualifying phrase, "which God has given to be devoted to his service," or "which was designed for the service of God." but in other cases, as the above extracts show, they make no such exception, and their reference to the parable of the unfaithful servant and their assertion that "man has no right of deciding in what manner God shall be worshiped," fairly preclude them from making any exception to their rule, that "every faculty must be devoted to the love of God," and that "it is in vain to talk of loving God with all the faculties without serving him with all the faculties." W.

"HOMEWARD BOUND."

THE nebular theory of the astronomer La Place, presented, or rather depicted as it is by Edgar A. Poe in that singular production of his, entitled "Eureka," may serve as a fine illustration of what may be going on in the spirit-world. The main point with the writer is the *unity* of matter as a source of all natural phenomena, operating through the laws of attraction and repulsion; all the particles of matter have such an affinity for one another from having once existed as a homogeneous mass, that they were no sooner disbanded and scattered throughout space, than they began their homeward march by seeking their normal condition. Hence the law of gravitation with its infinite complications. The conclusion arrived at is that a return to the original state is the inevitable destiny of every single atom of matter—the cycles to be repeated perhaps, *ad infinitum*.

With this for a text, what may we not picture to ourselves in regard to the great spiritual plot of creation? There seems to be something from time to time in the spirit of man that singularly corresponds to this yearning among the atoms for aggregation—this longing for some lost home, as it were. Has there then been a corresponding expansion or dispersion in the spirit-world, of the original *unit* of life, accompanied by a centripetal force that shall never rest until it restores each member of that unit to the bosom whence it came? In other words, are all those spirits that belong to the original "bundle of life" destined as are the atoms in space, to find their way back to their primitive home, when they shall have fulfilled the purpose of their mission in a world of matter?

"But the soul of my lord shall be bound in the bundle of life with the Lord thy God."

As to the object in view by such expansion or diffusion of life, it might be said that when God made man, for instance, of the dust of the earth, he breathed into him the breath of life. He sent that life adrift, as it were, assigning it a course of experience with matter that should give it circulation and growth, thereby securing in the end a greater breadth of life for the benefit of the common stock. But, as in the case of matter, that life seems to have carried with it a centripetal force that has tended to bring it back to the point whence it started, so that in spite of all it had to contend with under a dispensation of "good and evil," it never really forgot its home. At the very worst Christ could say that his sheep "knew his voice." *Growth*, then, appears to have been one of the objects of a diffusion of life—through intercourse with matter as a means.

According to our author's view of the nebular theory (which by the way, is a very interesting one), it may be said of matter, as of spirit, that it is "homeward bound." Matter, in short, partaking of so essential a property of spirit, may, for aught we know to the contrary, be part and parcel of the same, and may be united to it as body is to soul. Why need we suppose that matter was ever made out of nothing? The Maker of all things was always complete in himself, and that idea involves every conceivable thing (matter in some state or other included); therefore matter must always have existed. "Things which are seen were not made of things which do appear."

R. S. D.

ONEIDA CIRCULAR.

TIRZAH C. MILLER, EDITRESS.

MONDAY, MARCH 17, 1873.

☞We are pleased to see that the *Daily Graphic* steadily improves. The pictures are clearer than they were at first, and bid fair to rival those of the weekly Pictorials. The printing also is better. We judge that a better quality of paper has been adopted. The reading matter is lively and artistic. The whole tone of the paper is, to our taste, as fair and wholesome as it can be under the prevailing fashion of propagating no-religion by infinitesimal spores. The make-up of the paper has some inconveniences. The pictures occupy the four outside pages; so that to get at the reading matter immediately one has to either peep inside the uncut leaves, or turn the paper inside out. The best way is to put the paper on file and cut the leaves.

The Graphic gives an account of an article in *Frazer's Magazine*, by Galton, on "*Viriculture*," which is his new term, coined as our word "*Stirpiculture*" was, for use in the growing science of Human Propagation. We shall say something about Galton's article when we get the Magazine. Meanwhile we suggest that the word "*Viriculture*," according to strict etymology, means the cultivation of the *male* part of humanity only. The dictionaries say that *Vir* means "a male person; a man in distinction from a woman; a husband;" but is never used in the common gender as our word *man* is. *Homo* is the noun for that sense. *Human* and *humanity* come from *homo*; but *virile* and *virility* come from *vir*. Does Galton propose exclusive cultivation of the male in the future development of humanity?

We confess that our word *Stirpiculture* is generic, including all kinds of race-culture, animal and human; and a more specific name for the culture of human thorough-breds is desirable. But if good Latin is of any importance, we must content ourselves with *Homoculture* or *Hominiculture* or *Humaniculture*, though these words do not sound so well as *Viriculture*.

And, after all, these words do not exactly express what we want. It is not the culture of the human race, but the culture of *special breeds* of the human race, that calls for a new name. If we could invent a single euphonious word that would stand for *Human Stirpiculture*, we should have the precise convenience required.

"BEGGARS BEWARE!"

"Polypodiums and Scolopendriums set here."

Old Joke.

TO reassure the doubting on the question whether men can work and prosper in Communism, the O. C. has from time to time made a showing of its financial success. Every one of these exhibitions of profit has been followed by a long string of letters asking for loans and for contributions to all manner of charities. It has appeared to us sometimes as if there were a body of people in the world—we don't call them philanthropical blood-suckers—who are ever on the alert for rich and thrifty men, and when they find one, they say, "Here is Richness—let us bleed him."

We do not object to these people who, in the natural course of things, are necessary to do the charities of the world. They remind the prosperous of their duties and help forward the lame and halting. They are an authoritative class and speak confidently in the name of benevolence and charity. But we do object to all parasites and blood-suckers, and when the really philanthropic seek to take advantage of our prosperity we beg to rise and explain a little. We say, "Gentlemen, it *is* true that we are prosperous. We have made a little good blood, as they say at the Water-cures, and are tolerably healthy. We hope you enjoy seeing us well. It is pleasant to see well folks. At any rate we enjoy our own health. But you don't understand us. We are in the charity business, too; we ourselves are a new kind of eleemosynary institution."

Besides taking care of our own weak and disabled ones, we have from the very beginning of the Community published a free paper, that the poor and believing may share in the comfort we get from God and the Bible. If there is any more thorough-going charity than that, we have not heard of it. If you take our editor, writers, compositors, book-keeper and printer all together, where, in a society so small, will you find so many engaged in works of charity? To do a great deal more than we now do, might interfere with the proper growth of our businesses. Our paying businesses are the basis of the CIRCULAR. But a small weekly paper is not the hight of our ambition by any means. Our old readers know that our purpose is to publish a free daily paper. How much money will it take to do that? To publish a daily paper having the size and character of the present CIRCULAR, the Community ought to have three millions of dollars in its businesses, otherwise the paper would be an embarrassment. This is one way of looking at the money we shall need for our enterprise.

But what will be the actual requirements of a paper such as we propose? The large city-dailies, it is well known, require large investments. The *Daily Graphic* has started on a capital of $500.000 in gold. Besides depending on their capital, the great dailies depend, first, on the sales of their papers, and second, on their advertisements. Our free daily, cannot of course depend on its subscribers, and only in a limited sense will it depend on its advertisements, for it will accept only such as it can approve. A paper of this character cannot be self-supporting any more than our colleges are. No college can live by its fees; it has to depend on its endowments. We expect that a free daily paper will have to be endowed as are the colleges. We can have endowed editorships: say, one of art, one of news, one of science, one of spiritual philosophy, one of stirpiculture, one on the production of wealth, health and so on. A paper of this character, depending on endowments and not on subscriptions, must be in possession of an immense capital. Until the Community is able to endow these editorships, it must and will protest against being drawn into any other philanthropic schemes.

A. B.

COMMUNITY JOURNAL.

ONEIDA.

—We are verging upon one hundred days of sleighing this winter, and this month promises to give us the round number with a good shaking down.

—The vegetable gardeners are anticipating the spring-time and harvest by raising the temperature in the "forcing-pit" to the germinating degree, thus giving the tomatoes, cabbages, etc., an opportunity to sprout, grow and develop their tender age under glass, while the snow is on the ground, and "winter lingers in the lap of spring."

—The children entertained us Sunday evening with a rehearsal of some pieces they had lately learned. With but slight assistance their manner of delivery and costuming were all their own. Each one contributed something, and each in his or her peculiar style. It was very pleasing to see them march bravely to the front of the stage, make their bow and utter what they had to say in clear ringing tones. First Temple spoke the "American Eagle," said to be "Ike Partington's composition." Then Ormond promptly followed with "The Skaters." The little boys (our youngest in pantaloons) with Ruth, after forming into a line, recited "The Works of God." With shy glances toward the audience they faintly lisped out line by line, until their last words died away to whispers, and they bashfully ran off the stage. Then George and Virginia, in appropriate costume, entertained us with the well-known dialogue, "The Fortune-Teller," Emily entering at the closing scene to condole with the duped lady on her great lack of penetration. The parts were well committed, and the acting of Miss Virginia in particular gave us much pleasure. Next Deming repeated the poem, "Little Things;" he was very much frightened, but his manner of showing it was funny enough; he spoke in an unusually loud tone of voice, and at the enunciation of each word opened his mouth very wide as if doubting whether to go on or to stop, and at the close of the piece made his exit from the stage as fast as his feet could carry him. Then Theodora recited "Hezekiah and Ruth," and Eugene, "I Never Chew Tobacco;" both very well done. Harold and Cosette, dressed in unique costumes, gave us the quaint story of "Gudhand and his Wife." Anna and Ransom acted a little scene called "Domestic Difficulties," in which Ransom, in the part of a troublesome child, broke a plate. Fanny recited a poem. Then the curtain rose and Jessie and Maud, representing mother and daughter, were discovered, Maud repeating in a clear, sweet voice the song of the "May Queen." The closing scene represented a store; Temple acted as clerk, while Emily, Theodora, George, Virginia and Maud were customers, who found very little in the store that suited them—especially George (Mr. Jones), who, endeav-

oring to purchase toys for his children, made some objection to every ware that was offered him, and so purchased nothing. Both the selection and management of the pieces were good, and the family considered themselves well paid for listening.

—One day this week twelve of us, Clara, Emma, Cornelia, Tirzah, Florence, Harriet, Lily, Edith, Jessie, Marion, Ida K. and Ida May—equipped with thimbles and scissors, rode over to the Villa for the benign purpose of assisting Susan or "Susie," as we call her, about her sewing. For Susie, though the very embodiment of industry, though unrivaled in the faculty of keeping "busy from morning till night," and though the most orderly, indefatigable housekeeper, spends but a small part of her time in sewing. Sewing with her is a secondary consideration; she has far more relish for making a comfortable fireside. It is pure delight with her to wash and iron, to sweep and dust, and "put everything to rights." She never tires of it. She is in her element. And when she does sit down to sew you may be sure everything about the house is in apple-pie order. She is most persistent in darning and patching, every stitch of which is fearfully precise; but when it comes to dressmaking she does not get on at all. This fact is so well understood by those who know her, that all are glad to lend a helping hand. On this occasion two dresses were to be made, and seating ourselves round a work-table in Susie's cozy room, we were soon busy in the details of cutting and basting, while her merry laugh cheered us as we worked. The time slipped away almost before we knew it, and in three hours the gowns were nearly done, when Susie called us to dinner, declaring she could easily "finish them herself." So after accepting her invitation, and making her welcome to our needle-service in future, we bade her good afternoon and came home.

—The various character of the snow-drifts the past winter in the road between O. C. and W. P. may be worth noticing. The general course of the road is northerly; the wind here blows for much the greater part of the time from the west and north-west. Leaving the north entrance to the O. C. lawn, a well-grown and healthy apple-orchard and a high barberry-hedge shelter the road on the west. After passing the orchard the hedge continues some rods farther, with a row of maple trees not full grown between it and the track. Then comes a line of wire fence with the row of shade trees. After crossing the Hamilton bridge a very young orchard and a low board fence stand west of the road. Then a hop-yard with a board fence, then open ground and the board fence, and after passing Mud Creek the board fence is succeeded by a zig-zag rail fence, and this finally by another board fence. We have had a great amount of snow this winter, and many furious north-west winds. But opposite the orchard and barberry-hedge the road has not been blockaded once. There has indeed been a pretty high drift there, but it has kept almost entirely on the west side of the track, leaving a free passage for sleighs. A good depth of snow has lain in the orchard. Beyond the orchard the hedge has stopped so much snow in the road as to fill it up nearly even with the top of the hedge, except a narrow passage on the east side where the sleighs have been obliged to go. When the drifts were forming in this part of the road it was observable that the maple trees aided the work, as the drift was enlarged opposite each tree. But further on, where there is only a wire fence with the shade trees, the wind has so free a sweep under their branches that the road there has been kept free from troublesome drifts. Opposite the hop-yard the road and fields are quite level and the drifts have not been serious. But on the hill before reaching Mud Creek the road has been for weeks so full of snow as to compel a detour through the lot to the east. The effect of the zig-zag fence beyond Mud Creek was to heap the snow in wave-like ridges, the high parts being generally opposite the angles pointing toward the road. These waves became exaggerated by the travel passing over them, until a person was heard to say that after riding from W. P. to O. C. on one occasion, the effect of it remained till he was going to sleep at night, when he felt as if he had been riding in a boat on the water. Opposite the last board fence the road is uneven, the wind has a fair chance from the north-west, and many a sleigh-load of screaming travelers has here been tossed into the treacherous drifts.

—One of our accountants sends in the following pleasant paragraph:

"Merchants all over the country, our agents report, make many complaints of the tightness of the money-market and of the difficulty they find in making collections. We, all through this time of stringency, have had such good luck in receiving money just at the time we needed it that we wish to acknowledge God's care of us. In the early days of the Community we were sometimes in great straits for ready cash and had frequent recourse to prayer and to a conscious exercise of a faith which was never disappointed. At such times of anxiety our attention was called to the special providence which again and again supplied us with funds just at the right moment. Even now, though our businesses are extensive, the matchings of receipts and payments are often as remarkable as in the days of our poverty. A large payment came in the evening mail last week, several days before it was due. It was so opportune that it made us feel that the Lord had sent it, that he had delight in our prosperity, that he sympathized with our business and took pains to save us trouble as well as relieve our wants."

A FRESH OBSERVATION.

W. C., March 9, 1873.

DEAR CIRCULAR:—The change in coming from O. C. with its steam-heated, brick house of magnificent distances, to this cozy little home on the eastern slope of Mount Tom, is like leaving the city to go cousining in the country. You live on a farm there, to be sure, but you scarcely realize it, for it is so outlying, beyond your cluster of buildings and spreading lawn. Not so here: just across the road stands the barn and the various sounds arising from its yard are constant reminders of the rural domesticity of the place. But these are not the only sounds you notice. What is the slightly intermittent roar so plainly heard? It is the fall of the water from the new pond. The sight of this sheet of water as it dances and sparkles in the morning sunlight, unceasingly tumbling over the dam in such a wild and headlong manner, creates a "humming in the tissues," while the power it gives causes a more practical humming in the factory close at hand.

The factory proper is a three-story building standing north and south, and is 28 by 75 feet. The first floor is occupied by a branch of the O. C. Silk Manufacturing Co. and at present employs 43 hands. On the next floor are found the offices of the silk-works and the Wallingford Printing Co., occupying the north-east corner; next, what is called the cutting-room of the W. P. C. From this pass into the large and well-lighted composing-room where is an almost endless variety of type used in the job- and book-work in such demand in this land of many factories. The third story is yet unused, but soon will be occupied. Part of the room is to be for silk machinery and the remainder for the printing business. On the east side of the main building is a one-story, 28 by 46 feet "lean-to," making a snug but convenient little laundry. On the west side is a two-story brick building 38 feet square. The basement is about equally divided between the carpenters and machinists. Above this is the press-room occupying the whole floor. In this room, which is a palace for the business, are two small Degener job-presses, one Campbell press for book-work, an hydraulic-press and a ruling-machine; another Campbell press of larger size is expected in a few days. First-class work is done in this establishment and orders are promptly filled. If Silas Wegg could rightfully be called a "literary man" because he sold pamphlets, surely this family is a literary one, for its members are constantly employed in printing, folding, stitching and covering pamphlets of all kinds and sizes. A large share of work is done at the house in the hall, and a very attractive home-industry it makes.

This has been a remarkable winter. Mr. Kinsley says there have been one hundred days of sleighing, and colder weather than for twenty years. Our friend Mr. Smith, from Prospect, says the oldest inhabitants remember nothing equal to it. For all the snow and low temperature the weather here is quite in contrast to that of York State. During the last month there have been but three cloudy days! What does Aunt Delight say to that? Every morning the sun rises grandly from behind the eastern mountains and floods the valley with such golden glory that the beauty is like a forever fresh creation. All these days of sunshine and clear blue sky are succeeded by serene and brilliant nights. Though the winter has been so severe, it is now yielding to the subtle and mysterious influence of spring's first days of genial warmth. This morning robins and blue-birds were both seen and heard—sure harbingers of coming summer. X. once said the intoxicating effect of these first days in spring rendered him incapable of telling whether he was himself or another man.

The noticeable difference between the two Community families is an external one. Here you find different persons, but they are of the same faith and spirit; they possess the same earnestness, cheerfulness, love and unity that go to make both places such happy homes. ASH.

THE DUST OF TRAVEL.

XI.

Meadville, Penn., March 2, 1873.

DEAR CIRCULAR:—The strange seeming of strange towns! If a man were complete master of himself and able at any time to enter into his best state of activity—the active-passive—and there hold himself open to the subtle differences of things—you know it is the constant perception of sameness which kills one—he might, I think, get at the real seeming of any place; and if in addition to this delicacy of perception, he should have the adequate powers of expression, he might write you something that would have the essence of the towns he visited—towns where the farmers prevail; towns where the people cut wood and save tan-bark; lumber-towns that smell of freshly-cut pines and sawdust; mining towns and iron-worker's towns; towns in which the people fish and rake up oysters and green slimy sea-weeds; college towns with their life and trade in ideas; towns where the folks go abroad in ships; towns where they have quarries and get out grind-stones; towns that live on your curiosity about some great natural feature—Niagara, for instance; border-towns with their smugglers and revenue-men, all very active but very still, too, as if there were always something in the air; railway towns, trading towns, towns that

make cow-bells, or make ships, or anything; towns that drink water, towns that drink beer, towns that pray. Could he do all this, he might write you a book of travels that should be read with the sensibilities rather than by the mind in quest of geography and statistics; it would be like a work on the cryptogams with bits of moss and lichens fastened on the pages.

And writing on these things which touch the nerves more than the understanding, your commercial traveler is reminded that he is never farther from home than he is the moment he gets aboard the cars at your little station and goes flying away. How strange then is your old cedar swamp where in our leisure moments we have been so much at home among the logs which are cushioned with mosses stitched on with Gold-thread and set off with Sun-dew as with buttons. By the time he gets to Erie, Pennsylvania, he is in Germany, in beer-land, as you may see by consulting the brick-red spots on the census-maps showing the distribution of our German people. From Erie on to Cleveland, you pass over a great deal of warm, red-clover land; now looking against a dense patch of hemlocks, and now looking down some river-bottoms, with large chestnut trees on either hand, and a view of the lake at the farther end. Northeastern Ohio is woody still. I always think Painesville has a flavor of the forest. I have visited it a dozen times perhaps, and the constancy of this impression is what surprises me. At one end of the street is the public square, set with maples in anything but a sylvan manner; from the other end you look across the river to where a group of old pines are kept to moan over a cemetery. The people are no back-woods men; but somehow they have the flavor of freshly-cut timber as if they had come from the forest. I think of lichens and resinous woods, when there is nothing in sight to suggest them. Why should I seem to feel the presence of *Usnea* and *Hypna* when among fine tailors and book-sellers, bankers and jewelers? May be the woods and country-folk are too strong for the town yet.

I still think a man should go afoot if he would realize how far he goes. You take a sleeping-car in Detroit and wake in Chicago; you even make the journey in the daytime; 'tis all one; these cities are never any farther apart than they are on the map. The atlas-maker has gotten between me and the reality, and going by rail does not help me any.

Lake Michigan, hanging down from the chain of great lakes like a well rounded saussage, is almost without banks at its southern end, and might come ashore any day should it get angry with the land. At New Buffalo you begin to see the heaps of sand it has thrown up. At Michigan city these heaps have become hills, and farther west they have become still bigger—vast heaps of building-sand, if I may name them such, forever hopeless of grass, and but thinly clad with struggling oaks and pines. The lake, always receiving contributions from the land, is here giving something back. These great dunes become less before you reach Chicago. Between them and the lake, grows the *Salix admophylla*, a rare willow first discovered on the coast of Labrador and but lately found here. And what does a new willow amount to? Why, willow goes to the making of gunpowder, and gunpowder clinches an argument now and then. It made room for Protesants to think in; it made room for the negro to walk in. Whether it will be needed to give the woman question a final statement, I know not. Perhaps the Lord will soften our hearts before things come to that.

The rebuilding of Chicago is a wonder to you, notwithstanding you believe it would have to be rebuilt every ten years should it burn so often. Chicago is one of the corner-lots on this continent; there will always be a store there. 'Twill be the fashion to speak of its wonderful energy and power of recuperation; but correct thinking will make us to think of it in other terms. Chicago is the product of physical geography and of a rapidly increasing population. It is a social-physical result. Chicago is not rebuilding itself; the country is doing that. It was built gradually as the country needed it. The country needs it entire now and so it is rebuilt suddenly. The men who are making the new Chicago are not always the ones who made the old. The great number of old men who have melted away since the fire is a matter of comment. They had shot their best arrows and had to retire from the fight. New men are everywhere on the ground. Of the men who have crept away into corners, ruined, no account is taken. Cities have to fulfill their destinies though men fail. The play is kept going, but the actors change. A man with half an eye to business might have predicted the rebuilding of Chicago and invested his money wisely. That man over the way there, whom I often suspect of caring more for the mosses in some fragrant bog than he does for any corner-lot whatever, was heard to say in his cool, sap-headed way when Chicago was burning, "Now is the time for capitalists to go to Chicago and put their money into new buildings." A new store can't be amiss there. It will be wanted by some of your thin, long-headed eastern men, who look as if they were born for schoolmasters and ministers; it will be wanted by some curly-headed Jew, with his look of power, and with his dark and hunted look, too, which, methinks, he has taken on, in part, by spoiling us Egyptians, and in part, by skulking before a storm of curses. The intensity of the business spirit in Chicago is something remarkable. It was so when the city was no bigger than your village of Oneida; it was so in its day of pride; it is so now in its day of humiliation. Standing there as it does, on the edge of a wet prairie, you think of Chicago as my lady, over shoes in mud.

A night-ride and sleeping-car from Chicago to Cincinnati: Indianna does not become any bigger than it looks in the map, and Indianapolis and Lafayette, are nothing but dots still. If Chicago is my lady struggling to reach a drier footing Cincinnati is a tawny housewife jostling in a crowd for more elbow-room. On my way I touch again the famous Miami valley—one great crib of corn it seems—then up the Ohio to Cincinnati, all the way in sight of Kentucky hills.

The Ohio is a wild stream when filled to its banks. It was fretting the other morning and tossing in the face of a rough westerly wind. It steamed like a pot, and yet gave an awful sense of chill. The lambent film of vapor wavered and whisked and spurted aloft, as if it had been a dense spray dashed upward from the rocks. It had the manners of fire, and yet 'twas chill and wet; it was a frozen flame, if I may be allowed to see likeness in unlikeness. The Ohio is peculiary interesting, I think. 'Tis no common river, nor ever can be. Not because it goes winding among the gently rounded hills, on whose tops are villas, and on whose sides are orchards—apple and peach, and in whose valleys are church-towers and steeples; not by reason of its wines and its vines; not because of its busy steamers and smoky towns, nor because the old-time Frenchmen have called it the "beautiful river." Not for one of these reasons, nor for all of them, is it chiefly interesting. It is interesting because it has been the gulf between freedom and slavery; it kept liberty out and it kept bondage in. The hunted slave, fleeing toward the north star, found himself stopped by it, as if God and nature were against him. Its rough flood, therefore, seems running full of pathos, grief, joy, sin, bitterness, and a sense of triumph. You feel toward it as you may toward some woman who has been plunged in sin partly by her own fault and partly by that of others, and yet is not beyond hope and chance of purity. For has not this beautiful river gathered its waters from the land of the slave-owner? Not one rain, not ten thousand rains falling on Kentucky, free, can rinse the Ohio clean. It will always be a thing whose gaiety is kept down by the remembrance of an early sin; it will always float the memory of an ancient wrong. If there could be a rain to wash the mind, all might be different. Till then, the Ohio will be dear to the poet and story-teller.

A. B.

INDOLENCE.

INDOLENT! indolent! yes, I am indolent!
So is the grass growing tenderly, slowly;
So is the violet fragrant and lowly,
Drinking in quietness, peace, and content;
So is the bird on the light branches swinging,
Idly his carol of gratitude singing,
Only on living and loving intent.

Indolent! indolent! yes, I am indolent!
So is the cloud overhanging the mountain;
So is the tremulous wave of a fountain,
Uttering softly its eloquent psalm;
Nerve and sensation in quiet reposing,
Silent as blossom, the night dew is closing,
But the full heart beating strongly and calm.

Indolent! indolent! yes, I am indolent!
If it be idle to gather my pleasure
Out of creation's uncoveted treasure,
Midnight and morning; by forest and sea;
Wild with the tempest's sublime exultation;
Lonely in Autumn's forlorn lamentation;
Hopeful and happy with Spring and the bee.

Indolent! indolent! are ye not indolent?
Thralls of the earth and its usages weary;
Toiling like gnomes where the darkness is dreary,
Toiling, and sinning, to heap up your gold;
Stifling the heavenward breath of devotion
Crushing the freshness of every emotion;
Hearts like the dead, that are pulseless and cold!

Indolent! indolent! art thou not indolent?
Thou who art living unloving and lonely,
Wrapped in a pall that will cover thee only;
Shrouded in selfishness, piteous ghost!
Sad eyes behold thee, and angels are weeping
O'er thy forsaken and desolate sleeping;
Art thou not indolent?—Art thou not lost?

[*Selected.*

UNLEAVENED BREAD.

[Though we are working away at dietetic reform, we are still, as we have said before, in a transitional state in regard to the matter, and have not yet reached a standard which justifies us in saying much to influence others in this direction. We do not consider the following letter strictly scientific. In the recipe given for "gems," we should say that for children and persons of scrofulous tendencies, water should be substituted for milk. But our correspondent gives some idea of the progress we have made toward scientific hygiene, and we can safely endorse her recommendation of "gems," though mixed with milk, as vastly better for the health of anybody than old-fashioned bread made of milk-emptings, hop-risings, yeast-cakes, or any other lightening compound which is used in the manufacture of leavened bread.]

W. C., March 12, 1873

DEAR CIRCULAR:—The two-meal system now appears to be fairly established among us; and we find another change is going on in the Community (almost imperceptibly) from leavened to unleavened bread. "Gems," which are served at every meal, and are held in high repute with us, are fast superseding the old-fashioned leavened bread. The demand for yeast bread has fallen off to less than a quarter what it formerly was, and we at W. C. are about dropping it entirely from our bill of fare. A few loaves of the fine wheat are all that are now baked. One whose opinion we respect in such matters said to us the other day: "I never touch bread of any kind when I can get 'gems.' I have become keenly sensitive to the bad taste of yeast and soda, and to the good sweet

taste of pure wheat." Another remarked, "Bread with yeast in it always tastes sour to me now."

"Gems" with us are made of coarse or Graham flour and cold skimmed milk, mixed well together. A brisk stirring for ten or fifteen minutes while mixing the batter will add to their lightness. It is difficult to give an exact recipe for the quantities, as some kinds of flour swell more than others; but the proportions are about one quart of flour to one pint of milk. They are baked in patent bread-pans, of cast iron, twelve or twenty-four forming a set. These must be *thoroughly heated* beforehand in the oven or on the stove. This is the most important thing to be attended to in order to secure lightness. One half-hour is sufficient time to bake them in a very hot oven. Time is saved by this change. Formerly it took nearly six hours to mix, raise and bake our bread, which had to be done every other day. Now we make "gems" enough for one day's use in one and one-half hours; thus making the comparative time:

Making unleavened bread for 6 days . . . . . 9 hours.
" leavened " " " . . . . . 18 "

—a saving, you see, of just one-half the time, to say nothing about the care and anxiety avoided, only known to the experienced in common bread-making; for the sponge must be carefully watched, tasted and corrected with soda, if the least sour, and, O, the uncertainty of any calculation as to the quantity of the alkali! after the bread is mixed, it must be looked at every few minutes to see that it is rising just right, and does not become sour; at the right point it is to be molded and put in the baking tins; and after another rising it is ready for the oven, where it must be watched for another hour. Many housewives consider themselves totally incompetent to make a loaf of leavened bread, and resort entirely to the bakers. To all such there is a refuge from over light, husky, and frequently sour bread, to good, sweet, light, healthy "gems," for these can be made without care, requiring but little skill or time.

CARRIE.

A FUNNY LETTER.

[We had such a good laugh over the following letter that we thought we would print it and let other folks laugh, too. The writer is a Swiss and seems sadly "put to it" to master the English language. He says that he has seen some of our papers and observes that we have formed ourselves into a "company to epolish selfishness. From this surce," he truly adds, "the most evels of mankind starts, then nature works for the present, and has no eye for the rightjusness of the future." For the "good couse of humanity" he conceived it to be his duty to make an appeal to the President, of which he sends us a copy. And here it is:]

To the U. St: President Ulisa Grant

DEAR SIR! Ther i have the prevetize as a citizen of the U: St: to writ unto you to the wellfaire of the nation, so do i write with pleasur what my sole like to be than,—

We should all labor for the goodnees of the hole country and strife that Life becomes more thrue Christien like and discharge our work daly to the benefite of this duty,

It is our study to lerne the nature Laws and Love of our hevenly father and bring tham in progress of our earthly carrier, so as Education advences we become more perfacter beings and so with a country for the blessed.—

When i had wread the history of this country, how and unter witch circumstances it conceald its freedoom and declard equalty for all man that live therin, i could not see and say otherweise as God was ther protecter. Only a few republice are in existens and therby hade they sold ther free fondation and speculatet in every direction for monny seek. Man can be free mais ther is a limit wher free doom git untermeindet and with the time it will fall. I cam from a little Republice Switzerland and have seen before i laft how hard it is for a poor man to make his living and harter seen the unjustees than to inocans.—

It is still a Republice mais in manny respect it is not better than unter a kingdoom

The Lord has an eye and watit for the time that it mais come right and therfore must we work to our ability. Manny relitious man thinks that we must live this go as it will; the Lord will mandge it at last. Mais i say we must be instrument in his hande and us our tallon to do our shore for to make it come right.

The country has concort freedoom in the year 1776 and growt enormus an population since that time. It was free than indeed.

Now it is free unter the name of having no king mais Land is mostly westet and cloth in depto free Landsall, Speculation, Manufactors and Merchens of fortunes and war have playd the tune of destruction Not satisfait of having nof for ther life time and ther owne mais an place of doing good work they grow in evel. The true man see time grow darker and will be savender in manny respect. The poor can live mais for to save and advence to a confortable life he must have a start: The Land for homestate gitting way of in the west; wher he has to bay everything and has low market for was he has to sell. Manny profitet the homestedt. Rentet ther old home and tuck a homestadt. What i say he has no right to. How so ever has a home should have no right to tack up a homestadt. When he do it he do it for monny seek:

The Land has reisd an value and taxes ther worth mais it makes the Land not better nor will it yet larger crops. It has only destroyed the true farming therof Peple like to git riche in a short time and sacrifaise Land and then health

R. S.

THE GRAND CANON AND FALLS OF THE YELLOWSTONE.

IN Hayden's "Report of the United States Geological Survey of Montana and Adjacent Territories," recently received from our M. C., we find a very interesting description of the wonders of the great Yellowstone Basin—its hot-springs and geysers, falls and cañons, lakes and forests. The following paragraphs relate to the Grand Cañon and the Upper and Lower Falls:

The objects of the deepest interest in this region are the falls and the Grand Cañon. I will attempt to convey some idea by a description, but it is only through the eye that the mind can gather anything like an adequate conception of them. As we approached the margin of the cañon, we could hear the suppressed roar of the falls, resembling distant thunder. The two falls are not more than one-fourth of a mile apart. Above the Upper Falls the Yellowstone flows through a grassy, meadow-like valley, with a calm, steady current, giving no warning, until very near the falls, that it is about to rush over a precipice 140 feet, and then, within a quarter of a mile, again to leap down a distance of 350 feet. Before proceeding further with a detailed description of the falls and cañon, I may attempt to present what I believe to be the origin. For about a mile above the Upper Falls there is a succession of rapids in the river. The walls of the channel are not high, but are composed of massive basalt. Just along the Upper Falls there are five huge, detached blocks of basalt in and near the center of the channel. These show the force with which the water has rushed down the channel at some period. Just above the Upper Falls are two beautiful cascades, 20 to 30 feet high, and at the east one, the rocks so wall in the channel that it is not much more than 100 feet wide, and the entire volume of the water, which must form a mass 100 feet wide and 30 feet deep, rushes down a vertical descent of 140 feet. There seems to have been a sort of ridge or belt of very compact basalt that extended across the channel, so hard as to resist successfully atmospheric power, while below, the nearly vertical walls, which are composed of clay, sand, and bowlders, mingled with hot-spring deposits, seem to have readily yielded, and thus the river has carved out its channel. From any point of view the Upper Falls are most picturesque and striking. The entire volume of water seems to be, as it were, hurled off the precipice with the force which it has accumulated in the rapids above, so that the mass is detached into the most beautiful snow-white, bead-like drops, and as it strikes the rocky basin below, it shoots through the water with a sort of ricochet for the distance of 200 feet. The whole presents in the distance the appearance of a mass of snow-white foam. On the sides ot the basalt walls there is a thick growth of vegetation, nourished by the spray above, which extends up as far as the moisture can reach. The upper portion of the walls of the cañon on the east side is composed of a coarse volcanic sandstone and pudding-stone, perfectly horizontal, and below are loose variegated clays and sands. There is no doubt that this deposit forms a part of the bed of the ancient lake in its enlarged extent, and that this deposit was made on the rugged, irregular basalt surface. In the mean time, there were occasional outflows of igneous matter, and the hot springs were operating in full force. The lake basin was closed at the lower end of the range of mountains that form the rim, and the river gradually forced its way through this rim, forming the Grand Cañon, draining the lake basin, and the falls were the result. There is all around the basin a sort of secondary shore in the form of a group of low, pine-covered hills, varying in hight from 8,500 to 9,000 feet above the sea, while the highest ranges, 10,000 to 11,000 feet, constitute the primary rim. The lower hills are made up mostly of the old lake deposit, and are either Pliocene or Post-Pliocene, probably both.

But no language can do justice to the wonderful grandeur and beauty of the cañon below the Lower Falls; the very nearly vertical walls, slightly sloping down to the water's edge on either side, so that from the summit the river appears like a thread of silver foaming over its rocky bottom; the variegated colors of the sides, yellow, red, brown, white, all intermixed and shading into each other; the Gothic columns of every form standing out from the sides of the walls with greater variety and more striking colors than ever adorned a work of human art. The margins of the cañon on either side are beautifully fringed with pines. In some places the walls of the cañon are composed of massive basalt, so separated by the jointage as to look like irregular mason-work going to decay. Here and there a depression in the surface of the basalt has been subsequently filled up by the more modern deposit, and the horizontal strata of sandstone can be seen. The decomposition and the colors of the rocks must have been due largely to hot water from the springs, which has percolated all through, giving to them the present variegated and unique appearance.

Standing near the margin of the Lower Falls, and looking down the cañon, which looks like an immense chasm or cleft in the basalt, with its sides 1,200 to 1,500 feet high, and decorated with the most brilliant colors that the human eye ever saw, with the rocks weathered into an almost unlimited variety of forms, with here and there a pine sending its roots into the clefts on the sides as if struggling with a sort of uncertain success to maintain an existence—the whole presents a picture that it would be difficult to surpass in nature. Mr. Thomas Moran, a celebrated artist, and noted for his skill as a colorist, exclaimed with a kind of regretful enthusiasm that these beautiful tints were beyond the reach of human art. It is not the depth alone that gives such an impression of grandeur to the mind, but it is also the picturesque forms and coloring. Mr. Moran is now engaged in transferring this remarkable picture to canvas, and by means of a skillful use of colors something like a conception of its beauty may be conveyed. After the waters of the Yellowstone roll over the upper descent, they flow with great rapidity over the apparently flat rocky bottom, which spreads out to nearly double its width above the falls, and continues thus until near the Lower Falls, when the channel again contracts, and the waters seem, as it were, to gather themselves into one compact mass and plunge over the descent of 350 feet in detached drops of foam as white as snow; some of the large globules of water shoot down like the contents of an exploded rocket. It is a sight far more beautiful, though not so grand or impressive as that of Niagara Falls. A heavy mist always arises from the water at the foot of the falls, so dense that one

cannot approach within 200 or 300 feet, and even then the clothes will be drenched in a few moments. Upon the yellow, nearly vertical wall of the west side, the mist mostly falls, and for 300 feet from the bottom the wall is covered with a thick matting of mosses, sedges, grasses, and other vegetation of the most vivid green, which have sent their small roots into the softened rocks, and are nourished by the ever-ascending spray. At the base and quite high up on the sides of the cañon are great quantities of talus, and through the fragments of rocks and decomposed spring deposits may be seen the horizontal strata of breccia.

THE NEWS.

A rhinoceros for Barnum's World's Fair arrived on the 11th inst. from Europe. He is six feet high, nearly twelve feet long and weighs about four tons. He is nearly as large as a full sized African elephant.

An original style of thievery obtains at the Astor Library, New York. Under pretense of reading some rare work its engravings are slily abstracted. The evil is growing and causes the worthy custodians much trouble.

Prof. John Torrey, of Columbia College, formerly chief of the assay office at the sub-treasury, and the well-known botanist, died Monday evening last of pneumonia. He was about eighty years of age and during his long life had become prominently known and acknowledged among scientists.

The total production of crude petroleum in this country in 1872 was 6,539,703 barrels of forty-three gallons, a daily average of 17,195 barrels against 15,800 barrels in 1871 showing a daily increase of 2,115 barrels and a total increase of 77,975 in 1872. For the first time in the history of the trade there was a falling off in the export owing to the attempt to force up prices.

Spain is ambitious to become a federal republic. Already the ancient provinces of Andalusia, Catalonia, Biscaya and Arragon, the ancient boundaries and customs of which have never been entirely obliterated after ages of despotic rule, are crying out for distinct representation in the national councils, and threatening immediate action if their claims are not at once attended to. Verily, the "effete monarchies" are moving on apace.

The Massachusetts Legislature, after a close canvass of several days, has elected George S. Boutwell for U. S. Senator for six years from March 1st, 1873, in place of Henry Wilson who resigned for the Vice-Presidency. There is but little doubt that Judge Richardson, the present Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, will be promoted to the Secretaryship and that his name will be sent to the Senate before the adjournment, which will soon take place.

The bill passed by the forty-second Congress to increase the pay of members to $5,000, and made retroactive, is condemned in unmeasured terms by most of the leading journals. It is significant that the New Hampshire Legislature, after denouncing the measure, has elected three Democratic Congressmen; and that the Illinois Legislature by vote of 104 to 3 adopted a resolution severely censuring the Illinois Congressmen who voted for the bill.

Our Texan frontier is in a deplorable condition. It seems to be at present a free raiding ground for the Indians; at least such is the testimony of Gen. Lewis G. Brown, ex-army officer and acting internal revenue collector for southern Texas. Bands of savages mounted on swift horses cross the Rio Grande from Mexico and sweep over a belt of country one hundred miles in width toward the mouth of the river, destroying ranches, killing the occupants and carrying off horses cattle and sheep to the utter despair of the agriculturists of that region.

The new king of the Sandwich Islands was elected by an almost unanimous vote of the people, and is said to be very popular. His prime minister is a Mr. Bishop, a banker, formerly from New York city. Another cabinet officer is Mr. Judd, son of the famous missionary. The journal of the largest circulation and influence in the native language is conducted by H. M. Whitney, an ardent American. The two principal exports, coffee and sugar, are non-paying crops just now on account of low prices at San Francisco. The whaling interest also has dwindled to a very small one. The public debt is $300,000. Taxation moderate. A reciprocity treaty between the Islands and the United States is talked of and much desired.

The honor of first looking into the crater of Mount Cotopaxi, situated in northern Equador about 50 miles south of the equator and 100 west of the meridian of Washington, belongs to Dr. Reiss, a German naturalist. The Dr. measured the hight by two methods and gives it as 19,496 feet, nearly 1,000 feet more than the measurement made by Humboldt. Dense volumes of smoke with deep internal rumblings are the only signs of fire at present in this great king of all the volcanoes. Evidence of former activity is shown by the nature and thickness of the deposits at the base which in some places exceed 600 feet in thickness.

The coöperative movement in Kansas, started about four years ago by E. V. Boissiere and E. P. Grant, seems to be prospering. The culture and manufacture of silk is to be one of the principal industries of this Association, and accordingly their domain, comprising more than three thousand acres, has taken the name of Silkville. A silk factory is already in operation and ten thousand mulberry trees have had three years of thrifty growth. Two hundred and fifty acres of this immense farm have been brought under cultivation, and now the projectors of the enterprise announce themselves as ready to receive associates to carry into effect its original purposes. The Association is to be formed on Fourier's plan of the "Combined Household." A building, large enough to accommodate from eighty to one hundred persons, will be erected the coming season. Each person admitted will be required to deposit one hundred dollars.

The Irish University Bill, so called, was defeated in the House of Commons on the 11th inst., by a small majority. Great excitement prevailed and the galleries were crowded. The result is considered to be a virtual defeat of the ministry, and Mr. Gladstone has already waited on the Queen to tender his resignation. Mr. Disraeli, the leader of the opposition, is the only one named for the new premiership. The main points of the bill are briefly these: 1. Incorporating the University of Dublin and combining the other colleges of the city as well as those of Cork and Belfast under that title. 2. The abolition of all religious tests in all collegiate examinations. This is but justice to the Catholics who out-number the Protestants by more than 3,000,000. 3. The Government to be by a Chancellor appointed by the Crown, and a Council of twenty-eight nominated in the act. 4. For security of conscience there will be no chairs of theology, moral philosophy and modern history. The bill, though granting equal privileges to all sects, failed in its principal object—it did not find favor with the Roman Catholics, who would accept nothing less than the endowment of a sectarian institution of their own.

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

ADMISSIONS.

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

THE KING OF THE GENTILES.

Home-Talk by J. H. N.

THE resurrection of Christ, whatever else may be said of it, was certainly a transformation which enabled him to come back to his work in this world. He continued to superintend his disciples. Although withdrawn from sight except on special occasions, he was yet in the field, directing the movements of his army as its commander-in-chief.

This simple view of the resurrection of Christ leads to a sure conclusion with respect to the raising of his followers which took place at the time of the Second Coming, about the year 70. It is safe and sufficient to say that the Primitive Church, by their resurrection at that time, were brought into the same condition with their Master, and like him re-assumed active relations toward this world. They did not die, nor sleep, in the sense of passing away from the field of action in which they had been engaged during their life. They took their place with Christ in the invisible world, and kept on in their work as he did. We find this distinctly indicated by the promises made to them. They were to be associated with Christ in the establishment of his kingdom. "I go," said he, "to prepare a place for you.....that where I am, there ye may be also." He went to a place from which he could act upon the nations of this world, and they joined him there, "sitting with him on his throne," and having "power over the nations" as he had.

We conceive then of the Primitive Church as a mighty, universal empire established in the invisible world, of which Jesus Christ is the head, and the apostles are the chief officers. We think of this government as now presiding within and around us, and directing all the affairs of this world. And advancing from this conclusion, it is proper for us to consider more closely the personal, matter-of-fact relation of the apostles to outward humanity. If we believe in the resurrection at the Second Coming, we must believe that Paul, for instance, from that time forward possessed, within his sphere, the same power of operation upon the external world that Christ had after his resurrection; and as Paul was the apostle to the Gentiles previous to his translation to the spiritual world, there can be no doubt that he still holds a corresponding office. In his epistles he called himself the servant of Jesus Christ; and just as certainly as Christ has been ruling the world the last eighteen hundred years, so certainly has Paul been his servant engaged in the same work. And as the heavenly administration extends to state affairs as well as religion, including church and state under one head, Paul and his associates must have what may be called a secular function, as well as a spiritual one. In a word, Paul is a *king*. His proper title is KING OF THE GENTILES, as Christ's was KING OF THE JEWS. It is nearer the truth to say that Paul is a king, than it is to say that he is merely an apostle or bishop. He *was* an apostle, but at the Second Coming he ascended his throne and became king. Priests and bishops have but little to do with politics and statesmanship; but Paul is busy with both. If we are wise we shall study his character as king of the Gentiles; and in so doing we shall find ourselves in the most favorable condition to come into valuable relations with him.

BACKWARD GLANCINGS.

XVI.

THE summer of 1836 opened with many unfavorable omens to the cause of Perfectionism. Boyle, Dutton and the other leading spirits were as widely separated from each other as from J. Anti-slavery and other reforms absorbed what little enthusiasm they had left. In our family the same purpose to divide and scatter, if possible, was at work. An elder sister whose husband was in the West Indies, spent several months at home. She was a person of great decision and strength of character—very attractive and much beloved by us all. Naturally she was much interested in the education and prospects of her younger brothers and sisters. Though a church member, her tastes and ambition led her toward worldly success. She saw and felt instinctively that J.'s influence over us was to lead us away from the world and make us unfashionable as he was. This, seen from her point of view, was to make life a failure. In May I was sent to a boarding-school in Hartford, and George's preparation for college was urged forward. My sister took Harriet with her to Saratoga for a three weeks' visit. For the time being it looked as if we should all drift away with the tide. But the darkest hour precedes the dawn.

Late in the fall J. returned home. He came unannounced as usual, but was received with joy. Mother was a frequent invalid at this time, and kept her chamber. In her room J. felt most at home. The Bible was always her favorite study, and her interest in true religious experience was never cold. I do not know exactly how it commenced, but soon my sister Harriet began to spend her evenings in mother's room listening and reading with them. Her whole soul was hungry for salvation—for an experimental acquaintance with God. While she was thus pressing forward she had one great drawback; it was the thought that she must leave me behind. If I continued indifferent, she and I, who had been inseparable from childhood, must here part. To give me up cost her many tears. How did I know it?

Nothing had been said to me of her struggles, but I felt in my heart that Harriet had left me, that she had set out in earnest to be religious. This broke up my indifference. My heart melted toward God. I must go with her. She had opened the way and I would follow with all my heart. I joined her in spending all my leisure time in that "upper chamber." George came too. This was the beginning of a new era in our family. J. commenced his Home-Talks there with mother, Harriet, George and me for listeners. It was a revival on a small scale that lasted all winter. We studied the Bible in a practical, self-applying way. The truth that had been before held as a theory was laid to heart. J. watched the process of conviction, and warned, exhorted and encouraged us, and led us along step by step.

It required more courage at that time to confess salvation from sin than it does now. Harriet, George and I, though called Perfectionists, had never made such a confession. In February, I think, we all made a public confession in this way: George was attending the district school, and one morning after the teacher and scholars were all seated he rose and confessed his belief in Christ as a Savior from sin. The same evening Harriet and I called upon a near neighbor who, though a church member was the most notorious gossip and newsmonger in the village. We told her we believed that Christ came to save his people from their sins, and we believed that he had saved us. She was loud and voluble in her opposition, and her husband —no church member—said with solemn emphasis, "They are joined to their idol, let them alone!" But we went home light-hearted, knowing that now our confession would go as far and fast as tongue could carry it, and believing it true that Christ would confess us.

THE TRUE LIGHT.

"DO not hide your light under a bushel; let it shine," said a friend to me with emphasis, as I expressed a determination to seek self-improvement first as the best means of helping others into the light.

"Would you think it the best way," I answered, "to run about seeking to light your neighbors' lamps, leaving your own neglected and in danger of going out altogether? A lamp well trimmed and burning was probably the figure in the mind of Christ when he uttered those memorable words. Would it not be the better way to turn your attention first to the care of your own lamp, and, regardless of the necessary time and labor, form a connection between it and an inexhaustible fountain of supply, seeking to have the light emanating from it of a character so clear and unmistakable that others seeing it should be attracted by it to fill their lamps from the same fountain, and uniting their lights with yours should attract others until a flame would be raised which, radiating through the surrounding darkness in still increasing and ever widening circles, should at last pierce all the dark corners of the earth?"

"This seems reasonable enough," said my friend in a thoughtful mood; "but was this the way that Christ and the church that he founded let their light shine? His express command to the disciples was, 'Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature.'"

"Quite true, so far," I replied; "now if you will add the rest of the command—'but tarry ye in the city of Jerusalem until ye be endued with power from on high,' and then read with me the account of the work wrought in the disciples as they waited patiently for the promise of the Father, I think we shall find that the primary work of this church was self-improvement even through the first stages of its experience during the forty years of growth from babes in Christ to the full stature of men and women, when they were able to declare with all boldness, 'The darkness is past and the true light now shineth;' and, 'If we walk in the light as God is in the light we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin.' They literally obeyed the command of Christ by proclaiming the gospel to all of the then known world before the Second Coming of Christ; yet the real light in them which was judging the Jewish nation, was God manifest in the flesh as victorious over sin as he was in Christ. The kingdom of God in them was not so much in word as in the power of the spirit of the Lord. In this way their light sent forth its brightest beams, and is judging the world to-day wherever the Bible has found its way. They proved it possible for men to hold direct and open communication with God and to be wholly saved from sin, declaring that 'whosoever is born of God cannot sin because he is born of God.' The evidence of the establishment of this great truth in them, together with their unquestioning faith in the promise of Christ that he would come again within the life-time of that generation to gather his elect from the four winds of heaven, are facts which now, after the lapse of so many centuries still stand a solid foundation for every earnest seeker after the truth, and as 'a flaming beacon send their blaze afar.' This faith which we find recorded upon so many pages of the New Testament is a light which is searching all Christendom wherever the Bible is received as the word of God. Now if you will please turn to the 17th chapter of John we will study together the prayer of Christ and see if we cannot learn from it a way for the church to send forth a light that will be far more effectual than any that comes through preaching, for the purpose of convincing the world of sin."

"Is this it?" asked my friend, as she read carefully, "Neither pray I for these alone, but for them also which shall believe on me through their word; that they all may be one; as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us: that the world may believe that thou hast sent me. And the glory which thou gavest me I have given them."

"Yes, it is all there. First, the light which comes through the word to believers who receive the truth. Second, the greater light shining through the unity of the church—a light which will enable all men to see that Christ was the Son of God and ripen them for the judgment: 'I in them and thou in me, that they may be made perfect in one.' This is God manifest in the flesh, and through this manifestation the world shall know that God now loves his church as he loved Christ. Made perfect in one implies not only the unity of believers in the out-world but in all worlds. It means no less than the gathering together in one all that are in Christ, 'both the family which are in heaven and the family which are on earth, according to the promise which was made to those who are now living in the dispensation of the fullness of times.'"

"Well," said my friend, "this gives me much food for thought. It would seem from your belief that the world is having a similar preparation for the judgment that the Jews had at the close of their dispensation, and that as the kingdom of God came to them 'without observation' it is now aproaching the world in the same way. Perhaps you are not really hiding your light under a bushel notwithstanding my impressions to the contrary, for it may be true that in seeking self-improvement you are taking the best way to have Christ's prayer fulfilled in you and so let your light shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify your Father which is in heaven."

S. E. A. D.

A SCHOOL INCIDENT.

IN the summer of 1840, Miss V—— was asked to take charge of a disorderly school in a small New England village. It was a beautiful morning when she entered the school-room, where she met forty or fifty children all neatly attired and looking bright and cheerful, with the exception of one little boy about eight years of age. His appearance was quite in contrast to that of the others. He was dirty and ragged, without sufficient clothing to cover his nakedness.

Miss V—— began to organize the school, and soon ascertained that this little boy had a brother present, who was neatly dressed. She wondered at the difference between the brothers. Her attention was frequently called to the boy by the other pupils. He was so full of mischief, that he was constantly annoying those who sat near him. He seemed determined to be ugly and defiant; but she only gave him a glance, not wishing him to see that she noticed him. The labors of the day being over she repaired to her boarding-place. The gentleman and lady of the house made many inquiries about this "bad boy," as he was called, and were astonished that she had managed to get through the day without inflicting punishment upon him. They said they did not think he ever attended school a day before in his life without punishment. The gentleman, who was a merchant, said that the boy was the worst child he ever saw or heard of; he would lie, swear, steal and fight, and he would not have him in his store or about his premises.

From all that she could learn from others and observe for herself the teacher became convinced that the child had not a friend in the world, not even among his own family. He was daily whipped or punished in some way, and

no one ever spoke a pleasant word to him. He was a bright, keen-looking little fellow, and she felt a deep interest in him. She retired early to her room, not to sleep, but to think. She had one absorbing thought—what could she do for the unfortunate child? She prayed to God for help, and he heard and answered her.

Miss V—— entered the school-room the next morning with a firm purpose to do all that was in her power to reform the boy. It was not long before she saw him pinch a child near him. "Now is my time," she thought, "to begin to act on my theory of the best way of treating him." She asked him to come to her. He hesitated, and gave her a scowl. She answered with a smile and again requested him to come to her. He then came without hesitation. She seated him beside her and gave him a book of pictures. O! the puzzled expression of his countenance! It was extremely amusing. He looked at the book, at the teacher, and at the school, in perfect bewilderment. She at once saw that she had gained his confidence. Another important point to be gained was to induce the school to coöperate with her. She was sure that the boy's bad reputation was more owing to his surroundings and to the treatment he received from others than to any real viciousness in himself. She sent him out to gather some flowers, and in the mean time presented his case to the school, telling them that she believed he could be made a good boy if the right course were pursued; but that he would be ruined if his companions continued to treat him as they had done. She requested them to make no further complaint against him. They demurred; they frowned, and some said it was impossible for such an ugly boy to reform. The teacher saw that her words had no effect on a part of them. She then resorted to an extreme measure and said, firmly: "The first scholar who makes a complaint against that boy shall be punished." She told them of the importance of treating him kindly and enjoined it upon them with great earnestness that they must use him well. They complied with her request. From that time the school was under her control. It was very seldom that she had to correct a child, and she was not obliged to resort to corporeal punishment during the term of five months.

A decided change immediately took place in the child. He became obedient, kind and affectionate. His parents began to take an interest in him and he was soon well dressed and appeared neat and tidy. He made rapid progress in learning, considering that he had never before learned the letters of the alphabet; and it was not long before he won the confidence of the whole village, and his father in after years was often heard to remark that Miss V—— saved his boy from ruin and made a man of him.

AUNT SUSAN.

LOCOMOTION.

I.

PERHAPS the progress of the human mind as well as the human body has in no one thing been so marked as in the business of locomotion. Literally speaking, I presume to say, that there is no motive-power operating on human nature to help forward its progression which is so efficient as the locomotive, and this outward progress is probably only an index of the spiritual progress it is making. Certainly there never was a greater commotion made in the spiritual as well as in the social and political departments of human society than there was at the time of the advent of steam locomotion. But while we would esteem this wonderful power according to its just deserts, and while we are shocking the Chinese out of their lethargy of centuries by telling them wonderful tales by electricity as easily as if they sat at our elbow, it may perhaps be of some interest to look at the beginnings of this business of locomotion and discuss its origin and progress.

When we come to consider the subject of human locomotion in all its bearings we find that it has naturally four grand divisions:

I. Locomotion on Land.
II. " " Water.
III. " in Air.
IV. " " Spirit.

These may be again separated into as many subdivisions as there are methods of locomotion in these several departments; as, for instance, under the head of human locomotion on land we have:

1. Creeping. 2. Walking, 3. Riding on the backs of animals. 4. By drag or stone-boat. 5. On wheels behind animals. 6. Over railroads.

Then subdividing the method of human locomotion by water we have:

1. Swimming. 2. Floating down-stream on a log. 3. Rafting. 4. By dug-out. 5. Boating with oars. 6. Boating with sail. 7. Canal boating or towing. 8. By ocean sail-vessels. 6. By ocean steamers.

Then under the third heading there is the great subject of navigating the air. At present we are practically acquainted with no other method of traveling through the air than that of ballooning; but there is no telling how soon we shall be using wings, or perhaps the same power that sends the rocket on its brilliant mission.

Lastly there is locomotion by spirit, as well in spirit, about which the Bible and modern spiritualism are full of most marvelous accounts.

When we look at a full-grown specimen of human anatomy, we find that nearly half of its longest extension is devoted mainly to the business of locomotion. Though this may not be the chief end of man, we naturally infer that it holds an important place in the divine mind. We can scarcely find a better illustration of a case where the other end of existence is chiefly developed than in that of the well-grown cabbage. It is probably for this reason that people reply, "I am no cabbage," when their moving is brought in question. That there is an intimate relation between these two ends of human existence, and that the higher end is exceedingly dependent on the lower, is clearly demonstrated by the fact that good feet and legs are absolutely necessary to enable a person to get a-*head* in the world. I desire very much to propitiate the Phrenologists and others who have gone ahead of me in studying the motive powers of human nature, and with this in view I would respectfully remind them that the locomotive powers do not propose to charge them anything for the rides they furnish. These powers propose to give the head the office of conductor, or the privilege of being a deadhead if it chooses. With this fair and liberal understanding we hope to proceed smoothly on our proposed route without any fear of collision with our very respectable neighbors.

H. J. S.

HOW TO USE THE EYES.

I.

A CELEBRATED German philosopher once remarked in the course of a lecture on the eye, "that if he should receive an optical instrument so full of imperfections as the human eye he would at once return it to the maker with the severest censure upon such slovenly work; but that the more he studied the eye, the more he had occasion to admire its wonderful mechanism and perfect fitness for the work it has to perform."

Our optical surgeons tell us that the diseases known as Asthenopia and Amaurosis are on the increase; which means, when translated into English, that weak eyes are much more common now than they were years ago. It may be that weak eyes are more common now than formerly, for the same reason once given in a literary debate, why white sheep eat more than black ones, viz., because there are more of them. There are, certainly, many more eyes in this country now than fifty years ago, and even if the proportion of weak eyes were the same, the aggregate would still be large. Be that as it may, the numerous cases of weak eyes, and the increasing demand for spectacles at an early age, indicate a growing evil which threatens to make of us a nation of "blind leaders of the blind." That the failure of the eyesight at an early age is entirely caused by overwork or misuse, we are not prepared to demonstrate, but that a large, a very large share of such cases can be directly traced to such causes we are thoroughly convinced, and will try to prove the correctness of our theory.

In order that we may fully understand how the eye should be used, we must comprehend these two fundamental principles: 1. That the eye is an optical instrument and must have certain optical conditions if we would get the best results; 2. The eye is, in a measure, a self-regulating, and self-protecting instrument, constantly on guard to prevent injury to itself and to give warning when too heavily taxed.

One day while talking with my neighbor, the inventor—a sort of universal genius who sometimes glances at the human machine while studying the pitch of a screw—he remarked, "I've about made up my mind that Old L. hit the nail on the head when he declared that it is the *unconscious* strain upon the eyes which weakens them." Old L. did hit the nail, or we might say the bull's eye, when he made that remark; and to impress it on our readers we repeat that it is the "unconscious strain" which, in the great majority of cases, is the cause of failure, and it is in the management of light that we produce this unconscious strain. Let us watch yonder naturalist for a moment and see how he manages the light in that most sensitive of optical instruments, the compound microscope; after carefully adjusting the object and the focus of the lens he turns a bright pencil of light upon—what? The *object* and not upon the object-glass or lens. The thing to be seen or examined is illuminated, but the eye is left in comparative darkness. How often do we violate this rule! How often do we sit directly in front of a strong

glare of light shining directly into our eyes instead of upon our work; and often with the light coming from behind or at one side causing the object to lie in a shadow! It is in these ways that we soon produce a strain of which we are unconscious at first and perhaps for a long time, but which finally becomes but too painfully real. The strain in these cases is produced in two ways: by the efforts of the pupil to contract under a strong light, and then to expand when the object is in the shade or imperfectly illuminated. Under a strong light the efforts of the pupil to contract are held in check by the will which compels the eye to work under protest. If you open the eyelids of a person asleep and hold a light near, the pupils at once contract, although the mind of the sleeper knows nothing about it. His will is off duty, and the sensitive organ acting through the never slumbering spinal cord at once shuts out the intruder.

You may say to all this "that it is natural for the eye to look at the light and to be used in the light, not only without being injured, but to grow strong and healthy under the exercise." All of which I admit, simply insisting that there is a right way and a wrong way to use the eyes, and that if we wish to do the greatest amount of work with them during the longest period of time, we shall have to conform to the rule of the microscopist and illuminate the *object* and not the object-glass.

G. E. C.

ONEIDA CIRCULAR.

TIRZAH C. MILLER, EDITRESS.

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SELFISHNESS ON TRIAL.

IF there is one thing more repulsive than another to a mind purified by the love of God, it is the spirit of selfishness—a spirit which seeks its own private ends regardless of the rights and feelings of others. Nothing too bad can be said of it, for when entirely stripped of all disguises there is nothing left of it but "pure cussedness," as one might say. Not a redeeming quality can be found in it. In a word, selfishness is the spirit of the devil, whose greediness acknowledges no right but the right to devour. Although there are all shades of selfishness found in unregenerate man, from the subtle and refined, to the gross and brutal, yet the root is identical wherever discovered. The spirit of selfishness is so entirely incompatible with God's generous purposes concerning humanity, that it is constantly seeking, by all manner of plausible subterfuges, to hide its hideous deformity from the light of advancing civilization. Yet no reflective mind can fail to see that this venomous foe to human redemption is coming to judgment as never before. It would almost seem that the invisible powers of good were combining for its overthrow, by exposing it to the light of day in high places. For weeks past public attention has been directed to the council chambers of the nation, where virtually, the spirit of selfishness is on trial. Men in responsible positions have been betrayed by this demon, and of course they are very much mortified; but the more they have tried to cover their tracks by plausible explanations, the deeper have they sunk into the mire. Few, indeed, are the number, with sufficient moral courage and manliness to confess the truth and thereby shame the devil who led them into falsehood; but selfishness, like murder, will out.

Men are quite too apt to justify a little selfishness in themselves on the ground that every body else is selfish too. But that won't do. Selfishness is a sin, and no amount of philosophy can change it into a virtue. When selfish deeds are seen in others, they invariably look hateful and mean, so that no man with a grain of generosity in his heart can approve of them, whether committed on a petty or on a gigantic scale. Selfishness may be tolerated, but it cannot be justified. Mean, selfish deeds are often pardoned on the ground of ignorance, moral weakness, or cowardice; but the light of civilization is dispelling ignorance, just as the light of the gospel of Christ is dispelling all excuse for sin. Before Christ came, all men were more or less in bondage to sin, however much they may have hated the power that held them in that condition. But the discovery of the great spiritual facts created by Christ's death and resurrection, showing how he destroyed the power of sin in human nature, so that in his spirit men can live without sin and consequently without selfishness, has furnished an unselfish standard of morality, by which men are now to be judged.

We repeat, that selfishness is on trial; and for what? For all the crimes and vices of which man has been guilty since his seduction by the old serpent whom God pronounced as "more subtle than any beast of the field." The result of this trial, however, is not doubtful. Selfishness has the unanimous, unqualified condemnation of heaven and earth, and can have no defender except in Satan and his angels. There is every indication that the principality of selfishness is fleeing before the evangels of Faith and Science, whose discoveries are revealing the fact that God has "made of one blood all nations of men to dwell on all the face of the earth;" and equally certain is it, that these twin forces, which are doing the will of heaven, will yet prove that all men have a common interest in hating iniquity and in loving righteousness; a common interest in supporting Christ as the rightful owner of all men, and as the sovereign of this world; a common interest in helping each his neighbor to know God and to do his will on earth as it is done in heaven; a common interest in regarding selfishness as the bane of all true happiness, and a barbarism not to be tolerated among civilized beings.

G. C.

REVIVAL INCIDENTS IN GOUVERNEUR.

[Mr. Finney's interesting account of the Gouverneur revival and J. H. N.'s comments upon it, tracing a marked connection between the work at Gouverneur and a later revival at Putney, induced one of our traveling agents whose route lay through the former place, to call on some of the old inhabitants and obtain further information. The following entertaining letter contains the result of his inquiries:]

Gouverneur, N. Y., March 15, 1873.

DEAR H.:—I am stopping over Sunday once more in Gouverneur; and I have "interviewed" pretty thoroughly Mr. Daniel Keyes, the Spencer family referred to by Mr. Finney, a Mrs. Almira Johnson (sister of the Putney Smiths), a son-in-law of Harvey D. Smith, and divers others of the men and women of fifty and sixty years ago. You may rely upon the information I give as correct as far as it goes, though possibly some of the details will be a little tedious to you if you do not enjoy reading about genealogies.

To begin, then, my investigations show that there were at least *four* distinct Smith families that emigrated to Gouverneur from different parts of Vermont some fifty or sixty years ago—which families were in no wise related to each other when they first came to this place, though they have since become somewhat so by intermarriage. So you may well conclude that this is a very *Smithy* place, though some discount must be made on the remark of the man who told me that every other one I met, if I were to ask his name, would tell me it was *Smith*. Johnson is another quite common name here, and that also was first imported from Putney. But so far as the Smith families are concerned, I will confine myself to a mention of the Putney Smiths, and to the Harvey D. Smith referred to by Mr. Finney. The last-named Smith came from *Poultney*, Vermont, and was not related to the Smiths who came from Putney, as was suggested in the CIRCULAR of February 10th. He died six years ago, and from the time of his acquaintance with Mr. Finney until his death, continued to be a pillar in the church. I called at the home of his widow, who lives with her son-in-law in an elegant mansion, but learned that she was just now visiting a son in Buffalo.

Mr. Daniel Keyes, a genial, well-preserved gentleman of ninety-one years, who also expressed a warm interest in Mr. Finney and his revival labors in Gouverneur, informed me that old Mr. Ashbel Johnson, and his daughter Mrs. Hale, were the first emigrants from Putney. They came to Gouverneur between sixty and sixty-five years ago. Ten years later, or fifty-one years ago this spring, Mr. Keyes himself left Putney for Gouverneur. One year after came Captain Benjamin Smith, and two years after that, Daniel Keyes's brother, Joel Keyes. Next came Joseph Smith, who was son-in-law to Ashbel Johnson: his brother Isaac and the other Smith brothers following, one after another, until in the course of a few years the five brothers and their families had all removed to Gouverneur. Their names were Joseph, Isaac, Jonathan, Benjamin and Nathaniel; the last named being the only one still living. He now lives somewhere in the west. Benjamin Smith died twenty years ago. (He it was, as is mentioned in a late No. of the CIRCULAR, that built and lived in the house which on his removal to Gouverneur was purchased by the father of J. H. N., and became the home of the Noyes family in Putney. He had a zealous interest in the revival movement, and Messrs. Finney and Nash made their home at his house for a part of the time of their sojourn here.) A family of Perrys also came from Putney about the same time that the Smiths came—Ira Perry and Sullivan Perry; and a few years later came George, son of Dr. Alex. Campbell, and the Stoddard family. Besides these, were Saml. Smith (from a family not related to the one already referred to), Mr. Joshua Parker, Wm. Read, Emery Eager, and Geo. Miller—which, as near as I can learn, constitute all the families that came from Putney. And so many of these settled on one street leading from the village that some of the Vermont emigrants still speak of it as "Putney street." It is interesting to know, too, that fifteen of these emigrants were members of the Congregational Church of Putney, and that they formed an important part of the material with which God wrought one of the greatest revivals of modern times.

Henry and Julia were brother and sister, children of Joseph Smith, but were adopted by their uncle Benjamin, who had no children of his own. Harvey, the young man, was the son of Jonathan Smith, who at the time of the Governeur revival still remained in Putney. Lucius Johnson's mother was one of the Smith sisters, and his father was brother to the Ashbel Johnson who lived in Putney (next house to lady Campbell's) when we moved from there. His aunt Almira, another of the Smith sisters, still lives in Gouverneur, and lived with her brother Benjamin at the time that Mr. Finney and Father Nash made it their home there. She married Stephen Johnson, another brother of the Ashbel Johnson I have just mentioned.

The young men, Henry Smith, Lucius Johnson

and Harvey Smith, went to Putney during the revival, which was in 1825, and shortly after their return to Gouverneur they went South, Henry finally becoming a slaveholder in Georgia, in which State he is supposed to be still living. He took up arms against the North in the late civil war, and his sister Julia, who visited Gouverneur lately, says he is a rebel still. Lucius Johnson, who went South with him, died twenty years ago. Young Harvey Smith went to Illinois and engaged in mercantile business. He died two years ago. I have heard him spoken of here as bright, and exceedingly apt as an exhorter and lecturer in religious meetings; could preach as good a sermon as a regular minister, etc.

But now for some reminiscences of the great revival. It was in 1825, forty-eight years ago, that Mr. Finney and Father Nash were here, from April to September. As already intimated, I have interviewed a number of the men and women here who were personally and well acquainted with both Finney and Nash, and with the whole progress of the revival. I have visited families where they boarded, and the houses in which they held prayer and conference meetings night after night and week after week, and have had my heart stirred by the experiences and incidents that have been related, very much as though I had taken a personal part in them. It was truly a very remarkable revival. It lasted for a whole year. Many hundreds were converted in Gouverneur and the adjacent villages, including the very hardest cases from all classes of society; and there are but comparatively few of the whole number who have not held to their profession and continued to be the salt of the church. The people describe Mr. Finney as a powerful man, in the prime of life, with an eye that would seem to search the sinner through and through; and anecdotes of his style of preaching are still vivid in the recollections of many. The testimony in relation to Father Nash was the same from all lips. He was not only one of the best of men and greatly beloved, but the most powerful in prayer of any person they ever heard, a man full of faith and of the Holy Ghost, and a very "*son of thunder*" in convicting sinners. "In prayer Finney wasn't anywhere by the side of him." Yet the two worked harmoniously together, appreciating one another, and each considering the other as necessary to his success. Finney regarded Nash as his right-hand man, and felt that he could not get along without him.

It was a custom with Father Nash when laboring with the unconverted, if he found them obdurate, to go away and without further conference with them make them special subjects of secret prayer until he had received an assurance of their conversion. Indeed, according to report he was wonderfully successful in receiving assurances from time to time in answer to prayer, that such and such an one should be converted. To illustrate his character in this respect, Mr. Keyes mentioned a notable case named Nathaniel Martin. He was a Universalist, and deadly opposed to the revival. Father Nash was bent on his conversion, and retired day after day to the grove back of Benjamin Smith's house to pray for him. At last he came into the house one day saying that his prayer had been answered. There had been no visible change in Martin up to this time; but Father Nash was positive that "there was no mistake." Sure enough, Martin was shortly converted, and he afterward became a talented Congregational preacher.

Another person told me of Raymond Austin, who was much opposed to the meetings, and had resisted all the entreaties of his wife to go. One day after positively refusing to go to the meetings, he started with his ax for the woods to do some chopping. Father Nash told him on starting that he would never get to the woods. And, strange to tell, he fell, cut his foot, was obliged to return to his house, and was afterward converted. He belonged to the Gouverneur "roughs," and was said to be the one who contrived to put a quantity of pulverized potash on the pulpit seat one day just before the services commenced. But Mr. Finney's eagle eye discovered a suspicious looking substance on his seat just in time to avoid disagreeable consequences. One person told me of a prayer he heard made by one of the converts. In imitation of Father Nash he asked the Lord to "*shake* the sinner over hell," and then by way of cautioning the Lord, added, "but for Christ's sake *don't let him fall in!*"

Father Nash is reported to have had his stated times of secret prayer every day; and as he always journeyed on horseback, if his time of prayer came while he was traveling he invariably stopped (no matter what the circumstances) and attended to the ordinance. Both he and Mr. Finney spent much time in prayer in the woods and groves of the village; and, indeed, I was informed that for months during the summer and fall of the revival year one could scarcely go out at any hour of the night without hearing individuals or companies of individuals praying in the fields and groves in several directions at the same time.

During their stay at Gouverneur Finney and Nash would also hold meetings in the adjacent villages for several miles around. On one of these occasions the "roughs" made an arrangement to give Mr. Finney a "ride on a wooden horse," as they called it, on his way back to Gouverneur in the night. But contrary to their expectations he was providentially detained over night in the place where he had been preaching, and so escaped the ride prepared for him. Another night these "sons of Belial" sheared very close the mane and tail of Father Nash's horse, as they supposed. But it proved in the morning to be the horse of a peddler who had put up at the same place over night, and there were some damages to pay in consequence.

Mr. Finney, one man told me, was accustomed to boast over his converts in DeKalb—a town twelve miles from Gouverneur. "Why," said he, "one of those young converts would pray a kingdom down quicker than some of these old professors can pray a sitting hen off her nest." Another story reported to me about Mr. Finney by one of his friends who evidently believed it, is that in riding from place to place he drove a spirited but balky horse; and that on one occasion as he was driving to Ogdensburg the animal became unmanageable. His efforts to persuade him to go along proving unavailing, Mr. Finney finally retired a short distance and prayed for the horse; after which he behaved well, and never gave any further trouble. But Mr. Finney not only believed in the efficacy of prayer for his horse—he went further; he believed in consecrating his horse to the service of God. For when one day a gentleman came to borrow the animal, he was made welcome to its services on condition that he was going to use it on the Lord's business; but if otherwise, there could be no accommodation. One man of whom I inquired respecting the social habits of these two men, aside from their religious labors, replied that Finney was somewhat given to joking; and that Father Nash was more solemn, but at the same time a very sociable, nice, and good man.

The excitement during the revival was tremendous here and in all the region about. Saints and sinners confess to that; and Gouverneur has never got over it. There is really a good deal of genuine faith in the place. But some of the old Universalists who have recovered from Mr. Finney's charge on their ranks, claim that Harvey D. Smith was just as good a man before he was converted as he was afterward—that he was always one of the best of men, etc.

When I was here five weeks ago the people had not yet heard of Mr. Finney's articles in the *Independent*. But now there is great excitement in the town over them. The Baptists don't like them very well; and one of the elders has written an article which is printed in a Baptist paper, controverting some of Mr. Finney's points. But the general feeling sustains Mr. Finney as substantially correct. Daniel Keyes and others who have not yet seen the *Independent*, told the same story about the Baptist controversy that Mr. Finney reported.

I was received by persons on whom I called with much friendliness, and was more than once invited to spend Sunday with them. And not the least interesting feature of my contact with the good people of Gouverneur who remembered Father Nash, was the hearty interest they manifested when I told them that I lived in the same family with his children and grandchildren and that they were all followers of his unfeigned faith. But I must stop. Good bye.

S. R. L.

COMMUNITY JOURNAL.

ONEIDA.

—A small cottage at the north end of the lawn has lately been fitted up for the use of the musicians. The old piano has been placed there, and the practicing will now be done out of hearing of the family—an arrangement which is mutually agreeable.

—This is a noisy house, as you can imagine it might be with so many of us passing to and fro all day long; but some lovers of peace and quietness petitioned for a fund to expend in cane-matting for the halls, and we are now enjoying a stillness which is quite delightful.

—The tulip-tree is not only beautiful in summer with its straight, symmetrical proportions, broad, truncated leaves, and variegated, cup-shaped flowers, but it has one peculiarity which gives it a singularly pleasing effect in winter, after a storm of snow has fallen unaccompanied by wind. Wherever there was a flower in the tree the remaining carpels form a little open-work basket or cup, about the size of an egg-shell. Every branch is studded with these tiny cups, and the snow, gently falling, fills them with heaping measure until each one is surmounted with a beautiful crystalline cone. These little cups with their contents are not unlike cotton balls, though persons of imaginative disposition compare them to frosted cakes, or vanilla ices. The one tulip-tree standing in the Quadrangle is often seen loaded with its beautiful winter fruit; but whoever would enjoy the sight must not wait too long after a snow-fall, for the first wind that blows will shake it all to the ground.

—Our Sunday evening entertainments are quite informal. In the absence of some of our more professional instrumentalists, those at home band together and play at sight old familiar airs reminding us of the days when the orchestra was in its infancy. The actors are constantly changing, so that we are not unfrequently surprised by an exhibition of genius in persons whom we had never before suspected of theatrical talent. When on the last occasion it was announced that "the next piece would be a Jubilee song by a Jubilee singer," the audience were wholly unprepared to see a tall, well-proportioned negro walk nimbly upon the stage and make his bow. For an instant we were puzzled; but the conviction soon flashed upon us that it was no other than our Mr. Shelly, well disguised. Was he about to sing? We had never heard him sound a note in the world and were a little curious to know what kind of mu-

sic he would make. In another moment he struck up in a clear, firm voice, "I'm a Rolling," and followed this with "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot," and "Children, You'll be Called On." He entered into these songs with so much zest and abandon, and withal rendered the music so well, that one might have thought that he had sung on the stage for a profession.

—The little safe that has done duty so long in our business-office, has been for the past year unable to hold all our important ledgers and journals. On the first of January an application for a new and larger one was granted. The work of investigating the merits of the prominent safes in the market devolved on a committee, who finally selected the make of Mosler, Bahmann & Co., of Cincinnati; their safes having stood the test of the Boston fire with remarkable credit. The new safe arrived last Friday, and on being drawn to the office was found too large to enter the door, until a carpenter removed the casing; then six men, with the aid of crowbars, rolled the strong-box into its place. It weighed 4,800 pounds. The outer doors are ornamented with an oil painting of the O. C. landscape; the inner doors with fancy figures. Many have come to look into the innermost compartments of the new safe and explore the mystery of its lock without a key, vainly turning its silver knob with the hope that the one lucky combination in the 125,000 possible, might prove an "open sesame." Altogether the safe is very satisfactory to us and we commit our books and valuables to it without fear, though we hope that it may become old and rusty before it is tried by fire.

—On Tuesday evening eleven of our people went to Oneida to listen to the "Oratorio of Esther," under the direction of Prof. R. W. Seager. There were forty performers on the choruses, including the four principal soloists, R. W. Seager, Miss Ella Knapp Seager, Mr. F. Roraback and Miss Lettie Johnson. Our party felt well paid for their ride over a rough road. One said that he could not help thinking that the effect of the musical rendering of the simple stories of the Bible, must be much more elevating than the usual theatrical programmes. The scenery and costuming were very fine. The next day the noon train brought several of these artists to our station, among whom were Mr. Seager and daughter. Their visit lasted about three hours, and was mutually pleasant—they favoring us with a few extracts from the Oratorio, and one or two ballads, to which we, at their request, responded with a few songs.

—If the theme would admit of the least flight of imagination we should be tempted to sing the praises of "earth-closets." Science has been invoked in a thousand ways to bless mankind and ameliorate human conditions, but in its whole scope, as applied to domestic arrangements, we can think of no achievement that is calculated to minister more directly to the health and comfort of man than the earth-closet. To the invalid and the aged it is an inestimable boon, at once so simple and inexpensive as to be within the reach of people in almost the humblest circumstances. We do not write this as an advertisement, and do not know to what extent the earth-closet has been introduced, but in a sanitary point of view, and as marking an important step in civilization in this nineteenth century, we think it worthy of all acceptation. We hardly ever call at a hotel or railway station without involuntarily thinking that the proprietor might do a good work toward abating nuisances and ushering in the "good time coming" by adopting earth-closets.

—Stories of providences, we think, are the news best worth telling. A member related the following incident the other evening:

"I was on my way to Indianapolis. Having some business in a city by the way, I stopped off to attend to it. That being finished I was in some doubt whether to make a call on some friends in the city; so I asked the Lord what I should do. On starting I had purchased a through ticket. When I was getting out of the cars I felt for my ticket and it was gone. The fare to Indianapolis was eight dollars and forty cents, but in my pocket-book were only seven dollars. So my doubt was resolved, for there was no other way open but to call on my friends. I found them very glad to see me. I told them that I deserved no credit for calling as I was uncertain about stopping until I asked the Lord, and received an answer by losing my ticket, and now had to come to borrow some money. They gladly accommodated me. When I was about to start again on my journey westward I casually said to my friends, 'Would it not be a good providence if I should find my ticket?' That was the first time the idea of recovering the ticket had entered my head, and the impression that I should find it grew so strong upon me that I went to the depot and told the ticket-agent of my loss. Before I had finished speaking he directed me to the depot policeman who, he said, 'knew about it.' I sought the policeman and inquired for my ticket. He went away and returned in a few moments bringing it to me. He said he found it in the doorway of the car I rode in. I thanked him and returned to the house of my friends and told them of my good luck."

—Prince or Prin, our favorite dog, has "gone to his death." Prin was a large, shaggy shepherd's-dog, and probably had water-spaniel blood in him; but it did not save him from a watery grave. It was his wont to follow the men to and from their work, and in the summer season he delighted to swim the creek which crossed the route. Sunday morning Mr. Taylor, one of our workmen, with Prin and another dog, was going his usual round of farm duties. The water was high, and a large open place in the ice discovered a dangerous whirlpool, which it is supposed his dogship attempted swimming across. For when Mr. T. reached the barn he missed Prin, and on looking toward the creek, saw him apparently lying on his back, with his head downward, and his feet projecting from the water. Before T. could possibly reach him, he disappeared under the ice, thus ending the useful life of our old dog Prin. He was a model dog in his way, and famous for driving cows; he had a remarkable intelligence, which enabled him to perform this duty without running or worrying them. He left many friends to regret his loss, especially among the children, who do not tire of rehearsing the story of his fate. But science assists us in contemplating the sad event with a good degree of fortitude: What if Prin in the geological ages yet to come should turn up a splendid specimen of petrifaction? The stream that "engulphed his lifeless form," runs directly into Oneida Lake; the weather is cold; the water is cold; no decay of the body is likely to ensue. Floating into the Lake it will lie on the bottom until the spring freshets, when it will be entombed in the vast deposits of sediment, where it may stay for millions of years, when some day the "organic remains" will be found in a state of perfect petrifaction! What dog wouldn't be drowned in preference to "dying a natural death" if he could know the glory awaited him of becoming a "fine geological specimen?"

—For the last month the feminine part of the O. C. has been busily engaged in a unitary plan. They resolved themselves into an impromptu school of design, and some astonishing works of art have been produced. Three months ago Mrs. Noyes wrote from W. C. that she wished the women here would each contribute a block ten and one-half inches square to a bedquilt she proposed to make. H. H. S. suggested that each one follow her own fancy in the pattern she adopted and make the dissimilarity as wide as possible. Large bodies, as every philosopher knows, move slowly. So two months had slipped away before we were fairly under headway; but what we lacked in promptness we made up in assiduity. C. A. M.'s genius with the pencil was in great demand for designing and drawing; some of the men exercised their draughting knowledge in the service, and some of the women, with creditable independence, made their own patterns. Aggregation lends enthusiasm, and as E. E. B., who is skilled in needle-work and was hourly sought for advice, spent her time in the Back-Parlor, that room became the general rendezvous.

Now the fever is over, and for a week the South Sitting-room has been transformed into a mimic fair for the exhibition of the month's work. A long strip of cloth stretched from corner to corner, covers the four sides of the room, and on this the blocks are pinned, so that they may be closely examined without handling. There are one hundred blocks, representing many things which we scarcely believe were ever before attempted in needle-work. A number have executed designs symbolical of their occupations. Here, for instance, is the one made by H. H. S., who presides at the home machine-shop: a specimen of spur-gearing—a central cog-wheel surrounded by four smaller cog-wheels, beside which are written, "The Lathe, The Sew-Machine, The Locomotive, The Clock, The Printing-Press." This is nicely done in blue on a white groundwork. Mrs. N., who also works in the shop, shows us her industrial implements—the hammer, the calipers, oil-can, wrench, etc.; and here is a hand-lathe. O., who is phonographic reporter, depicts her table, with pencils, note-book and copying-press. H., who is financier, portrays her desk, with its drawers, pigeon-holes, ink-stands and ledger. Here is a very small young lady perched upon a very large stool at a Steinway Grand. This was made by E., who is taking lessons on the piano. Mrs. F., who used to be in the picture-business, gives a fair representation of a photographic machine. Mrs. S., who works at the silk, makes a very good likeness of the standard and pin with a large bunch of silk at the left, while at the right are hanging the bright-colored skeins, all neatly knotted and ready to be made into hanks; Mrs. C., who superintends the silk-spooling at the factory, shows us what she does by a variegated pyramid of spools filled with machine-twist. Here is a type-case; this was made by E. M., who is one of our chief typos. Here is the editorial table, with books, clip and inkstand. H. and L., who are singers, have delineated the musical staff, one in black and the other in colors. M., who helps take care of the babies, has represented some of them at their play, C. A. M. completing the group by sketching in the background the heads of all the rest in India-ink—"block-heads," Z— facetiously remarked. Here are the four little boys playing at leap-frog, while Ruth looks on; here is a cradle, with numerous other "fixings" which are found in the nursery, and should be labeled "great expectations," some one says. Here are four baby hands with names attached. The croquet-ground, with mallets and balls, makes a pretty picture. A clock-face, accurately outlined in embroidery, looks like a veritable time-keeper. There are several astronomical designs—Saturn with its rings, the phases of the moon, etc. Flowers are depicted in various pleasing forms, conspicuous among which is a basket of pansies. Fruit is also fairly represented. There are strawberries, pears, cherries, and here is a beautiful cluster of grapes. Here are two flags of different nationalities; here is a bee-hive with bees flying toward it; a dove, holding in its mouth a slip upon which is written the words, "Revival and Peace." Two girls are

playing at battledoor and shuttle-cock; and here a mop-wringer immortalizes Mr. J. Leonard, who contributed his mite toward the emancipation of woman. This demure representation of little "Red Riding-Hood," was made by Miss Jessie, who is attending drawing-school. Here is a block containing one hundred pieces; here is Noah's ark resting on Mount Ararat, a rainbow arching the zenith; and here is the typical negro of plantation-days, balancing on one heel in a jiggish attitude, while he draws his inspiration from an old fiddle beneath his chin. This is the production of a young man—sewing and all. One of the most interesting blocks exhibits a striking similitude of two squaws as they sit at our back-door waiting for Margaret to take their baskets in exchange for broken victuals. There are besides various designs taken from carpets, paper-hangings, oil-cloths, stoves, etc., to which we can give no name. Those who used to be active at "quiltings" forty and fifty years ago, say they never heard of a quilt like this. It is an "album-bedquilt" with the wildest variations, and we imagine that half a century hence it will be an interesting memorial of the industries and aspirations of the year 1873.

A Double Orange.—In a lot of oranges we had for dinner, March 18, there was one that might be called double; it was, however, more like an orange within an orange. The only external peculiarity was the greater relative longitudinal diameter, but on tearing away the rind and taking out two of the segments it was found that the twelve outer segments inclosed a body an inch in thickness, and having six segments. This did not have a rind different from the usual segment-covers, but was intimately connected with the stem-end of the fruit. The whole orange had less than the usual number of seeds—there being only two in the outer segments and three in the inner ones. To account for this freak of nature, if we accept the theory of the morphologists, that the flower-bud is a modified leaf-bud, and that all the parts of the flower—sepals, petals, stamens, and pistils, are so many leaves differentiated to perform new offices—we may suppose that in the flower which produced this orange, there were two whorls of these hypothetical pistillate leaves on the same axis, and near enough together for the lower one to inclose the upper. This unusual arrangement might also account for the imperfect fertilization as shown by the small number of seeds. As helping our hypothesis, we mention the case of double fruits, where an apple, for instance, has another one growing from its calyx or "blow end." Are these double oranges common, and how do *you* account for them? We had never seen one before.

FROM OUR YALE STUDENTS.

VII.

IN speaking of the medical lectures I attended I omitted to mention those of Dr. Barker. I only heard two, as the hour made it impossible for me to attend usually. In the last lecture of his course on Toxicology, he showed us specimens of crystallized uric and hyppuric acids.

"These fine specimens," he said, "were prepared for me by Messrs. Noyes and Cragin, who graduated in '67. They prove conclusively that even students are capable of conducting important scientific experiments"—a question evidently considered problematical before.

You have probably noticed Dr. Barker's appointment to a chair in a Philadelphia college. New Haven will be sorry to lose him, as he is one of her pet lecturers.

I believe I have n't mentioned anything about the improved condition of the Law School. They have just moved into their new rooms in the city Court House; and very magnificent rooms they are: Lecture Room, Moot-Court Room, Library, etc., all nicely fitted up. The Library has had $10,000 in new law books added this spring, a gift of Ex-Gov. English.

Ex-President Woolsey is delivering a course of lectures on International Law. He will be followed by Rev. Dr. Leonard Bacon on Ecclesiastical Law. There is talk of instituting a junior annual examination. Altogether the Legal branch of the university is having a fine growing time.

To return to our own school. Among the most interesting lectures I have listened to lately (although they are not precisely in the line of Dynamical Engineering) are those of Prof. Brewer on Stock-Breeding. These lectures are not fine-spun theories derived from "book knowledge," but simply great collections of facts carefully got together and arranged so as to shed the greatest amount of light on this comparatively little understood subject. Last week he took up the question of the power of the imagination in affecting the offspring during pregnancy. The medical world, he said, as a general thing do not believe in the idea, and for a long time he thought they were right, but of late years he had changed his views somewhat. He read to us the account of the first intelligent attempt at stock-breeding of which we have any record, and curiously enough it was one in which the power of the imagination on the unborn offspring seemed to be brought into play. The account is found in the 30th chapter of Genesis. He went on to mention many facts that had been brought to his notice, such as cows having white calves after the stables were whitewashed; sheep dropping black lambs after having been guarded by a black dog, etc., and then told the following story as a sample of hundreds that he had heard, and of thousands that might be collected. An intimate friend of his while residing in Maryland, before the war, became intimate with a rich slaveholder, from a son of whom he had the statement. Here is the story:

A slave boy had done some piece of mischief which so much enraged his master that he threatened, with a horrid oath, to chop the boy's hands off, if he ever did it again. The planter's wife, who had just become pregnant, happened to be standing near and heard the threat. Of course the boy afterward repeated the act, and, almost equally as a matter of course, escaped with another threat or kick; but the lady became impressed with the idea that her child's hands would, in some way, be affected. This feeling grew with the child, and at its birth it was found that both hands were wanting, from the wrist downward.

But the great trouble with all these facts is that they cannot be proved absolutely to be the results of the causes given. Coincidents as curious as these are constantly occurring that are purely accidental, and how can it be shown beyond a question that these cases of ante-natal "marking" which can apparently be traced to some direct cause, are not, after all, accidental?

On the other side he stated that in the Lying-in Hospital in London, every woman, for many years, had been carefully questioned before parturition as to whether she had any instinct, imagination, or idea relating to physical or mental defects in her offspring. The answers are recorded and preserved. There has not been a *single* coincidence between the mother's imagination and the child's condition. He gave as an opinion that if the child is affected in any such way it is only and very soon after conception. The whole field is as yet untouched by scientific inquiry. K.

DUCHESSE D'ANGOULEME PEAR.—Fuller, in his *Pear Culturist*, relates the following bit of romance in connection with the celebrated Duchesse d'Angouleme pear: A French nobleman, observing his tenant about to destroy a fine, thrifty pear tree, inquired the cause. He was told that it was a chance seedling, and had borne no fruit in twenty years. He had already cut its roots preparatory to the first stroke, but was ordered to let it remain. He did so, and in the following year it was loaded with superb fruit of an entirely unknown variety, which at once became celebrated. The root-pruning the gardener had given it worked like a charm. Not many years afterward, when the Duchesse d'Angouleme was passing through Lyons, its inhabitants sent to her their hospitalities. Nine fair maidens presented the Duchesse with golden salvers, on which lay heaped this precious fruit, and begged her to bestow on it her name, and the pear, now recognized as the crowning glory of all fruits, was thenceforward known as the Duchesse d'Angouleme.—*Exchange.*

A TILT AT MANNERS.

EVERYBODY is familiar with the sound of a cough, but who imagines that it has peculiarities worthy of critical notice? Everything produced by human effort is worthy of study. A little attention turned toward the subject of coughing will find in it such a variety in pitch, power, quality of tone and meaning conveyed, as at once to arouse the interest of an inquiring mind. Coughing is the language of invalidism, and to the unthinking requires an interpreter. There is, for instance, the complacent hack, thrown off at short intervals without the least effort. The meaning of the dry little bark is, that you are an afflicted brother, but are bearing up under your trials with Christian fortitude. Then there is the deep, sonorous cough which shakes the whole frame and issues with that tearing sound which you imagine must be healthy practice for the throat and internal organs. It produces a note which arrests the attention at once, and when chronic is a good specific for people whose nerves are over sensitive. One ought really to feel privileged in listening to this solemn sound of advancing decay: for it plainly says—"I am troubled with a very serious lung difficulty, and my cough is quite dangerous. This should make you modest in view of your own robust health." Next comes the spasmodic coughing-fit, which possesses greater merit because more rare. It is most telling when suddenly executed in a crowded assembly during an interesting reading or debate, thus relieving the monotony of the occasion and making a hiatus in the proceedings quite grateful to the tired listeners. These are some of the elementary sounds, but they are susceptible of endless variation, and may, with practice, be rendered with great effect.

Apropos of coughing is another habit nearly akin to it, viz., sneezing. Most people indulge in a quiet little effort of this kind which is hardly noticed. This is called a cat-sneeze and is childish. The true sneeze for the adult should be accompanied with an explosion like the concussion following a sudden discharge of fire-arms. There are, however, few persons who have reached the highest standard in this little accomplishment. The most remarkable feat in this line of which we have heard was performed by a lady, who is said to have produced such a commotion of atmospheric waves by a single "Ha-rasch-ah!" as to cause a general slamming of the ventilators in that part of the house. It may not be commonly known that the nose can be made to yield a loud, resonant note when properly handled; such is the fact, however, and it is peculiarly appropriate as a flourish before addressing an audience as signifying readiness for action. Lastly: The majority of folks including most of the gentler sex make a silent use of the handkerchief in public when afflicted with a cold in the head. Quite too much delicacy. How will it ever be known that you are suffering from this malady unless you in some manner make your distress audible?

Now there is a certain class of people who en-

tertain radical ideas in regard to the practices above mentioned. They maintain, for example, that the innocent practice of coughing is a decidedly injurious one, not in good taste in the presence of others and quite out of character in any public gathering. They say that it is a mild imposition on our neighbor: that he should not be forced to hear what he does not wish to, and further that it is possible in almost all cases to so control ourselves as to entirely repress the tendency to cough. Our ailments, say they, should not be obtruded upon the notice of others—but rather carefully concealed. These remarks they aim as much at the nose as at the lungs. This organ they solemnly declare should *never* be heard from, and they lay down the following rule:—"Repress absolutely all sounds which can by any possibility be unpleasant to your neighbor." J.

THE NEWS.

Mr. James L. Orr, the newly appointed Minister of the United States to Russia, has been received by the Czar.

Geo. W. Carleton, the well known artist-author, has sailed for Bermuda to seek recreation from professional labors.

A fire at Lawrenceburg, Ky., has burned nearly the whole town, leaving the inhabitants in a destitute and almost starving condition.

The President has nominated ex-Senator Sawyer of South Carolina to be Assistant Secretary of the Treasury in the place of Judge Richardson.

Pere Hyacinthe is meeting with success at Geneva where he received a call to preach some time since. A great interest in religion has been aroused.

The latest sensation in Wall-st. is the disclosure of a large issue of forged stock certificates which have been foisted on the market by the firm of Oddie & Austin.

The Emperors of Germany and Austria will celebrate the Czar's birthday in St. Petersburg, where great civic and military preparations are making for the occasion.

Rev. T. DeWitt Talmadge reports that subscriptions are coming in rapidly, and that the sum necessary to build his new church, will soon be raised. The plans and specifications are already made.

The announcement is made on the authority of Dr. Deems that Commodore Vanderbilt has given $500.000 to Bishop McTyeire of the Southern Methodist Church, to establish a University in Tennessee.

Thirty years ago the Island of Nantucket, Mass., owned and sailed one hundred whaling ships, fine large vessels, the best of their class. Recently the last one was sold. Meanwhile the ancient town has subsided into a watering-place.

French finances are in a hopeful condition, as shown by the exhibit of the annual budget just made public. The treasury contains half the sum of money due Germany, and no loan will be required to complete the payments of the war indemnity.

New York city is suffering from an epidemic of ruffianism, particularly manifest in the street-cars. Robbery and murderous assaults are of common occurrence in these vehicles in the evening. The cause is attributed to the demoralization of the police.

The people of New Jersey are rejoicing at the overthrow of the great railroad monopoly under whose tyrannical rule they have so long suffered. The Legislature by its action on the 20th swept away forever the special privileges of this moneyed class.

Ireland's day of days, dedicated to its great Patron St. Patrick, was celebrated as usual in New York city on the 17th with undiminished enthusiasm. The green banner of Ireland flaunted high in the air and thirty thousand men marching in columns through the principal thoroughfares gave evidence of how brightly burns the national love for the "Green Isle" in the Irish breast.

In the House of Commons on Monday Mr. Gladstone announced that he had been informed by the Queen that there was no prospect that the Opposition would form a new Government. In reply he placed his services at her Majesty's disposal. Mr. Disraeli has informed the Queen that he is not prepared to carry on the Government with the present Parliament.

Mr. Anson Green Phelps Dodge, brother of Wm. E. Dodge Jr., of New York city, became a British subject last year by special act of the Canadian Parliament of which he has become a member, being an extensive owner of lumber, land and mills in North York. He has joined the Tory party in the House and in a late speech berated most severely the Republic and her institutions.

The census taken of the inhabitants of the Dominion of Canada in 1871 is now officially published. The increase of population in the last decade was 395,000. The leading nationalities of the country stand thus: French 1,082,940, Irish 846,414, English 706,369, Scotch 549,646, German 202,991. Classified according to their religion the bulk of the population stands thus: Roman Catholics 1,462,029, Church of England 494,049, Methodists 567,091, Presbyterians 544,998.

Governor Dix refuses to commute the death-sentence of the murderer Foster to imprisonment for life, though extraordinary and persistent efforts have been made to secure the Executive clemency. Letters from lawyers, clergymen, ex-officials of high standing, the jurymen that tried the case and even the wife of the murdered man have been of no avail with our Governor. He stands firm. In an excellent letter to Rev. Stephen H. Tyng, D.D., to whose church Foster belonged, the Governor justifies his course by an exhibit of the law and evidence in the case which should be satisfactory to every candid mind.

Later.—Foster was hanged on Friday, the 21st inst.

The Caldwell expulsion case is exciting no little interest in political circles at Washington because there are similar ones awaiting investigation and the decision will be looked on as a valuable precedent for guidance in the future. The case is briefly this. Caldwell is a Senator elect from Kansas, but on presenting his credentials before being sworn in, it was discovered that he had bought his seat by the expenditure of large sums of money among the members of the legislature which elected him. Senator Morton at once introduced a resolution declaring his seat vacant. Much argument pro and con ensued thereupon. An exceedingly able speech made by Senator Shurtz in favor of expulsion virtually decided the question and there is now little doubt that the case will go against Caldwell.

The struggle in the Legislature over the new Charter for the city of New York continues without abatement. The two contending parties, the Custom House Ring, and the Committee of Seventy which represents the honest citizens of New York, agree in the main as to the document in question and the contest is now chiefly on one point: viz., the location of the appointing power. It is the misplacing of this power that has caused the mal-administration in the government of the city and has been a prolific source of the manifold and gigantic frauds which have so disgraced the great metropolis. The present charter is the one foisted on the city by Tweed and party and admits of unlimited plundering by making the appointing power independent of the mayor, thus reducing him to a sort of figure-head. The Custom House Ring are seeking substantially to incorporate the same powers in their charter, while the citizen's party have adopted the only natural method: that of giving the appointing power to the mayor with the confirming power in the hands of the aldermen. There is good prospect of the ultimate triumph of the party for right rule.

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

ADMISSIONS.

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

THE HIGHER CHEMISTRY.

Home-Talk by J. H. N.

BY inheritance, and by our own wicked works, we come into what may be called chemical combination with evil spirits; and salvation is effected by a process which disengages our spirits from this combination; in other words, by decomposition. The essential spiritual idea of repentance is just that—chemical decomposition; the precipitation of the devil, setting the human spirit free. The great question, of course, is how to bring about this repentance; that is, how to start spiritual decomposition.

In many cases, people are evidently conscious of being in the snare of the devil; as insane persons often know their own condition. They see that they have no power of their own wills, but are under the control of something that carries them where, in their deepest thoughts, they are unwilling to go. They even see that it is the evil one who holds them captive; and that nothing but spiritual, God-given repentance can set them free. They long for repentance, but feel that their hearts are hard, and don't know how to begin to repent. Now it would be a wonderful and blessed discovery to them in this situation, if they could find some medicine to be taken, or some definite thing to be done, which would be sure to start decomposition, and dissolve their hearts into repentance and freedom to combine with eternal life. What is the name of the acid or alkali that must be introduced into this terrible combination to commence precipitation of the devil? Or if the necessary elements are all present, but inactive for want of certain chemical conditions, what can be done to shake them into reaction? Let us see if we cannot find a practical answer to these questions.

One of the inevitable results of your combination with the devil is that you *do* things that you are ashamed of. Wicked spirits love darkness; and they "come not to the light, lest their deeds should be reproved." If your spirit has been combined with such spirits, they have been working their deeds of darkness in you and by you. Perhaps you have hated to do their dirty work, but have found your will carried against your conviction; and finally have come to regard their deeds of darkness as your own, and have taken on yourself their condemnation and shame and hatred of the light. In short you have got within you devil's secrets, which you are carefully keeping for fear of your own shame. Now if you will look over the lot of these secrets, and select the very one that you most hate to tell of, and go and *confess* it to some friend who will make good use of it, I can almost warrant that you will start decomposition. Because evil spirits love darkness, the moment you begin to come to the light by confessing your sins, you begin to dissolve partnership with them. They find themselves betrayed and begin to leave. Therefore, instead of trying to escape criticism and the judgment, turn right round and help on the searching out of all your devil's secrets; and instead of coming to shame and suffering thereby, you will get immediate relief from the misery of a hard heart, and find yourself emerging into the blessedness of that "repentance that needeth not to be repented of." Then you will know and feel the supreme luxury of combining with spirits who have nothing to be ashamed of and no secrets to keep—the ransomed of the Lord, who walk in white.

THREADS FROM MY LIFE-BALL.

I.

I WAS born in 1805. My parents were respectable and somewhat aristocratic, particularly my mother. Neither of them was religious, although my father was nominally an Episcopalian and had his children baptized. We were taught to say the church catechism, repeat the Lord's Prayer on going to bed, and to read the Bible. This constituted our religious training. The subject of faith in Christ and a change of heart was never mentioned. My parents were ambitious to give their children a good education, and I was accordingly kept at school until I entered society at the age of fifteen. Appearing much older than I was on account of my rapid growth I was forced into society prematurely, though my parents little knew the suffering that awaited me in subsequent years because of their indiscretion in this respect. Belonging, as I have hinted, to an aristocratic family, and possessing some personal attractions, I became one of the gayest of the gay. Balls, parties of pleasure and the ever-changing fashions of the world occupied pretty much all my time.

My first great sorrow was the death of a sprightly little nephew to whom I was much attached, which caused me to reflect seriously on the vanities of a false, superficial life. I then, for the first time, had some aspirations for a better life, but knew not how to attain it. My parents at this time were receiving some Universalist papers, and I well remember asking my mother one day how she construed those passages of scripture which spoke of the righteous and the wicked and of their final separation at the judgment. She could make no reply, but referred me to those papers. I read them, but they failed to satisfy my mind. I was tempted to wish their doctrines were true, for then, thought I, my salvation would be secure. But some good, unseen power

prevented me from accepting a scheme of religion so selfish and indiscriminating.

Among my young associates was a Miss S—— to whom I became very much attached. She was about my own age, but my superior in mental culture and intellectual gifts, and had, besides, ample means to meet all the demands of aristocratic circles. With a logical turn of mind, and a tendency to skepticism, Miss S——'s influence on me was by no means favorable to the reception of religious truths. We were almost inseparable companions and were the leaders in our town of the fashions of the day. We had, of course, many admirers, some of whom were extremely lavish, as I can now see, of their fulsome flattery. Having reached a marriageable age I received several offers. My acceptance of any one of these proposals would have been gratifying to my parents, as they were made by gentlemen who were considered very eligible; but I refused them as I had not found the ideal of my romantic visions. Here I can see an unseen power guiding me on to my true destiny.

At the dancing-school I became acquainted with H——. He was a plain, unostentatious young man, not so popular with the young ladies as the more haughty and self-sufficient; so I simply regarded him as worthy of my respect, and nothing more. I preferred the society of others. Providence, however, did not justify me in judging his character from outward appearances. Quite unexpectedly I was chosen secretary of our young ladies' sewing society, and it therefore became my duty to be present if possible at every gathering. Among the most industrious of our members were two sisters of H—— who, being their only brother, could do no less than accompany them, spending the evening in chit-chat with the busy pliers of the needle. Though naturally diffident, modest and unassuming, H—— gradually and unwittingly disclosed such noble traits of character that, in spite of my dainty taste respecting outward show, I began to appreciate him much more than I was really willing to confess to myself. The result of our better acquaintance was occasional invitations to accompany him to balls, rides and places of amusement. Still I felt no particular interest in him as we were extremely unlike in almost everything, and he was not at all suited to my taste externally.

Emboldened by my freedom to chat with him H—— proposed marriage, but I refused him. From this time a change seemed to come over me. I began to look more seriously than I had done at the course I was pursuing. I compared H—— with others who were more fascinating and gentlemanly in their manners. My better judgment assured me that H—— had a heart worth securing and that he was a man who could be trusted. Finally my conscience began to upbraid me saying, "You really begin to like him, but your pride and fear of the world's ridicule and the disappointment such a choice would be to the ambition of your family, keep you from doing right." I went on thus for some time, dissatisfied with myself and with the world, though apparently I was the gayest of the gay. I knew that I was living only on the surface of existence, while deep down in my heart there was a void which the world could never fill.

Some months after this affair the report came to me that H—— was ill and had left home to travel for his health. This gave me a pang as it was insinuated to me by a friend that his trouble was in some measure owing to his disappointment. I subsequently found myself making inquiries about him, and in spite of my pride and fastidious taste I was deeply interested in everything relating to him, though I should have been exceedingly mortified had any one suspected my secret.

Not long after H——'s return I heard that he had been converted and united with the Congregational church. I felt then that all communication was at an end—that we should probably tread different paths, and I resolved to dismiss the subject from my mind. This was more easily said than done. There was much wonder among the gossips of the town that I did not get married, knowing as they did that I was well acquainted with many whom the world call suitors. Little did they know what was going on in my proud heart; I could think of no one but H—— and could accept of no one but him. I soon became quite serious and thoughtful about my future state, and longed to be a better woman. I felt that I was as unfit for the duties and responsibilities of matrimony as I was for heaven, and that it would be an imposition on any man to accept him as a husband. My aspirations for a higher life continually increased, though the circumstances in which I was placed seemed to preclude the possibility of attaining a very high standard. Help from my parents was now cut off as they had become confirmed Universalists and looked on revivals and a change of heart as all a delusion. Had I been incarcerated in some lonely cell I could not have been more helpless. I began to pray as well as I knew how that God would in some way lead me to himself.

Just at this point in my experience temperance societies were organized. The temperance movement was then a new one, and met with much opposition in the fashionable circles. When the pledge was presented to me some influence impelled me to sign it without hesitation. This step was as much a wonder to myself as to others. "How could you do it," said one, "knowing the opposition of your family to so unpopular a cause?" But something whispered to me, "You have taken one step in the right direction." Was it my good angel? Whatever it was, I felt strengthened and emboldened to stand firm on this new ground till I could again advance. Opposition in subtle arguments came, and I was not shaken but confirmed in meeting them. Just after this affair I was startled to hear of the sudden death of a very dear friend. She was a devoted Christian and I wondered very much that I could be a special favorite with her, as she often told me I was. But although thoughtless and superficial I loved this servant of Christ, and even coveted her beautiful spirit of meekness and good-will to others. She died so peaceful and happy that I inwardly exclaimed, "Oh, that I could be like her and my end like hers!" The sermon preached at the funeral of my relative and friend the next Sabbath was the first that ever secured my undivided attention; every word of it was like a nail driven in a sure place. I returned home thoughtful and sad, but with a determination to read my Bible more attentively. On opening the Bible the following passage was the first that caught my eye: "Let the wicked forsake his way and the unrighteous man his thoughts; and let him return unto the Lord and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God for he will abundantly pardon." This was to me a voice from heaven. It melted my heart and I burst into tears. Involuntarily my heart for the first time uttered the words, "My Father in Heaven, deliver me from evil."

From this time I began to lose my relish for the society of my fashionable friends, and to seek acquaintance with pious people. Again and again the still small voice whispered to me that *deeds* not words could move God's sympathies toward me. I resolved to take another step forward. What shall it be? One day I called on one of my worldly associates and proposed to her to go with me into the sabbath school as a spectator, the next Sunday. After some hesitation she consented to do so. This produced quite a sensation. Some of the members of the church seemed electrified. For two such proud girls to take such a bold step was astonishing, for it was equivalent to acknowledging that we were ready to give our attention to religion. As we entered the school-room there stood H—— distributing books and papers to the children. My heart gave a bound, but I hoped to be unobserved by him, occupied as he was with the responsibilities of superintendent. I will not stop to analyze my feelings on that occasion. During that week the news of revivals in adjoining towns sent a thrill of joy through me. At the same time my convictions of sin were deepening and I longed to have the great awakening reach our town, hoping that in some way I might be drawn into its spiritual vortex.

E.

LOCOMOTION.

II.

LET us first resolve locomotion on land into its primary elements. In attempting this, we find ourselves, at the outset, face to face with a somewhat complex problem. To facilitate the resolving of it, let us divide terrestrial locomotion into two parts, calling one of them vital locomotion, or the locomotion of men, brutes and insects, and the other mechanical locomotion, or that which makes chief use of the wheel as an agency.

Our first proposition in respect to vital locomotion is, that an indespensable part of it consists in the expansion and contraction of the base or part which comes in contact with the earth, or foundation over which progress is made.

Our second proposition is that the part of the base which is extended or put forward must have power to maintain its position when

the base is contracted, or made shorter. This power may consist in a prehensile faculty, or in an ability to sustain a greater weight than rests upon the other part of the base.

The locomotive powers of man, who is the complete epitome of all animal life, will best illustrate our propositions. When a man stands with his feet together his base is in its most contracted condition. When, in making a stride, he puts one foot forward, his base is in its most extended condition. When, by means of the muscular spring that is in the foot which has not been moved, and by the momentum attained by the forward motion of the body the weight is thrown on the forward foot, then the conditions of the second proposition are fulfilled. Then when he narrows the base by bringing the hind foot up to the other, the remaining condition of our first proposition is fulfilled, and now we have taken the first and all-important step in the solution of the problem of locomotion.

It should be borne in mind that the habit common to both bipeds and quadrupeds of putting the feet alternately forward, first one and then the other, is by no means essential to locomotion. If we were to follow the sage maximizer who advises us to "Put our best foot forward" we should no longer see the democratic, careless, and rapid swinging of the feet which is now so universal, but every one would move with a stately, slow and majestic tread, and it could then be said of bipeds as well as of quadrupeds that they have a hind as well as a fore foot.

Considering the disparity between man and his brother "worms of the dust," it may be that somebody will be so presumptuous as to suggest that these formulas of vital locomotion which I have put forth, will not cover all cases. I resent any such insinuation. I maintain against all comers that these formulas will cover the cases of every form of animal progress on land that can by any possibility be brought forward. Take one instance of nature's oldest and least developed children, a case where but one foot was given to travel with, that of the common clam (and in some thick-shelled sorts it is certainly a hard case), and it will be found that my formulas are most triumphantly vindicated. The cases that I have in my eye (not literally, for that would be a great calamity, I mean in my memory's eye) are those of fresh-water clams, although I have no doubt that round clams or quahaugs, from which we obtain our sea-pork, would serve equally well as an illustration. When, on different occasions, the water was drawn away from the mill-pond in my native neighborhood, the great old patriarch clams were left bare upon the mud in full glare of the sun. At length when they could bear it no longer, they opened wide their shells, put their best and only foot forward into the mud, drew themselves up to the edge of their open shells, and, as if acting from a preconcerted plan to illustrate the truth of my formulas, drew themselves forward, hitch after hitch for rods, in the search of water, leaving behind them marked demonstrations of the spirit of progress that actuated them, for the benefit of the generations of little clams that should follow.

Now this naked foot of the clam protruding into the mud and drawing the great brown shell after it, hitch after hitch, exhibits the statements of my formulas in all the simplicity of naked truth, undisguised by the higher accomplishments by which man and the superior animals have covered it.

But it may be maintained that there is no shadow of analogy between the locomotion of the human biped and that of the caterpillar. Before people make such rash and heedless assertions they ought at least to consider the ancient and wise saying that the best of us are only poor worms of the dust. To demonstrate the truth of this saying, we can most conclusively show that man and the caterpillar walk by the same rule. The best illustration of the principles that govern the caterpillar in his daily walk, is the measuring-worm. This worm has four feet attached to each end of its body the middle being as smooth as a pipe-stem. When he purposes to take a walk he stretches himself at full length, grasps the foundation over which he is progressing with his forward feet, lifts the whole hinder part of his body from the earth, shortening its base by bending it up in the form of a verticle bow, plants his hind feet up close to his fore feet, and is then ready to repeat the operation by extending his fore feet forward again. It may thus be seen that by making a bow of his whole body, he becomes the perfect beau ideal representative of our two propositions concerning the elementery steps of locomotion.

But the rapid progress of a hairy caterpillar on a board fence, in the hot summer sun, is not a whit different in principle, when resolved into its elementary steps, from that of the precise and deliberate measuring-worm. The only difference is, that the caterpillar has a great many more pairs of legs, and the alternate extensions and contractions occur between the different pairs of legs a great deal more rapidly, than in the case of the measuring-worm, causing the wavelike motion which his back exhibits.

It may be contended that we cannot organize the snake into our great family of locomotors. Nothing more easy. Instead of contracting his base vertically as in the case of the measuring-worm and caterpillar he does it latteraly. Instead of depending on feet and legs as in the case of the worm, he depends in great part on his scales which admit of his easy motion in one direction while they hinder it in the other. The prehensile power of these scales is made more sure and strong by means of certain internal muscles in connection with the ribs. This lateral extension and contraction admits of motion on a much more extensive scale than the vertical. Considering the wonderful extent to which serpents avail themselves of this fact, it is not at all surprising that their skin gets worn out in the service, and they need to change it pretty often.

But I perceive that my pencil has contracted a locomotive fervor and I must take heed lest while it devours space and paper, it also may use up the patience of both printers and readers.

H. J. S.

HOW TO USE THE EYES.

II.

IN order to get a clear idea of the way to manage the light so as to use our eyes to the best advantage, we must, for a moment, go back to first principles and study the laws of reflection. Our "Ganot" tells us that when a ray of light strikes an object and is reflected, the angle of incidence is equal to the angle of reflection. To illustrate the principle we will make use of a common rubber ball, which for the present we will consider as a ray of light, and we will begin our experiments with the best of lights—sky-light or light from above. We drop the ball on the floor or table. The angle is in this case a right-angle, and according to the rule, the ball or ray returns to us in the same angle. A book or paper placed under a sky-light reflects a large part of the light directly back toward the source from whence it came, and of course, directly into our eyes if they happen to be in the way. Here then we obtain the most favorable condition possible. Our object is thoroughly illuminated without any shadows; our eyes are comparatively in the shade, only receiving reflected light, and thus avoiding the severe strain caused by direct light in front or at the side; and if the sky-light be on a northern exposure, we get a light of uniform strength throughout the day, and avoid the varying glare of sunlight and cloud. This is the kind of light most prized by engravers, type-setters, photographers, and others of like craft. Sky-lights on a southern exposure give a very strong glare of sunlight through the middle of the day, which for some kinds of work is quite objectionable. The same is true of light from the east or west; but for general purposes, sky-light, on whichever side of the house it may happen to be, is by far the best light we can get upon any subject. On the other hand, it is the most costly light we can use for manufacturing and other purposes. Its distance above the ground involves a great deal of difficult transportation up and down, and the difficulties in making the windows water-tight materially increase the cost. This leads us to an investigation of the cheaper as well as the more common of lights—side-lights or the light from a common window.

We will return to our rubber ball, and illustrate the kind of light we get from a single side-window thrown on a table six or eight feet distant. We throw the ball straight upon the object, a book or paper, and off it goes to the other side of the room. The only angles of incidence possible under these circumstances, are much less than with sky-light, besides the reflection is thrown off past the angle of vision, and, were it not for the fact that dull objects, like the page of a book and the various articles of furniture, reflect the light in every direction, we should not see them with a side light, only as we faced about so as to receive the rays at the same angle at which they enter the room. As it is, however, we lose a great deal of light when we try to use it in this way, viz., from the side, and at a distance from the window. By sitting or working with our backs to the window, and as near it as possible with the light coming over our shoulders, we may almost convert this side-light into sky-light, especially if we can so hold our object as to have the rays strike at right angles. This can be easily done by elevating the book or paper in front of our eyes, or by using a desk inclined toward the window. If, however, we are compelled to use this back-light at a distance from the window so as to cast a shadow upon the object, we are in every sense in our own light and the quicker we get out of it the better.

It is not an uncommon arrangement, especially in poorly lighted libraries, to have a writing-table at one end, while the light is mainly supplied

through narrow windows at the other. Persons reading or writing in such places are compelled to accept the alternative of either facing the light or of enveloping their book or paper in a deep shadow. Individuals with strong eyes *can* use them under such circumstances for some time, without feeling any serious inconvenience from the practice; but sooner or later, and it is generally sooner, they will be heard complaining of a dull ache in the eye-ball, "floating specks," dimness of vision, and various other symptoms, all indicating weakness of some part or the whole of the eye and its appendages, the direct result of long continued and oft-repeated strains, of which they were unconscious at the time, but which finally made themselves felt in a way not to be ignored or mistaken. G. E. C.

ONEIDA CIRCULAR.

TIRZAH C. MILLER, EDITRESS.

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THE ARISTOCRACY OF THE FUTURE.

MR. GALTON, whose book on "Hereditary Genius" was noticed at length in these columns at the time of its appearing, has told us in a late number of *Fraser* how the English world can raise its standard of manhood and genius by carrying on a systematic course of propagation in obedience to the law of heredity. He tells us nearly at the outset that "our present moral nature is as unfitted for a high-toned civilisation, as our intellectual nature is unfitted to deal with a complex one;" and therefore, the great need of securing a race of men that shall be a match for the times. Even our best statesmen cannot express their ideas with sufficient clearness to avoid serious political complications arising from misunderstanding alone.

For the improvement of a people we have two things to consider, namely, race and "nurture." The one means "the constitutional peculiarities transmitted to a man by inheritance;" the other means "the various circumstances to which he has been perforce subjected, especially in early life." Of these two, Mr. Galton looks on race as the more important. He says:

Race has a double effect, it creates better and more intelligent individuals, and these become more competent than their predecessors to make laws and customs, whose effects shall favorably react on their own health and on the nurture of their children. The merits and demerits of different races are strongly marked in colonies, where men begin a new life, to a great degree detached from the influences under which they had been reared. Now we may watch a band of Englishmen, subjected to no regular authority, but attracted to some new gold-digging, and we shall see that law and order will be gradually evolved, and that the community will purify itself and become respectable, and this is true of hardly any other race of men. Constitutional stamina, strength, intelligence, and moral qualities cling to a breed, say of dogs, notwithstanding many generations of careless nurture; while careful nurture, unaided by selection, can do little more to an inferior breed than eradicate disease and make it good of its kind.

But on the other hand, our modern civilization is at work in many ways to spoil the race. One of these ways is "the free power of bequeathing wealth, which interferes with the salutary action of natural selection by preserving the wealthy, and by encouraging marriage on grounds quite independent of personal qualities;" and another is "the centralizing tendency of our civilisation, which attracts the abler men to towns, where the discouragement to marry is great, and where marriage is comparatively unproductive of descendants who reach adult life." The census returns of 1,000 families of factory operatives in Coventry were compared with the returns of the same number of Warwickshire farm-people, and it was found that the latter had almost twice as many grandchildren as the former. This centralization of people in cities is on the increase and is helped on by the use and invention of machinery. More than one-half of the English people live in cities. So far as urban life is concerned we have little to hope from natural selection and survival of the fittest. It is the coarsest and lowest types of organization which survive unhealthy conditions and live to beget the next generation. It has been remarked by travelers in Ireland, that the Irish face has become more prognathous—more like the negro in the protrusion of the under jaw—since the potato famine.

Mr. Galton admits that the influence of many generations of civilized life has "bred out many of the savage instincts" of our forefathers, and he takes courage accordingly. But it seems to us that he should make a greater account of Christianity as an improving influence on human nature. The experiences of our late civil war taught many to believe in the survival of the best. It was frequently remarked that men of apparently delicate and nervous organization stood the rigors of camp-life better than the coarser and seemingly more robust ones from the country. But Mr. Galton thinks that "natural selection has no influence in securing dominance to the noblest" of men. "But the case," says he, "would be very different in those higher forms of civilisation, vainly tried as yet, of which the notion of personal property is not the foundation, but which are in honest truth, republican and coöperative, the good of the community being literally a more vivid desire than that of self-agrandizement or any other motive whatever. This is a stage which the human race is undoubtedly destined sooner or later to reach, but which the deficient moral gifts of existing races render them incapable of attaining."

This is a very neat description of Communism without the odium of naming it; and if any one gets comfort from the idea that Mr. Galton does not propose to "segregate us in Communities" for the purpose of carrying on his "viriculture"—a term which he seems to have borrowed from some other writer—we beg to call attention to the fact that he is looking toward Communism as a possible result of his race-culture.

Giving up the idea of conducting his improvements on the basis of Communism, Mr. Galton proposes to create a caste of good blood, the members of which shall be families that have shown an heredity of genius. These he proposes to have selected and put on record by experts who have made a specialty of genealogy and heredity. A young man, for instance, who has forgotten the worth and possibilities of his breed, will be apprised of his value, and it is expected that he will take advantage of the hint and marry into the chosen circle. At last by the collection and dissemination of the facts of heredity, there will come to be an enthusiasm of humanity among the gifted families and they will act primarily for the future of the race, and only secondarily to the present well-being of themselves and contemporaries. They will no more think of squandering their blood by base alliances, than we do now of squandering our patrimonies by one-sided marriages. Individuals of feeble constitution will show their mercy to their kind by remaining in celibacy. Thus by a world of discussion and reïteration of the truths of race-culture, the best will come to know their worth, and, "anticipating the slow work of natural selection, they will feel it a paramount duty to assist in the work of breeding out feeble constitutions and base and petty instincts." "My hope," continues Galton, "is, that the average standard of a civilised race might be raised to the average standard of the pick of them, as they now are, at the rate of one in every four. It will be clearly understood by those familiar with the law of deviation from an average, that the distribution of ability in a race so improved, would be very different from that of the pick of the present race, though their *average* worth was the same. The improved race would have its broad equatorial belt of mediocrities, and its deviations upward and downward, narrowing to delicate cusps; but the vanishing point of its baseness would not reach so low as at present, and that of its nobleness would reach higher. On the other hand, the pick of our present race would not be symmetrically arranged, but the worst of them would be the most numerous and the form of the whole body, when classified, would be that of a cone resting on its base, whose sides curved upward to a sharp point."

It is anticipated that the creation of a caste of favored people will stir up envy, but it is also expected that such a caste will win its way at last by its acknowledged superiority. At any rate the collection and dissemination of knowledge of the value of different families will belong to the domain of science and cannot be objected to. If after becoming somewhat conspicuous in the towns, this caste should become objectionable to the democrats, it could retire to the country places where it would have better sanitary conditions, and might be led into some sort of Communism, which would afford conditions better still. In the end when it shall have become paramount it will give the law to the mongrel races. These of course will be treated kindly if they continue in celibacy; but should they persist in breeding, the nobler race would find it its duty to extirpate them.

This scheme of breeding from the best is set forth with a good deal of skill and is really quite plausible and taking. Perhaps the idea is going to have a run, warming and leavening the public mind with new thoughts of improvement, something as Fourierism did. But can it be carried into effect? We say yes, and we say no. It is in part operation now. If we should look into the matter we think it would be found that the best families of New England, and perhaps those of every other part of the United States, know their own worth and avoid unions with inferior blood. We should very naturally keep an eye on any such "viricultural" bureau as Mr. Galton proposes to establish. If his creators of a caste should only aim to people the earth with a race of graceful athletes, capable of breeding poets, painters, musicians, scientists, statesmen, philosophers, leaders in business and invention, in fact, give us a sort of splendid paganism, we should have to object in the name of our spiritual interests. The men who have the blood of Jesus Christ in them are the ones who ought to breed a noble caste. But no one need borrow any trouble on account of Mr. Galton's scheme, for, like Communism, it is one that cannot be carried into effect without religion. And where else will you find the necessary "enthusiasm of humanity?" A. B.

THE HOME OF THE NOYESES.

THE Noyes family moved to Putney in 1823, which according to S. R. L.'s dates in the last CIRCULAR was coincident with the extraordinary emigration from that place to Gouverneur. The house they moved into was purchased of Mr. Benjamin Smith, whose family was the fourth of fifteen or sixteen families that followed each other in that emigration within a very few years. Five years before this Mr. Noyes had moved his family from Brattleboro to Dummerston, a small place between Brattleboro and Putney, where they made a temporary residence while Mr. N. closed up his

business as a merchant and sought a more eligible location for the education of his growing family. He was now toward sixty years of age; but having married at forty a young wife, his eight children were all under twenty. He was by taste and early habit a student rather than a business man, and just as soon as he had acquired what he thought property sufficient for comfortable maintenance and the liberal education of his children he quit money-making, though he was in the full tide of financial success, and reverted to his books and papers, and his original occupation as teacher, with his children around him as scholars. In seeking a new residence he had most in mind intellectual advantages, and looked toward New Haven or Amherst as desirable places; but the mother, whose ambition for her children was predominantly religious, who was used to say that she hoped all her sons would be ministers and all her daughters would marry ministers, and who devoted John H., her first son, to the Lord from his birth, praying that "he might be a minister of the everlasting gospel," had her mind on the spiritual advantages of the place they might choose. Putney had been a favored seat of revivals, and this gave it more illumination to her than could be shed by the greatest university in the land. Her prayers prevailed. In a little sketch of her life that she wrote, this family crisis is referred to as follows:

"When we had eight children, the eldest seventeen, Mr. Noyes having acquired a competence determined to retire from business, and find a place with better advantages for the education of his family. When he talked with me about it, I saw that it was a matter of considerable importance where we went. I felt my own insufficiency to advise, and I could only make it a subject of prayer, which I did three months. The burden of my prayer was that we might choose a place which would best promote the spiritual improvement of the family. I think I was divested of any desire for worldly advantages for them, and I had the comfort of believing that God directed the movement when we took up our residence in Putney instead of Amherst, where the four eldest children were at school, or any of the large towns that we had in view."

In this move was wrapped up the conversion of John H. and the other children, and the subsequent development of Perfectionism and the Oneida Community. The connection of Putney with Gouverneur helped to bring the family more powerfully under the influence of the great revival of that period. H.

THE DEVIL, OR WHAT?

COUSIN SETH, what do you think of attributing disease to the effect of evil spirits? Do you believe in it? asked Mira in her abrupt way.

S.—I can't say: I have n't given thought enough to the subject to believe or disbelieve understandingly. I think, however, I incline toward belief.

M.—I don't; I don't want to. Now suppose Lucy here should have the measles. Which would be the more sisterly way for me to treat her; to consider her possessed of an evil spirit, and so criticise and rebuke her; or act as if she were afflicted and deserved my pity and kindest attention?

S.—If you don't want to believe, of course you won't. I think the answer to your question depends entirely upon the right or wrong of this theory under discussion. If it were true that bad spirits infused into her system animalcules which caused her disease, the kindest thing to her would be to face the truth and treat her accordingly.

Lucy.—These violent and contagious diseases do seem like the work of the devil; but the case is somewhat different in regard to inherited and chronic infirmities. Don't you think so, Jane?

J.—No, I can't truthfully say I do. I think all disease is hateful, and instead of being petted and condoled with should be charged to bad spirits and told to stand back. It seems to me that the difficulty with you and Mira is that you do not distinguish between the disease and the person. It is not the person we call hateful, nor do we blame him only so far as his spirit may have been open in the wrong direction, thus making him liable to such an attack. By telling him the real cause of his trouble he can hate it and take hold intelligently to be rid of it.

M.—So, Jane, you are a believer in this doctrine?

J.—A firm and full believer.

S.—Is your belief merely theoretical, or have you had experience as a foundation?

J.—At first I believed it in a general way because it appeared rational; experience has strengthened and confirmed me in it. I well remember when I was finally converted.

M.—Won't you tell us about it?

J.—'T was in the fall of 1870. Several years previous, while engaged ten or twelve hours a day in sedentary labor, I contracted a very troublesome pain in my left side. It had steadily grown worse until the time I speak of, when it was constant and most of the time very severe. The lightest labor was distressing. I was rooming at that time with H—— S——, who you know was quite feeble. I had been reasoning on this very point and found that though I had a theoretical belief that all such difficulties were chargeable to evil spirits, in my own particular case I shrank from owning it; did n't like to think I lived near enough to the devil to admit of his operating on me so uncontrollably. One morning while dusting the furniture, H—— sat watching me and suddenly asked, "Do you believe the devil is the cause of all disease?" Promptly I answered, "I do. I think God may and does permit the devil to bring distress upon us for our good, but I know he is the author of no evil." After a moment's pause she said, "Do you think the pain in your side is caused by the devil?" The very point I had been trying to evade! I felt a cold perspiration start out all over me, but resolutely answered, "*Yes.*" Nothing more was said on the subject between us. During the forenoon I found myself in a tight place. I had committed myself and must live up to my testimony. I certainly wanted to give no quarter to the devil; if this pain were his work, as I had said I believed it to be, I must ignore and get rid of it. But how? The first light I had was: "Resist the devil, and he will flee from you. Draw nigh to God, and he will draw nigh to you." That evening I opened the Berean and read "The Cause and the Cure." It seemed so applicable to my case and threw so much light on the subject, that I confessed to H—— the dilemma her question had put me in, and read the article to her. We both found much comfort in it. Six months from that time my side was entirely well. This is one item of experience that has tended to confirm my belief.

M.—I'm going to read that article and see if I feel better about this idea. Ash.

COMMUNITY JOURNAL.

Mar. 27—Eleven little lambs made their appearance this morning.

—At the railway station the other day we saw a new lathe for our machine-shops. This business has lately been divided into two departments—one for manufacturing and the other for miscellaneous and home jobbing.

—A heavy snow-storm yesterday (26). The trees are loaded and the walks have to be shoveled out as in mid-winter. Some of the folks begin to talk of the possibility of a repetition of the year 1816 when winter did not break up till the middle of April, when snow fell upon the blossoming trees, and again in July whitened the summer landscape. But we need not look back so far as that for an example of the presistent grip of winter. On April 5, 1856, the snow at O. C. was so deep that we walked to our work at the mill on the tops of the fences, which were on a level with the center of the road; yet the succeeding summer was warm and equable.

—Though earth, hedge and shrub are blanketed with snow, though pond and river are bound in icy fetters, the robins and blue-birds have come to herald the advent of spring. They twitter, chirrup and carol, and carol, chirrup and twitter, as they fly hither and thither seeking their grains of comfort. One chubby fellow perched on the topmost twig of a leafless chestnut tree, after taking in the dreary scene before him thus poured forth his plaints: "We have left a genial clime and come to find shelter and food with you; but cold and desolate is your land of the north, and bleak and cheerless the picture before me. You do not make us welcome, but would drive us back with your frigid atmosphere and sterile landscape;" and in another moment forgetting his griefs, he bursts into the lively refrain. "But winter is over and spring has come—delightful, charming, bewitching spring; the snow will soon melt before the sun, the gentle rains will fall, and all nature burst into life, and we will stay to greet the budding trees with our songs of gladness." With this he flew away to mingle with his companions. Appropos of the robins, the other day a flock of lusty fellows alighted in the small buckthorn tree that stands south of the house. Here they tarried in most unbirdlike manner. From the window we watched them, and for hours they clung to the branches and twigs of this homely tree. At a loss to conjecture what attraction held them so long together, our curiosity brought us to the spot. Ah! they had found a rich repast in the berries with which the tree was laden. The berries were shrivelled and shrunken by long exposure to the winds and frosts of winter, but they made a royal banquet for the robins. The little gluttons must have gorged themselves, for not till they had picked every berry were they willing to leave; and after supper when one of the children sprinkled a generous handful of bread-crumbs under the tree, only one robin came to pick them up.

[The following "personal" from the nursery can be read for its lively appreciation of children, but not as evincing a desire on our part to make our children unnecessarily prominent:]

—Last Sunday Mrs. C. A. M. gave the little ones a happy surprise by covering inside and out with beautiful pictures the long box in the drawing-room which holds their playthings. So much was said of the metamorphosis it had undergone, that the next day we went to see it. Having admired it sufficiently, we stepped into the East room, and were just in time to see the whole little flock "dressed, washed and combed." Dear little creatures, if we could only have them pictured in all their infantine simplicity! For time flies, and they will soon outgrow the laps of their kind nurses as well as their baby ways. Yet we would not have it otherwise if we could, for it is delightful to watch their growth from month to month; to hear their funny attempts at pronouncing long words, their droll speeches, their unexpected questions. Nothing affords us more amusement than to sit for half an hour in their play-room. Pierrepont, with high brow, fair complexion, large brown eyes and dimpled cheek, is the oldest of the group; his bashful manner lures you to seek his acquaintance; by degrees the ice of reserve is broken, and you discover as voluble a little talker as you often find. Felix, with dark brown hair, laughing hazel eyes and fre,

ever-varying expression, eludes you most cunningly; he will look at you from a distance, wary of all advances till he sees his companions eager for your notice, and then his capture becomes easy; but you may know he is a rogue by the merry twinkle of his eye. Agnes, the only brunette of the nine, with "soft black eyes and hair of jet," is as healthy and hearty as she looks. You will find her very sociable; and she will be quite likely to favor you with the information that *her* "mamma lives at the Villa." Holton, a fair-haired, blue-eyed boy with large forehead and persuasive manner gets you to sit down. If you stop to tell him a story or sing him a song, he will beg you to "do it adain;" and would keep you "doing it adain" for any length of time, if you will. George W. has deep blue eyes, light auburn hair, and a face as "round as an apple;" watch him as he runs about, and you can almost fancy he is making fun of you; for the waggish air and droll expression which he assumes occasionally seem to say, "I know something funny that you don't." Then again he will carry himself with so much dignity and composure that you will call him a "little judge." Elinor, flaxen-haired, with light blue eyes and delicate complexion, is a veritable little chatter-box. As you enter the room she will come dancing toward you, and if you are a woman, address you as "mamma," and taking your hand will lead you to a chair and ask to "sit in oor lap;" this accomplished, the little fairy proceeds to tell you the news, of which she seems to have no end. Berton, with a wide forehead, brown hair and sad, hazel eyes, is less talkative, but as playful as the others; he has much to tell you about his "pretty horsey," which it is his delight to draw about the house. Joanna has very light hair, grey eyes and fair complexion. She is not half as demure as she looks; she is learning to talk, and can make herself understood very well, and is fast developing a talent for housekeeping; she is quite a manager, and already the others stand some in awe of her authority. The little maiden Gertrude, with blue eyes, light brown hair and rosy cheeks, is an energetic little lady. She can lisp a great many words, and bids fair to make as great a talker as Elinor. She is fifteen months old and the youngest of the lot. But these are not babies, you will say. True, they are not. We call them so because they are in the "infant department," but they can all walk and talk and take care of themselves very well. We have but four genuine babies and they are Theodore, Allan, Walter and Corinna; all well and good-natured.

DEPARTURES.—Julius Hawley, for Wallingford; Myron H. Kinsley, for Chicago; H. W. Burnham, for New York and Boston; John F. Sears, for the East on a tour of observation.

ARRIVALS.—T. L. Pitt from a tour through Canada, the West and Southwest: H. G. Allen from Baltimore and Washington.

THE VILLA.

—Our evening reading is Dicken's novel, "Hard Times." We find it sufficiently humorous and pathetic to be quite entertaining.

—A little sugar-making in which some of the boys are engaged, met with a slight drawback the other day when they ignorantly put the sap a-boiling in the onion-kettle. The offending kettle has since been put out of reach.

—"O, the long and dreary winter," say some of our friends, who are hungry for spring with its unfailing starts and stimulants. And indeed, winter does seem uncommonly prolonged. 110 days of sleighing and drifts and gales and storms, and still on this twenty-sixth day of March there are no signs of relenting. The sleighing is good; there is a brisk snow-storm and a furious west wind. This rude weather so late in the season reminds one of Tennyson's plaintive appeal to spring:

> "Dip down upon our northern shore,
> O sweet new year, delaying long;
> Thou dost expectant nature wrong,
> Delaying long, delay no more.
>
> Bring orchis, bring the foxglove spire,
> The little speedwell's darling blue,
> Deep tulips dashed with fiery dew,
> Laburnums, dropping wells of fire."

—Readers of the CIRCULAR will remember that we last spring vacated our original Willow-Place house beside the trap-factory, for a more elegant and commodious residence at the Villa. Bright home associations grow fast in a Community family, and they had sprung up so thickly about the Willow-Place house during the six years that we lived there that we might reasonably feel quite sentimental had we left it desolate or to be inhabited by strangers. But no such fate has befallen it. It is now, perhaps, more than ever one of the home centers, for it is a new family machine-shop, where men and women are combined in happy industry and where the mechanical arts are pursued with a zest uncommon even to a Community who always supposed that it knew how to love labor. In the old family sitting-room there are five lathes two of which are kept running ten hours a day by relays of Community women. One of these women was long a resident of the Willow-Place house and how she feels about the old spot and toward the machinist's trade may be seen by the following private letter to a Wallingford friend:

Home Machine-Shop, Mar. 22, 1873.

"DEAR H.:—I wonder if you realize what a transformation our old Willow-Place parlor has undergone since our family left its sacred precincts? When we bade the old house good-bye last spring I confess to feeling a pang of regret at the thought that soon this nice wood-work and these neatly papered walls were to be marred and soiled by pulleys and grease. But lately my feelings have very much changed. I have no longer a dislike to pulleys and grease. As I stand by my lathe watching its evolutions and guiding the sharp tool while it cuts the little chains, rings and bright bits from the hard steel, shaping it into screws, wrenches and many other necessary and useful tools, I am much interested, yes, I may say charmed with the employment. I am not ashamed of my black oily hands. I can even look at them with a complacent smile. The charm of guiding these complicated machines is many times greater to me than making lace collars or plaiting ribbons to deck myself with. What would a fashionable belle say to this? I should be happy to have you call and take a look at our woman's machine-shop.

Yours, E. H.

WALLINGFORD.

—Our baby thrives finely in this new land to which he has been transplanted. For a few days past his mother has been studying a contrivance for his benefit; begging some twine of this one, some canvas of that one, coaxing another to saw out some odd-shaped bits of board and still another to give her two iron rings. Yesterday we were told that we might come up to her chamber and see the results of all this planning. So up we went, about as many of us as the room could hold, and there we saw the little fellow calmly and happily swinging to and fro in a tiny hammock suspended in the center of the room. Some of you mothers and baby-tenders who want to turn off the little ones for an hour, just try this new arrangement, and you will think it a "nice thing." Take a piece of canvas or sacking, cut it in an oval form, hem the edges, through the hem on each side run a stout cord—which you may attach by rings to opposite sides of the room—slip a narrow bit of board in at the head and foot to keep the hammock open, put in a soft shawl or pillow, then put in the baby, and peace and quietness will follow for some time.

Evening Meeting.—E. H. H. spoke of our printing business, saying that he wished us to continually strive toward a higher standard. Let each person in each part of the business see to it that he does his work in the very best manner. We must constantly look forward to the highest art and the best taste. In order to accomplish this we must make criticism free, there must be freedom to suggest improvement and correct faults, and we must get rid of sensitiveness about having our work criticised. He thought there was some tendency to excuse ourselves when fault was found with our work. True humility and softness of heart will free us from this spirit.

AKIN TO VOLITION.

HOW PLANTS BEHAVE: *How they Move, Climb, Employ Insects to Work for them, &c.* By Asa Gray.

This little book almost persuades us that all plants have something akin to the power of voluntary motion. No one has seen the Sensitive Plant of our gardens shrink from the slightest touch, and quickly fold together in pairs its little leaflets, while its branches and leaf-stalk all bend to the ground as if they would escape observation and so avoid a repetition of the unpleasant contact, without surprise and the thought that this plant behaves as though it had both the power of motion and a sense of feeling. "How Plants Behave" shows that the Sensitive Plant is not such an exceptional phenomenon in plant life as is usually supposed. It describes of course the peculiar movements of certain rare plants such as the *Desmodium gyrans* of India and of our hot-houses, whose side leaflets "under the temperature of a sultry summer's day may be seen to rise and fall by a succession of jerking movements, not unlike those of the second-hand of a clock, but without much regularity, now stopping for some time, then moving briskly, always resting for a while in some part of their course, commonly at the highest and lowest points, and starting again without apparent cause, seemingly of their own will;" and the no less interesting motions of Venus's Flytrap (*Dionæa muscipula*), whose leaf, fringed with bristles, folds quickly on itself as if hinged at the midrib, when even a fly brushes against the sensitive bristles on its surface, holding the victim all the more closely for its struggles until it is dead, when it opens and is ready for the next luckless adventurer; but it also shows that more common plants have peculiarities of movement which should attract our attention. For instance, many plants of the Pulse family and of other families recline or assume other singular positions at night. The leaves of house plants turn their upper face toward the light. The motions of twining plants are specially interesting. Some twine with the sun, as the Hop and most Honeysuckles; while the Morning-Glory, Bindweeds, Beans, etc., turn from left to right, or against the sun. "When a twining stem overtops its support, the lengthening shoot is seen thrown over to one side, and usually outstretched. One might suppose it had fallen over by its weight; but it is not generally so. If turned over, say to the north, when first observed, it will probably be found reclining to the south an hour or so later, and an hour later again turned northward. That is, the end of the stem is sweeping round in a circle continually, like the hand of a clock. It keeps on growing as it revolves; but the revolving has nothing to do with the growth, and indeed is often so rapid that several complete sweeps may be made before any increase in length could be ob-

served. The time of revolving varies in different species. It also depends upon the weather, being slow or imperceptible when it is cool, and more rapid when it is warmer. Sometimes it stops when everything seems favorable, and starts again after a while. The Hop, Bean and Morning-Glory are as quick as any. In a sultry day, and when in full vigor, they commonly sweep round the circle in less than two hours. They move by night as well as by day. When the free summit of a twining stem is outstretched to two feet or more in length, so as to magnify the motion, this is sometimes rapid enough to be actually seen in some part of the circuit.

"Because twining stems are often twisted more or less, some have supposed that the twisting was the cause of the revolving sweep of the free end. If so, the stem below would in a day or two be likely to twist itself off. And twiners seldom twist much when climbing a smooth and even support. To learn how the sweeps are made, one has only to mark a line of dots along the upper side of the outstretched revolving end of such a stem (say that of the Morning-Glory), and to note that when it has moved round a quarter of a circle, these dots will be on one side; when half round, the dots occupy the lower side; and when the revolution is completed, they are again on the upper side. That is, the stem revolves by bowing itself over to one side—is either pulled over or pushed over, or both, by some internal force, which acts in turn all around the stem in the direction in which it sweeps; and so the stem makes its circuits without twisting.

"So the sweeping round of the stem is a movement like that wonderful one of the leaflets of *Desmodium gyrans*, just described, only slower. And here we see what it is for. The sweeping movement of the stem is the cause of the twining. The stem sweeps round that it may reach some neighboring support; as it grows it sweeps a wider and wider space, that is, reaches farther and farther out. When it strikes against any solid body, like the stalk of a neighboring plant, it is stopped: but the portion beyond the contact is free to move as before; and, continuing to lengthen and to move on, it necessarily winds itself round the support, that is, *twines*."

Plants climb by roots, as in the case of the Iris and Trumpet-Creeper—by stems, as in the case of the Hop and Honeysuckle—by leaves, blade or petiole as in the Clematis—and by tendrils, as in the Passion-flowers. The latter means is "the most exquisite, and under many circumstances the most advantageous, as it is one of the commonest of the contrivances for climbing. The tendril, as it grows, stretches out horizontally, as if in search of a supporting object. More slender than a stem or any other sort of stalk, it can thus extend farther at the least expense of material. In the most perfect tendrils, and notably in the slender Passion-flowers (such as the annual *Passiflora gracilis*, and the Maple-leaved species, *P. acerifolia*), opportunities for securing a hold are much increased by the revolving of the tendril. It sweeps circuits, like the stem of a twiner, although with less regularity, sometimes, however, with great rapidity. In hot weather these tendrils often move through the complete circle in an hour or less, or even so fast that the motion of the end of a long tendril may sometimes be distinctly seen in a part of its course.

"In revolving tendrils the most wonderful thing to remark is the way in which they avoid winding themselves around the stem they belong to. The active tendrils are of course near the top of the stem or branch. The growing summit beyond the tendril now seeking a support is often turned over to one side, so that the tendril, revolving almost horizontally, has a clear sweep above it. But as the growing stem lengthens and rises, the tendril might strike against it and be wound up around it. It never does. If we watch these slender Passion-flowers, which show the revolving so well in a sultry day, we may see, with wonder, that when a tendril sweeping horizontally comes round so that its base nears the parent stem rising above it, it stops short, *rises stiffly upright, moves on in this position until it passes by the stem, then rapidly comes down again to the horizontal position*, and moves on so until it again approaches and again avoids the impending obstacle!"

The book before us does not undertake to explain the remarkable phenomena it describes; it leaves us to wonder and worship if we will. We commend it as a book that is certain to interest the young and their seniors if they are not too wise; in which case they can wait for the improved edition in which Professor Gray promises to treat the subject "with somewhat of scientific and historical fullness." W.

INTERNATIONAL.

"RATHER do I believe that our great Maker is preparing the world, in his own good time, to become one nation, speaking one language, when armies and navies will be no longer required."

This is cheering indeed. Coming as it does from a high quarter (being embodied in the President's inaugural address) it is like unfurling to the nations the banner of perennial peace. Happy the man who was seer enough to utter a prophecy so noble. America, then, has spoken the word. Henceforth let all nations take their cue from her, and seek after unity. One nation and one language! Is it not enough to soften the hardest, and draw tears of joy from us all, to think of there being no more war for ever—to think of swords beaten into ploughshares and spears into pruning-hooks? And surely, there are nowadays most significant tokens of the approaching fulfillment of prophecies such as these. The case of Japan is electrifying. The change in that nation's foreign and domestic policy is something akin to a resurrection from the dead. It is impossible for any one with his eyes open to be altogether insensible to the fact; and to those who believe in an overruling Providence, it is really awe-inspiring. China hears the rallying cry, and is in fact doing the bidding of Japan in following her example, however tardily. Persia, too, has aroused from her long traditional slumbers, in spite of her priesthood, and her sovereign seeks unto the nations.

It is very interesting to think of this Asiatic movement, for among the Tartar hordes we have reason to believe have been harbored the lost tribes of the children of Israel. Who knows but this movement is destined to usher in their return to the Jehovah of their ancient hearths; "for if the casting away of them be the reconciling of the world, what shall the receiving of them be but life from the dead?" This, though directly applicable to the dispensation of the Jewish people at the destruction of their capital, must apply in some sense to the whole house of Israel. But as the "receiving of them" cannot be "until the fullness of the Gentiles be come in," may we not hope that the signs of the times above alluded to, indicate a rapid approach to that fullness?

I am disposed to make a great deal of that paragraph in the President's address. It is very unostentatiously put, but none the less freighted with truth. I look upon it as a very hopeful sign that we have come out of the complications of the late civil war in the way we have—especially as it relates to England. There is a spirit abroad that is more amenable to the dictates of justice. Criticism seems to have free scope among the nations. The late humiliation of France was a most palpable criticism of the war spirit. Judgment takes effect in high quarters. Men of high standing can no longer count on concealing their misdeeds. Owing to the effects of the freedom of public expression, the whole world will in due time form a standing committee of criticism until righteousness covers the earth as the waters cover the sea. What will then hinder the solidarity of the human family? Criticism, it seems to me, is competent to take the place of war; for is not war after all a coarse form of the same ordinance? It is certainly better to save life if we can purify it short of death. And if the standard of public opinion in regard to true refinement keeps advancing, criticism will so effectually apply the test, that no individual whatever will be able to escape the ordeal—hence our hope of the final and complete expurgation of the population of the globe, and of the "restoration of *all* things." And this, mind you, will be a *bloodless* revolution, effected by righteous judgment, backed by a world-wide and, therefore, overwhelming public opinion. R. S. D.

FROM OUR YALE STUDENTS.

VIII.

OUR new building slowly approaches completion and there is a rumor afloat that the necessary moving of school furniture will be done during the next vacation, which begins April 3d. The lecture-room is the finest in the University, and recitation-rooms, Professor's rooms etc., are all quite magnificent. It must be very pleasant to build for yourself and have somebody else pay the bills. The Scientific School builds and Mr. Sheffield pays in the present case.

Yesterday afternoon C. and I went to hear Prof. Dana lecture to the junior academics on

CORALS AND CORAL FORMATION.

The small lecture-room was closely packed. Many ladies, mostly wives and daughters of Professors, were present. My attention was particularly called to their presence by the fact that one sat directly in front of me with such an amount of frippery on her head as to quite shut out the view.

Prof. J. D. Dana is one of the foremost geologists in this country—probably in the world. His Manual of Geology has been called by some European authority, one of the two really scientific works ever published in this country—Gray's Manual of Botany being the other. The Professor is a small, thin man, with a complexion browned by sun and wind, rather long gray hair, deep-set blue eyes, a large nose and a cleanly-shaven chin. His manner is animated and pleasing, and, somewhat to my surprise, his lecture was interspersed with flashes of wit and poetical quotations, and better still with allusions to the controlling hand of God in the universe. The student of geology will find most of his lecture in his Manual; but for the benefit of some who have not read that rather formidable work, I will briefly sketch it.

THE ISLANDS OF THE PACIFIC,

omitting New Caledonia and some other large ones in the southeastern part, number 600, with an area of but 40,000 square miles, or less than that of the State of New York; 290 of these are coral islands, and many of the others are surrounded by reefs of coral. The larger part of coral islands consists of a narrow rim of reef surrounding a lagoon or salt-water lake. Such islands are called *atolls*, a name of Maldive origin. Their size varies from a length of two or three miles to fifty. The reefs about other islands are of two kinds, fringing and barrier. A fringing reef, as the name implies, is a coral fringe attached directly to the shore,

while barrier reefs, like artificial moles, are separated from the shore by a channel. Having thus given us an idea of these formations, he took up the subject of the coral itself. He read to us a bit of poetry about the Actinoid Polyps (though I guess that was not the name of the piece). It was a description of the way the little animal started from the bottom of the ocean, and builded slowly up his palace and his tomb, dying when he reached the surface, etc. His comments reminded me of Cuvier's on somebody's description of a crab: fine poetry, incentive to industry, resignation and all that, but the poet was laboring under a serious delusion. The polyp doesn't begin at the bottom of the ocean, doesn't build a palace nor a tomb, and doesn't die when he gets to the surface. The common reef-making coral does not start from the ocean's bottom, because he cannot live in water over one hundred feet deep. The polyps do not build anything; but the coral is secreted within them as other animals secrete their bones. It is internal, not external. A coral formation, however great, has only an inch or two of live polyps at its top. A colony of polyps may commence anywhere near the shore where the water is not too deep; but each member dies at his post, and his children stand on his back, as one might say. He had pictures exhibiting the animals in all their bright colors, purple, red, green, and yellow.

Prof. Dana next took up Charles Darwin's theory of the origin of the atolls. According to him, each atoll began as a fringing reef around an ordinary island, which slowly sinking till it disappeared, while the reef continued to grow upward, left the reef at the surface as a ring of coral around a lake. As the corals are so limited as to depth, this solution is doubtless the true one.

He closed by describing the miserable condition of the natives on certain small coral islands he visited when filling the post of Geologist in Wilke's Expedition, also with an anecdote about a big white bird which he tried to kill on an uninhabited atoll. It sat still and let him draw blood from its neck. The sight of it on the white feathers, unnerved him, and he gave up the task. The bird sat quietly and watched him as he retreated. As he was not haunted like the Ancient Mariner, he concluded the creature must have lived:

" For the dear God who loveth us
He made and loveth all."

K.

CURIOUS EPITAPHS.

[A friend sends us the following epitaphs espied by a tourist in his walks in England and Scotland in search of the quaint and curious.]

An honest fellow here is laid,
His debts in full he always paid,
And what's more strange, the neighbors tell us,
He brought back borrowed umbrellas.

On a talkative old maid (1750):

Beneath this silent stone is laid
A noisy, antiquated maid,
Who from her cradle talk'd till death,
And ne'er before was out of breath.

On a Mr. Box:

Here lies one Box within another—
The one of wood was very good,
We cannot say so much for t'other.

In a church-yard in Norfolk, on a lawyer:

God works wonders now and then;
He, though a lawyer, was an honest man.

In St. Michael's church-yard, Coventry; on a wife:

She was ——
But words are wanting
To say what!
Look what a wife should be,
And she was that.

In Westminster Abbey, on Samuel Foote, the comedian:

Here lies one Foote, whose death may thousands save,
For death has now one foot within the grave.

Here is a queer one:

Here lies John Bunn;
Who was killed by a gun!
His name wasn't Bunn, but his real name was Wood.
But Wood wouldn't rhyme with gun, so I though Bunn would.

Another:

Under this stone aged three score and ten,
Lie the remains of William Wood-Hen.
N. B.—For Hen, read Cock. Cock wouldn't come in rhyme.

THE NEWS.

The health of Senator Summer is so far restored as to enable him to resume his seat in the Senate.

Senator Caldwell, from Kansas, anticipated expulsion by resigning his seat in the U. S. Senate.

Twenty-five hundred immigrants arrived in New York city on Monday last.

The Second Adventists of Groton, Vt., have designated April 12, 1873, as the last great day.

The late Lord Bulwer Lytton left personal property to the amount of $400,000.

A special edict tolerating Christianity throughout the empire of Japan, has been promulgated by the Mikado.

James Savage, the antiquarian, and author of the "Genealogical History of the First Settlers of New England," died in Boston on the 8th inst., in his 89th year.

The emperor William of Prussia was 76 years old on Saturday the 22d inst., and that day was a gala day in the Fatherland in consequence.

Of the forty-two cardinals of the Popish church all but two are old men. Lucien Bonaparte, the youngest, is 45. The oldest, Archbishop of Chambery, is 90.

Gov. Washburn of Massachusetts has appointed the 3d of April next as a day of fasting and prayer for the citizens of that State. Gov. Jewell has appointed April 11th as fast-day in Connecticut.

At Jersey City on the 22d inst, the passenger depot, two freight depots with most of their contents, with the ferry building and bridge of the Erie Railroad Co., were destroyed by fire.

The Mormons have in Utah 161 edifices for public worship, capable of seating over 85,000 persons. In California they have three; in Florida one; in Idaho two, in Illinois two; Iowa one, and Nebraska one.

Germany is said to stand foremost among European nations in the encouragement of agricultural science. Specially is this true of Prussia. An important agricultural school will be opened at Bittburg next month.

An official investigation under the direction of the Governor of Minnesota reveals the fact that during the terrible storm in that State on the 7th and 8th of January 70 persons lost their lives by freezing and exhaustion, and 31 were seriously injured.

The new Republic of Spain has abolished slavery in the island of Porto Rico. The bill passed the Spanish Assembly on the 22d. It provides that the freedmen are to remain in the service of their former masters for three years longer, in a kind of apprenticeship relation, and are not to become Spanish citizens until five years have elapsed. A resolution congratulating the Spanish Republic on the passage of this bill (which sets free something less than 100,000 slaves) was unanimously passed in the U. S. Senate last week.

Bishop McIlvaine of the Episcopal Diocese of Ohio died recently at Florence, Italy, where he was residing for the benefit of his health. He was a man of great ability and culture, celebrated as a preacher, and a writer of remarkable strength and clearness. His lectures on the Evidences of Christianity, delivered before the New York University in 1831, ran through thirty editions. In 1825 he was appointed chaplain of West Point Military Academy, and was instrumental in starting the most remarkable religious revival which ever took place in that institution.

ERRATUM.—*Salix admophylla* in the last "Dust of Travel" should be *Salix adenophylla*—printer's error.

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

ADMISSIONS.

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

SPIRITUAL FACTS.

Home-Talk by J. H. N.

THERE must be many facts in every person's experience, which it is important that he should thoroughly believe and reverence, although they are not of such a nature as to be readily proved or communicated to any one else. We must not judge the facts which arise in our consciousness by any rule of scientific communicability. Whether they are demonstrable or not, if by our own sensations or intuitions we know them to be facts, then before God we are just as much bound to recognize and make much of them as though we could write them in a book and get Huxley or Liebig to acknowledge them. There is certainly a very great range of such facts that are vitally important to every one of us, and which every man is as certainly bound to take cognizance of, and to respect, as though he were alone and there were no other beings in the universe. These facts are by their very nature hidden from the world of external science; they cannot be taken posession of nor inspected by it, and we are not responsible to the external world in regard to them, but to God.

Is there any way by which these facts can be made common property, so that all can have the benefit of them? There must be some way of bringing them within the domain of sure and universal knowledge, although you cannot subject them to the ordinary manipulations of science. They are solid rocks, and if the scientific ship does not recognize them. so much the worse for it. Sometime it will run upon them and knock a hole in its bottom.

Why can we not cautiously verify a man's character, until we get such confidence in him that we can be just as sure of a fact that he reports as taking place in his spiritual experience, as of any external fact he may report as an observer? Credulity is not required. A large proportion of scientific facts are received upon the testimony of single individuals, and many deceivers find their way into the ranks of learned men. We must examine the character of discoverers more thoroughly than they do. But we must hold the whole domain of intuition and private experience as belonging to science, and its facts as imperative, when reliably reported, though they cannot be subjected to the tests of the crucible or the microscope.

THREADS FROM MY LIFE-BALL.

II.

ON the following Sunday I went again with my friend (who was also becoming serious) to the Sabbath-school, where we joined the Bible class. This time I stepped boldly to the desk and bought a question-book of H——. Never shall I forget the expression of his countenance as he gave it to me. Expecting to see his face long and solemn, I was surprised to find it beaming on me with kindness and good-will.

The church had become considerably awakened from its lethargy; meetings were multiplied, prayers were more earnestly offered, confessions of sin were more sincere, and parties of pleasure began to give place to serious gatherings in which many anxiously asked, "What shall we do to be saved?" But so deeply had I been involved in the spirit of worldliness, and so much was I still in bondage to my companion, Miss S——, that I was greatly tempted to be ashamed to have it known that I was sincerely seeking the salvation of my soul. That this friendship was a snare to me I was thoroughly convinced, but how to gain my freedom I knew not. While thus meditating and asking God to help me, news came that S—— had left town, to be absent several months. Inwardly I thanked God, fervently praying that I might be converted to Christ before I saw her again.

Returning from meeting one night, a meeting over which the spirit of heaven seemed to preside, a new feeling of confidence and security in my heavenly Father came over me, filling my soul with a peace and joy that I had never experienced before. On awaking the next morning all sense of sin, sorrow and condemnation was gone. Gleams of light burst in on my soul during the day, and before night I felt as though the earth, with all its vanities and illusions, had passed away and that I was dwelling on a new earth where all was peace and innocence. I hardly knew what to make of so great a change, and while relating my experience to a pious worker in the religious field, she exclaimed, "Why, E——, you have experienced religion!" "That seems too much for me to believe," I replied. "No, it is not too much for you to believe; for have n't you been asking God to convert you?" "Oh, yes," I responded, "I certainly have." "Well, then," she answered, "God has given you what you asked for, as any good father would do. Moreover," my friend continued, "you are the first fruits of our revival, and we shall need your services, for there is a great work to be done in this place."

That evening I went to church, and the discourse gave me such a feast that I seemed to be transported to heavenly regions. As I rose to leave the pew I noticed that H—— sat in the one behind me, his countenance radiant with happiness. He extended his hand to me and I realized from that moment that we were one. We walked together to the porch where we met the gentleman who accompanied me. H—— then informed me that one of my

young lady friends had that day given her heart to God, and, in an instant she was in my arms. We met as never before; and both felt that every longing of our hearts was satisfied. From that time I was conscious of a great change in my spirit. The society of those I prized so highly had now no attractions for me. I packed up borrowed novels and returned them to their owners without a glance at their contents; jewels, the gifts of my indulgent father, I returned to him with the remark, "I shall never wear them more." At this he was greatly astonished, saying, "If you, E——, will do this, I must admit that some mysterious change has taken place in you." It was a change, however, which was not pleasing to my parents, nor to my unconverted brothers, one of whom, some years later when on his dying bed said to me, "E——, I have chosen the wrong road and it is now too late to turn." I replied, "It is not too late to give your heart to God." Again he exclaimed, "Too late, too late," and thus he died.

The great revival movement steadily progressed, not only in N. but in all parts of the country. To many it seemed like the waking up of a nation to listen to the voice of God who was passing by. This was in the winter of 1830–31, and there was scarcely a family in any of the towns, where protracted meetings were held, in which one at least was not converted. Sometimes whole families were brought to a knowledge of the truth. Of the stability of the converts, at that eventful period, it is not my province to speak. Subsequently the words of Christ came to me with much force, "Many are called, but few are chosen."

In connection with other young converts I walked a mile before breakfast every morning to a place of rendezvous, chosen as our Bethel, where our united prayers were offered in behalf of our brothers, sisters, lovers and friends. We afterward had the pleasure of greeting many of them as the friends of the Redeemer. I was very zealous in proclaiming to all I met, especially my former associates, the glorious gospel of the cross of Christ. That my zeal was at one time tinged with fanaticism I do not doubt, for I subjected myself to such frequent fastings that the practice at length told seriously on my health, and when admonished respecting my course, I would reply, "I have meat to eat that ye know not of." Finally an older and wiser Christian friend, with less zeal but more piety and good sense, told me frankly that in thus abusing my body I was abusing God's holy temple, and that if I felt anxious to please my heavenly Father I must conform to good physiological rules in regard to eating. This kind, but sincere rebuke, had the effect to start me in more regular habits. The idea prevailed extensively among young converts in those days that they were doing God's service in sacrificing their health to their work.

Intimacy was again renewed between H—— and myself. The revival having extended into remote districts of the town, leaders to conduct meetings held in those parts were in great demand. As H—— was gifted in prayer and exhortation his services were in constant requisition; and he occasionally invited me to accompany him as a co-laborer. During one of these long but not disagreeable rides, coolness having given place again to warmer feelings between us, H—— once more solicited my hand in marriage. One would naturally suppose, that conscious of the mistake I had made the first time, I should have given him a straightforward answer in the affirmative; but the truth must be confessed. I repeated my mistake by clothing my Yes in language so ambiguous that H—— interpreted it as another refusal! In my heart of hearts I had no other answer than the one he had a right to expect from me, and I had no intention of giving any other. This second disaster seemed for a while to be a fatal one. For weeks and weeks there was no communication between us except a passing greeting. My good religious experience was shrouded in much darkness. Clearly enough could I see that this misunderstanding was due to the effects of my novel reading, worldly pride and false modesty. Again was I thrown into suffering. Previous to this incident my sky had seemed always unclouded and I was conscious of dwelling under the shadow of the Almighty.

The revival, however, did not stop on account of this affair between H—— and me. For several months meetings were held in the basement of the church. Neither H—— nor I had ever been absent from these gatherings; but one evening I missed him from his usual place. Many anxious inquiries were made about him, for he was a beloved member, and it was soon ascertained that he was ill. I went home that night with a heavy heart. I kneeled down to pray before retiring, but found I could pray for nothing but H——. The burden of my cry was that he might be restored, for it seemed to me the prosperity of the church demanded it. Having thus cast my sorrow on the Lord, I arose, took my Bible, and the first passage which met my eye was this from Isaiah: "Peace, peace; I will heal him and restore comforts to him and to his mourners." I was astonished, and retired with a quiet assurance that my prayer was answered. The next Sabbath he was at his post as usual. His increased earnestness and zeal in prayer impressed us all, and knowing that his health was not very good we thought he was ripening for heaven. This drew out my heart to him in greater tenderness, and I felt that something must be done speedily. Resolving to cast aside the false and foolish delicacy which had enslaved me so long, I revealed my secret to an elder sister in the church. She exhorted me to put away my pride and recall him at once. This advice coincided with the dictates of my own conscience and I determined to follow it. After laying the matter before the Lord my heart was at rest, and when I arose in the morning I felt peaceful and happy. The first thing I did was to write the following note to H——:

"I am very anxious to have an interview with you. There has been a misunderstanding between us, which I think, could I see you, would be set right at once."

No sooner had I penned these lines than my soul was filled with unspeakable joy. I was vividly conscious of God's presence and approval. I saw that all my sad discipline had been necessary to humiliate me and make me willing to perform this act of sincerity, and that God like a kind father was leading me on to my destiny by a path I saw not. I knew not how my note would be received, neither did I care, for I had committed it to God and trusted results to him. I gave the note to my friend, requesting her not to hand it to H—— until after the forenoon service, as it might prove a distraction to his mind. But this request was in vain, for my friend's curiosity to see the effect of the note upon him was greater than her discretion. So watching her opportunity, as H—— was coming out of the morning prayer-meeting she slily slipped it into into his hand. H—— afterward confessed that he heard very little of the sermon that day. At the close of the evening meeting H—— accompanied me home, where everything was explained to the entire satisfaction of both parties. E.

REVIVAL RECOLLECTIONS.

VII.

THE next revival which took place in Canandaigua began with the conversion of my brother. The earliest incident I can recall is my mother kneeling in prayer by a chair with her hands placed on my brother's head, while I stood at her side. I do not remember her words, but the impression of her earnest manner was fixed in my mind for eternity. It was one of those moments when deep feeling gives energy to language, and the soul stamps its image on every sentence. She seemed dead to everything except the Being whom she addressed. I could not understand her actions and afterward asked her why she prayed so with her hands on the boy's head? She replied that God was going to be his father, and she thought he would grow up and be a minister.

Mother died the spring that my brother was eighteen years old. I persuaded him to come to the Canandaigua Academy so that we might be near each other. While relating to me the events of his journey he told me with unaffected simplicity that he had smoked his first cigar on the way. Oh! I had not thought it possible that he would ever indulge in that practice; and then the first dash he made after coming into the village was to go to a circus! Youthful blood and curiosity were certainly in him, with a keen appreciation of all earthly enjoyments, notwithstanding his severe and sanctimonious training in the belief that to attend a theater, or a dance or circus was to set out on the sure way to perdition. I was greatly troubled by the fact that he was now exposed to much greater temptation than ever before, and that he was destitute of the restraining power of Christ. I did not hide the depth of my feelings from him, but pressed on his conscience the necessity of repentance and faith in Christ. I also sent a request to the teacher's meeting that he might be made a special subject of prayer. He soon realized his situation, and was humbled under the touch of God's Spirit. The first testimony to the change wrought in him was in the Saturday evening prayer-meeting. Mr. Thompson said: "Has the Lord really come into our midst and converted a soul and we did not know it? And have we not even been looking for it?" After continuing several minutes in one of his most powerful exhortations he was followed by Jacob's strong faith-testimony, ending in a prayer so full and fervent that it was alone sufficient to arouse a spiritless

meeting into a state of sensibility. The hearts of all were moved. Jacob had noticed several of the Seminary girls weeping during the meeting, so as we were passing out of the lecture-room he spoke to one after another. His freedom never repelled; and though his words were not dictated by any process of thought, they did not disturb by their unfitness, for they were inspired by God's Spirit, and when he urged some to repent without delay. all knew that he uttered the deep desire of his soul.

About four o'clock on Sabbath morning I was awakened by a singular noise outside the building, and on opening my window I saw Jacob kneeling on the stoop in the cold and darkness, his voice raised in earnest, wrestling prayer for the conversion of the Seminary girls. Miss Upham immediately called some of the praying ones into the drawing-room that our spirits might unite with his in supplication. One after another came, and by daylight the room was full. That Sabbath in church the girls were not watching to catch the glances of the Academy boys on the opposite side of the gallery, for the great subject of their soul's salvation possessed both parties. After the morning service there were prayer-meetings appointed in several rooms at the Seminary.

About twenty of the girls came to my room, where I had invited Miss Esther Buckley from the village to meet us. She was a cheerful soul. Her happiness was a living spring, clear and sparkling, bubbling up and overflowing its bounds and refreshing whoever came near her. She made a few remarks in her simple-hearted way. She said that we were to have a season of communion with God, and that when we prayed in the hearing of others we were often tempted to be very careful in our choice of words, but she hoped that every one would first consider just what she wished to say to God, and have no reference to those around her. Christ, she said, wanted us to confess to him our secret sins, and if we desired to be cleansed from sin we must ask in faith for forgiveness and he would answer according to our sincerity. The movement of the spirit in that room was like the pouring upon us of a sudden and powerful shower of rain; but it descended with so much gentleness that its effect was more soothing than exciting. One after another broke out in confession and prayer until all professed to give themselves to God. I never witnessed such a Sabbath. There were about forty conversions in the Seminary that day and a number in the Academy.

There was one of the girls, however, who was not seen in any of the prayer-meetings. She was remarkably plain-looking, being cross-eyed, and having a dark complexion and rather coarse features. As she was also destitute of taste in dress the first impression she made was quite repulsive. But she was a very smart young lady. She had been educated in Universalism, and was full of sharp, witty sarcasm. If any of the scholars were in trouble over a hard problem they knew well that Harriet Fisher was both willing and competent to explain the difficulty. A number of the girls made a bold attack upon her with strong appeals to her conscience; but they were generally outwitted by her crafty reasonings, or silenced by her sarcasm. Miss Upham requested the girls not to speak to her upon the subject of religion, and then asked me to associate with her as much as possible and exercise my own judgment in talking with her. I spent some time with her for several days. Finally she asked why I did not talk to her about the "salvation of her soul." I told her it was because she had no particular interest in that subject, and then left without giving her an opportunity to reply. The next time she met me she said that I left her rather abruptly, but she presumed she thought as much about her salvation as any of the girls. I told her if she did she thought more of her own opinion than she did of Christ's words, and then again gave her no chance to reply. The next day she came to me and said she was sick and could not study, but she was not going into the hospital; she should leave the school and go home. I told her she better not go that day, and that if she would go to my room I would wait on her and keep her as quiet as possible. When I attempted to do something to relieve her she exclaimed, "Oh! nonsense, it is my soul that is sick, and not my body!" She said she believed there was a devil and that she was full of his spirit; that God hated her, and that every good person in the school hated her. I then talked to her about her rebellious spirit against God and urged her to immediate submission. She asked if I would pray for her; but I told her as the controversy was between herself and God I did not feel inclined to do so. God required that she should pray for herself. I saw that the hardness of her spirit was vanishing like the melting away of a snowdrift, and she soon poured out her heart in confession like a little child. Her conversion was a source of great rejoicing in the Seminary. She lived in West Mendon, and as she was going home to spend the Sabbath she said she felt her need of strength to meet the strong tower of Universalism in her father's family. The first disclosure she made of her change of heart was by asking them to remain after breakfast while she read a chapter in the Bible, and then she prayed in a fervent manner for them. Her labors during that visit resulted in the conversion of the family and a great revival in West Mendon.

The revival in Canandaigua continued until spring, when some of the people thought they must have a more finished style of preaching. Accordingly Mr. Edwards, of Rochester, was sent for. He was a very stylish, flowery preacher; but there was nothing in his sermons which touched those tender instincts of the soul and caused it to rise out of the human into the image of the divine nature. Thus the revival was killed. C. B. B.

FIRESIDE CHAT.

II.

Vega.—This east wind makes the fireside very pleasant.

Chara.—There! you have referred to a subject which has perplexed me many times, and I was just thinking of it. What is this singular superstition about the east wind? It is always spoken of as though it were peculiarly surly and unwholesome, but it seems to me no more bitter or blighting than these driving west winds of which we have had so many this winter.

Vega.—Do you call it a superstition about the east wind? If it is so, it is as old as Isaiah, for he says of the Lord: "He stayeth his rough wind in the day of the east wind." It was a "vehement east wind" too that so vexed Jonah after his gourd withered.

Chara—Yes, I know that the east wind is spoken of many times by the writers of the Old Testament, David and Job and Ezekiel. It was the east wind that blasted the seven thin ears in Pharaoh's dream. But what I want to know is whether we have the same reason for complaining of the east wind that they have in more eastern countries? Have we not borrowed our idea of the east wind from lands where it is a veritable affliction?

Vega.—I never thought of that; perhaps it is so, or we may associate the east wind with the direful plagues which have come to us from the East, such as the cholera and locusts.

Chara.—I called the common idea about the east wind a superstition, because I did not know any reason for its being specially unkind. I remembered too that it is often very eccentric people who have this horror of the east wind. Don't you remember the story about the old English Doctor and the east wind, that was in some book we were reading awhile ago?

Vega.—No, but I rememember that Dickens makes Mr. Jarndyce in "Bleak House," refer to the east wind in a nervous way whenever he feels embarrassed. What was the story about the old Doctor?

Chara.—Why, he was an exceedingly whimsical, learned old fellow who taught a school of some kind. He had a mortal terror of the east wind, and nothing would ever induce him to stir out of doors when there was a breeze from that quarter. It was his custom on rolling out of bed every morning, to go immediately to the window and pull aside the curtain for a look at the weather-vane. If this indicated an east wind, he would go straight back to bed, fuming and grumbling in high discontent, nor would he go near his school until the wind changed. The Doctor's pupils were wild, fun-loving boys who stood in the same terror of the Doctor that he did of the east wind, and they soon discovered what it was that kept him at home. Of course the boys thought it would be a fine thing if the east wind would blow a little oftener. Accordingly two of the boldest secretly clambered up to the vane and, having set it from the east, fixed it there with a nail. For five consecutive mornings the Doctor after taking a look at the vane, which indicated an obstinate gale from the east, went back to bed in great dejection. He had nearly fretted himself into a fever, but on the sixth morning he could believe his eyes no longer and sent a man to examine the vane. Of course the cause of the persistent east wind was discovered.

Vega.—I should think such stories as that would make you wonder as to the character of the east wind. I am curious about it, and here comes Regulus; let us ask him.

Chara.—Regulus, why should the east wind be a specially "ill wind?"

Regulus.—I do not think it is an ill wind in this country, at least, it has not that peculiarly unwholesome character which makes it so much dreaded in England and Spain. I have in my note-book a little sketch which an English friend once gave me relating to the east wind in England. Let me read it; it begins with a droll incident:

"In the parish of Pimlico, one of the suburbs of the city of London, or more properly perhaps, the city of Westminster, there stands a small Episcopal church built about eighteen or twenty years ago. A passer-by stopped to admire its elegant proportions, its chaste Elizabethan architecture and elaborate carvings. An eastern door especially attracted his notice; a low, richly-carved massive arch, was embellished by canonical letters deftly cut in the stone, and colored bright blue and gold, which notified the stranger 'This is the gate of Heaven,' while a more unsophisticated notice, written in a good round text and posted on the oaken door, still farther notified all who would seek an entrance, that *the door was closed during the prevalence of the east wind.* 'Twas but a step from the sublime to the ridiculous, for there was no escape from the absurd inference, that fashionable church-goers could only get to heaven in fine weather.

"But in America we can form no idea of what this east wind is that becomes a by-word in the mouths of Englishmen, and a proverb with the nations of continental Europe, so that the Spaniards say, 'Never ask a favor during the east wind.' We have stamped the east wind as unhealthful in America, but how much of this idea has been imported? Our east wind blows across the Atlantic Ocean and is probably a healthy breeze, but some-

what distasteful to us from the excess of moisture it has taken up from the water; but in Europe the east winds gyrating from the equator, blow across the deserts where their moisture is thoroughly absorbed by the arid sands, and they reach England cold and so exceedingly dry that they chap the lips and hands, make the eyes sore and blood-shot, and dry up one's skin to scales. Altogether, a most unpleasant time is the two weeks in March in which Englishmen have to endure this east wind. Our northwest wind in the northern states more nearly resembles it than any other; but for dryness and discomfort, we fortunately have to endure nothing on this side of the Atlantic that can compare with that wind which in England has been known to close even the gates of heaven."

Chara.—Then you think that our notion regarding the east wind, is mainly one of association caught from countries where it has been a kind of scourge for centuries?

Regulus.—I am inclined to think so. It is true that the sugar-makers say that the sap will not run when the east wind blows, and it may be cold coming from near the Atlantic; but I do not think it distinguished for unhealthiness with us. It certainly is not a vampire as it appears to be in Europe, sucking the blood and chapping and cracking the hands and lips.

Vega.—See! while we have been talking the wind has changed. G.

ONEIDA CIRCULAR.

TIRZAH C. MILLER, EDITRESS.

MONDAY, APRIL 7, 1873.

THE NEW RELIGIOUS ASPECT IN FRANCE.

BY THEO. L. PITT.

THERE is not much prospect, after all efforts to the contrary, that the Bible and Bible religion will be laid on the shelf, and sprinkled over with the dust of death. There is an astonishingly persistent life in them which baffles the subtilest, mightiest labors of their enemies. To-day unbelief may win its proudest victories, but to-morrow the same battlefield is swept by a fresh host and the old banners of faith gleam in the sunlight of a new and nobler conquest. Always is the old fact repeating itself which turned back the fleeing prophet of Israel. A remnant is left who have not bowed the knee unto Baal, whose mouths have not kissed him. This remnant becomes a new generation that eventually deliver their nation from its oppressors.

An interesting illustration of the persistent vitality of the influence and religion of the Bible has occurred during the past year in France. After a lapse of more than two hundred years a Protestant Synod was convened in that country on the 6th of last June. Since the previous meeting of a body of this kind, a long and terrible history had been enacted. There had been the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes and the following persecutions which drove the Huguenots and Protestantism almost entirely out of France. There had been the unbelief and Rationalism of the eighteenth century, more deadly even than persecution. But all through these two hundred years a remnant of believers had been left in France. During the present century this remnant has been warmed into new life, and grown into larger proportions. It is still a very small part of the nation. But the Synod of last year has demonstrated in an almost startling way that small in numbers as Protestantism may be in France, it has a vigorous life worthy of the old Huguenot days.

This Synod, we take it, was one of the most noteworthy gatherings which has taken place in Europe for years. Very remarkable was it in the intelligence and high character of its members; still more remarkable for the issues raised by it and its action upon them. Prominent among the members of the Synod were the venerable M. Guizot, and M. Athanase Coquerel, representatives, respectively, of the Evangelical and the Liberal wings of French Protestantism. Paramount among the questions discussed by the Synod were the issues between the parties which these two men represented. On the two questions, Shall the Synod adopt a definite confession of its belief and so constitute French Protestantism an organized, living church? and, What is our belief in regard to Jesus Christ and to the Bible as a supernatural revelation? were fought the great battles of the Synod.

On both of these issues the Evangelical party carried the day by decisive majorities. A confession of belief was adopted of a distinctive Christian character as opposed to Deism. The divine nature and miraculous resurrection of Christ and the supernatural revelation of the Bible were clearly asserted. To this confession of faith the pastors of the French Protestant church are required to declare their adhesion at their ordination. Of the debates on these great issues M. Guizot is reported to have said: "I have been present for more than sixty years at parliamentary struggles, in which the first orators of France were engaged. I have never seen any which had a more elevated or more dignified character, or which was more remarkable for form and substance." The reports of the debates which we have seen certainly confirm this high estimate. There were no personalities. There was intense earnestness in both parties. There was a struggle of mighty spiritual forces. There was apparently a new birth of Christianity in France. "The supernatural," say the men who carried the issues in the Synod, "clings to the very entrails of Christianity." "The very substance of the Gospel is that it is a dispensation breaking forth from the general course of nature and of providence, a divine intervention."

Very significant is all this. Just at the time when Comtism, the completest and most ambitious form of French infidelity, is pushing into England and this country with the boast that the old Bible religion is dead and out of all minds that are half awake, in the heart of France that same old Bible religion is having a resurrection. Amid the great national humiliation and suffering brought about by the Prussian war, a new spiritual life breaks into growth and startles Europe and the world with the earnestness of its action and utterances. May it not be that the success of the new French republic, and the moderation of its leaders, are due to the new religious influences which are at work in the nation? M. Guizot is one of the leaders of the Protestant party and is a personal friend of M. Thiers, while M. Thiers himself treated the late Synod with marked respect, refusing to interfere in any way with its liberty of action. If France fully succeeds in her new experiment of Republicanism, we suspect it will be at last found that there was a connecting link between that success and Bible inspiration and a supernatural Christianity.

COMMUNITY JOURNAL.

Sunday, Mar. 30.—"It doesn't seem like Sunday to-day," said L., "what is the reason?" "I don't know, I'm sure," answered R, "but now that you have spoken of it I can see that it does not seem quite as usual to-day. Stiller, isn't it?" "Perhaps, but the storm still rages outside. Ah! I have it! The Villa folks are not here. It must be that the snow last night and the storm to-day have made it impossible for them to come over." Upon making inquiry we learned that they were indeed snow-bound.

"A fenceless drift what once was road"

intervened between them and us. Two brave men who had struggled through the depths of snow, one of them creeping on his hands and knees a part of the way, told us that the Villans had resigned themselves to the necessity of spending the day at home. Toward night when the sun came out a party of us ran down to the road to see the blockade:

"We looked upon a world unknown,
On nothing we could call our own.
Around the glistening wonder bent
The blue walls of the firmament,
No cloud above, no earth below—
A universe of sky and snow!"

O, the drifts, the beautiful drifts, so delicately cream-tinted, so billowed and curved and boundless, rising like miniature Alps, o'ertopping the fences!

Monday, Mar. 31.—Yahonk! yahonk! yahonk!

—There have been for several months two classes in drawing—one of the Misses, the other of the children. The school closed Saturday, and the results of the winter's practice are on exhibition in the South Parlor. Very well done, is the verdict, and they reflect credit on the teacher, Mrs. S. E. A. Dascombe.

—In our evening meetings lately we have listened to the reading of a capital paper on Scientific Breeding by Mr. S. L. Goodale, Secretary to the Maine Board of Agriculture. The article in question is found in the fifth volume of the Maine reports (1860). It treats at length, and in a very interesting manner, of the great economic value of good breeds; the law of resemblance of offspring to parents; the law of variation whereby new breeds and varieties are started; ativism, or the resemblance of children to ancestors rather than to their parents; the great influence of a first male on all the subsequent offspring of the female; the points in which children resemble the father; the points in which they resemble the mother; in-and-in breeding—its value and limitations; crossing and its uses; the formation of new breeds; the different races of cattle and sheep, giving their histories, points of excellence, defects, and special adaptations to soil, food, climate, markets, and so on. And while it gives light to the stock-breeder and farmer, it unavoidably lights up another important subject which has hitherto been left in outer darkness to the guidance of whim and chance.

—We sometimes wonder whether fathers and mothers generally know what an excellent family institution is the reading aloud of some entertaining book of tales or travel. In the fall when the nights begin to lengthen, and in the winter when they are very long, how much could be done to make home a charmed circle if parents only had the tact to keep up short evening readings in some interesting book! We presume this is done in many of the better families; but your journalist's experience as a school-master, "boarding around," did not make him acquainted with any such fashion. The Community has always appreciated its Evening Reading as a very cozy, home influence. Of course every one does a great deal of special reading— but nothing is more charming than the book for public reading. Travels, biographies, pleasing histories, and now and then a good story, are the works that draw best. We have just finished Stanley's "How I Found Dr. Livingstone," and judging from the very full attendance we guess every one found it nice to spend "Sixty minutes in Africa." And now we are following Mr. Seward in his voyage "Around the World." Africa must

have charms for the Community mind. May be it's because the Nile is there—the river that has been the least known, and the longest known, too, we had nearly said. Looking among our books of travel, we notice Dr. Barth's three volumes of "Explorations in Central Africa;" Gordon Cumming's three volumes; Anderson's "Lake Ngami"; "Captain Speke's Journal" and Burton's work; Dr. Livingstone's "Travels and Explorations in South Africa," and last of all Stanley's book.

—Much philosophical reasoning and experimenting were provoked by the following, which appeared on the bulletin last Wednesday:

CONUNDRUM, OR A QUESTION FOR THE PHILOSOPHICS!"

"*Why does a spinning top, at the close of its whirl, apparently go into a motion in the opposite direction from that in which it started?*"

In a short time some one appended this doubt:

"Does it do so unless it meets an obstruction strong enough to reverse its motion?"

Ans.—"Try it and see." And several tops were placed on the floor in the Court, directly below the bulletin-board. Here the wise heads soon convened, and with perplexed faces might have been seen studying over the problem of the "reversed motion" of these spinning tops, some assigning one reason and some another. As many as could, crowded around to see the tops and hear the various explanations; and there were a few who retired to the solitude of their own rooms to ponder over the question in silence.

Another paper in the handwriting of the conundrum, stated the following as "facts established by observation:"

"1. As the top approaches the end of its whirl, an oscillation, commonly called a 'wabble,' sets in, which oscillation is *in the same direction with the revolution of the top on its own axis.*

"2. When the sides of the top come in contact with the floor, the revolution of the top on its own axis *nearly ceases.*

"3. At the same time the first oscillation ceases, and a new one *in the opposite direction* commences and continues through several revolutions.

"Theory must account for these facts."

Thereupon many theories were brought forth and expounded to eager listeners. Another paper appended to the bulletin, which stimulated further experiment, read as follows:

"The theory that the apparently reversed motion of the top, near the close of its spinning, is really a continuation of its previous motion on its axis, modified by its rolling partly on the side-contact with the table, seems not tenable for this reason: viz., if you watch a piece of paper stuck on the disk of the top, you will see that after the new motion commences, the top does not turn on its axis but a very short distance—never more than once around—whereas you will see by the gyrations of the stem, that there are *several* complete revolutions of the top in some other way. I think it is matter of sure observation that the gyrations of the stem around an imaginary center go one way just before the side-contact with the table, and the opposite way after it. Try it and see. Fix your attention on the top of the stem, and see if its motion—not around its own center—but around an imaginary center, i. e., the center of the wabble, is not at a certain point reversed."

All day Thursday the discussion concerning this matter ran high, and whenever the interested were at leisure, you might be sure they were talking about it. The women and girls too were hardly a whit behind in the desire to find out the whys and wherefores concerning the top's idiosyncracies. At length Friday morning, an "approximate solution" was posted on the bulletin by J. H. N., who with G. E. C., G. D. A. and others had studied the matter. It ran thus:

"I perceive distinctly that the motion of the top in its last oscillations is in the same direction with reference to its revolution on its axis, as it would be if the disk were in a vertical position and the motion were a roll. Thus I am sure that the final oscillations are produced by the axillary motion. Instead of a roll straightforward, which we should have if the disk were in a vertical position, we have a roll in a circle, in consequence of the oblique position of the top, resting as it does, partly on the edge of the disk and partly on the point. In short, the final circular motion is produced by *traction.* At the moment when the edge of the disk touches the table, you will perceive by close watching, first a period of *friction*, as when the driving-wheels turn round and round on the track without moving the cars; and secondly, the *conversion of this friction into traction*, as when the cars begin to move. The period of friction appears to be employed in overcoming the oscillation, and in doing that, it also nearly overcomes the axillary motion—*but not quite.* Enough is left "to start the cars," i. e., to give the top a few revolutions in the new "wabble." The curious thing that I do not quite understand yet, though I see it is a fact, is, that the top turns on its axis *only once* while it performs *five or six of the oscillations* or revolutions on the edge of its disk, as may be shown by putting a small piece of paper on the disk and watching it in the final oscillations."

N. B. The kind of top used in these experiments, is that which consists of a wheel-like disk, flat or nearly flat above and below, with a stem and point perpendicular to the disk. The *conical* top will not reverse its motion. For the purpose of these experiments, a suitable top may be easily made by putting a pointed peg through the central hole of a common button-mould.

THE VILLA.

Monday, Mar. 31.—Somebody has said that consistency is a jewel. If so we have had a "jewel" of a month, for it has been from first to last, strong, lion-like March; a most un-Christian lion too, for with but one faint exception, it has lashed itself into a terrible fury o' Sundays. Would you believe it, yesterday it roared and growled, and made such a pow-wow with the wind and snow, that for the first time in all this wild new year, we had to forego our cherished custom of spending Sunday at O. C. The teamsters there were all too wise we found to venture out after us, over such a turbulent waste of snow, in the teeth of such a nor'wester. We think some of us could emulate their wisdom before the day ended; but *our* wisdom was the result of some exceedingly fresh experience. We'll tell you how we gained it: but don't you let it out to those practical-wise K——s, for we wouldn't run the risk of having them call us "sapheads." You see, one of our first duties after breakfast on Sunday mornings, is to take our soiled linen to the O. C. laundry for the weekly wash. H—— was to do this yesterday morning. But first he took old Whitefoot and our little sleigh, and went to the foundry on hardware business. We learned afterward that on the way there he had to stop to shovel out both horse and sleigh from snowy sloughs. Not a lisp of this did he let out when he finally arrived at our back door. He stowed the bags of soiled linen in the back of the sleigh, with an energy and gravity of purpose that made us almost imagine them already in the suds. But whoever saw a Yankee that didn't know when he was well off? When the load was ready, Eddie B—— and G—— came along purposing to have H—— drive them to O. C. also. But H—— casually remarked that he "guessed there wasn't room enough for three in the sleigh, with all the other load." He "was n't particular about going over to O. C." Oh, no! And with a magnanimous, self-sacrificing air, he yields his seat and the reins to G—— and Eddie. Now G—— isn't exactly a descendant of the Jehus and Centaurs; with a steady horse and fair going, he may feel at home; but he has had little experience with horse-driving 'mid the wilder vicissitudes of wind and weather. So, with unsuspecting innocence, he accepted H——'s resignation. The swirls of snow and the fierce nor'wester almost took G——'s and Eddie's breath away, as they started down the turnpike; but they met no drifts and had no fears. When they turned into the cross-road, down went the horse up to his knees, then to his belly. Eddie looking ahead, saw only wild unbroken drifts, and suggested going back. "Oh no!" said G—— with the confidence of inexperience. "I think we can get through somehow." A little further and old Whitefoot became nearly buried in an enormous bank of snow. Here was a "to do" indeed! No going backward or forward, or any-ward. Eddie runs back to the shop for a shovel.. While he is gone G—— makes a desperate effort to turn around; but Whitefoot only gets sadly entangled in thills and harness, and the sleigh upsets. After unfastening the horse and some pretty hard shoveling, they get him out trembling with fright. All this time a blinding gale is blowing, and more than once G—— goes frantically tumbling over the drifts after his hat. The clothes, too, are scattered promiscuously over the snow. G—— isn't laundry-wise enough to conceive the idea of leaving them there to bleach, but gathers them carefully and soberly up, and comes back to the house to get laughed at. We imagined we saw a sly twinkle in H——'s eye, as we called him from a snug *read* in an upper story, to help put the horse and sleigh in the barn, while G—— took all our quips and sallies good-naturedly and with the air of a man who thought he had learned "a thing or two," and was making "a note of it."

THE TRUE ISSUE.

[The following is a discourse delivered by an able and good man of our acquaintance, to a little band who are experimenting in Communism. It is a clear expression of what we have frequent occasion to say for ourselves:]

What is it that distinguishes the Oneida Community?

We are too apt to look at what is called the social theory of the O. C. as being its distinguishing characteristic. The world about us thinks it is such. When the Community is thought of or mentioned by outsiders, the prominent idea in the mind of the person speaking is, that it is a society of people who are living in promiscuous sexual intercourse, "worse than the Mormons," some will say; others have to call it "worse than a brothel," in order to give adequate expression of their horror of it. About the only idea many people have, when the Community is mentioned, is that of sexual communism.

Now as we are growing up into a Community, we shall very likely have frequent occasion to meet this, and have it thrown in our faces, when people come to know about us and get enough interested to make observations and get into conversation with us about Community matters; and I have lately been thinking the matter over and considering the best answer to make to such observations, if any is to be made at all. Perhaps in the majority of cases it may be best to make none, and let such things pass without notice. But there will be those we may want to talk with a little; and when they come at us in this way, being candid but deceived, how had we better meet them? Of course, if we have a large faith in God and keep close to Him we can trust that in critical times

he will give us what we shall say, but I think we may at the same time settle certain things as wise to be done at nearly all times and under most circumstances. And it seems to me that, instead of undertaking to defend the social theory of the Community against the attacks of its enemies, the best and wisest course will be to waive that subject almost if not altogether, and turn the mind of the objector entirely from it, and put him on another course of thought. Only with sincerely religious people, as a general thing, shall we talk at all I hope; and we can take the position with perfect sincerity and consistently with the most faithful adherence to the truth, that the social theory is not what distinguishes the Community from the world or from professed Christians. The Community can exist without that theory. It did exist for years both at Putney and at Oneida without it; or if it held the theory as for the future, it lived without any departure from the ordinary sexual relations and morality of marriage, unless it was a departure in the way of elevating and raising them out of marriage sensuality. This we know. And we must not think and talk of the Community as limited to the organization at Oneida. It exists elsewhere. It existed for several years at the "New York Agency" without the practice of the social theory. It exists in its business agents who traverse the country from one end to the other for weeks and months I may say at a time, without practice of the social theory. It exists in numerous isolated families scattered throughout the land without it—for has not the Community always strictly enjoined, and does it not now enjoin upon those of the faith who are "scattered abroad," rigid fidelity between husbands and wives, exhorting to faithfulness, patience and love, and discountenancing divorce and separation, except for the cause stated by Christ, namely, adultery; and exhorting the unmarried to the strictest chastity? It is even so. It exists also as with us and in us, in the form of abstinence or Shakerism if you please, not under law but under grace, being freely adopted as the rule of the family. And we may say the Community at the center does not regard the social theory as essential to its existence *as a* Community. I understand the facts to be, that during the early years of their existence at Oneida when prosecution was imminent, they offered to relinquish their experiment in social matters if the people should demand it; and even held themselves in readiness to move away if the inhabitants of the county should decide they would not allow them to go on with their social experiments unmolested. And now even, after all the toleration which is accorded to the Community where it is, I believe they hold themselves ready to give up the practice of the social theory or remove elsewhere if public sentiment should in any legitimate and decisive way pronounce against them. This theory, then, as I before said, is not the distinguishing characteristic of the Community; it is not essential to it. And the object of living in the Community is not, primarily, to enable men and women to be communistic in their sexual relations. It is rather, because Communism is favorable to, and furnishes the conditions for, good religious experience, and for continuous improvement through criticism, and by daily meetings keeping alive the revival spirit.

And now the question arises, if the Community should not be looked at in this way, what is it that forms its distinguishing characteristic; in what direction shall we turn the minds of persons who would like to talk with us, and with whom we can profitably talk, about the Community? I think this is the truth: The Community is distinguished by belief of certain religious doctrines; and two points present themselves to my mind in respect to which the faith of the Community is distinctive; and they are, first, concerning the nature of salvation; and second, the condition of the believer. Agreeing with most professed Christians in faith in a personal God, the author of all good, whose will is the supreme law of man's life, and in the mission of Christ, that he came to seek and to save that which was lost, and that salvation is to be had through his name and faith in his name and no other, still there is a very radical difference in their doctrine of the nature of that salvation. Most professing Christians conceive of salvation only as a sort of insurance against the danger of getting into hell-fire in another world; and on the ground that Christ has suffered the penalty of violated law in man's stead, they hold that through faith in him man can have the benefit of that suffering imputed to him and get the insurance. A Methodist minister was telling me the other day, while lamenting the low conceptions of salvation which many Christians have, that one of his prominent *members* said to him if it were not for avoiding hell-fire hereafter, he would not trouble himself to serve God, but he wanted to be saved from that. Mr. Noyes and the Community have a very different idea of salvation from this. They say salvation is deliverance from sin itself, from an evil spirit or rather from the spirit of the devil, and of course from all the painful and terrible consequences of being possessed by such a spirit. And salvation consists in being separated from that spirit, in having it cast out of us by Christ and in having his Spirit take possession of us and become our life. It consists in being saved not from anything without but from something within us; it is not in any sense an external but in every sense an internal and spiritual work, and is to be accomplished as above stated, by Christ taking possession of us; so that he is, in the nature of the case, an indwelling Savior. And then as to the second point, as the Spirit of Christ is a holy spirit, the necessary and inevitable consequence of his taking possession of us and dwelling in us, is, holiness. This is certainly a fundamental and distinguishing doctrine of the Community. Mr. Noyes says in substance that Christ will not share his occupation of us with the devil. There is no concord between Christ and Belial, no fellowship of light with darkness, and there can be no such joint occupation of the soul by the contending powers of good and evil. Christ will not and can not be satisfied with a half possession; he must have the whole heart and soul. The prince of this world, the spirit which is the sole cause and author of sin, must be, and is cast out of the believer and the Holy Spirit takes his place. Then the condition of the believer must be holy, sinless. "The blood (life) of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin." The person so possessed by Christ may be inexperienced, ignorant and weak in spiritual things, in many respects, but his heart is pure and holy. The work of dispossession of the evil spirit and of taking full possession by Christ may not be done at once; we may be long in the travail of the new birth which commences when we confess Christ in us, and the performance of that work may take more time in some than in others, but when done it is done effectually and forever. In a letter to Rev. C. T. Torrey published in the *Witness*, vol. 1, p. 74, Mr. Noyes lays down the following as the main points of doctrine peculiar to Perfectionists which *distinguished* them from other sects: 1. Their belief that perfect holiness when attained is forever secure; 2. Their belief that perfect holiness is not a mere privilege, but an attainment necessary to salvation; 3. Their belief that the Second Coming of Christ took place at the destruction of Jerusalem. And now I think it will be wise for us when any one shows a disposition to draw us into discussion of the social theory of the Community, to give him to understand what is the plain truth: That that theory does not form the distinguishing feature of the Community; that the establishment of that theory in a practical way is not the object we are seeking, but that we are seeking holiness, that our zeal is for Christ; that if the questioner wants to talk with us about Christ and his relation to us and to the world and his work in us and the Community, in short, about our religious faith and experience, we will give him the benefit of our testimony; that the proper place for the social theory is in a state where the "Holy Spirit takes the place of laws, ceremonies and public opinion;" that we are seeking to attain that state through that spirit; and till we get there, we do not care to stop to discuss what we shall do when we get there, but we can say with perfect confidence, as Mr. Noyes has said, that we have no fears that when the Holy Spirit has full possession of our hearts, it will lead to or allow anything that is not pure and useful, and that we are willing to trust that Spirit, lead where it may.

MUSCI ONEIDENSES.

The following Mosses and Liverworts were collected last year, mostly on the domain of the Community, Oneida, N. Y., and named by Mr. Coe F. Austin, Closter, N. J. A few of them were found abroad, as will be seen. The list is not offered as being a complete one for this neighborhood:

MUSCI.—Hypnum sylvaticum, Linn. Hypnum sylvaticum *var.* Sullivantiæ, Schpr. Hypnum Schreberi, Willd. Hypnum hians, Hedw. Hypnum serrulatum, Hedw. Hypnum Haldanianum, Grev. Hypnum splendens, Hedw. Hypnum triquetrum, Linn. Hypnum tamariscinum, Hedw. Hypnum Novæ Angliæ, Sulli. & Lesqx. Hypnum strigosum, Hoffm. Hypnum acuminatum, Beauv., Springfield, O. Hypnum rutabulum, Linn., Niag. Falls. Hypnum curvifolium. Hedw. Hypnum imponens, Hedw. Hypnum lætum, Brid. Hypnum serpens, Hedw. Hypnum serpens *var.* orthocladon, Beauv. Hypnum serpens *var.* radicale, Brid. Hypnum serpens, *var.* Iniquum (?). Hypnum filicinum, Linn., Niagara Falls. Hypnum salebrosum, Hoffm. Hypnum acutum. Hypnum Sullivantii, Spruce., Niagara Falls. Hypnum recurvans, Schwærgr. Hypnum delicatulum, L., Black Hand, O. Hypnum Blandowii, W. & M. Gymnostomum curvirostrum, Hedw., Niag. Falls. Atrichum undulatum, Beauv. Atrichum angustatum, Beauv. Bryum uliginosun, Br. & Sch., Painesville, O. Bryum Wahlenbergii, Schwærg. Bryum bimum, Schreb. Bryum argenteum, L. Bryum pyriforme, Hedw. Bryum intermedium, Brid., Springfield, O. Bartramia pomiformis, Hedw. Bartramia Marchica, Brid. Bartramia fontana (?). Brid. Dicranum scoparium, Linn. Dicranum scoparium *var.* orthophyllum. Dicranum flagellare, Hedw. Platygrium repens, Bry. Euro. Cylindrothecium seductrix, Bry. Euro. Cylindrothecium cladorrhizans, Bry. Euro. Pylaisæa intricata, Bry. Euro. Anomodon attenuatus, Hub. Anomdon (Leskea) rostratus, Hedw. Anomodon obtusifolius, Br. & Sch., Niagara Falls. Polytrichum commune, Linn. Polytrichum juniperinum, Hedw. Gymnostomum curvirostrum, Hedw., Medina, N. Y. Mnium punctatum, Hedw. Mnium affine, Bland. Mnium stellare, Hedw. Climacium Americanum, Brid. Funaria hygrometrica *var.* patula. Weisia viridula, Brid. Sphagnum acutifolium, Ehr. Sphagnum rigidum. Barbula unguiculata, Hedw. Leucobryum vulgare. Thelia asprella, Schimp. Leskea polycarpa, Hedw. Neckera pennata, Hedw. Leucondon julaceous, Sulli. Fissidens adiantoides, Hedw. Trichostomum tophaceum (?). Brid., Lockport, N. Y.

HEPATICÆ.—Machantia polymorpha, Linn. Geocalyx graveolens, Nees. Fegatella conica, Corda. Ptilidium ciliare, Nees. Madotheca platyphylla, Dumort. Plagiochila porelloides, Linden. Steetzia

Lyellii, Lehm. Radula complanata, Dumort. Frullania Eboracensis *var.*, Gottsch. Trichocolea tomentilla, Nees. Mastigobryum trilobatum, Nees. Jungermannia trachophylla, Linn. Jungermannia ciliaris. Jungermannia Schraderi, Martius. Jungermannia curvifolia, Dickson. A. B.

"TOMAHAWK CRITICISM" NOT MODERN.

SHAKESPEARE, Milton, Gray, and others, whose productions constitute the classics of English literature, were as familiar with it as the latest aspiring writer. Indeed, according to the stories told in the January No. of *Fraser's Magazine*, literary criticism, one or two hundred years ago, was more biting and merciless than to-day. Thus Samuel Pepys, who saw *Romeo and Juliet* acted for the first time, Mar. 1, 1661, recorded his verdict in the following words: "It is a play of itself the worst I ever heard:" and of *Midsummer Night's Dream* he wrote: "It is the most insipid, ridiculous play that ever I saw in my life." *The Merry Wives of Windsor* "did not please him at all;" while *Taming of the Shrew* he pronounced "a mean play," "a silly play." He was however "mightily pleased with *Hamlet*," and admitted that *Macbeth* was "a pretty good play." Dryden, too, rather severely censured Shakespeare's language and style, and much preferred the works of Beaumont and Fletcher.

Miss Hannah More wondered that Milton could write "such poor sonnets," while Doctor Johnson said "Milton was a genius that could cut a colossus from a rock, but could not carve heads upon cherry-stones."

But Doctor Johnson was an overbearing egotist, and seldom had an appreciative word for others. When Boswell replied to Johnson's remark that Gray "was a dull fellow," that "he was reserved, and might appear dull in company, but surely he was not dull in poetry," the Doctor thus silenced him—"Sir, he was dull in company, dull in his closet, dull everywhere. He was dull in a new way, and that made many people call him great."

Johnson himself scarcely received better treatment from others. Horace Walpole called him "the tasteless pedant," and of his *Life of Pope* said—"It is a most trumpery performance, and stuffed with all his crabbed phrases and vulgarisms and much trash as anecdotes. Was poor good sense ever so unmercifully garbled by a babbling old woman? Prejudice and bigotry and pride and presumption and arrogance and pedantry are the hags that brew his ink."

And Boswell and his *Life of Johnson* fared no better at the hands of Walpole. "Boswell's book," he said, "is the story of a mountebank and his zany"—"A jackanapes who has lately made a noise here, one Boswell, by anecdotes of Dr. Johnson."

This is the way Walpole in turn was handled by another critic. Coleridge said of his *Mysterious Mother:* "It is the most disgusting, vile, detestable composition that ever came from the hand of man. No one with a spark of true manliness, of which Horace Walpole had none, could have written it."

Coleridge did not hesitate to write down the great Gibbon in this way: "When I read a chapter of Gibbon I seem to be looking through a luminous haze or fog: figures come and go, I know not how or why, all larger than life, or distorted, or discolored; nothing is real, vivid, true; all is scenical, and, as it were, exhibited by candlelight."

Coleridge, too, feels the tomahawk. Southey said of his *Ancient Mariner:* "It is I think the clumsiest attempt at German sublimity I ever saw."

In fact all great writers have had to run the gauntlet of criticism; and the ordeal seems to have been more terrible in the past than at present. It is very rare nowadays that we find anything so ruthless in the way of literary criticism as some of the sayings of the old critics we have quoted. They failed in that function of criticism which points out and commends excellences; with them, criticism signified little else than to expose and ridicule faults and say the sharpest possible things of their authors. The critics of to-day are more merciful, and perhaps not less just. Those of the future will know still better how to speak the truth so that it shall "wound but to heal." W.

WHAT HAPPENED TO NELLY.

I knew a little girl,—
You? Oh, no.—
Who came to live on earth,
Just to grow;
Just to grow up big
Like Mamma,
Big as grown-up ladies
Always are;
Not to stay a baby
As she came—
Yet each morning found her
Quite the same.

Quite the same, they said,
Not a change
Since she went to bed—
Ah, how strange!
Baby Nell at night,
Baby Nell at morn,
Everything the same,
Not a dimple gone.
They saw her every hour,
So you 'll own,
If a change had come,
They'd have known.

Yet the clothes grew small—
Bibs and frocks;
Couldn't wear her shoes.
Nor her socks.
Then as years went on,
Seven, maybe,
Not a soul could call
Nell a baby.
Still Mamma declared,
Every minute
She had been the same—
What *was* in it?

She saw her all the time,
So you'll own,
If a change had happened
She'd have known.
Baby Nell herself,
Though uncommon wise,
Ne'er had seen an inch
Added to her size.
Even Pomp, the dog,
Never barked to say
"Nell is not the same
Now as yesterday."

Yet, as I have said,
Clothes kept growing small,
Tight at first, and then
Would n't do at all.
Even Nelly's toys,
Skipping-rope and hoop,
Once quite big enough,
Now would make her stoop.
Why, her very crib
Seemed to shrink away,
Till it cramped the child
Any way she lay.

So, from day to day,
Not a person knew,
Looking straight at Nell,
That she ever grew.
Little baby Nell,
On the Nurse's knee,
Baby Nell at school
Learning A B C.
How *did* it happen?
When did she change?
No one had noticed—
Wasn't it strange?

Show me when a bud
Changes to a rose,
And I'll tell you truly
When a baby grows.

[*Scribner's Monthly.*

A company has been formed under the title of the Black Sea Telegraph Company for the purpose of laying a submarine cable from Odessa to Constantinople.

THE ADVANTAGES OF A SCIENTIFIC ORTHOGRAPHY.

IF the nations are sometime to have a common tongue, there are many and good reasons for believing that the English or some modification of it will be that language. Its acknowledged simplicity, flexibility, strength, expression, and adaptability to all forms of thought, as well as its present use by two of the most advanced nations of the world, all point to it as the one destined to become the universal language if the world is ever to be bound together by a bond of that kind. But with these desirable features are linked certain defects which render the written language difficult to master even by native English-speaking people, and still more so by foreign nations. The greatest of these defects is our chaotic orthography. The pronunciation of a word affords but little clue to its common spelling, and its common spelling conveys as little idea of its proper pronunciation. Such irregularity is utterly unscientific and out of keeping with the march of progress of the present century. A rational orthography would give to each vocal element of the language one infallible sign or letter, and only one.

The number of simple vocal elements in the English tongue is estimated to be from forty to forty-six. We ought, therefore, to have forty or forty-six letters. A child or foreigner would then have merely to learn his forty letters and their sounds, and with a simple indication of accent he would straightway be able to pronounce any written or printed word or write any spoken one. But alas! There are only twenty-six letters to represent these forty sounds, and yet these forty sounds *are* indicated in the common spelling in more than three hundred different ways. Not one of these sounds has a uniform representation. Let us glance at a few of the advantages of a phonetic orthography.

In the printing of books and papers, more letters are used than are necessary to indicate the elementary sounds of words. If these were omitted and each sound represented by one letter not larger than the average size of our common letters, there would be much saved in the way of paper, ink, labor of setting the type, writing, etc. For instance, a cursory examination of a copy of the New York *Times* shows that the space occupied by unnecessary letters is a little more than one-nineteenth of the whole sheet. Reckoning that the omission of these would lessen the cost of the publication in this proportion, the reduction of expense in the course of a year of eight hundred issues would be equivalent to sixteen complete editions. The cost of all printed matter would probably be reduced in about the same proportion, thus saving in material and labor millions of dollars annually, and aiding indirectly in the education of the people.

But perhaps the greatest benefit of a scientific orthography is the direct aid it would render to education by reducing the difficulties and expense in the way of learning to read and write. The art of reading and writing is simply the instrument or key that unlocks all the treasures of revealed truth and science. But in the present state of our orthography most of the time set apart by the mass of the people to be devoted principally to study is spent in getting used to the instrument. Little time is left for the study of positive science and practical truth.

Suppose the acquisition of a mechanical trade required at the outset six or seven years practice with a certain cumbersome unwieldy tool before any profitable work could be done. Such a difficulty would greatly enhance the cost of production in that trade, and discourage persons from attempting to learn it. Would not that man be

considered a public benefactor who should simplify that tool so that its use could be readily acquired? This is the case with our language, but the people who are affected by this evil are not a small class only. Every man, woman, and child, in the United States and Great Britain, and we may say in the world, is vitally interested in the speedy simplification of this immense tool.

The Japanese want a better language. They like the English. But it is a difficult tool to handle. It will be a life-time or more before they can do much productive labor with it. A comparatively slight adjustment will make its use easy to all. Shall it not be done? The proposal of the Japanese minister is particularly interesting as pointing out the possible mode in which this adjustment will be brought about. Let the people of Japan adopt the English language freed from its unnecessary difficulties, and they will possess a tool at once so simple and efficient in production that the native English-speaking people themselves will not be able to compete with them without adopting similar improvements. The little Japanese of ten years may possess as much practical information as the English student of eighteen or twenty.

Our language-tool, awkward as it is, is far superior to what it was three or four centuries ago. From the 10th to the 16th centuries it was in process of formation as a distinct language, and its changes were rapid. The invention of the art of printing and the extensive circulation of printed matter tended to make the orthography uniform and check rapid change. Progress has been made, however. Dr. Johnson, Noah Webster, and others have made many improvements.

To appreciate in some degree the incumbrances that have been cut away from our language within four and one-half centuries, compare with the common text the following translation by Wycliffe in 1380 of the first four verses of the eighth chapter of Matthew:

"Forsothe when Jhesus hadde comen doun fro the hil, many cumpanyes folewiden hym. And loo! a leprouse man cummynge worshipide hym, sayinge: Lord, yif thou wolt, thou maist make me clenes. And Jhesus holdynge forthe the hond, touchide hym, sayinge: I wole; be thou maad clene. And anoon the lepre of hym was clensid. And Jhesus saith to hym: See, say thou to no man; but go, shewe thee to prestis, and offre that gifte that Moyses comaundied, into witnessing to hem."

J. S. F.

THE NEWS.

New Zealand has 3,286 miles of telegraph line.

There is a wide-spread revival influence at work in the country, especially at the west.

It is said that President Grant recently avowed himself as opposed to Woman Suffrage.

The last vessel in the whaling business, belonging to Nantucket, was recently sold at Callao.

The Spanish Republic is thus far successful, though Carlist disturbances continue to be reported.

President Thiers has received an invitation from the Emperor of Austria to attend the Vienna Exposition.

The census of Canada for 1871 gives a population of 3,485,671, a gain of only about 400,000 in the last ten years.

Several bands of Sioux Indians who have heretofore been hostile, appear desirous of peace and of coming on to reservations.

It is reported that the Catholic, Arminian and Greek clergy of Jerusalem are in a state of great anxiety owing to premonitions of coming persecution.

The French Atlantic Telegraph Company are about to lay down another cable across the Atlantic. 2,567 miles of the cable have been embarked on board the Great Eastern.

A council of foreign bondholders in London have opened communications with the Samana Bay Company for the purpose of bringing about an equitable arrangement of their claims on the Republic of Santo Domingo.

European machinists get from $1.00 to $1.33 per day wages. Fairbanks pays his hands from $1.50 to $4.00 per day, and yet is able to sell 6,000 scales per year in foreign markets, in competition with the world.—*Evening Post.*

The State of New Jersey which has long been the victim of gigantic railroad monopolies, has at length freed itself by the enactment of a general railroad law which is said to be in advance of the railroad laws of any other State.

King Lunalilo, the new ruler of the Sandwich Islands, has made a tour of his kingdom in the United States Steamship Benicia, on the invitation of Admiral Pennock. The King will come to San Francisco with Gen. Schofield, to make a tour of the United States.

The trouble between the Postmaster-General and the railroads in relation to the compensation for running postal cars, has been compromised, the companies agreeing to run the cars until the special committee appointed by the Senate shall have reported on their demands.

Prof. O. C. Marsh says of the huge fossil animals found in the tertiary deposits of Wyoming: "They nearly equaled the elephant in size, and their limbs were also similar to the great proboscidians. The skull, however, presents a most remarkable combination of characters. It is long, narrow, and supports three separate pairs of horns.

In the recent report of the Indian Commissioners it is asserted that the partially civilized tribes of the Indian Territory have, in proportion to population, more schools, with a larger average attendance, more churches, church members and ministers, and spend more money for education than the people of any territory in the United States, and life and property are more safe among them.

Prof. Agassiz some time since proposed the establishment of a school of Natural History at Nantucket. Within a few days he has come into possession of an island in Buzzard's Bay containing about 100 acres, and $50,000 in money—the gift of a gentleman in New York for the purpose of establishing permanently on this island such a school. Other gentlemen and scientific men associated with Prof. Agassiz, propose to secure another $50,000 to be used in supplying the necessary buildings on the island.

The Western Union Telegraph Company have plans nearly matured for a reduction of tariffs which is to be of a most radical and sweeping nature. The change contemplates the use of only ten different rates for the entire country, and will establish a uniform air-line distance rate between all offices in each of the divisions. With their improved apparatus for the transmission of messages, this company is prepared to expeditiously perform the increased business which it is believed will arise from these concessions.

The most terrible shipwreck of half a century took place near Halifax, April 1. The steamship Atlantic of the White Star Line, from Liverpool for New York, being short of coal attempted to put in at Halifax. The sea was rough and the night dark. At 2:30 A. M. the steamer went ashore on Meagher Rock, 22 miles from Halifax. In a few minutes she careened and sunk. She had on board about 800 steerage passengers and about 33 cabin passengers. Of these and of the ship's crew and officers only 430 were saved. Most of the passengers were in their rooms below when the vessel went down. The steamer was nearly new, having made her first voyage in the summer of 1871, and was splendidly built and equipped with the latest improvements in ocean steamers. The ship and cargo are a total loss.

Rev. Capel Molyneux, vicar of St Paul's Church, England, after a ministry of forty-two years in the Church of England, has seceded from that establishment and announced himself as simply a minister of the Church of Jesus Christ, wherever it is found on earth.

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ADMISSIONS.

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

SPRING.

O, fragrant Spring! I know you bring
Earth's tender flowers;
Their sunny smile shall long beguile
Our summer hours.

You bring again the April rain
When smiles and tears
Shall give earth's face the fleeting grace
Of childhood's years.

But more than these, O, bid each breeze
Bring faith and love!
No flowers more fair could angels bear
From fields above.

Then when with song the days are long
In fields of June,
Strong hearts shall raise sweet hymns of praise
To Nature's tune.

G.

THE HEAD-LIGHT.

Home-Talk by J. H. N.

CHRIST, in speaking of his departure, said, "Howbeit, when he, the Spirit of truth is come, he will guide you into all truth; for he shall not speak of himself; but whatsoever he shall hear, that shall he speak, and *he will show you things to come.*"

John, in his revelations, tells how he fell down to worship the angel who had shown him a prophetic vision of the New Jerusalem. The angel said to him, "See thou do it not; I am thy fellow-servant, and of thy brethren that have the testimony of Jesus; worship God; for *the testimony of Jesus is the spirit of prophecy.*"

These two passages hint at the same truth. True faith is foresight given by God. The Spirit of truth is the testimony of Jesus, and its business is to show us "things to come." That is what we want more than anything else. We want, each one, to see the things before us. Sight of things behind is comparatively unimportant. A railroad train has a great reflector on the engine which throws a bright light along the track ahead. That is very necessary, because the engineer must see if there is a stone or fence-rail on the track before him; the track just passed is all right of course. That is the promise we have, if we get the Spirit of truth in our hearts; our train shall have light in front.

The true thing to aim at, is to get constant and universal faith. We must not be content with having a glimpse of light ahead once in a while, and go on in obscurity the rest of the time. We must find a way to carry a prophetic light all the time, which will shine upon small things as well as great. This is the nature of true prayer. The theory concerning prayer which is maintained by the great men in the orthodox world, is, that you are to pray for what you want, and then leave it to God to answer or not, just as he pleases; keep putting in your petitions, and if they are not answered it is all right; if God does not give you what you ask, he will give you something else as good. On the other hand, I say that a man who prays by inspiration, is in communication with the foresight of God, and will receive what he asks for. That is essential to the prayer of faith. That is the faith once delivered to the saints. The faith of the Primitive Church, real faith in God and prayer, whether for miracles or anything else, has prophecy in it. It is a sure foresight of things to come, given by God.

The faith which precedes a miracle is itself miraculous. The faith of miracles, which is the spirit of prophecy, must necessarily be the faith of salvation, because it is impossible to have assurance of salvation without prophecy. To have certainty of salvation, you must, in a measure, have power to foresee for eternity, all the events of your existence. If a man has that in his heart which gives him a right to say "I am sure I am to be saved," he has a prophecy in his heart which is vastly more important and even miraculous, than the prediction of any temporal event. You may have a *hope* of salvation; any sinner has that; but an *assurance* of salvation must be a prophecy. It must be a consciousness of, and sympathy with, the eternal purpose of God.

OLD BOTTLES.

A SAILOR coming out of a Bethel chapel once was heard to say to his shipmate: "I never believed the Bible until to-day, because I could not see why old bottles were not just as good as new ones; but the preacher made it all clear, when he told us that the bottles in those days were made of goat's skin; and now I can see some meaning to that story about the wine and the bottles."

I, too, can see some meaning to that story. The old wine is selfishness; the old bottles are customs, laws and institutions that express and repress selfishness. The new wine is the new life of Christ; the new bottles are the forms, customs and institutions that express the life of Christ. Old bottles! old bottles! I see them with their cracked and mouldy sides, some rent, despised and useless, some leaky and well-nigh dried. There is slavery, which once stood upright, but has now fallen forsaken, a hissing and a reproach. for the life of Christ has entered the slaves, their masters and their countrymen. The fermentation of that new wine began in the revivals of forty years ago, and the spirit that makes men free burst the old bottle of slavery and good men rejoice.

Baptism with water, is an old bottle, narrow and contracted; the baptism of all flesh by the spirit of the Living God is the new wine

that will burst it. The Sabbath is an old bottle. The old wine that it has held as sacred for so many centuries is the teaching that one-seventh of our time should be devoted to God; but when man is saved from sin and filled with the life of Christ, he finds that all his time is sacred; the whole week is the Lord's, and so that precious old bottle will burst for being only one seventh large enough to hold the new wine.

The institution of private property is an old bottle, and selfishness fills it. When the spirit of God came like a rushing mighty wind and filled the place where the early Christians were assembled, the old bottles of private property were suddenly rent from side to side; the old wine of selfishness was spilled; "neither said any of them that aught of the things which he possessed were his own; but they had all things common:" this was new wine and new bottles.

Marriage is an old bottle. It is leaking, leaking fast. It is one of the most conspicuous forms of private ownership—selfishness. Like slavery it has stood for ages; like the Sabbath it has religious veneration surrounding it; like all private property it appeals to the possessive feelings; but it will not hold the new wine of heaven; it cannot contain the new life of Christ. "The children of this world marry and are given in marriage;" they are selfish and the old bottle holds the old wine; "but they which shall be accounted worthy to obtain that world and the resurrection from the dead, neither marry nor are given in marriage." In the unity of marriage "twain become one flesh;" in the unity of the new life all become "one spirit." A new institution must express the new life; new wine must be put into new bottles.

Death is an old bottle, a very old bottle, the oldest, vilest bottle of all; made to surround, contain, and restrain selfishness; the wages of sin. When selfishness is abolished there will be no old wine for death to hold. The new life of Christ does abolish selfishness, and thus bursts the old mouldy bottle. Lazarus, Christ and the whole Primitive Church have broken death's bonds and rent the old wine-bottle. The same spirit that brought Christ from the dead works in modern revivals, converts from sin and changes character; it abolished slavery when the nation was ready for it; and it will as surely abolish death when the world is prepared for it.

"New wine must be put into new bottles and both are preserved." Communism is a new bottle. It is an institution which expresses an unselfish life, but without the new wine of the life of Christ it is useless, impracticable. Certain French enthusiasts have repeatedly tried various forms of Communism. They have undertaken to abolish property, but as often have they failed because they lacked the new wine. Fourier devised a form of socialism that sought to inclose and regulate selfishness: but this scheme has always and everywhere failed, because, though he had found a new bottle, he had no new wine to put into it. There are in this country many meddlers with social institutions who despise Christ and know not the new life that alone can safely burst the bonds of the old. The new form cannot adapt itself to the old life. So long as selfishness rules, so long old bottles have their use; they are torn only with fearful risk, and are sure again to be patched up. Private proverty, marriage, slavery, death, and the long, long row of old bottles that have held the world's selfish life for centuries, have held it by virtue of mutual adaptation, and they will continue to hold it, old and patched though they be, until the new, pure, strong life of Christ shall take to itself in this world appropriate surroundings and both the new wine and the new bottles shall thus be preserved.

J. B. H.

LOCOMOTION.

III.

WE have divided terrestrial locomotion into two parts, vital and mechanical. We will now proceed to a discussion of the latter. We have defined mechanical locomotion as that kind which makes chief use of the wheel as an agency. At first it might seem that there is no analogy between the ordinary leg locomotion and locomotion by means of wheels, but I think that by giving the subject a little patient analysis we shall discover that these methods of progress are based upon the same principles.

Call a man's two legs, when the feet are separated in making a stride, the two spokes of a wheel, the center of which is at the point where the legs join the body. The two spokes of course are two radii, and the space between the two feet is an arc or section of the wheel. Now in walking it will be observed that the earth, or foundation walked over, is repeatedly measured by this arc or section, so that walking and running are founded on precisely the same elementary principles as the wheel, being modified by the capacity which the spokes have for lengthening and shortening themselves by means of the knee, the ankle joints and feet, and also by the power to alternately change their relative positions in the wheel. The essential part of locomotion by wheels is, that the surface moved over should be measured by the circumference. This essential condition is complied with in the section of a wheel in the manner we have described.

Now if any one is disposed to cavil at my analysis and generalization on this point, I shall appeal to great Plato, the father of ancient wisdom. He says: "In the good old times, before men grew wicked in their thoughts, and heaven became alarmed for its own safety, there was no such thing known in the world as sex. Every living man was male and female; perfect in form, in faculty, in spirit. The form in which he dwelt was a round ball of flesh, having four hands, four feet, two faces and one brain. * * * He was a creature of inconceivable strength and swiftness. He could fell an ox, outrun a race-horse. When he wished to move quickly, he thrust out his four arms and legs, and rolled along the road like a wheel with eight spokes which had lost its tire. [They were *tireless* runners.] But these strong men, of no sex in particular, grew proud before the faces of the gods; so that, like Otus and Ephraltus they made an attempt to scale the spheres, and cast the immortals from their thrones. Zeus in his anger shot his bolts cleaving them through the head downward; parting each round wheel of flesh into two halves; separating the male side from the female side. Great was the agony and loss of power. * * * Each part of the man had now to stand on two legs—a feat of much skill, the art of which he was slow to learn and swift to lose."

Is not that a triumphant vindication of my generalization, from the oldest and highest authority? We have before observed that the essential part of human locomotion is that the foot which is left behind must be drawn ahead to the forward one, and one or the other must be thrust forward for another step. Now it does not matter a whit in what manner the hinder foot comes up to, or gets ahead of the other, whether it is put forward in the ordinary manner, or turned around laterally as you would make a chair walk on two legs, or whether the legs that are to go ahead are whirled over vertically. The essential thing is, that they get ahead into a position where they can take their turn in supporting the body in its progress. This the spokes of a wheel do, and this is the essential part of walking.

We will now take note of the comparative advantages and disadvantages of step locomotion and wheel-locomotion. One serious disadvantage connected with step-locomotion is the fact that in the effort to heave the body forward, the feet are compelled to remain stock-still for an instant, and then as they appear to be on the point of being left behind they are compelled to start forward, almost instantly attaining a speed which is double that of the rest of the body, only to be stopped when under full headway and again jerked forward. Is there not a great loss of power in this jerking, vibrating motion? First there is the inertia that is to be overcome in jerking up the hinder foot and giving it a speed double that of the rest of the body, so that it can get ahead; again there is the expense of stopping it when it gets under full headway, so that it may take the weight of the body and again do its work of heaving the body forward. We must not forget that our famous 2-17 trotters are compelled to comsume a certain modicum of their precious time in allowing each of their feet to stop for a time at every step, and that the rest of the time is consumed in putting them under a headway twice as great as that which the judges credit to the animals. Here is an exceedingly great loss of power. It appears to be a wise provision of nature, that animals' feet are in good part made of glue, otherwise we might often hear of their snapping their feet off, exposed as they are to such violent jerking.

The question which now seriously presents itself is, how can we improve upon nature, and, saving this effort which is expended through the front muscles of the leg, make every movement tell on the simple and direct labor of propelling the body forward. This problem is solved by the driving-wheel of a steam locomotive. The cylinder alternately receives and discharges a column of steam, which gives the same reciprocal lengthening and shortening

characteristics which are possessed by the measuring-worm, or caterpillar. The end of the piston-rod is attached to a part of the driving-wheel between the center and circumference in such a way that whether the piston-rod is drawn back or thrust forward, the wheel is made to turn in the same direction and no power is lost in the alternate stopping and starting into rapid motion of any considerable part of the mechanism. Aside from the vast power of steam, there is, therefore, abundant good reason why a locomotive can outrun a man, or even a horse.

While we frankly admit this disadvantage of leg-locomotion in respect to speed, we find other advantages connected with it that more than compensate for this single drawback. One most manifest advantage is, power to surmount obstructions with ease. The two or four jointed spokes, which carry men and the larger animals, admit of many of the smaller obstructions passing between them thus avoiding the jolt that is inevitable to wheels. Then again the two spokes of the human motor are packed away in such small space that a man can manage them much more easily than he could carry one or two clumsy wheels.

But there is one point about which it seems important that we give a word of caution before we bring this already somewhat extended paper to a close. It is a well-known fact that the breeders of fast horses are exceedingly enthusiastic in their vocation, and are disposed to adopt every expedient to increase the speed of the animals they rear. If upon reading this paper, with their favorite object in view, they should undertake to secure a cross between their best trotters and the steam locomotive, we should feel very much chagrined. Aside from the great difficulty of securing such a hybrid, breeders ought to consider the liability of having wheels in the place of the fore legs while the hinder parts are patterned after the horse, or vice versa, as they would be troubled with the disadvantages of both methods of locomotion, while there would be no real gain. Moreover there would be so much uncertainty whether the animal would consume hay and oats, or wood and coal, that it would be a very risky business. Should it prefer the former and at the same time have the enormous appetite of the locomotive, it would be a very expensive animal to keep. Having presented all these considerations we shall utterly refuse to take any responsibility for moves which others may make in this direction.

H. J. S.

HUMAN THOROUGH-BREDS.

WHEN Pizarro invaded Peru in 1528, he found that country under the dominion of a race of kings and nobles called INCAS, who kept themselves distinct from the mass of the people and perpetuated their dynasty by a systematic course of breeding "in and in." Prescott, in his "Conquest of Peru," gives an interesting account of them, from which we obtain the following sketches:

The Incas were called the Children of the Sun. The traditions of the Indians over whom they ruled were, that about four hundred years before the advent of the Spaniards, the Sun, the great luminary and parent of mankind, taking compassion on their degraded condition, sent two of his children, Manco Capac and Mama Oello Huaco, to gather the natives into communities, and teach them the arts of civilized life. The celestial pair, brother and sister, husband and wife, advanced along the high plains in the neighborhood of Lake Titicaca, to about the sixteenth degree south. They bore with them a golden wedge, and were directed to take up their residence on the spot where the sacred emblem should without effort sink into the ground. They proceeded accordingly but a short distance, as far as the valley of Cuzco, the spot indicated by the performance of the miracle, since there the wedge speedily sank into the earth and disappeared forever. Here the children of the Sun established their residence, and soon entered upon their beneficent mission among the rude inhabitants of the country; Manco Capac teaching the men the arts of agriculture, and Mama Oello initiating her own sex in the mysteries of weaving and spinning. The simple people lent a willing ear to the messengers of Heaven, and, gathering together in considerable numbers, laid the foundations of the city of Cuzco. The same wise and benevolent maxims which regulated the conduct of the first Incas, descended to their successors, and under their mild scepter a community gradually extended itself along the surface of the broad table-land and asserted its superiority over the surrounding tribes.

As the history of the Incas approaches the time of the conquest, it emerges from these misty traditions which can only be regarded as shadows of truth. Prescott accepts as authentic the following account of the last centuries of the Inca dynasty:

At first, the progress of the Peruvians seems to have been slow and almost imperceptible. By their wise and temperate policy, they gradually won over the neighboring tribes to their dominion, as these latter became more and more convinced of the benefits of a just and well regulated government. As they grew stronger, they were enabled to rely more directly on force; but still advancing under cover of the same beneficent pretexts employed by their predecessors, they proclaimed peace and civilization at the point of the sword. The rude nations of the country, without any principle of cohesion among themselves, fell one after another before the victorious arm of the Incas. Yet it was not till the middle of the fifteenth century that the famous Topa Inca Yupanqui, grandfather of the monarch who occupied the throne at the coming of the Spaniards, led his armies across the terrible desert of Atacama, and, penetrating to the southern region of Chili, fixed the permanent boundary of his dominions at the river Maule. His son, Huayna Capac, possessed of ambition and military talent fully equal to his father's, marched along the Cordillera toward the north, and pushing his conquest across the equator, added the powerful kingdom of Quito to the empire of Peru.

So much of the traditional pedigree assigned to the Incas as represented them to be the descendants of a single pair, and that pair a brother and sister, is rendered probable by the laws and customs which the Spaniards found among them. Prescott says of the royal line:

The scepters of the Incas, if we may credit their historian, descended in unbroken succession from father to son, through the whole dynasty. Whatever we may think of this, it appears probable that the right of inheritance might be claimed by the eldest son of the *Coya*, or lawful queen, as she was styled, to distinguish her from the host of concubines who shared the affections of the sovereign. The queen was further distinguished, at least in later reigns, by the circumstance of being *selected from the sisters of the Inca*, an arrangement which, however revolting to the ideas of civilized nations, was recommended to the Peruvians by its securing an heir to the crown of the pure heaven-born race, uncontaminated by any mixture of earthly mould.

The descent and rank of the nobles below the royal line are thus indicated:

By far the most important order of nobility in Peru was that of the Incas, who, boasting a common descent with their sovereign, lived, as it were, in the reflected light of his glory. As the Peruvian monarchs availed themselves of the right of polygamy to a very liberal extent, leaving behind them families of one and even two hundred children, the nobles of the blood royal, though comprehending only their descendants in the male line, came in the course of years to be very numerous. They were divided into different lineages, each of which traced its pedigree to a different member of the royal dynasty, though all terminated in the divine founder of the empire.

They were distinguished by many exclusive and very important privileges; they wore a peculiar dress; spoke a dialect, if we may believe the chronicler, peculiar to themselves; and had the choicest portion of the public domain assigned for their support. They lived, most of them at court, near the person of the prince, sharing in his counsels, dining at his board, or supplied from his table. They alone were admissible to the great offices in the priesthood. They were invested with the command of armies, and of distant garrisons, were placed over the provinces, and, in short, filled every station of high trust and emolument. Even the laws, severe in their general tenor, seem not to have been framed with reference to them; and the people, investing the whole order with a portion of the sacred character which belonged to the sovereign, held that an Inca noble was incapable of crime.

The general laws of marriage were these:

The great nobles of Peru were allowed, like their sovereign, a plurality of wives. The people, generally, whether by law, or by necessity stronger than law, were more happily limited to one. Marriage was conducted in a manner that gave it quite as original a character as belonged to the other institutions of the country. On an appointed day of the year, all those of a marriageable age—which, having reference to their ability to take charge of a family, in the males was fixed at not less than twenty-four years, and in the woman at eighteen or twenty—were called together in the great squares of their respective towns and villages throughout the empire. The Inca presided in person over the assembly of his own kindred, and taking the hands of the different couples who were to be united, he placed them within each other, declaring the parties man and wife. The same was done by the curacas toward all persons of their own or inferior degree in their several districts. This was the simple form of marriage in Peru. No one was allowed to select a wife beyond the community to which he belonged, which generally comprehended all his own kindred; nor was any but the sovereign authorized to dispense with the law of nature—or at least, the usual law of nations—so far as to marry his own sister.

Thus it appears that the Incas, both of the royal line and in all of the collateral branches which constituted the nobility of Peru, were a race of "thorough-breds," produced by a closer system of interbreeding than we find elsewhere in the history of the world.

We may judge what were the results of "in-and-in breeding" in this remarkable case, by the following observations of the historian:

It added not a little, (says Prescott), to the efficacy of the government, that, below the sovereign, there was an order of hereditary nobles of the same divine original with himself, who, placed far below himself, were still immeasurably above the rest of the community, not merely by descent, but as it would seem, by their intellectual nature. These were the exclusive depositaries of power, and, as their long hereditary training made them familiar with their vocation, and secured them implicit deference from the multitude, they became the prompt and well-practiced agents for carrying out the executive measures of the administration. All that occurred throughout the wide extent of his empire—such was the perfect system of communication—passed in review, as it were, before the eyes of the monarch, and a thousand hands, armed with irresistible authority, stood ready in every quarter to do his bidding. * * * It was the Inca nobility indeed, who constituted the real strength of the Peruvian monarchy. Attached to their prince by ties of consanguinity, they had common sympathies and, to a considerable extent, common interests with him. Distinguished by a peculiar dress and insignia, as well as by language and blood from the rest of the community, they were never confounded with the other tribes and nations who were incorporated into the great Peruvian monarchy. After the lapse of centuries, they still retained their individuality as a peculiar people. They were to the conquered races of the country what the Romans were to the barbarous hordes of the empire, or the Normans to the ancient inhabitants of the British Isles. Clustering around the throne, they formed an invincible phalanx, to shield them alike from secret conspiracy and open insurrection. Though living chiefly in the capital they were also distributed throughout

the country in all its high stations and strong military posts, thus establishing lines of communication with the court, which enabled the sovereign to act simultaneously and with effect on the most distant quarters of his empire. They possessed, moreover, an intellectual preëminence, which, no less than their station, gave them authority with the people. Indeed, it may be said to have been the principal foundation of their authority. *The crania of the Inca race show a decided superiority over the other races of the land in intellectual power; and it cannot be denied that it was the fountain of that peculiar civilization and social polity, which raised the Peruvian monarchy above every other state in South America.*

ONEIDA CIRCULAR.

TIRZAH C. MILLER, EDITRESS.

MONDAY, APRIL 14, 1873.

PAN PIPING ON VIRICULTURE.

ONE of the *Graphic* writers calls himself "Pan" and his effusions "Pan-Pipings." He writes smoothly and as if only intent on pleasing his readers, choosing such simple themes as the lateness of spring, and giving very touching pictures of his disconsolate and down-hearted sparrows during the last snow-storm, as they huddled together for warmth, "each a mere tuft of brown feathers, with a little projecting beak and two black, sorrowful, bead-like eyes." But as you read on you discover that "Pan" after all has his own thought about things, and very pleasantly, to be sure, but forcibly, urges it. In the present case, his object is to prejudice his readers against modern theories of race-culture as applied to human beings; and this is the way he proceeds: Having told how his little sparrows behaved when "the snow-storm was too much for them," it was *natural* that he should contrast their behavior in pleasant sunshine: "they are loud, militant and vixenish—the air peals with their domestic broils and discords." Then he suggests that "perhaps they are choosing their mates," and asserts that "amatory election ever involves war:"

"As with my sparrows, whose emotions this morning seem unusually turbulent, so with men and lions and eagles: perhaps with slugs and oysters. When the lion seeks a consort, that fickle and unfaithful female summons, with far-sounding cry, from twilight deeps of desert and overarching jungles, *other* lions to come and fight with her suitor. They come from all surrounding sands—tawny warriors, topaz-eyed, resounding, manes tossing on the wind. Hunters and travelers say that while the rivals meet in death embrace, the lioness, at a little distance, rolls upon the sand, purs, licks her sides, and exhibits all feline symptoms of rapture. She meekly follows the conqueror. Sometimes both of her lovers are slain. She wastes no tears upon them, but without delay adventures forth into the desert upon a new matrimonial hunt. It is beauty soliciting strength and strength battling for beauty, and this soft invitation and strenuous warfare are continuous conditions of all living generations, from the small gilded fly that doth buzzing battle in the air for the possession of his queen, whose brief race and dynasty are bounded by the afternoon, up through the ascending grades of life to man himself, who challenges his rival, or slanders him, or outdoes him in rich gifts."

Then follows "Pan's" grand appeal and argument against all experiments in scientific human breeding:

"Nature thus provides that all her races shall be borne forward by the strong. The weak die, fade out, pass away. It is as true of the races of men as of dragon-flies or eagles that strive in heaven, and woo their co-mates in cloud embrace, like rolling, centaur-begetting Ixion. Therefore, O Editor, when you again preach on the fantastic text of viriculture, or the scientific improvement of the human race, I pray you to enjoin upon that race the wisdom of abstaining from experiments. Let them 'rest and be thankful,' as Lord John Russell bade the Whigs to do; bid them abstain from these fretful anxieties for 'improvement.' That is well provided for by Nature, wiser than those who would change her immemorial and unchanging ways. The strongest strive for and *will have* the fairest, impelled by strange, irresistible, undying forces—unconquerable indeed as those latent forces within the germ which makes it grow into an oak. The daughters of the Sabines were fair and the Romans were strong, and we know what befel. It hath been so from the beginning and will be to the end, and it is from hence that races are exalted, ennobled, made valiant of heart, and fair to look upon. Because she was fair and he was powerful, an emperor took the Russian Catharine from her peasant threshold where she stood dazzled (and dazzling) with majesty; and a later emperor, stooping with chivalry and grace from the highest of human thrones, lifted (because she was fair) a little Spanish donna, granddaughter of a respectable Scottish gentleman of moderate fortune, upon the royal chair beside him. They say that the majesty of Persia picks and chooses among the virgins of his realm as he will. The daughter of a dervish, or a basket-weaver, or a gardener, may bear the royal heir. The barriers of caste fall down before the magic radiance of beauty, as in the Arabian tale the walls of the idolators fell before the halo of the angel's face. How do you think my pastoral peoples became so perfect in form—the men Apollos and the women Aphrodites—visions of immortal beauty, like the which the world hath not seen elsewhere? Why, they married as they would; the maid's dowry a kid; the man's fortune a bow, a pipkin, a cluster of grapes. The most powerful carried off the fairest, and so came the bosoms and the loins, the limbs of swiftness and of beauty, of potency and grace, the brows calm, serene, and of deathless loveliness, which Phidias copied. You can't produce these results by ordaining that all marriages shall be arranged by decree of the courts; by decision of the selectmen; by any arbitrary interference whatsoever. In so far as differences of fortune or social rank limit the freedom with which the maiden chooses her lord, the lover his mistress, just in so far is the exaltation and ennoblement of the race impaired. This, with suitable deference to the apostles of viriculture, is the opinion of PAN."

These "Pipings" of "Pan," authoritative as they seem, should not be accepted as final without an examination. "Pan" ought at least to have piped something about the experiments that have been made in the descending grades from man. If his dictum be true, that Nature has provided for this whole matter of procreation more wisely "than those who would change her immemorial and unchanging ways," then all the efforts of breeders to improve the lower animals have been futile; and the Southdown, Cotswold and Lincoln sheep, the Devon, Hereford, Alderney, Ayrshire, and Short-Horn cattle, the improved trotting and race-horse of to-day, are inferior to the sheep, cattle and horses Nature would have given us without the aid of man's science! But here at least it is clear that the fashion of selecting and mating that prevails among the dragon-flies and eagles, "perhaps with slugs and oysters," may be advantageously set aside by what "Pan" is pleased to call "arbitrary interference." It is for "Pan" and those who hold to his view to show that the amatory elections of men and women cannot be as wisely interfered with as those of sheep, cattle and horses. Until that is done many will prefer to take their illustrations of the conditions that should prevail among men and women regarding procreation from the improved domestic animals rather than from the dragon-flies and eagles or even the untamed lions.

"Pan" would not of course say that mere physical strength should carry off all the best prizes in love; still, modify his theory as you may, we do not see but that "amatory election" under it would, as he says, always "involve war"—the fierce struggle of the most ungovernable passions. Tragedies like those of James Fisk and Charles Goodrich are quite too frequent without an accepted theory that it is natural and right for the strong to fight over the fair after the manner of the wild beasts. "Pan" would probably favor the substitution of other weapons for the dagger and bullet; at present money is mainly relied on for success in the amatory contest, and as it often happens that fools and knaves have the most money the fairest women scarcely have so good a chance in the line of propagation as the Sabine daughters who had no choice.

It is true that under the principle of "natural selection" such combinations take place among wild animals as are most favorable to their vigor and adaptation to their circumstances; but that kind of selection cannot be made among human beings, except on an exceedingly limited scale and by those who, like the emperors of Russia and Persia, are in a position to set law and public opinion at defiance. In earlier and ruder times the examples of these emperors might have been followed by tribes and races, as in the case cited of the Romans. But all the present regulations of society forbid such selection; and so men and women in their mating do not have even the benefit of the principle of "mutual selection" which prevails among lions and wild horses. That principle actually restrains, to a considerable extent, the weak, deformed and diseased from taking part in propagation. No such restraint is recognized among human beings; the weakest in body and least worthy in other respects are as free to multiply their kind as the fairest, strongest and best.

Unless, therefore, "Pan" or some one else can "pipe" out a better theory for the exaltation and ennoblement of the human race we shall continue to urge the claims of Scientific Propagation. W.

CO-OPERATION IN KANSAS.

MR. E. V. BOISSIERE and E. P. Grant having been in Kansas for three or four years and made some necessary preliminary improvements, have issued their circular inviting people of means to join them in a co-operative movement at Silkville, their place there. A leading object of the scheme is to establish the combined household of Fourier. Its principal aim is to organize labor, first, on the basis of remuneration proportioned to production; and second, in such manner as to make it attractive and efficient. Guarantees of education, subsistence and help to all, are postponed for the present. The projectors have a silk factory and three thousand acres of land, with some orchards and vineyards. In October they will have a stone mansion large enough to accommodate eighty or one hundred persons. The coming summer while the house is building, people will have to live in temporary dwellings. Employment for wages at customary rates will be furnished to a limited extent. The opportunities for business are chiefly agricultural and horticultural. It is hoped to gather a nucleus this year of persons who can take the entire responsibility of their own support and employment. For good reasons men of independent means are specially desired to come on and begin business. The conditions of admission are the constant prepayment of room-rent and board for two months in advance, and the deposit of one hundred dollars for each person joining, and for each one of his dependents. On this deposit interest will be allowed at six per cent. per annum, and in case of withdrawal the deposit itself will be refunded. No efforts will be made to select persons of like beliefs and creeds, or to mold them afterward to any uniform pattern. People who know what a power for attraction and repulsion there is in religion, will of course have their doubts as to the practical wisdom of undertaking to form an association without a good deal of unanimity in religious matters. These we believe are the main points of the enterprise as it now stands. For further information the reader is referred to either of the above-named gentlemen.

at Williamsburgh P. O., Franklin Co., Kansas, who on the receipt of fifty cents will furnish a work containing the details of their project.—We have no hesitation in helping this scheme to publicity. It is not Communism, nor old-fashioned Fourierism, but simply co-operation; and we have confidence in the prudence and honesty of the managers. Schemes for close association without religion are invitations to failure; but co-operation of any kind, if entered upon with due caution, must be better than isolation or mere conglomeration.

What is the matter over the sea? The *Pall Mall Gazette* of March 19 reports the birth of twenty-three girls and only thirteen boys. England must do a great deal better than this if she expects to cope successfully with the German invader at Dorking.

—*The Daily Graphic.*

We are doing a deal better up here in the middle of the Empire State. The O. C. three-year-olds are sixteen boys to six girls. How is that for Dorking?

COMMUNITY JOURNAL.

Tuesday, April 8.—A thick fog filled our valley this morning, a phenomenon so rare that we have to make a note of it. After the rains and thaws we have been having the western hills look like a motley in dirty brown and white. Winter held its own until the last moment, with March blustering and storming through the whole of his part, when suddenly the prompter whistled and down came the curtain to rise again with bright Spring on the stage ready for all sorts of pastorals and bucolics.

"We hail thee, glad spring-time!"

—Never was spring more welcome than the one now at hand. The rain with its angry thunder; the creek with its turbulent waters swelling into a flood; and even the road with its pools of mud and slime, give us joy. Anxiously we watch the snow disappear from the western hill. The lawns are uncovered, and already show signs of life. When the bed of crocuses in front of the house was first divested of its winter robe, the delicate buds looked almost too fragile to live; but the first day of sunshine gave them a start, and they are now in full bloom. Their variegated blossoms of white, orange and purple, present a striking contrast to the very unsummer-like appearance of everything else, but we know they are only precursors of what is to come. Some one, seemingly impatient of spring's delay, has very tastefully arranged a plate with mosses, sprigs of evergreen and one-berries, in the center of which is placed a tiny mirror. The design is very significant of a landscape, and when looking at it we can easily fancy ourselves gazing at a lake surrounded by a forest.

—By this time every body must be pretty familiar with both the name and nature of the *epizoötic*. We are. Very few of us have escaped a slight touch of it. More than a month ago we had our first symptoms. We knew it was raging throughout the country and that in many cases it resulted fatally. We took occasion to fortify ourselves against it with the weapons of faith, spending one or two evenings talking about the matter. Since that we have had no fear, though the attacks from it have been frequent. It swept rapidly through our group of little ones, not excepting the four-months baby Corinna. A few days of special care were given the ailing ones, and they were restored to their usual state of health, and are now as well and hearty as ever, some of them better.

—During the cold weather of week before last the flock of lambs at the barn increased rapidly, and, although the rough west wind seemed strangely tempered to their helpless condition, they have done well, the farmers say. A pleasant sight on a warm spring day are one hundred and thirty lambs practicing their gambols in anticipation of the time of green grass and daisies. An occurrence which caused no little excitement among the children and wonder among some grown people was the birth of two black lambs; not brown ones, but inky black. Hardly another black spot in over one hundred and thirty!

"Why," inquire some tyros in the study of heredity, "can a full-blooded Cotswold ram beget a black lamb? To be sure, it is a mixture of the native stock in the ewe, but that she should have triplets and two be white and one jet black, while the father belongs to a pure race which has not a black representation in probably fifty years, passes my comprehension."

"I can explain the black strain in the ewe," said one of our old New England farmers. "When I was a boy folks wore home-spun cloth and a black sheep was prized; the blacker the better; for of the black wool mixed with white mother used to make the 'sheep's-gray' which wore like iron and never faded, because it was 'dyed in the wool.' The black strain was encouraged on this account, even to the extent of sometimes using a black ram, and this is why the native sheep still persist in occasionally producing a black lamb."

"And I," said some one who had read Darwin and Galton, "can tell you why the black lambs are born of white parents. According to the philosophers who have made a study of these things, the individuals in a race do not receive from their parents and transmit to their children only the characteristics and traits which are apparent in them. A very small part of the characteristics which you and I received from our parents are manifested in us. We include and carry on to posterity not only the assemblage of physical and mental traits which make us what we appear to be, but a vast collection of other traits and tendencies which exist in us *latent*, never to be developed in our persons. These tendencies instead of being mixed incoherently, seem to 'hang together' in groups and thus we may be the hiding-place of inherited tendencies which have not appeared for a number of generations, but which may some day come out in full force in our posterity like these black lambs. But luckily for our hopes of improvement by scientific propagation, the longer a group of traits is suppressed and continues latent the less able it is to come to the surface, and finally in a thorough-bred race it practically disappears forever; although I suppose never so completely that it might not be brought up again if desired. So also it is very encouraging to know that new traits may be brought in by cultivation and go to swell the great stream of latent good tendencies which will make our children better than we."

—H. W. B. writing from Boston last Monday to his daughter M. says:

"Three hundred of the survivors of the wrecked Atlantic were brought here yesterday—nearly all of them steerage passengers. The Boston people gave them a dinner in old Faneuil Hall. I visited the Hall just after they had eaten their repast and talked with some of the poor fellows. They were all men in middle life except the boy Hanly, who is eleven years of age. This boy was surrounded with a group of persons eager to get a look at him, his situation is such an affecting one. A police officer had him in charge and took whatever money persons gave him. The officer's hands were full of greenbacks, and I see bythe papers this morning that $200.00 were contributed to the child's support. He is a bright little fellow and was kept busy writing his name on blank bits of paper for those who wished his autograph. I laid down a little money and asked for his autograph. He wrote slowly and rather crookedly, but the officer remarked that he had been writing so long that he was tired and did not write so well as at first. I will show you the name when I get home."

—A young Welshman called on us the other day. He said he was interested in Communism and the various forms of coöperation, but did not care for religion. He left the following advertisement issued by Colin A. Campbell, a jolly Scotchman who is preaching Communism. Now is your chance, friends:

PROCLAMATION!

Christian Communism taught in short and easy lessons to the Clergy of the City, at 447 Milwaukee St.

The foundations for such teaching are found in the New Testament, in the life and sayings of Jesus, the labors of Paul, and the Acts, made manifest by the early Disciples, in the ever-memorable Day of Pentecost, when they were all of one mind, and had all things in common.

Like Paul, I work with my Hands for my living!

TAILORING!

In all its branches, done at short notice. Cutting, Making, Cleaning and Repairing Clothing, reasonably done, for Cash only.

The Trinity in Unity of the future must be *Production, Distribution, and Consumption!*

Closed on Sundays, as on that day the Clergy must earn their living! Amen!

COLIN M. CAMPBELL.

Some one said the mixing of sacred and secular in this advertisement made him think of the widow who at the funeral of her husband requested the prayers of the church for his soul, and added in the next breath that the business at the grocery around the corner would be carried on as usual!

THE VILLA.

—Despite the wind and reiterated showers, we at the Villa are made conscious of spring by the more frequent calls from O. C. Parties out for a walk drop in upon us most any time. Now it is one of the sterner sex, oftener a flock of rosy-cheeked girls, in beaver sacks, picturesque opera-hoods, and high-topped rubber boots. They come in upon us like a wave of vigorous life. Yesterday, as we greeted two or three such companies, we were reminded of fragments of old Martin Parker's ballad on,

"THE MILKMAID'S LIFE."

The bravest lasses gay
Live not so merry as they:
In honest civill sort
They make each other sport
As they trudge on their way.

Come faire or foul weather,
They're fearefull of neither;
Their courages never quaile:
In wet and dry,
Though winds be hye
And darke's the sky,
They nere deny
To carry the milking paill."

* * * * * *

Their labor doth health preserve;
No doctors rules they observe,
While others, too nice
In taking their advice,
Look alwaies as though they wold starve.
Their meat is digested,
They nere are molested,
No sickness doth them assaile;

* * * * *

They pleasantly sing
To welcome the spring,
'Gainst heaven they never rayle:
If grasse wel grow
Their thankes they show,
And frost or snow
They merrily goe
Along with the milking paill.

—Last Sunday we went as usual to O. C. lending to them the peculiar spice which ye O. C.

journalist seems to credit us with imparting to that day.

—The wood-pile is manifesting the first symptoms of our passion for "tidying up" that comes with spring.

April 8th.—One at our elbow says:

"Spring has come."

"Truly," we reply, "here are the singing birds, but the ethereal mildness has been doled to us in scantiest measure."

"Yet spring, like some very pretty women, is charming, even though in tears."

"Yes, but who would want one's lady-love to have the dumps for eight days together? What a week we have had of it! rain, fog, mud, ugh!

"Why," says the one at our elbow, indignantly, "you must be blind if that is all you note. We have had several hours on two or three days that have been all one could wish—bright sunshine, lovely sky, balmy air and singing birds."

CHEERFULNESS.

Rocking along over the H. & N. H. R. R. the other day, we listened to a gentleman behind us who was complaining of the weather. He called it "disagreeable, cold, windy, rainy, sloppy, bad getting about, and a very late season." In fact everything seemed to "go contrary" with him. We mentally labeled him "dyspeptic," and were turning away when another voice—such a contented, happy voice—answered, "Why no; this is good weather, *nice* weather. If it were the middle of May we might call it rather late, but not now. I'm glad it's no worse. That's what I always say. When I break my arm, I'm thankful it isn't my leg. If I lose a thousand dollars to-day, I'm thankful it isn't two thousand." You dear, cheery man, we mentally exclaimed, you have no need to mind the weather; you carry your sunshine with you. For what is more sunny than a thankful heart? As we listened we almost seemed to see Uncle Tom's dark face and hear his touching words to Aunt Chloe in the hour of their great trial. By the way, we have come to think that among all the good things written by Mrs. H. B. Stowe, this saying of Uncle Tom's is one of the best. Many a time when tempted to think of our lot as hard, we have remembered him and said in his own words, "Let's think on our marcies." M. & H.

MY FATHER'S FAMILY

OF hens was always small, and select to a feather. It never exceeded ten nor ever fell below eight. I give these figures to show the plan of the family rather than its fluctuations, for now and then a hen would come to an untimely end by drowning in a swill-barrel. I do not mention the cock, for a family without a vigorous masculine head is not to be thought of a moment. Why my father should have hit on those numbers I know not, but I presume it was from an intuitive sense of the great law of supply and demand—the exact matching of hens at the barn and eggs and chickens needed at the house—for John our impractical boy had not been to school then and brought home books on Political Economy. I have an idea also that father may have gotten the way from his father before him. After deciding to have so small a family I can well see how he should have fixed it in his mind as "eight or ten hens and a rooster." One thing it was more free and latitudinarian and not so unyielding as precise *eight* or sharp *ten* would have been. Besides it was more indulgent to human nature; and this, you know, has its ups and downs—its spring-tides and its neap-tides, and when he came to the annual killing he could, if he felt pretty brisk, keep right on until he had left only ten pullets, and then he could pause a little and taper off gracefully by wringing the necks of two more; and if he did not feel quite so incisive, he could begin to consider a little when he had dispatched all but twelve, and then thinking of his rule he could dispose of two more hens and feel that he had acted from principle and not from impulse.

I have said that our hens were selected to a feather; they were so indeed. While our neighbors had black, and white, and yellow, and red, and top-knot, and creeper hens, we always had blue or hawk-colored hens. In the fall when there was a rigid examination of all the candidates for perpetuating the noble family, none were saved except those who came nearest the ideal color; all the rest were sent to pot. They were not even allowed to go into the back country or back streets to raise families of wood-choppers, and teamsters, and hod-carriers. None but the best were allowed to propagate. That was a family to delight the soul of Galton.

I think those hens must have been of some pure breed; though we did not talk much about such things in those days. Be that as it may, they had had a chance to become pure, for they had been in the family for nearly forty generations of hens. My father had them from his father as a present on going to keeping house. And grandfather brought them with him when, as a New Hampshire emigrant, he jolted all the way from Deering to Northern Vermont; his wife and two children in a wagon and his four hens and a cock in a basket swinging behind. Perhaps I am confusing the reader by speaking of our hens as having been given to my father and also as coming from New Hampshire. But the fact is the flock of young hens which took the place of those that scratched around the year before was so like its progenitors that we never thought of any distinguished ancestors nor of any young cock as going ahead of his father. As a consequence individuals were of no particular account; the family was every thing; it was that which made an image on the mind of nine blue hens and one light gray cock. Individuals slipped in and slipped out, but made no impression. The flock, ideally speaking, was always one and the same. And I have no doubt that this oneness was brought about by in-and-in breeding. My father never introduced any foreign blood into the family, nor my grandfather either, for he was a stout Presbyterian and didn't believe in "new measures." The young cocks always married their sisters. In fact our hens were nearer related to one another than all that—they were dreadfully related. The old cock was not only related to all his forefathers but he really was himself all those forefathers and all his descendants, too. I don't know as you can quite see that, nor whether I can, but it was so anyhow. Despite our in-and-in breeding there was one thing which told against the purity of our hens. They would sometimes have chickens with pale legs. A rich butter-yellow was the true color. This white leg was a streak of vulgarity with which we always strove.

Perhaps it was that strain of vulgar life which kept them strong, for they never showed any resemblance to that family of hens which Hawthorne has preserved, as it were in amber, in his "House of Seven Gables." They were healthy, hearty folk; equally removed from dyspepsia and consumption on the one hand, and from apoplexy and grossness on the other. I don't think the men would have ever made governors or generals, but they would have done for farmers, and foremen in iron-shops, and maybe for bankers in country places. It was pleasant to see the old cock come out after he had had his beef-steak and coffee and morning paper, and cast his eye around the horizon for information, and then up into the sky to look out for hawks, and then down on the ground for corn and worms. In his suit of light gray with a pair of stout spurs at his heel, with two long white tail feathers curving over and backward, and with his broad red comb set proudly forward as if he were used to respect, he was as fine a specimen of force and elegance as you often see. He was always wide awake, crowing early in the morning and sometimes in the night, and many times in the day just to show how full of hope and vim he was. Then his gallantry and care for others. I have seen him when he had found good picking, call his family around him and show them what a good provider he was. Sometimes he would call them to see a nice bit he had gotten and then swallow it himself. I never understood whether he did that for a joke or whether he did it because he was unwilling to eat alone. He had, it is true, a truculent way of looking at us boys, as if he hated us for belonging to a master race. But we never thought evil of him for that.

The agility of our hens was another proof that they had not lost anything by in-and-in breeding. We seldom undertook to chase one down when a chicken was needed for the pot. We always took them by strategy. And in this respect we deviated from every tradition of our family. There was nothing feline or stealthy about our folk. They never used any more diplomacy than a dog uses. Whatever they did had to be done in a blunt, main-strength way or else not done at all. We always knew better than try any such rough methods on our chickens.

Our hens were always young, for they were kept chiefly with a view to eggs. They were good vigorous layers. Their ovaries were full-set clusters from which we were always getting the first fruits. In the warm spring months when sugar was making in the woods and when the sheep were dropping their lambs in the green, stony pastures, there was no surer way of surprising mother than for us boys to hide the white warm eggs until she began to wonder what was the matter with the hens. It didn't take long to get a hat full of eggs in that way. Those hens were good cacklers, too; I never heard better. After sitting a while in a kind of deep silence they would, on the production of an egg, come off their nests with a rush and burst into a cackle which spurted upward and outward, and rose and fell, and scintillated and flashed up and died away. It was full of joy and triumph and glad fruition. It made a far-off ripple in the human breast. A hen never has the least doubt but what she has done a fine thing. In this respect our hens were so different from our folk. We were never very sure that we had done any thing worth speaking of. Our geese weren't "all swans." That was our bad habit of mind. And though I have come to know the value of thinking well of what you do, I can assure you that I sha'n't cackle over this writing when it is done. I shall be pestered with a feeling that it ought to have been as drowsy and full of peace as a sermon which sets you a nodding. I shall be plagued with the idea that it ought to have been an eager hunt after some kind of truth. And well our hens might cackle, for whether boiled or fried or scientifically considered, an egg is a wonderful thing. It consists of two parts: the shell, or the thing containing, and the meat or the thing contained. Then again, the meat is composed of two parts; the white or albumen and the yolk or yellow. This last is also in two parts; the yolk proper, and the germinating vesicle; and this in turn has its main body or vesicle and its germinating dot. Thus we see that an egg is a series of concentric dualisms, capable under the right conditions of time and heat of becoming a new dualism or chicken, consisting of two halves not quite identical, and yet having a painful sort of unity or loneliness until it

meets another chicken and some more eggs are produced.

But all this takes me away from the character of our hens. I think they capered with their tongues on purpose, for they knew how to be still, and in the summer they would steal away awhile and come back some day with a surprising lot of chickens. They were good sitters and good mothers, and just as faithful to one chicken as they were to a dozen, scratching and fighting, too, if need be, with unflagging energy. Whatever in-and-in breeding may have done for other folk, it never altered the moral character of our hens; they were always the same industrious, faithful, vigilant creatures, never leaving a child until it was thoroughly educated. That done, their emotions of philoprogenitiveness died away. In this respect they were like the brutes in general, and not at all like folk. I never knew any one of them to crow or take to public speaking, or in any way show a likeness to her father, except in the matter of feathers. There never was an idiot among them. In pleasant times I have seen an old mother-hen who had weaned her chickens go around the yard in a sort of meditative way, *craiking* and thinking, and now darting off with head outstretched to catch an insect on the wing. I knew then just as well as I wanted to, that she was in that state of mind into which we sometimes fall when walking up and down the nutty hedge rows in autumn we gather more ideas than I could ever beat out in any Baconian method whatever. Now that I have come to it, I think that method has tyrannized over me. I have thought I ought to gather a great lot of facts and thresh them and make them yield something, but I never succeeded very well. My ideas come to me, and I lay 'em just as a hen does her eggs. Our hens were wise in their way but they didn't try the inductive method. The author of the "Home-Talks" has somewhere said that a state of mind akin to reverie is the one that gives the most fruit: and I believe it too, for the Master of the universe holds its keys, and why should we try to wrench its secrets from him? Thus much for the mental character of those hens.

Perhaps the greater stamina of our hens, when compared with that of the old Pyncheon flock, was owing to their free country living. In the summer they ranged far and near, pick-nicking everywhere and roosting in the trees. In the winter they were more circumscribed, but never softened by heat and bad air. Coming home in the evening I have often seen them by the light of a blinking lantern, sitting heads and tails on a perch in an open shed. The old cock looked as stupid as any of them, and quite shorn of his fierce majesty. But he only needed waking to show himself.

I have intimated that our hens were a pure breed. Dominiques or Plymouth Rocks, perhaps. But this purity was in danger more than once. Tempted for a moment by the bright feathers of some red hens in the neighborhood John was unguarded enough to come into possession of a new cock and bring him home. He was a sort of dissolute king Charles; with an enormous single comb, lopping over like a plume, a great deal of red neck-feathers, black wings and irridescent streamers and a pair of slashing spurs. In an evil moment for him he got into difficulty with our rooster and disappeared from the scene. It was whispered among the children that father had killed him; and we were all glad. He was ours by possession but not so by any of those ties which made our rooster "our rooster." I don't think the question was ever raised whether he could have imparted any vigor to our flock.

But a fatal step was made at last. In the fall of 1840 when the Harrison campaign was at its hight, we got old Clemens to help us dig potatoes. An old sea-dog he was, who had wandered back into the country from nobody knew where; and besides, he had a talent for invention, I think. I remember he told us that he was one of the five or six men who were with Commodore Perry, in 1813, when that hero left his sinking ship and went to another in an open boat and renewed the fight. In fact, it was Clemens's own jacket which the Commodore stuffed into a shot-hole to keep his boat afloat. But somehow this story was either too big or else it lacked the accents of truth, for it was not quite believed by us, though we were boys and greedy for wonders. Our folk were Democrats fashioned in the time of Jefferson, and old Clemens was one, too, and that fall we were very much in a minority and not in a condition to reject sympathy. Now was the devil's chance, and Clemens improved it by proposing to swap hens. The hen we got was a yellow one, and when I think of all the consequences of that trade, I can't help calling her a *yaller* hen. She was allowed to raise a family, and by some oversight, one of her chickens was saved. We could never get rid of old Clemens's hen after that; we tried every year for ten years to weed her out and could not do it. The whole flock seemed to break out with *yaller* chickens every spring and summer. It had become thoroughly mongrel and vulgar and we soon left that region.

On reading what I have written I am reminded that every writing should have a good moral, either tacked on behind or else diffused throughout the whole like the pleasant oils of mint and geranium leaves. Therefore my paper ought to have a moral; and therefore it shall have one; and fearing that you won't smell it anywhere, here it is: Don't have anything to do with old Clemens or any of his hens.

A. B.

SPIRITUAL ALCHEMY.

[The ancient precursors of the chemical fraternity practiced a secret art which, as they claimed, enabled them to transmute all baser metals into gold. Whether man is to acquire a power of this kind over material things, we do not know; but there can be no doubt that there is at work in the world a species of spirtual alchemy which effects a transmutation of evil into good for those who love God. We admire our correspondent's method of turning evil to good account:]

Eau Claire, Wis., March 27, 1873.

DEAR FRIENDS:—Of all the blessings of Communism, there is none I covet more than criticism. This thought first took possession of my mind when I lived in a place where I had few friends, and, on account of my social views, a great many enemies. Then something seemed to say to me suddenly, "You are not making the most of your privileges. You get plenty of extremely free criticism every day, and if instead of resenting its malice and injustice, you would try to correct whatever there may really be about you to provoke it, you could turn all the enmity you have excited into a means of grace." I acted on the suggestion, and found that hostile criticism could be made nearly as useful as friendly, also that it was not half so spiteful and uncalled for as I in my vanity and stubbornness had thought it, and finally that the appetite for criticism grows with the proper use of it. I had no idea that there was so much happiness to be found in it before. If I could fix the object of my religious ambition it would be that I might yet be found worthy to preach (by my life) the duty of rejoicing in the Lord, and of believing it to be much easier and pleasanter to be holy than unholy. I think hypochondria and cowardice are the great sins of our religious life, and I love the CIRCULAR above all other modern religious literature because reading it always inspires me with happiness and courage.

C. L. J.

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.

"NOT deliberate enough!" pleasantly remarked a friend, as my ball was shooting over the croquet-ground wide of position. I had made several points in succession, and now under the impression that I could afford to strike with less care, failure was the result. We finished the game, but I did not regain what I had lost for the want of a little more deliberation. In three words my friend had revealed to me not only one secret of his success at croquet, but what it is that has enabled him to win a name for being successful in whatever he undertakes.

Long after the game was over these words went ricocheting back over the mistakes caused by many a hasty act in my past life. How much grievous sorrow and mortification had been saved me by a little more care and deliberation! How many a cup of joy had been dashed from my lips or turned into bitterness for the want of it! I picked the words to pieces: "Taking counsel with one's self, carefully considering the probable consequences of a step," said the learned lexicographer, and much more; but all this, when applied to the character of my friend, did not define to me the kind of deliberation, the mainspring of action, that had made him successful and happy where others more talented and more versed in the wisdom of the schools have failed to attain either happiness or usefulness. Instead of taking counsel with himself when about to decide upon any matter whether of trivial or great importance, he seems to be under the control of an invisible guide, or a vital force which turns him at will. The Bible defines this kind of deliberation as waiting on the Lord, or being led by the Spirit of God; it is walking by inspiration as Christ walked, who repeatedly declared that he did nothing of himself and spoke nothing of himself, but only as the Father gave him to do and to speak; it is living by faith—the kind of faith that receives the promises of God. The sweet singer of Israel says of the man whose delight is in the law of the Lord, "He shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither, and *whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.*"

Although the invitation to all who lack wisdom is to ask it of God who giveth liberally, yet how few have sought and found it—how few have been governed by true deliberation, in a world strewn with wrecks for the lack of it! Men who have been regarded by the world as its heroes and philanthropists, after running a seemingly brilliant career for a time, have been blown away like chaff before the wind. In an evil hour they have found their own wisdom insufficient, and instead of grasping the crown of victory, shame and obloquy have too often covered their good name as with a pall. Away, then, with my own wisdom, or with the best the world affords, for that is always in danger of failing me in the hour of my direst need. Welcome! the faith and courage that will enable me to wait patiently on the Lord, and learn deliberation of him who is meek and lowly in heart.

S. E. A. D.

REFRIGERATORS FOR FRUIT-MEN.

HAVING had some experience of the benefits derived from refrigerators, or cooling-rooms, I feel prepared to recommend their more extensive use; not merely by butchers and house-keepers, but also by fruit-growers and fruit-dealers. The difficulty of getting the more perishable fruits to market in a good condition is well understood, and the liability to damage and loss is so great, as to prove a serious drawback to an otherwise profitable traffic. Happily now all these difficulties can be obviated by the use of some one of the patent refrigerators, or cooling rooms; one of which I have

tested and am prepared to recommend. It is that of J. H. Fisher, Chicago. This refrigerator is adapted to the use of railroads, and I understand that cars are in making at Chicago for the express purpose of transporting fresh meats from that city to New York. And why may there not be cars fitted for the purpose of carrying soft fruits as well?

The question with the fruit-growers of the west is, how to market their fruits; and many are disposed to be discouraged in view of the business being overdone. Here then is a subject for the consideration of fruit-growers. Who of that enterprising class shall be the pioneer in making a refrigerator fruit-car for the transportation of perishable fruits from western Michigan, say, to New York, or any where within paying distance? That the thing can be economically done I have no doubt; as the fruit-car may be attached to a through freight-train, thus avoiding the exorbitant express charges which now prohibit the sending of fruit to distant markets, to say nothing of its unsalable condition on arriving at its destination. Let such a car be made with proper arrangements, and with easy springs, and after a journey of a week, or even ten days, the fruit will be found in good condition.

In a cooling-room prepared on the plan above recommended, I have known cherrries to be kept two weeks in good condition, after having been brought a hundred miles; plums and peaches from one to three weeks, according to the condition in which they were received; and strawberries fresh from the vines were kept from one to three weeks. Therefore we say to the fruit-growers of the West, send along your surplus of fine fruits; it will all be wanted at paying prices, in this and in other localities that are not so favorably situated for raising the nicer varieties. Doubtless the western fruit-growers will yet find that they can send their fruit to New York city more cheaply than we can now send ours to the same market.

H. T.

An Exceeding Hard Object to Fall Over.—One of our citizens, who writes from experience, hands us the following for publication:

"If you have occasion to use a wheelbarrow, leave it, when you are through with it, in front of the house, with the handles toward the door. A wheelbarrow is the most complicated thing to fall over on the face of the earth. A man will fall over one when he would not think of falling over anything else. He never knows when he has got through falling over it either, for it will tangle his legs and his arms, turn over with him and rear up in front of him, and just as he pauses in his anger to congratulate himself, it takes a new turn and scoops more skin off him, and he commences to evolute anew and bump himself on fresh places. A man never ceases to fall over a wheelbarrow until it turns completely on its back, or brings up against something it cannot upset. It is the most inoffensive-looking object there is, but it is more dangerous than a locomotive, and no man is secure with one unless he has a tight hold of its handles and is sitting down on something. A wheelbarrow has its uses, without doubt, but in its leisure moments it is the great blighting curse to true dignity."

—*Exchange.*

THE NEWS.

A man on a velocipede is called a relic of barbarism by the St. Paul papers.

Ninety-two per cent. of the receipts of the Erie Canal were spent in repairs last year.

The recent census of Brazil shows a population of 10,000,000 including nearly 2,000,000 slaves.

Wilkie Collins, the novelist, and Mr. Bradlaugh, the English political agitator, are coming to visit this country.

A Japanese minister resident at Vienna, and a minister plenipotentiary to Russia, have recently been appointed.

The Samana Bay Company has purchased a new steamer for use at Samana. It is proposed to construct large wharves at that port.

In Japan the translation of the Gospel of John is publishing. An edition of Matthew will soon be ready, and the revision of the translation of Luke is nearly done.

The new divorce law adopted in Indiana is much more stringent in its provisions than the old one which made that State so notorious in the marriage world. The *Independent* thinks this is a sign that Pantarchism is losing ground.

The *Santa Fe Union* says that the grapes now grown through the whole length of the Rio Grande valley to the lines of Texas and Chihuahua are among the richest in the United States, perhaps in the world. Vineyards yield fruit in great abundance.

The Rev. Capel Molyneux, who recently resigned his living at St. Paul's, Onslow Square, London, on account of the ritualizing tendencies of the English Church, has been presented by his late congregation with an address accompanied by about $18,000.

H. W. Beecher says: "I look back to my missionary life in the West, when I was working among poor people, and going to log houses, and to rough unlettered men, gathering them into little companies, as the sweetest portion of my life, surpassing all joys of the present."

The loss of the steamship Atlantic is now attributed to two principal causes—carelessness or selfishness of the Company in allowing the ship to sail without a full supply of coal, and carelessness of the captain and officers of the ship in approaching so dangerous a coast in the night, running at full speed, without good outlook.

The question of the coal supply has been agitating the people of England for some time past. It is estimated that the total amount of coal in that country is only about 80,000,000,000 tons. The amount annually used at present is about 110,000,000 tons, with an annual increase of about 3,000,000 tons. At this rate the supply which is accessible for mining will last only about 125 years. The House of Commons has appointed a committee to investigate the matter.

The Legislature of New York, in May, 1872, passed an act appointing Commissioners of Parks for the State of New York, and directing them to inquire into the expediency of providing for vesting in the State the title to the timbered regions lying within the counties of Lewis, Essex, Clinton, Franklin, St. Lawrence, Herkimer and Hamilton and converting them into a public park. Under the direction of these Commissioners a new survey of the Adirondack region was made last year by Mr. Verplanck Colvin, a scientific gentleman and artist who has heretofore had much experience in exploring the wilderness sections of our State. Many new and interesting geographical facts have been noticed, the positions of many of the mountains and lakes have been determined by triangulation, more accurately then ever before. The hights of the mountains have been measured by barometer, and many errors corrected. Mt. Marcy, the highest of the group, was found to be 5,333 feet high. Gray Peak on the south side of Mt. Marcy is 4,947 feet. A little lake lying between Gray Peak and Skylight mountain, at an altitude of 4,293 feet above tide water, was discovered to be the highest source of the Hudson river. A mountain in Hamilton county north of Pleasant Lake, which does not appear on any map of the State, was found to be 3,859 feet above tide. It is known to guides and hunters as Baldface or Snowy Mountain, the snow remaining on it late in the spring. Mt. Seward was found to be 4,348 feet above tide, or considerably lower than previous estimates. In some parts of the region passed over Mr. Colvin noted the singular fact that all the spruce timber was dying and falling to the ground, from some unknown cause.

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ADMISSIONS.

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

CHRIST AND I.

Home-Talk by J. H. N.

WE make progress in our course of becoming spiritual and refined beings, fit for the society of heaven, only as we prevail against the sensuality that surrounds us. In this warfare let us remember that we are dealing with a *spiritual principality* which must be conquered before we can expect permanent peace. It is useless to set our faces against this and that form of sensuality, such as drinking alchhol or tea or coffee, or against eating too much or too little, or against eating particular things; all this is only resisting superficial manifestations of the sensual spirit and not "laying the axe at the root." It will avail little or nothing to achieve such partial triumphs; we should seek a complete victory over the generic life of sensuality.

Back of all external action, there is a certain life on which our attention should be fastened—a life that is "crucified with Christ." Paul calls it "*the old man.*" And this certain something, "the old man," is the generic principality that is the source of all intemperance; it represents the whole sensual corporation that men belong to before they believe in Christ. It is the same thing that Christ and the apostle elsewhere call "*the flesh.*" If we desire to get at the seat of evil, we must call off attention from specifics, and fix it upon that great generalization "called the old man" and "the flesh," which is "crucified with Christ." All that is required to ensure a perfect victory, not only over the various manifestations of inordinate alimentiveness, but over every form of evil, is the right and thorough application of the crucifixion of Christ. This will be effected by identifying ourselves with Christ; by "knowing him and the power of his resurrection;" by coming into such a partnership with him that we can each of us use the pronoun *we* in connection with him, so that we realize that we are not fighting the battle with evil individually, but in connection with Christ. When individuals can say *we*, in view of their unity with Christ, then the death and resurrection of Christ are available to them. Let us not struggle to gain mere personal victories; but seek a position where we can say *we*, that is, Christ and I; and then ascertain what *we* want to do. What Christ and I together want to do, we shall do; but what I alone wish to do, will not necessarily come to pass.

UNITY, THE MEASURE OF POWER.

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

ADVANTAGES in human society are proportioned to the faculty of agreement. This is the great principle that is written on the whole scenery of civilization: it is the axiom by which we may estimate the world's progress, past, present, and prospective.

Advantages are proportioned to the faculty of agreement. All the improvements of the age, Railroads, Telegraphs, Steamships, Manufactories, Hotels, Fairs, Commercial enterprise, Insurance, and the thousand lively characteristics of our present civilization, are due, every one of them, to the increased faculty of agreement there is among men; and express exactly the proportion in which this agreement is present. Think of the extent of concert there must have been required to build the railroad that now* exists between New York and St. Louis—to tunnel the mountains—bridge the rivers—import the iron—build the engines, and run regular daily trains with a dispatch that takes passengers safely through from the Atlantic to the Mississippi in sixty hours! And this is on the point of extending across the continent, so that shortly, passengers will be able to check their baggage to San Francisco, pay their fare, and resign themselves without further care to a railroad organization, which, by virtue of the power of agreement, will have its army of officials stationed throughout the line of the road, each man having a certain duty to perform, and by their united concert insuring safe and regular arrivals on the shores of the Pacific.

The same principle is illustrated in the design and accomplishment of the World's Fair. The building itself, a fairy-like structure of iron and glass, springs up like Aladdin's palace, almost in a night—the magic in the case being the agreement of some thousand or two of various workingmen. Then all the wonderful contents of the building—the treasures of art, beauty and utility that are there collected from many parts of the world, are still, from the first conception to the present combined exhibition of them, the product of human agreement. Without it, they could never have existed—without a high development of it they could never have been brought together in the present form of a festive entertainment to all nations.

It is evident that power is rapidly accelerating with the increase of agreement, and that in consequence of it the conceptions and undertakings of men are continually vaulting into the miraculous. We are reminded of that remarkable saying of Christ to his disciples, "If two of you shall agree on earth, *as touching any thing that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father which is in heaven.*" Is not this the great principle of human accomplishments? It is further evident that every advance which men make in the facility of agreement, opens the way, by a natural law,

* This article was written in 1852.

for new and more radical steps in the same direction.

For instance, the present popular hotel system is an entirely new development of the faculty of agreement, by which hundreds of families find themselves more pleasantly situated and served with the comforts and luxuries of life in a spacious common dwelling, than they could be each one having a separate establishment. * * * Now the single step of moving into common agreement, so far as is included in common hotel life, while it increases the power of parties, and economizes their means, also opens the way for new advances on every hand, in the art of social condensation, whereby still further advantages may be gained. For instance, it is obvious that only one step further in agreement would be necessary, to combine the property of the separate families, in paintings, sculpture, etc., into one more or less splendid common gallery, whereby the enjoyment of all would be immensely increased. So with library privileges, and all those kinds of property which are not consumable by use. Then it is but one step after this to communize the table, and the wardrobe, with similar advantages accruing, and so the process of agreement naturally goes on in an expanding ratio of preparation and reward, until it results in complete unity. All those business men who combine for public enterprises—those young men and artists who organize for holiday effect, and those citizens who resort to public boarding with their families, for economy of means, are tampering with a principle that has its final development and its full power in Communism. The world is really all undermined with this tendency—its selfishness is *powder-posted*, and the foremost ranks of society are liable at any time to stumble into virtual Communism, almost without knowing it.

The Fourierist formula for the solution of human relations and prospects is, "Attractions proportioned to Destinies." Modern Times propounds the "Sovereignty of the individual to be exercised at his own cost." Our generalization, suggested above, is a little different from either of them, viz., "*Advantages proportioned to the faculty of agreement.*" This is not so profound but that it can be easily understood—every stroke of progress preaches it to the dullest observation, and it is calculated to direct our efforts at improvement in a right, practical direction. It is evident that the development of this faculty of harmony will secure the final, universal premium. Those that can agree best one with another, and can flock together harmoniously, will make out the best. Such is the law of this world, as well as the other. The great agreeing forces will be able to use all the labor-saving machinery, and so will take the means out of the hands of the isolated workmen. We understand that in the case of the sewing-machine, the advantage has already passed beyond the reach of individual workers into the hands of large establishments, so that the machine fails to support those who attempt to work it singly and alone.

It follows that that system which in the long run tends to promote the most unity, is the best. Here comes in Christianity—Christ's principle of loving one another. Advantage is proportioned to union: the faculty of union is proportioned to true refinement; and true refinement is proportioned to faith.

The world has yet but imperfectly developed the faculty of agreement—society can only agree in a partial manner. Still a part is better than nothing: and the present attainments in the art of social agreement are to be valued for the proportion of power they give. The brothers Rothschild, we understand, in consequence of the dying injunction of their father, have made it a rule through life, to engage only in such business transactions as they could act in unanimously; and they are said to wield a power of eight hundred millions of dollars. But they have not attained to the highest results of unity. Any body of men and women who have a better faculty of agreeing than the Rothschilds, have the germ of greater power, to be developed sooner or later, even in this world. The highest results of the faculty of union will be manifest in the department of *life* itself. The Rothschilds with their millions, can only operate in a superficial sphere. They cannot help a sick person, or make a man happy in his domestic relations. Power in this department is the result of that final development of agreement, where selfishness is wholly abolished from between men. And certain as it is that society has been progressively raised to its present state above barbarism, by the power of this principle of agreement, so certain is it, that the end and perfection of this principle will give complete power over evil in all its forms. That unity which Christ held up as the standard of his system, will be effectual to change character, vitalize society, and abolish death. Such is the good conclusion to be derived from the axiom that *Advantages are proportioned to the faculty of Agreement.*

NOTE ON FIRST THESS. 5: 22.

"ABSTAIN from all appearance of evil." This precept of Paul has been so applied by some as to imply that the principal thing to be avoided is the *appearance* of evil; that is, that we should abstain from all things which may expose us to the *suspicion* of doing evil, though the things done may not be evil in themselves. But that this is not the true meaning of the words, we think will be manifest by taking them in connection with the context, and especially by examining them as given in the Greek text. In the verse immediately preceding the one above quoted, Paul says, "Prove all things; hold fast that which is good." Then follow the words we are considering—"Abstain from all appearance of evil:" a better and more exact rendering of which would be, "Abstain from all forms [or kinds] of evil." That is to say, first faithfully prove and determine what is good and what is evil; then hold fast that which is good, and abstain from every kind and form of evil. The apostle then concludes with this fervent aspiration for the believers: 'And the very God of peace sanctify you wholly; and your whole spirit and soul and body be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ. Faithful is he that calleth you, who also will do it." Can there be any doubt that Paul believed and preached the doctrine of complete salvation from sin in this life?

J. L. S.

THREADS FROM MY LIFE-BALL.

III.

AS H—— was a man of energy and decisive action he informed his parents the next morning of the engagement between us, and began that same day to procure timber for a house. A little incident connected with the situation of the building here recurs to my mind. Several years previous to any particular acquaintance between H—— and myself his sisters proposed one day that the sewing society meet at their house. We young ladies were of course much pleased with the proposition and jumping into our carriages drove away merrily to keep our appointment. On reaching our place of destination we discovered that we had, like the careless girls we were, left all our work behind. Here was a dilemma! What shall we do? It was a lovely June day, and we were young and bouyant and not very sorry that we need not spend the time shut up in the house bent over our sewing, so we started off on a ramble through the adjacent meadows and fields in search of wild strawberries. We wandered about sometime in the groves and pastures and at last clambered up a high hill along the sides of which we found an abundance of luscious strawberries. Having soon picked all I cared for I locked arms with H——'s eldest sister and we strolled away together down the hill toward the road leaving the others to follow at their leisure. We had not gone far when we seated ourselves on a little eminence for the purpose of resting and looking about us. "What a splendid situation for a house!" I exclaimed, "the view is so extended and the scenery is so delightful!" Directly opposite, a mile and a half away, was my native village with its pretty white dwellings, trees and shubbery; on the north the blue outlines of the mountains cut sharply across the horizon, while below in the valley the sparkling river V—— could be seen for a long distance threading its circuitous course through the green meadows, the clumps of hazel and o'erhanging alder. H—— afterward bought this land and selected for the site of his house this very spot where I stopped that bright June afternoon to admire the surrounding landscape. He made the choice without knowing of my remark, and before he had communicated with me on the subject.

While H—— was engaged in building I was also busy with the preparation of my marriage outfit. It may be inferred from the course of gaiety which I pursued that I was not trained to habits of industry; but that is far from true. I was early taught to take an active part in household duties. Our family was large, and as our house was besides often full of guests, I had little time to be idle. My mother was one of those sensible women who considered good cooking a ladylike accomplishment, and she took great pains to instruct me in the art. Though we kept servants, the making of the

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cakes, pies and other pastry devolved upon me, and there was besides no branch of household labor that I did not learn. I also embroidered in lace and muslin and spent considerable time in cultivating flowers in which I took great delight.

The winter following my engagement was one of considerable tribulation. The weather was extremely cold and my parents were both taken sick with the prevailing epidemic—lung fever. Our hired woman also fell ill and as the disease was so widely spread it was impossible to obtain assistance, so that I was left alone to nurse my parents and take care of our large family. Had I not received help from God I am sure I could never have accomplished all that I did. An incident occurred at this time which made an indelible impression on my mind. I had cleared away the breakfast one morning and had attended to my duties among the sick, when to my surprise I observed that it was nearly eleven o'clock and I had not made any preparation for dinner. I felt the more uneasy because several hired men took their meals at our house. I could think of nothing that we had on hand which I could cook quickly. I went down cellar for the vegetables and falling on my knees on the straw I asked God to help me. Looking up through the dimness as I arose I discovered a number of chickens hanging from the ceiling all dressed and ready for use. Mother had put them there before she was taken sick, but I knew nothing of it. I took them with a thankful heart and went about my work rejoicing, and dinner was ready at the usual time.

My attachment to my friend S—— had been of the nature of fascination; but since my conversion and change of heart I felt sure that her power over me was gone. Instead of dreading her return, I longed to see her once more and help her to attain the peace of mind which I enjoyed. While thus thinking of her one day, I heard of her arrival in town. She at first shrank from meeting her old friends who were now engaged in revival labor; but we treated her affectionately hoping that she might be penetrated by the religious spirit then prevailing. It distressed me to observe, as I soon did, that she was quite unchanged. She was apparently as independent as ever and as impervious to all attractions except those of a worldly nature. But as nothing is impossible with God he found a way to bow her haughty head. Her parents had both died of consumption, and as S—— was of a delicate constitution many fears had been expressed that she would be attacked by the same disease. But it did not suit S——'s pride to have people look upon her as frail, and relying upon her own will to exempt her, she often declared that *she* should not die of the consumption. One beautiful May morning she called on me clad, as was her wont, in a rich and airy costume. I observed that she looked pale and thinner than usual, and she had besides a cough which thrilled through me. I ventured to expostulate with her about the thinness of her dress so early in the season. On questioning her closely about her health I found that she was indeed in a decline, and I sought to arouse her to a sense of her situation, beseeching her to seek for more enduring happiness than she could ever find in the superficial life she was leading. She appeared touched, answering that her parents were gone and now her most cherished friend no longer loved her. I threw my arms around her neck assuring her that I never loved her so truly as now, otherwise I should not feel such anxiety for her future welfare. She burst into tears and for the first time I saw her somewhat softened. From that day she gradually declined. I sought every proper occasion to press the truth on her conscience, and before she died I had the satisfaction of seeing her no longer indifferent to the claims of Christ, but anxious to yield her heart to his control.

H—— and I were married Sept. 2, 1832, a time of great seriousness throughout the country on account of the ravages of the cholera. Many families had lost friends in the city of New York and it was expected that our town would be made desolate. Prayers were constantly offered by the most devout, that the plague might be stayed. Not a case occurred in our town. I was extremely averse to a gay wedding, and I attempted to follow the injunction of Christ, "When thou makest a feast call not thy rich neighbors &c., but the poor, the maimed, the blind." I therefore, in addition to my near relatives, invited my father's workmen and their families and the poor people of the neighborhood without distinction.

Within three months after our marriage we moved into our new house, and the first night we spent under our own roof the family altar was established, which, to me, was a source of great satisfaction as I had never before enjoyed the privilege of meeting my family friends at the throne of grace. As my husband and I were one in our religious sentiments our marriage proved a happy one.

In 1834—5 another powerful revival visited our town. During the protracted meetings which were held at that time came ministers from abroad, and among them was Rev. James Boyle, of New Haven. His eloquence and fervor attracted eager listeners from far and near, filling the church to its utmost capacity. Indeed, so popular did he become that the people turned out *en masse* to hear the "splendid orator" regardless of pouring rains, and almost impassable roads. Some of the most influential men of the town succumbed to the power of truth; and so great was the excitement that for a while it appeared as though there would not be left an unbeliever in all that region. That revival movement, however, was too sensational to be deep and lasting; and was succeeded by a state of apathy and indifference toward the cause of religion quite unaccountable. H—— and I wondered why this should be so. The conclusion we arrived at was, that the practice of backsliding was not the true gospel standard of a Christian life. We felt a conviction that believers must reach a higher plane, where divisions and backbiting could have no place. Although we strictly conformed to all the religious ordinances required of us—keeping the Sabbath holy, as much after the Mosaic pattern as circumstances and our northern climate would allow—we were far from satisfied with our attainments. The more we strove to obey the law, the broader seemed to be its claims upon us, while we grew more and more dissatisfied with our own state. To force our way heavenward, by our own will-works, under the lash of legalism, was to attempt the impossible. But that was just what we were trying to do under the preaching of such divines as Dr. Taylor, the leader of New Haven Theology. He and his school of divines proclaimed that man was able to keep the law, else it would not be required of him. "For without holiness no man shall see the Lord." But they did not tell us how we were to get the disposition to make that attainment.

At this point in our experience a good providence came to our aid, although disguised in the form of an affliction. The health of H—— failed him to a degree that required cessation from physical labor. Accepting this situation as of God's appointment, he applied himself with much enthusiasm to the study of the New Testament, laying aside commentaries and musty sermons as hindrances, rather than aids to the understanding of the simple words of the apostolic record. While thus engaged in listening to Paul, instead of Dr. Taylor, a report came to us that a new sect had arisen in New Haven who believed in the possibility of attaining *present, perfect holiness.*

E.

REVIVAL RECOLLECTIONS.

VIII.

ALTHOUGH these last revivals partook largely of the progressive spirit of the age, the doctrine of Salvation from Sin was never mentioned. There was nothing in the doctrines of the church or in the teaching at the Seminary to excite the fears of the most conservative. Miss Buckly was the first who directed my attention to the doctrine of Salvation from Sin. Her honest, earnest piety commanded respect. She was a privileged character at the Seminary, and was allowed to call at the room of any person whenever she desired. Heart met heart when she and I were together. We were both radical abolitionists, both teachers in the African Sunday-school and also tract distributers in the same district. So close was our intimacy that the people of the village sometimes called us David and Jonathan.

Miss B. had formed the acquaintance of the Rev. Ovid Miner, a minister then preaching in Penn Yan, and had received from him a number of the *Oberlin Evangelist*. We were interested in the doctrine of holiness described in that paper, but the rendering there given of the Bible was so different from the early religious instruction I had received that I felt cautious about receiving it. Subsequently I married Mr. B., a man with two children. He was an Oberlin believer, and when I presented my old school-arguments to him, instead of replying he handed me his Testament in which he had marked every passage that touched on the doctrine of holiness or perfection. His marking commenced in the first chapter of Matthew, at the verse, "And thou shalt call his name Jesus, for he shall save his people from their sins." He wished me to take time and explain each passage to him as I went along. I read and reflected without attempting any explanation. When I had finished the examination I was convinced of the truth that a perfect life, through Christ, was what was required of me. Miss Buckly came and spent several weeks with me, and never did theological

students enter on the study of theology with greater earnestness, than did we upon the investigation of the writings published in Oberlin. Miss B. subsequently married Rev. Henry Peck who was then preaching in Rochester, and was afterward Prof. Peck of Oberlin College.

About this time a new minister came to Bloomfield, a neighboring town, who had been educated at Oberlin and whose wife was a daughter of one of the pioneers of that school. He was an intellectual man, and preached the doctrine of holiness with great plainness. His easy manner in the pulpit and in conversation had power to attract and hold the attention. Action was his watchword. He drew most of the congregation into the Sabbath-schools. A Bible class of about twenty-four young men from eighteen to twenty-five years old was placed in my charge. A revival commenced in the school and after two or three conversions, meetings were held every evening for several weeks. We lived close by the church and our parlor was filled with seats for the inquiry meetings which were frequently held there both before and after the evening services. In these inquiry meetings the "sinner" was urged to make some direct effort for his conversion (a manner quite new to me), and when that effort was put forth, he was taught to consider himself converted. About half of my class were numbered among the converts. All who were not in the habit of using tobacco in some form professed a change of heart. Although some of these young men are now members of the church, I wish I could recall one whose life is a living witness to the truth of the doctrine that the "blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin;" but I cannot.

The doctrine of holiness and other circumstances had so unsettled my mind that I did not realize that satisfying peace which I had felt in former revivals. I was like a broken branch without aim or rest. C. B. B.

ONEIDA CIRCULAR.

TIRZAH C. MILLER, EDITRESS.

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"INNOCENCE OF NATURE."

IN our pursuit of the growing theory that parasitic life is the cause of nearly all diseases, let us not fall into contracted notions of the nature of that life and of the kingdom to which it belongs. We are liable to think of parasites as consisting chiefly or altogether of minute insects and fungi, microscopic forms of life, animal and vegetable, which prey on other life. Whereas the tremendous and almost overwhelming truth is that *all irresponsible life is predaceous*, and thus essentially parasitic. To state the fact more definitely, all life that builds itself up by eating, or other like methods of appropriation, and that has not intelligence to give it conscience and enable it to reason on the rights of other beings, is, by its very nature a beast of prey ready for remorseless plunder and slaughter. We need not make any distinction between the different grades and species of animals as though there were moral differences between them in this respect. It is true that some have more natural appetite for flesh than others, but all seek their prey with the same selfishness. The cow ravages your corn-fields as remorselessly as the crow or the cut-worm. The "innocent" dove and the "pretty" squirrel have no more conscience in your wheat-fields and granaries than their smaller brethren of the insect tribes. The "darling" robin plunders omnivorously, and is just as "innocent" when he strips your cherry-trees, which you cherish, as when he gobbles up the insects which you hate.

A general survey of the animal kingdom leads to the conclusion that the supreme law of that kingdom is that *the strong shall eat the weak.* And that law is so unconditional that in many cases it pays no respect to the claims of relationship or species. The pickerel and the hog eat their own young as readily as those of another race. This law of subsistence by slaughter graduated according to ability, may be traced through long series and circles in a thousand examples. The frog eats the insect; the pickerel eats the frog; the large pickerel eats the small pickerel; the man eats them both; and finally the worms eat the man, and so begins a new circle. In general, fishes devour one another without regard to any consideration except the ability to swallow. Large birds eat small birds; small birds live on insects, and insects revenge themselves on man and beast by devouring every green thing. The feline and canine races of animals slaughter the herbivora without mercy; and the herbivora take the life that is weaker than their own, viz., that of vegetables, with the same recklessness of all but their own appetite and power. Indeed the herbivora, innocent of blood as they may seem, are as ready, under certain circumstances, for slaughter as for plunder. Place a bunch of hay before a herd of hungry cattle and they will hook to the death till they have proved by trial of battle which has the might that gives right. And the strong yield not a whit of their right to ravage, to save their own race or all other races from starvation. The male rabbit, herbivorous and gentle as it is by reputation, devours its own young with the gusto of a cannibal.

Hovering over, enveloping and penetrating the whole of this vast arena of mutual slaughter are the vermin of the microscopic world, whose ravages we are just beginning to understand and trace in various forms of disease.

Seemingly the weakest of all animals, these diminutive guerrillas of the great life-battle are really the strongest of all the tribes that live by prey. It is not bulk that is the measure of power in the hostilities of the animal world. In a thousand cases we see this rule reversed. The crow chases the hawk, the king-bird chases the crow, and it is said that the phebe chases the king-bird, and the wren chases the phebe. While birds exterminate the larger classes of insects, they are themselves persecuted by the smaller. Probably among all the visible predaceous tribes, lice occupy the widest field, infesting and destroying the whole range of beasts, birds, and insects larger than themselves. In all these cases mobility and concealability, instead of bulk, are the measures of power; and these qualities increase as size diminishes. The principle of the homeopathists that infinitesimals are the strongest because they approach nearest to the penetrative mobility of spirits, is certainly true in the conflicts of the predaceous world. And from this principle it might have been presumed, before the microscope was brought to bear on physiology, that most of the ills that all flesh is heir to, are the works of atmospheric animalcules.

This view of the universal parasitism of the animal world, while it may lower our estimation of the innocence and loveliness of certain favorite tribes, will on the whole dispose us to at least a relative sort of charity toward the vast hordes which we have been accustomed to hate as specially predaceous. The truth is that the fever animalcule and the louse get their living as honestly, and fulfill their destiny as faithfully, and deserve as much approbation as the robin and the cat. ANTI-PAN.

Loving a woman to death is thought to be a very pretty expression for a very innocent thing. They don't think so in Utopia. A man who did such a thing there was called a parasite, and was imprisoned for twenty years as a homicide.—*Diggs.*

COMMUNITY JOURNAL.

ONEIDA.

—The spring of the year brings not only the house-cleaning campaign which lasts about a month, employing seven or eight hired persons, but it also brings a time of outdoor bees for restoring order and neatness to the lawns, walks, and premises immediately surrounding our buildings. The scrupulosity of the Community in respect to outdoor tidiness is inevitably somewhat relaxed during the winter, and there is freedom then to throw the refuse of nuts, oranges, apples etc., from the doors and windows. This winter indulgence does not offend any eye while the snow lasts, for our little delinquencies are covered then with a most charitable mantle. But April showers and sunshine have removed the mantle and our untidiness stares us in the face everywhere. As a consequence systematic raids on litter are imminent and threatening. The foremen of the different business departments are put under pressure to see that their premises are properly "tidied up," and the Community is going into a committee of the whole to arrest and put in durance whatever is lying around in a way to offend any one of the five senses. We live so much under the eye of the public that we are under a constant stimulus to set a good example of order and neatness; but without any reference to this, our own self-respect and a sense of what is due to civilization prompt us to make our outward surroundings as far as possible a reflex of our inward life.

—A woman of respectable appearance, somewhat past middle age, called on us one day last week to get us to purchase embroidery patterns. These consisted of a great variety, and there were many elegant designs. She urged that "embroidery was such a nice way for young girls to spend their spare moments." We told her that we have many ways for employing young people which we like much better, and that ornamentation is quite a subordinate thing with us. Making these patterns is her main dependence for subsistence, and she says she always finds a great demand for her work in the villages. Her home is in Saratoga, but she spends most of the time in traveling. Her story was quite a sad one. She had when young married a man who had a name for virtue and integrity. She soon found that he was shiftless and selfish, and wholly incapable of supporting a family. But she was tied to him, and realized to the utmost the bitterness of her bondage. The support of the six children that were born to them devolved upon her; the husband, instead of helping, proved an additional burden. They have always been poor; several times fire has visited them and burned what little they had accumulated. One by one the children died, until only a daughter remains. This daughter has a taste for needlework and assists her mother in the family support. We were shown an elaborately embroidered garment, the work of her fingers. The husband generally accompanies them on their travels, but takes no responsibility whatever for the pecuniary interests of the family.

—On Friday, the 11th, six of the young men went to Oneida Lake on a fishing-excursion, and returned Monday evening with a long string of pike and perch weighing nearly a hundred and fifty pounds. Their good luck is partly due to the kindness of a fisherman who had eighty-six lines set, and being obliged to leave for a few days, offered our boys the use of them. This was a great favor, as in order to fish at all, it is necessary to cut holes through the ice, which is very thick. But all they had to do was to make good use of the fisherman's tackle, and their success was complete. They report that the Lake has risen higher this spring than any previous time for fifty years. The water stands within ten feet of our house (Joppa), and sets back to the Fish Creek station, a distance of a mile, making very good boating. One incident of their jaunt deserves to be reported. The first day they were there, they noticed a ground-squirrel or chipmunk within a few feet of the house, looking very much as if it would like to be invited to come in. Cornelius (our taxidermist), who happened to be in the company, viewed the little creature with a coveteous eye, and resolved to make a captive of it. He found no difficulty in catching it in his hand, as it seemed quite willing to be caught, and placed it for the night in a perforated pail which he covered with a cloth. The next morning it gnawed a hole in the cloth and put its head through as if to take a survey of the situation, and finally ventured to come out into the room where it played about like a kitten. It showed no fear at the presence of so many strangers, and what surprised them more, it seemed not at all anxious to escape. So they let it run at large about the house. It ate the crumbs given it with avidity. At night C. gave it the whole of a Graham biscuit and was amused at its manner of disposing of the food. Seizing the morsel offered it and filling its cheeks it scampered off into the bedroom, and then returned for more. He thought nothing of the occurrence, however, until bedtime, when he noticed the tumbled appearance of his bed; in spreading it into shape, he turned down the coverlet and lo! all in a heap and lying in the very center of the bed, were five little newly born chipmunks! A sight to appeal to the sympathies of a taxidermist, truly! So the strange behavior of the little creature that had sought refuge with them, was explained. It is needless to say that mother and children were carefully treated, and are at the present time faring well under the care of Cornelius.

—We have just emerged from a winter that will be long remembered on this continent. We have had one hundred and twenty-three days of sleighing, and although during the first half of the time Æolus held the reins pretty tightly, he let go altother the rest of the way, for it has been one incessant whirl ever since from east to west and back again, almost within the twenty-four hours. Equally surprising has been the "get up" of a snow-storm. There was no telling whence it came. Then again, the mercury followed suit and dodged in like fashion from 20° below zero to 47° above, scoring the while at different times 17, 14, 11 and 10° below zero, the last figure being repeated frequently up to the second week in March and in almost every case accompanied by high wind. There has been some compensation however in point of sunshine. In all there have been thirty-three days in the four months, without a cloud, and a large number of such as might be called cheery. As a general thing, the colder the season the brighter the skies—and the increase of our winter sunshine for a number of years has steadily kept pace with the decrease of temperature.

THE VILLA.

April 16th.—Yesterday at sundown the last "water-logged" remnant of ice in the pond cast its moorings from the eastern side and floated toward the center. To-day we see no ice; and the pond is one big, rippling, sunshiny smile.

—As a variation of our favorite game of "Proverbs," described in a Villa journal some weeks ago, we were called upon last evening to guess the Anglo-Saxon of some "Pristine Proverbs, prepared for precocious pupils." Here are a few specimens:

"Cryptogamous concretion never grows
On mineral fragments that decline repose."

"Decortications of the golden grain
Are set to allure the aged fowl in vain."

"Whilst self-inspection it neglects,
Nor its own foul condition sees,
The kettle to the pot objects
Its sordid superficies."

"Bear not to yon famed city upon Tyne
The carbonaceous product of the mine."

"The earliest winged songster soonest sees,
And first appropriates the annelides."

This reminded G. of one of Willis Gaylord Clarke's proverbs:

"That culinary utensil which is subjected to constant ocular inspection is never known to perform the process of vaporous ebulition."

But the climax of the absurd was in Mr. I.'s recital of the way in which some overwise gentleman asked for the candle-snuffer:

"Will you be so polite, madam, as to extend to me those ignipotent digests, that I may defalcate the excrescence of this cylindrical, nocturnal luminary?"

JOTTINGS AT THE CRITICISM CLUB.

VI.

C—— has the pride of oddity—a special fondness for differing from others It has been bred into him, and shows itself on all occasions, particularly in efforts to excel in daring, reckless exploits. This is a fault everywhere cultivated in young people. They think to please by doing things that excite fear as well as surprise. They do not please in that way those whom they should care most about pleasing. Possibly C—— may in his exploits seek to please by variety; but he is at least in danger of forming bad habits—such as will make him an "odd stick" in society. Father Richards used to say of B. that he had every kind of sense but common sense. I should advise C—— to get in love with common sense. If you find that people around you generally think thus and so, count it all the better for that, and adopt the same thought if you can conscientiously, and not from the pride or habit of oddity take the unpopular side of questions. By common sense is meant the sense of people in general. Having established himself in common sense—that is, in sympathy with those around him on all sorts of subjects—then it will answer better for C—— to indulge in occasional oddities; but there should be first a basis of sympathy and unity.

We know when the Lord is pleased with us and when we dwell in the sunshine of his presence, and we know too what it is to grope along in the devil's eclipse. In the one case wind and tide are in our favor, and we glide along smoothly and easily, and good luck crowns all our efforts; in the other case wind and tide are against us, and nothing goes well with us. Knowing these things and knowing also that criticism—self-judgment and the sincerity of others—can keep us out of bad experience and improve the good, we shall be sure to make use of it from time to time to avoid the devil's eclipse and keep in the Lord's sunshine. We shall see that the inducements are all in favor of criticism—even the whole tendency to pleasure-seeking; for having once felt the joy of the Lord's sunshine, what pleasure can with it compare? What inducement shall be strong enough to make us walk in darkness? Balaam said to Balak, "If thou shouldst give me thy house full of silver and gold, I could not go beyond the commandment of the Lord." And so we may say, A house full of gold and silver would be no inducement to submit to the murky influences of evil. We know what the gall and wormwood are. We know the difference between good and evil, and know how to expel evil and attract good. The whole secret is to "walk in the light," and this is what criticism enables us to do.

R—— is so full of business that he does not attend to the spiritual world; he does not have any regular time for practice in spiritual music. We ought not to expect to become proficient in spiritual music without thorough drill and practice any more than we should to become creditable performers on the violin or piano without having expended a great deal of time and labor. The musicians cannot hope to get along well in the orchestra unless they take their regular hour for practice; neither shall we get along well in the heavenly band if we are not faithful to our regular hour for spiritual practice. The great need among us is a system of shutting ourselves up daily for the purpose of solitary reflection and seeking the Lord in prayer—an hour for practice in spiritual harmony. Somebody must take time to do a great deal of this labor in order that the family may be kept in a healthy condition. There must be just so much of this work done, and people can take their choice; they can go to God for themselves and keep up a system of sincere self-examination and criticism or they can neglect this work and take their share of it in the form of criticism from others. Self-criticism and criticism from others stand in the relation of equivalents. Just in proportion as we take time to improve ourselves by spiritual labor we render criticism from our associates unnecessary. People can judge for themselves which is the more comfortable way. We ought to establish as an institution among us the the daily practice of setting apart an hour for secret prayer, for seeking spiritual fellowship with and knowledge of God. In the long run we shall find that the best thing we can do for all our other interests will be for us to resolve that we will be faithful to our hour for spiritual practice and that we will not for any consideration allow our spiritual fingers to become numb or stiffened so that we shall not be able to make harmony with the heavenly band.

SAWS NOT NEEDLES.

DEAR CIRCULAR:—I see by your last issue that Mr. Colin Campbell, "a jolly Scotchman," proposes to teach Communism in connection with the practice of tailoring! Now what, in the name of all Communistic tradition, has tailoring to do with the beginnings of Communism? Any one can see by reading the pages of "American Socialisms," that not a tailor's shop but a *saw-mill* has from the days of Owen and Fourier, been the inevitable forerunner and accompaniment of all social harmony. Doth not ye author of "American Socialisms" say on ye 19th page of his History:

"It is really ludicrous to see how uniformly an old saw-mill turns up in connection with each Association, and how zealously the brethren made much of it"?

Almost none of the Communities, Phalanxes and Associations, were so poor as to be without a saw-mill, and some of them had two! We confess that we have never been able to see the intrinsic connection between Communism and saw-mills; it is one of those inscrutable things apparently past finding out, but however recondite it may

be, the facts of American Socialism show that it unquestionably exists. The O. C. began with a saw-mill. In view of these hard facts would not Mr. Campbell do well to shut up his tailor's shop and open a saw-mill? He could then add to his

"Proclamation!

Christian Communism taught in short and easy lessons,"

this further inducement:

"It has been shown that saw-mills are the peculiar industrial stepping-stones to Communism. All persons taking lessons in Communism of the undersigned will be entitled to gratuitous instruction in the management of saw-mills."

This is only a "bee for the 'jolly Scotchman's' bonnet." SAW-HORSE.

A FOREST TALE.

BY JOHN PARKER HUTCHINS.

'Twas once beside a forest lake,
In golden autumn fair,
I met a lonely woodsman old,
By chance most strange and rare.

His face was marked by time's rough hand,
His garb was quaint and wild;
But snowy locks and soft blue eyes
Bespoke a heart more mild.

His coat was once the prowling wolf's,
His cap by otter borne,
And on his legs he wore the garb
That once the moose had worn.

I scarce knew how to speak to one
So old and yet so queer;
But said that "I, if not too bold,
Would ask, why art thou here?"

"Bold sir, these forest ways are rough,
Thou seemest old and lame,
Thy days should end amongst thy friends;
Leave youth to chase the game."

"Not yet too old, my boy," said he,
"To love to chase the game;
Come sit thee, lad, beneath this pine,
I'll tell thee why I'm lame.

"Dost thou not hear that river roar,
That torrent fierce and strong?
On slimy rock amid its foam,
I stood one dark night long.

"Aye! dark as death, although the moon
Lit up the dancing flood;
The darkness reigned within my soul;
I felt the hand of God.

"'Tis long time since that fearful night.
E'en now," he said with sigh,
"I seem to feel that cold, cold flood,
And hear the night-bird's cry."

He ceased, and bent his ear as if
To catch that river's roar,
While softly sobbed the rippling lake
Against its rocky shore.

And then the whispering pine-trees told
Of lands for him more fair,
And through their boughs a sun-beam stole
And lit his silver'd hair.

"O, tell me all thy wondrous tale,
Thou aged Nimrod bold!
And let me sit beneath this pine
Till all the tale be told."

"Then hark thee, lad! 'Twas on these shores,
Before that thou wert born,
I chased the stag and panther fierce,
And blew the huntsman's horn.

"Among the lairs of savage beasts
With lordly step I trod;
Almost forgot my fellow-men,
And quite forgot my God.

"A comrade, shared my camp-fire then—
A strong youth brave of heart—
I loved him with a woman's love
And thought we ne'er could part.

"I feared not either man or brute;
Or storms or foaming tide,
Whene'er that fair-haired, noble youth
Stood proudly at my side.

"O'er mountain hights, on forest lakes,
Together we did roam,
While rung his laugh 'gainst rock-bound shore,
And songs of forest home.

"We camped one still September night
On yonder mountain side,
And heard that river's muffled roar
Like ocean's swelling tide.

"The screech-owl kept his cave that night,
The moon ran full and high;
But by the lofty pine-trees' moan
We knew a storm was nigh.

"Well worn with toil and heavy chase,
Soon on the boughs we lay;
And soundly slept where 'neath the pines
'Tis said that wood-nymphs play.

"The woodsman worn sleeps calmly on,
Nor dreams of weal or harm.
The satyr's dance, or siren's song
Has not for him a charm.

"When midnight came I heard a cry
From out that roaring tide.
Three times it came, and, strange to tell,
Methought my comrade cried!

"I quickly rose and stirred the blaze
That lit his noble face,
And saw him lie as sweetly calm
As infant in his place.

"I doubting said, I heard no cry:
'Twas but the night-bird's scream,
Or weariness from heavy toil
Had caused a restless dream.

"Again on boughs I lay my limbs
With heavy troubled sigh,
But ere I closed mine eyes in sleep,
I heard again that cry,

"A piercing, long, heart-rending cry
That woke the forest deep
And caused a chill within my veins
That drove away my sleep.

"Again I rose with trembling pulse,
And, mid the shades of night,
I saw a bright and airy form
Beneath the moon's pale light.

"That form so like an angel bright
Did quickly pass away;
And then I heard my comrade sigh
As on the boughs he lay.

"My soul was so with wonder wrought,
No more that night I slept;
But while my comrade softly dreamed,
A restless watch I kept.

"When morning came with forest gloom
And heavy, lowering sky;
The restless stag-hound's anxious bay
Told us that game was nigh.

"'Let loose the dogs!' my comrade cried,
'The bear will seek the plain!
We'll shoot him on the river's brink
And cross to camp Morain!'

"The bear had passed the camp that night,
A savage brute was he;
So fierce he fought the fiery hounds,
'Twas shocking sight to see.

"The chase waxed hot throughout the day,
The heavy rain fell fast,
A cold wind swept through mountain-gorge
In one unceasing blast.

"At times we heard the baying hounds
Above the storm-god's wail;
But more we searched the dripping earth,
To find the bloody trail.

"At last we reached the river's bank,
Well nigh the close of day;
And o'er the stream, 'mong ragged pines
The bear was brought to bay.

"The stag-hounds screamed, the river roared,
Such din was never heard;
And o'er our heads, the raven soared,
That dark, ill-omened bird.

"To cross the stream we hastened now
Before the day was o'er;
Of cedar trees we made a raft
And shoved ourselves from shore.

But lo! the swollen, maddened stream
Did all our efforts mock,
And down its course the raft was hurled
Upon a hidden rock.

"The raft at once, to pieces went,
So fearful was the shock!
And in the foam my comrade fell,
While I clung to a rock.

"He sank beneath that seething flood,
Like snow-flake in the tide.
Oh, God! it dashed him o'er the falls!
'I'm lost! I'm lost!' he cried.

"That awful cry, it pierced my soul!
'Tis done! My God! My God!
My comrade! Oh! my comrade lost!
Take me, O cruel flood!

"I thought I could but say my prayers,
Ere I with him should sleep;
The hungry waters, o'er the rock,
Half to my knees did sweep.

"But night came on, the fierce storm ceased,
The moon shone full and bright,
And praying for my wretched soul
I spent that awful night.

"For nine long hours that angry flood
Discoursed to me of Death.
On rushing wave I saw him dance
And felt his icy breath.

"Sometimes a sleep like that of death
Would steal across my brain;
And then as oft that piercing cry
Would rouse me up again.

"'Twas like the cry I heard in camp,
And o'er and o'er again,
The fearful bodings of that night
Rushed through my reeling brain.

"I scarce remember all that passed,
For life was spent well nigh;
But think the Lord, to whom I prayed,
Did hear my wretched cry.

"I saw a form—that angel form—
Above the mad waves float;
He spurned the tide like thing of light,
And pulled me 'board his boat.

"I heard these words, and knew no more;
Perhaps they were my own;
But more, I think the angel said:
'Wilt worship God alone?'

"Alone, in camp, I next awoke,
And in that same sweet tone,
Methought the Angel whispered still,
Wilt worship God alone?

"'I will, O God!' I crying said,
'Nor stray from thee again;'
Then sought a home among my kind,
And loved like other men."

The old man paused, as if in thought,
And bowed his snowy head;
But when he saw me listening still,
This more he also said:

"To crown my home I had a son;
A smiling, happy boy,
And blessings more, a hundred-fold,
O'erran my cup of joy.

"But still," he said, "I tell thee, boy,
In golden autumn fair,

I love to don this garb of old
And breathe the forest air.

"It stirs my blood, and nerves my limbs
To hear the stag-hound bark,
And when the deer is brought to bay,
To sound the horn—But hark!"

The old man's ear had caught the bay
Of hounds on yonder shore.
Mid golden leaves he stole away;
I saw him never more.

A LEATHERY CONFAB.

ONE of the minor questions not yet satisfactorily solved by our heads came up for some good-natured remarks in our meeting a few evenings since. It was: "What shall we do with our old boots and shoes and rubbers and hats and bonnets when they become unfit for use?" The women who do the sweeping, mopping and arranging of the house, do not like to have them left here and there to be moved every morning. The farmers request that old shoes and rubbers shall not be flung on their territory, for they are perennial. Plow them under, they soon crop out somewhere else; once sown you are never rid of them. Old rubber can be sold for two cents per pound. The general verdict on old leather was —burn it.

Retiring soon after this discussion, the visions of my head were rather peculiar and somewhat as follows: Wishing to hang something on a line that stretches across one of the back rooms I opened the door and saw a circle ot chairs extending round the apartment; immediately in tront of each an old cast-off pair of boots, shoes or rubbers, and above each chair a dilapidated hat or bonnet. These latter had no apparent support but occupied much the same position as if resting on the heads of people whose feet should have been in the shoes. Much wondering at the sight and not a little curious I was about to call some one to explain, when I was stopped by seeing a large pair of rubber boots, shaded by a wide brimmed hat some six feet above them, step toward the center of the room and address the audience. Sheer astonishment prevented my hearing the entire speech, but it was delivered with vehemence, the hat making many emphatic and impressive nods, suggesting to my bewildered mind that the arms, situated somewhere between the hat and boots though invisible, were also making appropriate gesticulations. The substance of his remarks (I should say *their* remarks) was that the meeting had been called to exhort the boots and shoes fraternally to rise as one boot and defend themselves against the abuses of mankind; they had been misused, trodden under foot, and kicked about long enough. He took his seat (that is, the boots resumed their former position in front of the chair) amidst general applause.

Immediately a short, much worn, extremely wrinkled, and very heavy pair of leather boots took a central stand and said, "I was owned by a brisk but careless-stepping young man, and my life was really knocked out of me by being so continually thrust against every stick, or stone or other obstacle in his way. You have but to look at the risers of any flight of stairs and you will see how constantly I was snubbed by him. Now I'm to be thrown one side or burned. Is this not too much? Are we to wear out our very soles for these men to be repaid like this?"

The applauditory agitation was great and followed by complaint from a warped, unshapely pair of moroccos: "I covered the dainty feet of a thoughtless damsel who forced me into the mud and wet, and then instead of removing the sticky soil from my sides and allowing me to stand in some warm place where I could gradually recover my youthful form and elasticity, I was left in this filthy state till I became stiff and ugly; now she scorns me."

"My sorrows," said a slender pair of men's gaiters, "are not like yours. I was not ruined by cold and wet, but alas! I belonged to a cold-footed student and he must render me worthless by repeatedly scorching me. Had he been merciful enough to have uncased his feet to warm them I might have served him twice the days I did."

A large pair of cowhide brogans said, "I was made exclusively for outdoor wear and hard service. My owner always obliged me to go thundering about with elephantine tread into evening assemblies, by the doors of invalids, among slumbering infants, carrying distress to the nerves of people wherever I went. At last he caused me to become such a general nuisance, that I was discarded."

A rusty velvet slipper feelingly remarked, "I was made on purpose for the service you were obliged to render; I served a little while and was flung one side because the shoemaker gave my owner such fits."

The next speaker said, "I endeavored to make my wearer understand the heavy trials of my lot, but the great weight I supported made my voice quite unmelodious and only elicited from her the caustic remark, 'They are horrid, squeaky old things.'"

Before this speaker could say more a pair of high-laced boots stepped forth, looking as greasy as the Rev. Chadband, and explained, "'Twas squeak that brought my fate to me. A blithe young lass said, 'I'll cure you of this.' So, unmindful of her philosophy, she put me in a pan and poured some foul smelling oil into it, to such a depth as just to cover the bottom of the pan. Here she left me, thinking, I suppose that if a little of a thing was good, a great deal of it would be better. Alack! Why should there exist an attraction between liquids and the surfaces of solids? Who should stay it? I felt the oil obeying this attraction, creeping up my sides, penetrating and permeating my entire being. When she found me so saturated she subjected me to the most rigorous measures. I was made to stand near a stove, to hang in the sun; I underwent rubbing with old rags and other distasteful processes. At length she pulled me on one morning over a pair of clean white stockings, with the least bit spiteful ejaculation, 'I guess you won't squeak now.' I didn't; but the oily cure was worse than the original sin —it exuded from every pore, and like the Wandering Jew, she left the imprint of her shoe wherever she went. It would not do, I was spoiling every stocking belonging to this Miss, to say nothing of the disaster I brought to carpets and nice floors. I was cast out drippingly forlorn. I still retain more than my share of oil finish."

The first speaker, the big rubber boots, again strode forward, saying that the meeting was already rather long; the hats and bonnets had had no chance to speak of their troubles; "but," added he, "are we not ready to adopt some protective measures? Shall we not resolve"——a cry from a baby in the other bed suddenly woke me. ASH.

At a late meeting of the Pig Iron Manufacturers Association in New York 31 companies were represented. From the Secretary's report it was shown that 2,388,250 tons of iron were made in 1872, divided as follows: Anthracite, 1,197,010; Raw bituminous and coke, 912,500; Charcoal, 478,500. During the year 109 furnaces were built and 30 projected; 42 rolling mills were built and 11 projected—a total of 192 new establishments. This probably does not include all. It is estimated that the country last year used in castings 1,103,000 tons; in railroad supplies 2,478,500 tons, and in other wrought iron products 730,000 tons. Total, 4,311,500 tons. Five Bessemer works are in operation, and they used in 1872 125,362 tons of pig. The Bessemer rail production was about 90,000 tons. At least four new establishments are projected. The report, says the *Mining and Engineering Journal*, "while exhibiting a most flattering picture of our progress toward supplying our own iron, is still more encouraging in the proof it gives that the very large extension of our productive power within late years has not only not overdone the market, but has fallen very far short of answering the needs of the country."

Mr. Lindslay, of Jackson, Tennessee, an old telegraphic operator, has invented a printing telegraph instrument, for which a patent has been issued recently. In order to give it a fair test Mr. C. C. Partee, of Memphis, has taken steps to aid the inventor by organizing a company with a capital stock of $150,000 subscribed, and which Mr. Partee succeeded in getting without delay. Applications for more stock have been refused, because the amount subscribed is large enough to introduce the new instruments, and to demonstrate the utility and economy of using them. Telegraphic operators who have seen and examined the Lindslay instrument are convinced that it will displace the present system, and work a complete revolution in the transmission of despatches and in the reduction of telegraphic tolls. The instrument can be worked by any person who has two hands, and who can read and write, and a day's instruction will make them good operators. The inventor is preparing to make tests of the machine, in short and long circuits, and the results will be made known to the public telegraph companies and to the Government.—*American Artisan.*

THE FIRE-DANGER IN NEW YORK.

"A well known citizen of New York now traveling in Italy, and whose opinions are deserving of consideration, thus expresses his impressions in a private letter, suggested by the current discussions upon the liability of New York to a disaster like that which has befallen Boston:

One word about fires in New York. It would not surprise me any day to hear that New York city was utterly destroyed, burnt up from the Battery to Central Park; it might happen any day that a strong wind prevails from the south: there is nothing to prevent it—everything to provoke it; the buildings are combustible to the last degree. Now, just look for one moment at Paris; there is a superbly built city; in order to burn a building there they were obliged to fire it in every apartment and then it would not burn; not a soul dared interfere to put out the fire; not a drop of water used; the fire would not spread. In forty places you see where the Commune, with the aid of petroleum and all sorts of combustibles could not make it burn. Even the Bible says: "Where no wood is the fire goeth out." The "Mansard roof" and all that twaddle is all in your eye. "Wisdom crieth aloud in the streets and no man regardeth her." If stores and buildings for dwellings are well built you cannot burn them; it is the cheapest in the end to build well, but

"He builds too low, that builds beneath the skies."

Send a committee of honest men to Paris to study "fire-proof." Let 'em look over the Hotel de Ville, the Palace of the Tuileries—and all, every one of the stores and dwellings that those devils attempted to burn, and let them report, and then have a law, as the French have, that every building shall be constructed upon that of fire-proof plan. Then begin at the Battery, tear down and put up anew—it will cost something, but it will be the cheapest in the end. Wind up all your insurance companies, and let them go to grass; be wise, and defy the foul fiend, not go right on in security and be caught napping again, again, and again."

—*Albany Times.*

CORRESPONDENCE.

Fontana, Kans., April 8, 1873.

DEAR CIRCULAR:—I am pleased to learn that the project of "a daily paper for the heart" is assuming proportions which leave no doubt in my mind that the realization of G. W. N.'s prophecy is not far distant. I have but "two mites," but I

want to cast them into your treasury for the benefit of that project. When I wrote you last, saying that whatever of temporal goods I should be blessed with in future above my family's wants should be yours for the publication of a free gospel, I gave expression to what seemed then a sudden impulse of the heart; but since that time I have had a constant assurance that God would bless the labor of my hands. And looking over the past with its misfortunes and losses it seems to me that I have had no settled object in life worthy of being blessed. and hence all the property I had accumulated was taken from me. But in consecrating myself unreservedly and entirely to the service of God I am assured that those who are dependent on me for support will be cared for while under my protection whether they are willing to serve God or not; and hence I look to him for guidance, protection and a plentiful supply, that I may have at least "one mite" left for the Lord's treasury. I am tired of seeing all the devil's doings reported, while the deeds of the Spirit of Truth are not reported. God is at work everywhere and Satan only where he gets a chance; but Satan's reporters write for nearly all the papers in the land while truth is "crushed to the earth" for want of utterance. It seems to me that I certainly must be one of the "least of them that are the Lord's alone;" but it is so much comfort to feel that I am working for the Lord every day in the week and to know that he assists and directs even in those little things which so often perplex the mind and weary the body, that I want to say to every one I meet or whom I can reach by means of the pen, "If you would be happy, 'trust in the Lord.'" E. Y.

FIELD-MICE.

PASSING over meadows and through orchards and groves of timber this spring, and observing the amount of damage done by the field- or meadow-mouse, I was led to ask the question: Where did these mischievous quadrupeds come from in such numbers as their work of destruction indicates? Last fall I had little suspicion of their presence. Not only have many valuable trees fallen a prey to their voracity, but the meadows and grass lands generally seem to have suffered severely from their ravages, especially where the snow covered the ground to a considerable depth. Even the grounds bordering on the swamps and woodlands have not escaped these depredators as their numerous paths and burrows testify. The practice of banking fruit-trees with earth late in the fall usually proves a protection against barking by mice; but in case of deep snows and drifts the method is of little avail, as the animals then finding their way above the mound are still able to perform their work of destruction under cover.

We accidentally stumbled on a plan which may prove a remedy for this evil. Late in the fall and during early winter, having an occasion to thin out an orchard by cutting away a number of trees, we threw the brush in piles and left it on the ground. These brush-heaps doubtless protected the orchard to some extent, as on the side where they lay there were no trees barked, but instead the vermin took to the brush-wood and to the trees on the opposite side of the orchard.

The idea occurs to us that by pruning orchards in the fall, which is doubtless the best time in the whole year, and leaving the trimmings on the ground, we may, in case of deep snow, pretty effectually secure our trees from damage by mice, as they seem to prefer the tender bark of twigs to the coarse rough bark of the trunk. But the question still remains: Where do these mice come from so suddenly and in such numbers? Did they come from other parts, or were they bred on the spot unnoticed? H. T.

AN EPICUREAN'S EVENING SOLILOQUY.

"Day is done brown and set away to cool:
And evening like a salad fresh and moist,
And peppered with her mustered stars, comes on;
The moon, like a large cheese, cut just in half,
Hangs o'er the landscape most invitingly;—
The milky way reveals her silvery stream
'Mid the blanc mange-like clouds that fleck the sky:—
The cattle dun, sleeping in pastures brown,
Show like huge doughnuts in the deepening gloom.
How like a silver salver shines the lake!
While mimic clouds upon its surface move,
Like floating islands in a crystal bowl.
The dews come down to wash the flowers-cups clean,
And night winds follow to wipe them dry."

THE NEWS.

The Pope is sick and supposed to be dying.

President Grant is reported as seriously ill.

Mrs. James Gordon Bennett died recently at Konigstein, Saxony.

The city of San Salvador, Central America has been nearly destroyed by an earthquake and some five hundred persons killed.

Miss S. F. Wilkinson of Bridgeport, Conn. has gained a verdict of $25,000 damages against "Brick Pomeroy" for breach of promise of marriage.

The approach of the Russian troops on Khiva has caused the Khan of that country to change his policy. The Russian prisoners whose imprisonment caused the war, have been set at liberty, and sent to meet the Russian advance.

Charles Francis Adams has received $22,500 in gold as pay for his services as arbitrator for the United States at the Geneva tribunal. He was allowed the same pay per annum that he received as minister to England, with an additional sum of $5,000 for traveling expenses. Considering the high prices that are commonly paid for justice in this world, especially national justice, this is getting off pretty cheaply. Alas! if there were no traitors among us mortals, we should not be compelled to pay the arbitrators.

The American Palestine Exploration Society has reached Syria, under the command of Lieut. Steever United States Cavalry, accompanied by Prof. Paine formerly of Robert's college, Constantinople, and at last advices was fitting out at Beyrout, with a view of taking the field early in March. By an arrangement with the British Palestine Exploration Society the whole country east of the Jordan, embracing the old territories of Moab, Gilead and Bashan, are to be relinquished exclusively to the American Society.

A committee has been formed among the members of the Berlin Geographical Society, and a plan drawn up in connection with the other Geographical Societies of Germany, for the completion from the west coast of Africa of the discoveries begun by Dr. Livingstone from the east. The expedition is to start from the west coast south of the equator. The funds are already partly provided. It is to be hoped that this expedition won't be thwarted by a visitation of the red tape worm, as was the case with the expedition sent by the British Geographical Society for the relief of Dr. Livingstone, and met by Stanley on his return.

Major-General Canby, and the Rev. Dr. Thomas of the Peace Commission, were wantonly and treacherously murdered, by the Modoc Indians while holding a conference. A. B. Meacham, formerly superintendent of Indian affairs for Oregon, and a member of the Peace Commission was also seriously and it is feared fatally wounded. This tragedy ends all efforts for a peaceful arrangement with the Modocs, and General Sherman has telegraphed orders for a most vigorous prosecution of the war against them. Major-Gen. Jefferson C. Davis has been ordered to assume the command of the forces.

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ADMISSIONS.

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

THE ART OF GLANCING.

Home-Talk by J. H. N.

IN old times when we used to make trap-springs by hand at the forge, there was a great liability to injure the eyes by looking at the bright hot steel under the hammer; and a number of our men had sore eyes. I talked with Mr. Newhouse about the matter one day, and found he had a theory that one who hammers heated steel should not look at it constantly, nor even fix his eye steadily upon it at all; but get in the habit of *glancing* at it. By coquetting with the fiery ingot in that way he got along without having any difficulty with his eyes. I tried the plan, and found there was good, practical philosophy in it.

Since then I have found many ways of applying this glancing philosophy of the old trap-maker to higher matters than hammering steel. For instance: the eyes of the *mind* are liable to get sore by looking too fixedly at subjects that are hot with interest. Even questions of ordinary business sometimes assume a fiery glow that makes continuous attention to them painful and dangerous. Insanity generally comes by too long gazing at some one subject that is absorbing enough to hold and compel thought, till the brain gets sore. The way to keep a healthy mind, in the midst of complicated businesses and mighty issues, is, not to gaze long and fixedly at any one thing, but to do the looking that is indispensable to action, by swift, well-directed glances.

I find too, that it makes my spiritual eyes ache, to pore over the popular newspapers. With their murders and hangings and shipwrecks and car-smashings and man-roastings, they may be said to be all the time in the white heat of hell-fire; and the only safe way for me to go through them, is by skipping-glances; taking whole paragraphs by their first lines, and keeping my eyes puckered to their smallest capacity, to keep the sparks out.

Then again, a man who attempts to keep posted in scientific matters, will find himself dealing with a dazzling, sparkling mass of conjectures and colliding hypotheses, which will worry him into intellectual opthalmia, if he stares long at them. All the old workers in the speculation-shops learn, perforce, the art of glancing and eye-puckering, and those who don't generally go crazy.

Above all, the glancing philosophy is indispensable in the love-business. There is a blinding radiance in magnetic beauty which cannot be stared at steadily without heart-disease. The sexes in their prime are like white-hot steel to each other. Whoever would keep his heart for God and for all, must learn to practice an honest kind of coquetry, which withdraws the gaze before it goes into bondage and idolatry.

In short, we must practice the art of glancing in all our dealings with external objects, if we would keep healthy eyes for things internal and eternal.

It seems to me that in a true system of education, the ability to withdraw the attention will be as important as the ability to fix the attention, and as worthy of systematic training; because the way for us to make the most of ourselves for God, man and the universe, is certainly, to keep our freedom; that is, to save our minds, imaginations, and hearts from all seizure and bondage to specialties. I see plainly that this has been God's way of training me. He has taught me always and thoroughly to coquet with all things below himself. By his grace I am master of the art of glancing. For that, above all things, I am ever thankful.

THE WAY OUT.

A GREAT rift in my life had opened the way for the light of truth to shine through, revealing to me many imperfections in my character. I had been for days in great heaviness on account of manifold temptations. My heart was indeed a battle-ground where the powers of good and evil were waging fierce warfare. "Give up! what is the use of your trying to overcome? Cease all effort and drift with the tide," said the enemy. Yet in the midst of this dire confusion caused by the clatter of my feelings and the cloud of unbelief, I could still hear the voice of God whispering down in my heart: "Fear thou not; for I am with thee; be not dismayed; for I am thy God: I will strengthen thee; yea I will help thee; yea I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness." Thus for a moment my faith would be encouraged until a gleam of light would reveal Christ in me victorious over evil and able to transform me into his own image. Following him as he "run patiently the race that was set before him, enduring the cross and despising the shame" in view of the joy that was awaiting him at the right hand of God, I would catch a glimpse of him, not only as the author, but as the *finisher* of my faith. Still the enemy would come upon me like a flood until the Lord would again provide a way of escape, which he did at one time very effectually by throwing in my way just at the right moment an old tablet containing a few brief extracts from the writings of one whose words have so many times come to me as the voice of God, that I am fast learning to receive them, with the same unquestioning faith that I have learned to receive the Bible. Trusting that these extracts will be a help to others

suffering from like temptations I will give them entire:

"CHRIST is able to fertilize us with goodness and truth, and to protect us from being infected with the poisonous influences of unbelief. He is not only a 'glory in the midst,' but a 'wall of fire round about,' to those who receive him. His spirit will disperse, and precipitate, and consume the infusions of Satan, and close up our susceptibilities to evil, by taking possession of them, and filling them with good.

"The subtle messengers of GOOD, as well as evil, are flying about; and where susceptibilities are prepared, they fertilize our spirits, beget themselves in us, and change our characters.

"All our susceptibilities to evil, when they are modified by true brokenness of heart and a true understanding of our nature, become open mouths to Christ, and cry for salvation; and then evil is repulsive to them.

"'*Let us labor to enter into rest.*' What shall we do? Seek, in the first place, *good life*. We get that from Christ. 'Lay hold on eternal life.' In doing this, we shall find that we are getting into circumstances that are adapted to the growth of that life. No matter what comes to it: every thing is fertilizing to true life. Labor, then, to obtain a good life, and God will take care of the rest. To good life, the sunshine, and rain, and earth, and every thing above and below, will help forward its growth and fruitfulness."

S. E. A. D.

LOCOMOTION.

IV.

HAVING glanced at some of the basic principles involved in terrestrial locomotion, let us now study and compare more at leisure some of its specific forms. It has been said that the original germ of all living creatures, from the highest to the lowest, whether it be that of a frog or of a human being, is the same; that all the higher developments are built upon and subsequent to the lower. Science has taken a great deal of pains to confirm the saying that "We must creep before we can walk," by showing that we have all had our tadpole experience in early life. Creeping is the ground-work of a future and higher walk in life. It is a method of progress well adapted to incipient human nature, because it is the only one by which human beings can establish a broad and sure basis for success in the business of locomotion. To begin the great race of existence on all fours, and then after having gone a little way to rise and finish it by using only the hind legs, is a feat that is peculiar to the human race, and is performed by no other animal. It is the power to do this that raises him above the brute creation. The anterior limbs are very handy at helping in the incipient stage of locomotion, but having finished the work of educating the posterior limbs, they immediately rise to a higher level of existence, having a better work to do.

It is a noteworthy fact that the feet and lower limbs are precocious. They get a sound and thorough understanding of their proper duties and destiny long before the education of the hands and other parts of the body is completed. It is said that nations differ in this respect. I have somewhere read that the Africans in their native country can walk almost immediately after they are born. The cause of this phenomenon I must of course leave to Mr. Walker the great ethnologist and anthropologist. Perhaps philology might help him. Who knows but that the word negro was originally spelled knee-grow, in allusion to the early development of the lower limbs?

When a baby creeper quits the quadruped stage of development, and, rising on end, comes into the ranks and begins to keep step to the great anthem of human progress, there is commonly much rejoicing among mammas, uncles, aunties and sympathizing friends; but I do not believe that any of us fully appreciate the momentous significance of the occasion. Some maintain that a great skull full of brains is the crowning characteristic that distinguishes man from the brute. But it is said that the elephant has a heavier brain than a man; and yet with all his brains what has the elephant accomplished without hands, compared to man, notwithstanding he has a trunk which is very handy? What would be the value of the boasted brains of man if he were not armed with hands to enable him to fight successfully in the great struggle for existence? One of the strong points of the dog, the swine, and indeed nearly all quadrupeds is the absence of heavy brains and instead a protrusion of jaws armed with teeth for laying vigorous hold of those things which are so needful for the supply of their elementary and alimentary wants. What could we do with our brains if we were quadrupeds? They would tip over our porridge-dish every time we attempted to eat. Moreover they would necessitate such an enormous development of the muscles of the neck in order to support the head in a horizontal position that to be stiff-necked if not rebellious would be one of our chief characteristics. Nature was obliged to look out for that when she made the huge unwieldly elephant. She gave him a neck so stiff and stout that it apparently has no joint, but it serves the purpose of comfortably supporting his heavy brains, and if she had not good-naturedly given him a trunk to hold his goodies, and to serve as a sort of commissariat, there is no telling how he would keep out of the poor-house.

But fortunately we are not quadrupeds. Our great brains are packed away in a nicely-fitting box on top of the spinal column where they admirably serve our purpose both as mental and ornamental constituents of the human corporation. Nature made a most excellent hit when she struck upon the idea of instructing human beings to walk on their hind legs. As I think of the matter I am utterly overwhelmed with the greatness of the task of showing up the immanent advantages of this method which I have so inconsiderately assumed.

With the idea of forming a conception of what abject slaves of nature the "four-footed beasts and creeping things" are, let the reader call to mind the condition of the wild cattle and horses that live on the prairies. They are the victims of nature, not its masters. What can they do when they get a mote in their eye, to say nothing of a beam? How little can they affect their surroundings in the direction of a change that is favorable to themselves. True they can diligently nibble to death the young forest trees that spring up and threaten to deprive them of pasturage, but how insignificant is this compared to the magnificent ameliorating changes that human hands have wrought. A stalwart woodsman with mighty strokes sending the monarchs of the forest crashing to the ground, is a striking illustration of the victory of man over nature: and this victory comes as will be observed through his capacity for walking on his hind legs. The striking points of the wild horse are his feet (particularly his hind ones), which give him a fleetness far superior to man, and yet with this great and splendid gift how insignificant is his power over nature when compared to that of man! Against the lasso and the rifle wielded by the cunning human arm and hand he is powerless.

But considering the fact that the gorilla, the orang-outang and monkey have been regarded by a certain class of scientists as constituting a part of the human pedigree, they have had conferred on them of late years much notice and respectability. How much nearer to a victory over nature do they come than our horses and oxen? Not a whit. They live in tropical forests instead of on prairies like cattle and horses, and their four hands indicate that they are merely an appendage to the forest, their extra hands enabling them to climb easily. They are said to be four-handed animals, but they are not nearly so fore-handed as human beings, having nothing like the human capacity for providing for the future. If the baboons would only make a practice of standing up straight and walking on their hind legs, I should feel a great deal more brotherly toward them. So greatly do I appreciate this accomplishment that I am inclined to think that I should in that case be willing to contribute something to the support of missionaries among them for the purpose of saving their souls. H. J. S.

REVIVAL RECOLLECTIONS.

VIII.

IT is sometimes necessary to retrace our steps a little in order to make a story clear, so I will go back and mention an incident which occurred during one of Mr. B——'s calls, just before we were married. He presented me with a new Bible one day, and said, "See what will be the first passage your eye will fall upon." I opened and read: "Thy Maker is thy husband: the Lord of Hosts is his name." We both wondered what the text could mean, and my thoughts dwelt much upon it. There had been nothing sentimental in our courtship. The day was fixed for our marriage, but our engagement had been a mere business transaction. I had never felt his heart, and it was impossible when alone to prevent the occasional deep-drawn sigh. But Mr. B—— was fine looking, and a very benevolent, anti-slavery and temperance man. He was a deacon of the church, the Sabbath-School Superintendent, and a sort of general adviser in all matters pertaining to the society. He bore just the reputation which met my beau-ideal of a good husband. Such a man is

he seemed to be, I said to myself, is worthy of my love, and shall have it.

After we were married our minister made a large party in honor of the wedding. He wrote some passages of scripture on a number of small strips of paper and putting them indiscriminately into a box, requested those who were present to each draw a slip and read. My verse was: "Thy Maker is thy husband: the Lord of Hosts is his name." We all looked at Mr. B——, and his face revealed his perplexity. He afterward told me that cold chills went over him when I read that verse, and he thought that perhaps I was thinking too much of him. But the mist of my love-dream soon disappeared in the stern realities of life. It did not take a long acquaintance, or very deep soundings to strike the bottom of his soul, for so far as outward demonstration gave evidence the center and circumference of his love were limited to himself. The conviction of this fact cost my woman's heart many a pang in the early part of my wedded life, for I longed for those daily outgushings which are like God's loving-kindness—new every morning; but instead of giving vent to such expressions he maintained the most frigid indifference. Cold, proud precision was so ingrafted into his nature that I suppose any little demonstration of affection could not have passed from his lips without a painful sense of awkwardness. But this marriage was not the result of blind chance. My heavenly Father had arranged my circumstances and had given me just the husband I needed, to keep me from idolatry and to reveal to me what was covered within myself. He had only closed the door of my outgoings that a friendship more divine might possess my soul.

Mr. B—— professed to have experienced the blessing of entire sanctification. He was extremely punctilious in the performance of all the church ordinances, and was so much in the habit of mechanical, daily duty-doing, that he was led by a blind sincerity into the fancy that he had really gotten the victory which overcometh the world, while in reality his great study was for a good reputation among men. Four times a day would he repair to his closet for devotional exercises which occupied from one to two minutes, and regularly after breakfast he would take his children to the closet to say their prayers. These were the words of their prayers: "May I be a good boy (or girl) and serve the Lord, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen!" This form was kept up without variation until they were old enough to be sent from home to the Seminary. When I asked Mr. B—— what was his experience when he obtained the blessing of sanctification, he said that when his wife died he was at first unreconciled, but he came at last into such a state of nearness to God that he was filled with joy and peace, and for some time he did not feel conscious of committing sin. Although he had lost the blessing of sanctification he was seeking and expecting to receive it again, and he certainly was carefully and conscientiously doing those works by which he expected to be saved. I could not see as his experience was in any essential point different from what mine had been at times, ever since I had united with the church, when I did not look for sanctification until death; but I now believed that God required me to live constantly without sin, and that he had made provision for me to enjoy that privilege. The more I prayed and struggled for that state, the worse it seemed to me I grew.

Disappointed in the character of my husband, I watched for failures in all the Oberlin believers I met. I was at times fretful, and frequently indulged in sharp retorts which plunged me into the deepest state of condemnation, and made me fearful of risking my soul in eternity. Sometimes I would have joyful seasons, and then again my mind was like a tempest on a desolate field stirred by the temptations of Satan.

At last I met the Rev. Ovid Miner while on a visit to Rev. H. Peck, Rochester. I felt that surely he would help me out of my difficulty. I told him of my temptations, and how I longed to meet with one person among the Oberlin believers who lived as near to God as did Miss Chadwick or Black Jacob. He said it was the spirit of God that had given me this desire for holiness, and if I continued to pray in faith, the Spirit would eventually bring me into that state. He could not say that he lived without sin, and was himself in the same struggle that I was; I should probably always feel that lack in myself that I saw in others; but he said he could direct me to one person whose life was a living testimony to the truth of the doctrine of holiness, viz., Mrs. Otis in Kanona. I very soon called upon Mrs. Otis, and did indeed find that the communication between her soul and God seemed to be direct, and that her faith enabled her to live above her circumstances. She knew that Christ lived in her and she in him, and that he kept her from sin. I felt that her spirit bore witness to the truth of her words. My visits became frequent. When urging her to tell me just how she came into that state, she replied, "You will find it by trusting God." She then brought forward a large manuscript and read from it quite a number of prayers which she had written down before she received this light.

"Now," said she, "in one sense these prayers are all stuff, for there was no faith in them. I might have piled them mountain high, and yet if I had not found out how to trust God I should never have found rest. It is true God has answered them, but it was because I trusted him to save me."

My spirit quarreled with that expression, "These prayers are all stuff," and I resolved that I would not sleep that night, but would pray until I found rest; but by midnight nature was exhausted, and the morning waking found me in the same condition.

C. B. B.

BOYISH MEMORIES OF TROPICAL FRUITS.

III.

THE ORANGE.

WILL it appear strange if I say that ever since I left the shores of my native land the orange has not seemed to me like the same fruit? There is no question I think, that an orange of the first quality will almost rival the finest product of the Indies. Indeed it is even preferable at times to any other; but it must be plucked ripe from the tree and eaten when fresh. When I see an orange nowadays, I always think of lemonade, and lemonade it certainly becomes if I get hold of it, for in no other way can I dispose of it without a wry face. But you can make an artistic thing of the eating of an orange provided it *be* an orange. Children in Ceylon used sometimes to get together to cut oranges and after removing the peel of the fruit, divide it with the fingers at the natural seams into ten or a dozen parts, without in the least starting the juice, each division or lobe being entirely independent of the rest. This would prolong the entertainment indefinitely and make room for sport; but some preferred to suck the juice from a hole in the rind.

The orange tree is small, and is now to be found wherever the climate is warm enough for it to grow, not excepting the south of Europe; and we hear from Loudon that it was introduced even into England in 1595, where it was grown against the walls, and bore fruit for many years (the climate, by the way, must have changed somewhat since then); but its original home is in southern China, and among the hillsides of the Himalaya. There are many varieties of this favorite fruit, the most noted being the mandarin, so called from being exclusively appropriated by the officials in China, because it peels so easily; the Seville orange (in Spain) famous for marmalade and orange water, and the Bergamot; but you know what that is.

THE PINE-APPLE

is now so much under cultivation almost everywhere by means of hot-houses, etc., that hardly anything is left to be said about it; but I will say that the specimens you generally find in the market fail to give you an adequate impression of the real character of the fruit. It is undoubtedly, when in its prime, one our choicest fruits; yet I could at any time exchange it for the mango. The pine-apple, which has spread from South America to Africa and the East Indies, and of which there are fifty varieties or more, is propagated by burying the crown of the fruit, containing the germ, which is protected by a hard tuft of prickly leaves. The fruit is formed by the swelling together of the ovaries of the spike of flowers, hence the very rough exterior. The blossom is beautiful and fragrant. From the leaves of one variety very fine cloth is made. The pineries in England (where they spare neither pains nor expense) are said to produce pine-apples far superior in flavor to any grown in the open air, though the wild ones in the East are highly prized.

THE DATE PALM.

This member of the palm family has a lofty bearing and strews its fruits along the Nile, and through Arabia, and Persia, while commerce does the rest of the scattering. It is to those countries in many respects what the cocoa-nut palm and banana are to more southern climes. The fruit is abundant, though, unlike the banana, it fails to minister to the brain and muscles; therefore, if freely indulged in, it is apt to make you grow fat and lazy. The date is so abundant (each tree yielding one to three cwt. of fruit annually) that the Arabs feed it even to their horses. Is it this which contributes mainly to that sleek appearance and fine temper for which that breed has been so long celebrated? There is a pretty custom among the Arabs in regard to this palm. The trees are diœcious, so that in some cases they have to be fertilized by carrying the blossoms of the male to those of the female. When this necessity exists, they make a regular festival of the occasion, naming it "the marriage of the palm trees."

THE POMEGRANATE

is naturally a thorny bush, but has been known to become a small tree. It came originally from the north coast of South America, though it is now scattered throughout the length and breadth of the tropics, and even beyond. The city of Grenada in Spain is supposed to have been named from its pomegranate surroundings. There are five distinct varieties, of which the double red flower is cultivated in the South of France and elsewhere for its great beauty. Persia is fortunate in having the fruit in perfection. The people there call it delicious. Some varieties are found without seed under the snowy hills near the Cabool river, and some parts of the plant are used medicinally both in the East and West.

It is not surprising that the word pomegranate should jingle in our minds so musically, when we reflect that they made so much of that fruit in the regions that were the scenes of our Bible histories, to say nothing of the fact that we meet with frequent allusion to it in the pages of that book. There is besides something ethereal both in the look and the flavor of the contents of the numerous little cells that honeycomb the inside of this interesting fruit. Its peculiar construction makes rather a hard shell of the outside, but this is needed, no doubt, to store away the very juicy plup that awaits you within, replete

with vinous and refreshing qualities. The cells are numerous, each containing a seed embedded in a transparent sack that holds the pulp, which also is transparent and delicately tinged with crimson (in some varieties) so that it looks like a gem. Fancy tier after tier of rubies glittering with something for the palate as well as the eye, and you may then form some idea of this long-cherished *bijou*.. You con think that you have the apple of Eden. R. S D.

ONEIDA CIRCULAR.

TIRZAH C. MILLER, EDITOR.

MONDAY, APRIL 28, 1873.

OUR OLD PUTNEY PASTOR.

MENTION was made in a late number of the CIRCULAR, of a remarkable revival which broke out in Putney in 1819 and swept over all the region round about. The children of the villages were particularly affected, and J. H. N., who was then about eight years old, was drawn into the little praying circles and received religious impressions which he never lost. That revival occurred under the preaching of a Congregational minister who was distinguished as a scientific man as well as a religious man. The ministers of that day were not so exclusively clerical as those of some time afterward, when Andover Seminary began to be popular and to send out its thorough-bred licentiates. This minister, whose name was Elisha P. Andrews, had his mineralogical collection and his chemical laboratory, and was exceedingly fond of philosophical experiment and investigation. He lived, as you may say, in the dim dawn of this day of science, but his eyes were as wide open and as curious as a child's in the morning. Some of us remember how he once visited the village school where we were learning the rudiments; and bringing in a stalk of Indian corn in the tassel, he dissected it before us and explained the wonderful processes and uses of the pollen, the silk, etc., etc. We never forgot what he told us, that the golden dust of flowers, flying in every wind, is the essence of all fructification. His theme well illustrated what he was doing himself—fertilizing the opening mind with a love of science.

J. H. N. took in this influence at a susceptible age. He was eleven years old when his father moved to Putney. Mr. Andrews was the pastor of the Noveses for several years, and there was intimate friendship between the families. One of Mr. Andrew's sons was classmate of J. H. N. at Dartmouth. A little cabinet of labeled stones and curiosities, arranged on shelves in a kind of recess to one of the chambers in the Noves mansion, bore witness for many years to the fertilizing power of this minister's example on his youthful friend.

He was a reverend gentleman of the old school; had the round proportions which good-nature and a good conscience sometimes give; yet he was tender-hearted as a woman, often weeping as he spoke from the desk, touched with the pathos of eternal truth. His liberal taste, though it did not hinder him from being the medium of a powerful spiritual awakening, was the cause of his being driven away from his church at last. One of the members, who was the very type of sanctimonious ignorance, stirred up the people to think they must have a minister more exclusively devout. His own children, contrary to the proverb, did honor to his religion. The classmate of J. H. N. has long been missionary in the Sandwich Islands.

This conjunction of revivalism and science, which was common and even general among the New England clergy of old times, deserves to be studied as an element in the history of the modern enthusiasm for discovery. In this connection we call attention to the following speculations. H.

KINSHIP OF RELIGION AND SCIENCE.

Mr. Francis Galton in a late English Magazine, gives an account of a French book in which the author, M. de Candolle, discusses "the causes which create scientific men:"

His scheme is, to analyze the conditions of social and political life under which the principal men of science were severally living at the four epochs 1750, 1789, 1829, and 1869. The list of names upon which he depends, is that of the foreign members of the three great scientific societies of Europe—namely, the French Academy, the Royal Society, and the Academy of Berlin—in each case about fifty in number.

From an examination of these lists the author draws a large variety of interesting deductions. He traces the nationalities and the geographical distribution of the distinguished men of science, and compares the social conditions under which they lived. He finds them to be confined to a triangular slice of Europe, of which middle Italy forms the blunt apex, and a line connecting Sweden and Scotland forms the base; and then he shows that, out of a list of eighteen different influences favorable to science, such as liberty of publication, tolerant church, and temperate climate, a large majority were found in the triangular space in question, and there alone. The different nations vary at the different epochs in their scientific productiveness; and he elaborately shows how closely the variation depends on some or other of the eighteen influences becoming favorable or unfavorable. The author, himself descended from the Huguenots, lays just stress on the influence of religious refugees, whose traditions were to work in a disinterested way for the public good, and at the same time to avoid politics. The refugees rarely had their property in land, of which the oversight occupies time, but in movable securities; thus they had leisure for work. Then, again, as they were debarred from local politics, the ambition, especially of those who had taken refuge in small countries, was to earn the approval of enlightened men all over Europe, and this could most easily be effected by doing good work in science. Out of the ninety-two foreign associates of the French Academy, no less than ten were descended from religious refugees, usually in the third or fourth generation. Switzerland had eight out of the ten, and we may thence easily gather how enormously she is indebted to the infusion of immigrant blood. Similarly, the only two American associates—Franklin and Rumford—were descended from Puritans.

The blighting effect of dogmatism upon scientific investigation is shown both in Catholic and Protestant countries. The Catholics are the more dogmatic of the two, and they supply, in proportion to their population, less than one quarter as many of the foremost scientific men as the Protestants. There is not a single English or Irish Catholic among the ninety-two French foreign associates. Austria contributes no name, and the rest of Catholic Germany is almost barren. In Switzerland, the scientific productiveness of the Catholics is only 1-26 that of the Protestants. Again, the Catholic missionaries have done nothing for science, notwithstanding their splendid opportunities. In past days, when they were absolute masters of vast countries, as Paraguay and the Philippines, the smallest encouragement and instruction given at the college of the Propaganda to young and apt missionaries would have enriched Rome with collections of natural history. If any city more than others deserved to have the finest botanical garden and richest herbarium, it is Rome; but she has scarcely any thing to show.

The most notable instance of the repressive force of Protestant dogmatism is to be found in the history of the republic of Geneva. During nearly two hundred years (1535 to 1725) its laity as well as clergy were absolutely subject to the principles of the early reformers. Instruction was imposed on them; nearly every citizen was made to pass through the college, and many attended special courses at the Academy, yet, during the whole of that period, not a single Genevese distinguished himself in science. Then occurred the wane of the Calvinist authority, between 1720 and 1735. Social life and education became penetrated with liberal ideas; and, since 1730, the date of the first election of a Genevese to an important foreign scientific society—our own Royal Society—Geneva has never ceased to produce mathematicians, physicists, and naturalists, in a number wholly out of proportion to her small population.

The author argues from these and similar cases that it is not so much the character of the dogma taught that is blighting to science, as the dogmatic habit in education. It is the evil custom of continually telling young people that it is improper to occupy their minds about such and such things, and to be curious, that makes them timid and indifferent. Curiosity about realities, not about fictions of the imagination, is the motive power of scientific discovery, and it must be backed up by a frank and fearless spirit. It is known that birds originally tame, when found on a desolate island, soon acquire a fear of man, and transmit that fear as an an instinctive habit to their descendants. Hence we might expect a population, reared for many generations under a dogmatic creed, to become congenitally indisposed to look truth in the face, and to be timid in intellectual inquiry.

Can, then, religion and science march in harmony? It is true that their methods are very different; the religious man is attached by his heart to his religion, and cannot endure to hear its truth discussed, and he fears scientific discoveries which might, in some slight way, discredit what he holds more important than all the rest. The scientific man seeks truth regardless of consequences; he balances probabilities, and inclines temporarily to that opinion which has most probabilities in its favor, ready to abandon it the moment the balance shifts, and the evidence in favor of a new hypothesis may prevail. These, indeed, are radical differences, but the two characters have one powerful element in common. Neither the religious nor the scientific man will consent to sacrifice his opinions to material gain, to political ends, nor to pleasure. Both agree in the love of intellectual pursuits, and in the practice of a simple, regular and laborious life, and both work in a disinterested way for the public good. A strong evidence of this fundamental agreement is found in the number of sons of clergymen who have distinguished themselves as scientific investigators; it is so large that we must deplore the void in the ranks of science caused by the celibacy of the Catholic clergy. If Protestant ministers, like them had never married, Berzelius, Euler, Linnæus, and Wollaston would never have been born.

COMMUNITY JOURNAL.

ONEIDA.

—Our taxidermist rejoices in the possession of a very large owl, having a spread of wing from tip to tip of four feet and ten inches. He has preserved the bird with great care, and it now looks as it sits on the perch like a thing of life, and the great eyes, though artificial, detract nothing from the proverbial wisdom of his owlship. The "Canadian Trapper" calls it an Arctic Owl; and the color of the bird, snowy white, with the exception of the wings which are delicately mottled with black, and the profusion of feathers which cover it literally from top to toe, would indicate that its proper home is in the polar regions, amid eternal snows. It is armed with a formidable beak and claws, sharp and hooked; but these nestle in downy feathers and are so hidden from sight that the most wary mouse might be beguiled into fatal security. The presence of this strayling in our latitude is probably due to the fact of the more than usually Arctic winter we have so lately experienced. This bird was caught in a neighboring town. The local papers heralded the capture and our taxidermist, who is on the alert for everything rare of the bird kind, saw the paragraph and took immediate steps to secure the prize.

—A few evenings since Signor Blitz, the professor of legerdermain and ventriloquism, stopped off at our station, and sent us an attractive programme of his illusive arts, offering to give us an entertainment. In consideration of the great reputation of this gentleman, we put aside any previous prejudice we may have had against jugglery, and consented to spend an evening in being thoroughly mystified. And mystified we

were. To be sure there were those in the audience who were shrewd enough to detect many of the tricks, but the children and we who never before witnessed such conjurations, were completely puzzled. Signor Blitz prefaced his artifices with an appropriate and graceful speech to the effect that we of course knew the evening's entertainment would be all deception—indeed, we should not be amused were we not cheated. "So," said he smilingly, "unless your eyes are quicker than my fingers you will not be able to detect me." From this he proceeded to his work, which to our bewildered senses seemed like magic. How he managed to put a live rabbit in a can which we with our own eyes had seen him fill with oats, and how a watch and chain that he had seemingly pounded to atoms a moment before came to be around that rabbit's neck, when Mr. R., one of the audience, had been holding the pail the whole of the time, for the life of us we couldn't tell. How he could produce eggs from a bag after threshing it against a trunk; how, after breaking these eggs into a hat and stirring them violently, he could return the hat unsoiled to the owner, were problems equally puzzling. With his magical wand, which he remarked was "supposed to be three hundred years old, and to have been handed down since Salem Witchcraft times," he excited our wonder to the utmost. Nothing amused us more than the operation he performed on Mr. R., of extracting from his mouth three enormous carrots, one after the other. How could we doubt our eyes? If this was sleight-of-hand, it seemed little short of miraculous. We all agree that the Signor excelled as a ventriloquist. In this he is genuine, and those of our folks who have had opportunity to hear other ventriloquists believe he has few rivals. The acting which accompanied it was admirable; he had a quiet manner of turning to the audience and smiling at the nonsensical answers of his imaginary companion, that lent very much to the deception. The undertone of his dialogue though pitched full an octave below, was quite as distinct as his natural voice. The children were positive there was an "old man under the table," and wondered why he did not come out. And indeed, it was a little difficult to fancy only one person concerned in the colloquy, when the voices became animated and seemingly spoke almost at the same instant. The whole performance was entertaining, and we enjoyed the hearty laughs we got out of it. We were pleased with the simple unostentatious manner of the Signor, and his business-like way of going through with the details of his programme commanded our admiration.

* * * * *

Since writing the above, our illusions respecting the oats and the rabbit, as well as the other tricks of the Signor have been utterly dispelled. Our Mr. S., a man of a very practical turn, and somewhat versed in these matters, ruthlessly tore away the veil of mystery that surrounded Signor Blitz's sleight-of-hand operations, by producing a repetition of them and giving a very matter-of-fact explanation of their mechanism and performance. Our curiosity was satisfied, to be sure, but we hardly knew whether to feel grateful or not. It is a little painful to have one's imagination receive such a fall on the hard foundation of reality. But we shall keep quiet about what we know, and you, gentle reader, may have the benefit of our first impressions.

Wednesday, Apr. 23. —A fine, sunshiny morning, but the air is full of the frigid reminiscences of winter. A merry company of men and women are out with rakes and brooms clearing away the litter from around the office-building across the road; the children and "little fry" are having a regular romp on the lawn; the gardeners and farmers are making their plans for the day's operations; the house-cleaners are shaking a huge carpet to the rhythm of their own voices; others are out to get a sniff of the fresh air, taking as they stroll about, a general survey of all that is doing.—Mr. Kelly reports that the great dam, our "old mill-dam," which has been in existence full half a century, broke down during the night, and the water is running away in torrents. The accident was caused by the water washing out the earth foundation from beneath it, and it sunk in a mass within six inches of the water level below the dam. It can not be repaired. Consequently we must build a new one as soon as possible, and in the meantime take up with a coffer-dam. The inconvenience will be but temporary.——In the afternoon A. B. takes the 5 o'clock train on the way for the West, to be absent three weeks.——After supper a party of young women, accompanied by Mr. B. and Mr. H., stroll into the Pine woods, and return two hours later, laden with hepaticas and "spring beauties," of which they say there are countless numbers still left.——At 6 o'clock Mr. Underwood reads from "Seward's Travels Round the World." At 7, we have a meeting in the Hall. After the correspondence and a discussion of a few matters of minor importance, some of the young people testify to a good religious experience, as well as to a renewed allegiance to the cause.

—We have recently come in possession of three enormous volumes of the *New York Evangelist*, published during the years 1830–36. Mr. Herrick, while at New York a few weeks since, tried to obtain them at the present publishing office of the *Evangelist*. Herehe could obtain none of the back numbers of that paper. But Mr. Field, the editor, kindly offered to put an advertisement in his paper for them, which in a few days, brought the following letter to Mr. Herrick:

——, *Ct., Apr. 3d,* 1873.

DEAR SIR:—The *Evangelist* of to-day represents that you desire to procure the first seven volumes of that paper. I have them bound, and will send them to you if you will offer me a good price for them. The first three volumes are bound together; so are the fourth and fifth; also the sixth and seventh. I am an aged Congregational minister, seventy-three and one-half years old, lain aside, and need what I can honestly get.

Yours respectfully, ——.

Mr. Herrick promptly replied that we would like the books, and would gladly pay him the sum of twenty dollars. The books soon came to hand, and also a letter from the owner, saying that he should be satisfied with that sum. The twenty dollars were duly sent, and the other day we received a letter of grateful acknowledgment from the aged minister, with the following postscript:

"Old soldiers like to fight their battles over again frequently. I began to preach on missionary ground Aug. 20, 1826, and have preached since then eight thousand five hundred times, and labored in eighty-five revivals, in which three thousand souls were hopefully converted. I have conducted most of the revivals, and done nearly all the preaching in three-fourths of them. I would not intimate by this that I am much of a preacher, or ever have been. But I present the truth plainly, and in simple language. I mix law and gospel. While I am an old-fashioned New School Calvinist, I have offered, of course, a free salvation. But my preaching work is done. I am living without a salary, and with a small income, and am quite lame from a fall which nearly dislocated my hip. Yours truly, ——."

Thus in helping ourselves we have suited somebody else; and quite unexpectedly got a peep into the history of one of the old revivalists. The volumes alluded to, are a mine of historical wealth, especially rich in accounts of the great revival of 1830–4, as well as of the conspicuous actors in it. If the "old soldier" is pleased with his money, we are equally pleased with our part of the bargain.

THE VILLA.

—House-cleaning, that trite affair, though thorough, is blessedly unobtrusive this spring.

—Two pretty wild ducks, as they journeyed this way, stopped to take a swim on our pond. Of course somebody told the sportsmen.

—A flock of red-winged blackbirds, with their sweet, watery whistle, come daily and flash in and out among the leafless twigs of our apple orchard.

—One of the Villans thought he had a rather stern mission when he went over to the O. C. the other day to have the dentist file his teeth, and to have the Criticism Club file his character. He said when he got back that he never expected to like tooth-filing, but he thought it quite easy to fall in love with criticism.

Apr. 23.—Chill frosts o' nights. The sun got up with the rest of us this morning, for the first time in a week, we think. We have been reminded these frowning days of the quaint linest who says:

"'Tis some delight to us the while,
Though nature now does weep in rain,
To think that we have seen her smile,
And haply may we do again."

—We don't remember to have seen such a specimen of impotent rage as that hawk exhibited which was kept in the fox-house down by the home-machine-shop last week. Big, gray, and fierce, for more than a week it was prisoned there waiting the leisure of our taxidermist. It didn't act as if it had ever heard of any kind of philosphy that would help it to a little resignation. Not a bit of it. Every day, as we passed by it, approaching first the back of its prison, it would frantically fly at the wire-work in front, trying to get out. As we went to the front to take a look, it always retreated toward the lattice-work at the back, and took an attitude of defiance really imposing—feet apart, claws spread, as if eager to tear our flesh, wings wide-spread and rigid, mouth open, red, horny-tipped tongue protruding, and sending from its throat a hissing sound. We laughed when we first saw it thus, it did seem such a ridiculous parody on human nature, as if some mighty one of the earth had hopelessly fallen into the hands of his enemies, yet was proudly defiant still. But after all, the poor hawk was so persistent in its courage, so majestic in its rage, thut we were fain to pity and admire.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

I.

BY GEORGE NOYES MILLER.

WERE all men like Prince John of Lancaster, whom Falstaff lamented that he could not make laugh, we should doubtless see but little in this "mountain of a man" save repulsive animalism and gross indecorum. But, happily, the springs of human life are not so chill, nor is it in the nature of man to be thus cold-blooded. There are infinitely more Prince Hals than Prince Johns in the world, though they lack neither dignity nor wisdom, neither stability nor reverence. The ringing laughs which intone alike from the breast of the friend and the stranger, tell us how deeply innate is the love of merriment in mankind. The playful quips and sallies of every daily associate assure us that the fondness for gaiety is universal. Nay, the but half-repressed twinkle which we catch from the eye of the scholar and the philosopher, convinces us that the intuitive appreciation of humor is inexpugnable and may not be proscribed It is therefore, from our very nature, impossible to turn unmoved from such vivid wit, such all-pervading humor as that of Falstaff, even though it gleam like the jewel in the head of the toad, from so base a setting. We who love gladness can not

dwell upon this masterpiece of humorous delineation without in some measure entering into the magnetic relations which existed between him and Prince Hal. The astute, comprehensive discrimination which Falstaff himself implied respecting the power of his wit in favor of Prince Hal, holds good of us, as it must forever hold good of the laughter-loving races. *He will make them laugh*, and thus while the name of Shakespeare is exalted in literature, so long will merry Jack Falstaff hold the sway of an irresistible power.

Gross and palpable as are the excresences of Falstaff's character, and great as is the moral distortion, so that we are constrained to cry of him as he of Prince Hal:

"He hath given us medicines to make us love him; it could not be else,"

we must still acknowledge that his utter fleshliness furnishes a sullen foil upon which his wit but gleams the brighter. Indeed, the critical reader of Shakespeare, who ponders as he reads, may well be in doubt whether to admire most the intrinsic value of Falstaff's exuberant fancy, or the surpassingly bold and ingenious contrasts through which it has been set off and magnified by the great artist. Of the seven acts which Shakespeare has ascribed to man in the drama of life, he has shown us Falstaff in but two—those of the lover and the soldier. The utter incongruity of these pursuits with the physical grossness and fleshly fears of Falstaff, strikes us at the outset as marking the very bounds of contrast. Had Shakespeare chosen to portray Falstaff in another garb, as for instance that of the Justice, while his wit might not have deteriorated, the *tout ensemble* of his humorous perfection would manifestly have been less striking. For Falstaff corresponded in figure to the ideal Justice,

"In fair round belly with good capon lined,"

and his genuine wit would assuredly have been not less becoming to the profession of the law than the vapid conceits of the insensate Shallow. But the allied arts of love and war, which call for the tender emotions of a refined sensibility, the sincerity of a genuine manhood, and the sternness of an inexorable purpose, by what possible means could we associate Falstaff with these? Through what revolution of our ideas of the eternal fitness of things could we make so gross a being as Falstaff, appear either chastely tender, or rashly brave? It is impossible that we should do it. In either vocation, whether of love, or of war, Falstaff could not but appear ludicrously grotesque, absurdly fantastic, and challenge the deepest mirth. For the pursuit of high and noble aims, the taste for the refining amenities of courtship, the devotion to the stern duties of war are not less indissolubly linked in our minds with dignity of soul, than with a certain continence in physical habit. Falstaff himself perceived the wide discrepancy between his animal extravagance and the exalted character of the lover.

"He could not cog, he could not prate."

Forced as we are then by our innate prejudices to smile at Falstaff in the characters of lover and warrior, what wonder if we are filled with laughter when he enlivens their perfunctory duties with an overrunning, excelling wit!

But, as if these incongruous professions of love and war did not afford sufficient relief to the inimitable qualities of Falstaff, Shakespeare has carried the hight of contrast into the *dramatis personæ*, in their relations with this central figure. With whom is Falstaff most conspicuously opposed throughout the first and second parts of King Henry IV.? With a grave and pompous "Chief-Justice of the Realm" to whom he sustains the relation of culprit, and upon whom his "infinite jest, his most excellent fancy" has no enlivening effect. He is associated with a Shallow, whose feeble, conceited nonsense but causes the fires of his own imagination to glow more brightly, and finally the one congenial nature that most often blows those fires into brilliant flames, is the Crown-Prince of a great nation—his own king's son, the "mad wag," Prince Hal.

And shall we venture to inquire into the nature of Falstaff's wit? We may for the reason that Shakespeare, as usual, anticipating every idea of the human mind, has made Falstaff himself define it beyond hope of improvement. It is "apprehensive, quick, forgetive, full of nimble, fiery and delectable shapes." And more than this; we may perhaps say that Falstaff's wit seems to us at the farthest remove from the cold, sharp, intellectual corruscation which dazzles merely. It is rather notably earthy, essentially human. It savors of joviality, geniality, conviviality, not less than boisterous denunciation and scathing sarcasm. It is never mingled with the acidity of stoicism, nor the bitterness of misanthropy; so that all the titles of a purely human good fellowship come gracefully to it.

The nimble shapes which Falstaff's forgetive wit so gracefully conjures, and the power of his wit in making others witty, are pleasingly shown in his conversational tilt with Prince Hal in the second scene of the first part of King Henry IV. In this scene, Falstaff himself is not only vivaciously witty, but he envelopes the "mad wag" in such a current of stimulative ideas, that we laugh alike at sally and rejoinder. Thus: Falstaff having made the quaint simile that he is "as melancholy as a gib cat, or a lugged bear," the sympathetic prince catching the humor and inventive genius of his master in wit, rejoins: "Or an old lion, or a lover's lute," and the congenial pair bandy droll comparisons till Falstaff, half in admiration of his quasi pupil, cries out, "Thou hast the most unsavory similes; and art, indeed, the most comparative, rascalliest sweet young prince."

The purest example however, of Falstaff's wit working naturally and spontaneously, unassisted by the stimulus of a sympathetic mind, is doubtless to be found in his exquisitely humorous puns and comments upon the names and appearances of his recruits:

Fal.—Is thy name Mouldy?
Moul.—Yea, an't please you.
Fal.—'Tis the more time thou wert used.

The like vibrations which Falstaff's wit excites in the mind of Prince Hal, justify the truth of his assertion that he is "not only witty in himself, but the cause that wit is in other men" were there no other proof of it. But Bardolph is witty upon him who is the cause of wit, when he tells him he must needs "be out of all reasonable compass" being so fat. The turbulent Pistol has a quickness of conceit caught from his master upon whom he does not hesitate to try his reflected wit. Thus, in "The Merry Wives of Windsor," Falstaff addressing his knavish satellites says: "My honest lads, I will tell you what I am about." Hereupon Pistol with literal cunning thrusts in, "Two yards, and more." It is not difficult to fancy that even the childish babbling of Shallow acquires a transient sprightliness in the company of Sir John.

A notable element of Falstaff's forgetive wit, is the dexterity with which he finds specious justification for his "incomprehensible lies," and the open and apparent shame of his arrant cowardice.

"Why, hear ye, my masters: Was it for me to kill the heir apparent? Should I turn upon the true prince? • • • • Instinct is a great matter; I was a coward on instinct."

Still more laughable is Falstaff's vindication of himself after his gross abuse of Prince Henry in Scene IV of Act II, Part II:

"I dispraised him before the wicked, that the wicked might not fall in love with him—in which doing, I have done the part of a careful friend, and a true subject, and thy father is to give me thanks. No abuse, Hal!"

But the fertility of Falstaff's inventive genius as shown in these passages is eclipsed by its exquisite cunning in others. This is admirably illustrated where Falstaff in sporting with Prince Hal, has assumed the character of King Henry, and takes occasion, while rebuking the prince for keeping evil company, to recommend himself:

Fal.—That thou art my son, I have partly thy mother's word, partly my own opinion; but chiefly a villainous trick of thine eye, and a foolish hanging of thy nether lip that doth warrant me. • • • Why, being son to me, art thou so pointed at? There is a thing, Harry, which thou hast often heard of, and it is known to many in our land by the name of pitch; this pitch, as ancient writers do report, doth defile; so doth the company thou keepest; and yet there is a virtuous man, whom I have often noted in thy company, but I know not his name.

Prin. H.—What manner of man, an it like your majesty?

Fal.—A good portly man, i' faith, and a corpulent; of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye and a most noble carriage; and, as I think, his age some fifty, or by'r lady, inclining to threescore; and now I remember me, his name is Falstaff; if that man should be lewdly given, he deceiveth me; for Harry, I see virtue in his looks. If, then the tree may be known by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree, then, peremptorily I speak it, there is virtue in that Falstaff; him keep with, the rest banish.

This cunning in pleasantry is even more humorous in hypocritical knavery. An incomparable instance of this is where Falstaff in wrangling with the hostess, assails the astounded Chief-justice who has interfered between them with:

"My Lord, this is a poor mad soul; and she says up and down the town that her eldest son is like you."

The three pound for freeing Mouldy and Bullcalf, give to Falstaff the ready appearance of a wise discrimination of mettle, and a lofty disregard for appearance which is exceedingly laugh-provoking:

"Will you tell me, master Shallow, how to choose a man? Care I for the limb, the thewes, the stature, bulk, and big assemblance of a man? Give me the spirit, master Shallow."

GOOD LIFE, LONG LIFE.

He liveth long, who liveth well;
All else is life but flung away;
He liveth longest, who can tell
Of true things truly done each day.

Then fill each hour with what will last,
Buy up the moments as they go;
The life above, when this is past,
Is the ripe fruit of life below.

Sow love, and taste its fruitage pure;
Sow peace, and reap its harvest bright,
Sow sunbeams on the rock and moor,
And find a harvest-home of light.

[*Selected.*

THE HAMPTON COLORED STUDENTS' CONCERTS.

DEAR CIRCULAR:—Another band of colored singers from the South, formerly slaves, comprising nine men and seven women, recently made their appearance before a New York audience, and were kindly received and warmly applauded. They call themselves "The Hampton Students." Those who have heard both troupes declare that the "The Hampton Students" sing as well as "The Jubilee Singers." In some respects their abandon to the inspiration of their peculiar and weird-like songs is greater than that of "The Jubilee Singers."

The writer attended one of their concerts and confesses that he witnessed a scene to which memory will always delight to revert. The concert was given in West 23d-st., Presbyterian church, Dr. Northrup pastor. A large audience gathered to greet their appearance. As the singers modestly assembled on the platform, dressed in the plainest attire, with good-nature and simplicity written on their countenances, free from all affectation, one was impressed with the novelty of the scene and the change which a few years had wrought in the status of this people. These "Hampton Students" presented a spectacle no less vivid for its striking features than dramatic in its associations. In that group of sixteen were

represented nearly all the shades of color and all the types of feature of the Africo-American. Among them were some whose complexion and features were but a slight remove from those of the Caucasian. One exhibited an expression that in itself was a history in *alto-relievo* of the wrongs and cruelties inflicted on his race. Another showed the features and expression of one who had had his manhood almost crushed out of him. A third shone all over with a good-natured expression that seemed to speak a volume of humor and an easy-go-lucky spirit. While a fourth presented the beautiful head and slight frame of a charming, innocent boy. Among the girls were some whose faces beamed with intelligence, and whose bearing indicated innate refinement. One of them in particular was strikingly beautiful in person and spirit. Artistically grouped they presented a study impressively suggestive of a history whose dark pages are now compensatorily illuminated with brighter colors betokening the dawn of liberty and better days for their race.

The programme, consisting of choice characteristic songs, was as follows:

1. SWING LOW, SWEET CHARIOT.
   (With Oh Rise and Shine.)
2. OH, WASN'T DAT A WIDE RIBER?
3. MY LORD, WHAT A MORNING!
4. THERE'S A GREAT CAMP-MEETING IN THE PROMISED LAND.

("This hymn was made by a company of Slaves who were not allowed to sing or pray anywhere the old master could hear them, and when he died their old mistress looked on them with pity, and granted them the privilege of singing and praying in the cabins at night. Then they sang this hymn, and shouted for joy, and gave God the honor and praise.")

5. NOBODY KNOWS THE TROUBLE I'VE SEEN.
6. OH YES, OH YES.
7. WHO'LL JINE DE UNION?

("When folks were going to join the church, and everybody felt very joyful and happy like, they would always sing this.")

8. I HOPE MY MOTHER WILL BE THERE.

("This was sung by the hands in Mayo's Tobacco Factory, Richmond, and is really called 'the Mayo Boys' song.'")

9. SWING LOW, SWEET CHARIOT.
   (Known by this company as the Danville Chariot.)
10. ROLL JORDAN, ROLL.
11. I DON'T FEEL NO WAYS TIRED.
12. AINT THAT HARD TRIAL?
    (With Steal away to Jesus.)

In addition to the above several other pieces were sung. Two of the girls performed pieces on the piano in a very creditable manner, one of whom accompanied herself in song, which was highly applauded.

These singers were very natural in their manner, and sang with a sweetness and in a spirit and style that stamped the entertainment as one of genuine merit and artistic excellence. In voice, harmony and expression they compare favorably with either our foreign or native first-class vocalists, so-called. In fact their singing is of a character entirely distinct from all other. Nearly all their pieces were *encored*.

A very wrong impression has prevailed with many who have not heard either the "Jubilee," or the "Hampton" singers, which has led to the supposition that these colored singers from the South are only a second edition, revised, of burnt-cork negro minstrelsy. The fact is that there is not the least resemblance between them. One is an exaggerated, atrocious caricature of the negro race, the other is a beautifully simple and touching representation of the ideal faith of a people of dusky hue, who, in the very depths of a cruel bondage looked to God for deliverance and sustained themselves by their wonderful faith. Faith in any circumstances actuating and sustaining a person, or a people, is a sight calculated to appeal to the heart and evoke the sympathy and praise of the good and the true. When exhibited in the circumstances in which this people has been placed, what an impressive spectacle it presents!

In all their songs, even when a brilliant color of simple humor lightens the shade of their weird-like singing, no person apprehending the spiritual significance of the words and who is in sympathy with the vital element underlying their meaning, can see anything provocative of vulgar laughter. Back of all their singing may be discerned a soft, tender wail as of a people crushed but not in despair, bearing their oppression and suffering in the spirit of a sublime faith in God's coming mercy and deliverance from the yoke of bondage. Some of their songs are remarkable for plaintive sweetness. Some of the more tender and pathetic are sung with so much expression and abandon to the spirit of the sentiment that one is carried away with emotion and all eyes are suffused with tears. "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot," was sung with such exquisite tenderness that it seemed as though it were the echo of angels' voices. Entranced by its sweetness, looking at these simple singers in admiration of their marvelous vocalization, and peering into the background, I heard, as it were in a vision, the wail of all the oppressed of all nations, and saw responding to the cry, Jesus, and heard his voice, saying, "I am come to deliver, all that cry unto me shall be heard, and I will deliver them from the hands of their oppressor, and they shall all be gathered unto me."

"I Hope My Mother will be There," was very finely rendered. One piece sung, not in the programme, took the audience by surprise, and was significant of the unsectarian spirit in which the religious training of these students is conducted. A brief sketch of it here may not be amiss. All the singers are seated, when suddenly one of the girls shouts in song:

I'm a Baptist, I'm a Baptist, I'm a Baptist.
An' I'm going to heaben as a Baptist,
An' I'm going to heaben as a Baptist.

Another sings:

I'm a Methodist, I'm a Methodist, I'm a Methodist.
An' I'm going to heaben as a Methodist,
An' I'm going to heaben as a Methodist.

A third shouts:

I'm a Presbyterian, I'm a Presbyterian, I'm a Presbyterian.
An' I'm going to heaben as a Presbyterian,
An' I'm going to heaben as a Presbyterian.

Here a man rises, and in a deep bass voice shouts:

You'd better stop your jangling, and go on your way to God;
You'd better stop your jangling and go on your way to God.

All four now join in chorus—

You'd better stop your jangling and go on your way to God,
You'd better stop your jangling and go on your way to God.

The peculiar quaintness with which this was sung, added to the sentiment, produced an electrical effect on the audience, evoking from them a spirited burst of applause.

One remarkable feature of the concert was the improvisation of about three-fourths of the solo part of a lengthy piece by one of the men, who, the manager said, has a wonderful faculty for improvisation.

The object of "The Hampton Colored Students" in coming North and concertizing is to raise funds for the enlargement and perpetuity of the "Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute," of which they are members, devoted to the education of colored teachers for the colored race, situated in the town of Hampton, Virginia, near Fort Monroe and the mouth of Chesapeake Bay. By one of the curious circumstances of history, this school is close to the spot where the first slaves brought to this country were landed. Here too was issued the famous order declaring fugitives "contraband of war," and here was established the first school for Freedmen. A practical feature of this school, which commends itself to all, is its Manual Labor System, which was adopted at the outset. Hence in addition to the ordinary English branches, the men are obliged to work on the farm, in the carpenter's and blacksmith's shops, the printing-office, etc., while in the industrial department the women are taught the use of various sewing-machines and the usual duties of a household. At the present time, the boys of the institution having no better accommodations, have each passed two months of the bleak Virginia winter, in squads of twenty-four, in tents situated between the great school-building and the sea, and the girls' dormitory so-called, has been in a long line of barracks, a relic of the war. Both girls and boys have exhibited a pluck in their endurance and manifested a zeal in their efforts to improve their minds worthy of all admiration.

One of the students at Hampton, a woman, relates her history thus:

"I was born a slave in the year 1852. I spent my happiest days of slavery in my childish days, and thought it was always to be just that way, but at the age of seven years that thought was changed, and a sorrowful change it was. I was then taken from my mother, as all the rest of the children were. Neither of us went to the same place, and only one stayed at the old home. My master, as I called him, died, and being greatly in debt, we were first hired out to get money to pay the debts. This was not so grievous at first. We would get together and talk to each other about it, and how we were going to eat good things when we got to our new homes; but just a few days before the hiring took place I was struck to my heart with a scene I can never forget, and it was this. It was a very public place where I then lived, and all that wanted to hire, sell or buy, would come there, generally in court week or the first day of the year. Then the streets would be crowded, to get them a nigger, as they generally called us, and in the crowded street, sitting on the ground, was a colored woman and her children; her husband was standing a little way off from her, crying. There walked up to him a white man, and said, 'Have you any clothes? If you have, get them. You belong to me now. I want you to go home with me. Be quick about it, for I want to be off.' Then with a loud cry the colored man said, 'I have nothing but my wife and children. Have you bought them too? Are they going with you?' 'No,' said the white man, 'I have bought none but you.' Then he begged to stay and see what was going to be done with his wife and children, but the man screamed out at him to get into the wagon to go, but would not tell him where he was going. Just at that time stepped up a very nice-looking man, and said, "I have bought your wife and the baby, but the little boy I can't get. I will give her enough to eat and wear, and she shall be my cook.' Then walked up a great ugly-looking man and said, 'Tell your mammy good-bye then.'

"I stood and looked some time without stirring, and when I found myself, the briny tears were trickling down my cheek. This was my first dread of slavery. Then the day came for me to stand on the block. It did not go so hard with me, but my sisters and brothers were scattered so that I never saw them again until we were called to this place again, not for the same light occasion, but it was for the fearful one of being sold. I was bought by the same one that I was hired to. I became quite a favorite with this family. They were very good to me and taught me some of the precious truths of the Bible, which I have found of much use to me. God grant that I may continue to learn of them and become wise in Christ.

"The war came and went without my feeling it in the least. Then came the Emancipation, which was welcomed by every colored person, for it was the first time they were able to say, 'Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, good will to men,' without being afraid. I could hear first one and

then an other saying, 'I am free!' Then I went to live with my cousin, and had a chance to go to school. I went six months, and learned to read very well, and then went out to service again, as I thought it my duty to help my father who was not very strong, and had six children of us. In 1870 I got a very pleasant school. This I taught one year and then returned *home* for the first time in my life. In October, 1872, I came to Hampton, and will still look to God for the future."

As a specimen of some of their quaint songs we give the words of

WHO'LL JINE DE UNION?

CHORUS.

Oh Hallelujah! Oh Hallelujah! Oh Hallelujah, Lord.
Who'll jine de Union?

1. I come dis night for to sing and pray,
   To drive ol' Satan clean away.
2. When de Christian pray de debil run,
   An' leaves de field to Zion's Son.
3. De Heavenly Land so bright an' fair,
   A bery few dat enters dere.
4. Ef you want to catch de Heavenly breeze,
   Go down in de valley on yer knees.
5. Go bend yer knees right smooth wid de ground,
   Pray to de Lord to turn you round.
6. Ef you want to make ol' Satan run,
   Jes' mount an' shoot 'im wid yer Gospel gun.
7. I met ol' Satan at de end a' de lane;
   I took 'm an' whaled I 'im wid de Gospel cane.
8. Ol' Satan made one grab at me;
   He missed my soul an' I got free.
9. What make de Christians stomp der feet?
   De love of God does run so sweet.
10. Oh, shout my sister! you are free,
    For Christ has bought yer liberty.
11. He gave me de light, an' set me free,
    An' gave me all my liberty.
12. Now I'll go all about from do' to do',
    An' praise my God wherever I go.

New York City, April 19, 1873. M. L. B.

THE NEWS.

An excellent carriage road, with shade trees and a bridge over the Nile, has been built from Cairo to the Pyramids.

A Washington editor named Reed boasts that he can say the hardest things in the fewest words of any man in America. He evidently does not consider himself a broken reed, however modest he may be in other matters.

President Grant appears to have recovered from his reported illness, and taken Greeley's advice and "gone west." At last accounts he was in St. Louis, responding to toasts. Speaking of toasts, some temperance people will have it that that's what's the matter with the President.

It is rumored that James Gordon Bennett is making preparations to establish a new daily paper in London. The project is said to have been a favorite of his father's, who held that a London daily conducted on American principles and with American enterprise, must reach an enormous success.

A mid-April snow storm of a severity never known before, has passed over Nebraska, continuing for three days. People were frozen to death, houses were blown to pieces and railroads blockaded for a week. It is thought that half the unsheltered stock perished. The winter of 1872–3 will probably pass into history as the severest of the century.

On the 1st of May the Post-Office Department will furnish to the public the new postal card for purposes of mail communication. These cards may be written or printed on, addressed and sent without envelops through the U. S. Mail, for one cent postage each. 5,000,000 of the cards will be ready by May 1st, and orders to the amount of 30,000,000 have already been received at the Post-Office Department.

The emperor and empress of Austria are cousins, and the empress is called the handsomest woman in Europe. She is in her thirty-seventh year, and although the mother of several children, "is still as beautiful as the day." As Francis Joseph does not lack in manly beauty the children of the pair should have some stirpicultural points worthy of note. One of them Gisele, "beautiful, accomplished and amiable," having much "musical talent" and the "best horsewoman in Europe," has just been married to Prince Leopold of Bavaria.

Brigham Young has been in a mood of resignation for some time past. At the Spring Conference of the Mormon Church he resigned his position as Trustee of the church, a position which gave him control of its finances. He has also resigned the offices of President of the Deseret National Bank and of Zion's Coöperative Mercantile Institution, and his official connection with the Utah railroads and other corperations. He retains his position as President of the Mormon Church. He announces that the Mormons are about to send a colony into Arizona. They will locate near San Francisco mountain. south of the Colorado Chiquito river. They will found towns and cities and there probably the official center of the church will remove. It is a fertile country with a delightful climate. Young it is reported will go with the colonists and thus complete his resignations by resigning Utah to his official successors and ultimately to Gentile control.

Seventeen Modocs have been killed since the murder of Gen. Canby.

The rest of them are supposed to be still in the lava beds.

General Gillem commands the forces operating against the Modocs.

Gen. Kill'em would like to be made Superintendent of Indian affairs.

The Quakers and Peace men object and say his policy is more costly than theirs.

Every Indian killed costs about $1,000,000. As the average lifetime of poor Lo is only about thirty years, would it not be more economical to feed and clothe him and give him a shanty and a cook-stove? This need hardly cost more than $15,000 a year, a saving of half a million dollars on each Indian; which might be used in paying off the National debt.

White men sometimes forget that red men have long memories. The murder of Canby and Thomas seems to have been only a return sample of the treatment the Modocs themselves have been subjected to at the hands of the whites. Twenty years ago during hostilities between the Modocs and California settlers, on account of emigrants penetrating the tribe's hunting grounds. forty-seven of the Indian warriors were invited to a peace conference by Ben. Wright, the captain of the whites. The Indians were under command of Schonchin, father of the Schonchin who participated in the murder of Gen. Canby and party. "The two forces encamped close together. During the night it rained heavily, rendering the weapons of the Indians useless by relaxing the strings and the sinews on the backs of the bows. When Wright in the morning saw them standing round their fires, drying their bows he changed his plans and, instructing his men accordingly, he advanced alone. Extending his hand to Schonchin, then suddenly drawing his pistol, he shot down the unarmed chief. This being the signal agreed upon, the rest rushed in and butchered them, only seven escaping. I know this," says a gentleman writing to the New York *Tribune*, "not only from general report at Yreka, but from the lips of one of Wright's men, who has related to me the circumstances many times."

The man who tried to break paving stones by suddenly sitting down on them has given up the business as not remunerative.

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Published by the Oneida & Wallingford Communities.

ONEIDA COMMUNITY, MAY 5, 1873.

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ADMISSIONS.

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

DEEP SOUNDINGS.

Home-Talk by J. H. N.

I HAVE found in all my experience, that faith and reflection are nearly equivalents of each other. My acquaintance with God and spiritual union with him have always been proportionate to the amount of my meditation. It is true that meditation is not necessarily faith; in the world there is a great deal of meditation under unbelief; but meditation of a peculiar kind—meditation of the heart and intellect combined, which has in it the nature of prayer (though it is also a highly intellectual exercise), is the indispensable condition of faith. By meditation of this peculiar kind, we obtain that communication with God which is described in the Bible as an ever-springing well in the heart: "Out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water."

By this we obtain free communion with the Spirit of Truth. The promise of the Comforter, which is given to lead us into all truth, attaches to us as reflectionists;—not as men of business, or professors of certain external doctrines; but as men given to reflection. We must go back into the interior of our being to meet the Spirit of Truth. It necessarily addresses the deepest part of our nature. Its principal dealing, according to the name which Christ applied to it, is with our *rational spirit*. In calling it the *Spirit of Truth* we comprise in it the two ideas of life and light. Its contact is not with our intellect chiefly; it is with our spirit; but it touches that side of our spirit which is the seat of intelligence. It is a rational spirit; and as such addresses a corresponding element in us. To have free communication with it, we must have our rational spirit, which is concerned in true meditation, awake to its impressions.

Full communion with the Spirit of Truth, according to the conditions of it which I have described, is not possible to persons who are immersed in worldly business, reading, or external occupation of any kind. I do not say it is impossible that there should be any kind of profitable intercourse with God under such circumstances. There is doubtless a superficial operation of the Spirit of Truth on persons who have not time nor taste for meditation. Sympathetic communication between believers, by which spiritual influence is diffused from individuals through the mass, may give some participation in the Comforter; but I cannot see how more than this sympathetic baptism can be gained otherwise than by reflection, or giving one's self up to deep spiritual meditation.

Evidently there are two classes in reference to this matter. One class receives the Spirit of Truth sympathetically. These can hardly be said to have faith of their own and to be "rooted and grounded" in communication with Christ. They are under his influence by connection with others; are perhaps yielding to it more and more, and will ultimately have the eternal fountain opened in them. The other class are those who already have in them the "well of water springing up into everlasting life." They have not only received the word of God, but have digested it, reflected upon it, and entered into affinity with it. They are more than passive material for the Spirit to work upon; they are in a state actively to coöperate with it. They do this by reflection, closing their eyes to external things, and searching the center of their being for illumination.

The distinction between the art of reflection and the ordinary process of thought is seen in the acts which follow. By meditation you get access to a fountain of pure inspiration, and necessarily become original in your ideas and movements. You find in yourself continually new purposes, that cannot be traced to any connection with other people, or to the influence of ordinary motives. I always know when a man has been holding central converse with God, by his coming forth with some new glowing enterprise fresh from heaven. As fast as you become reflectionists you are emancipated from the spiritual direction of others. The more original and independent you become in this way the better; there can be no clashing of purposes or beliefs that are derived from the same author.

Between the two spiritual and mental conditions that I have defined there is naturally a transition state, in which the person has intervals of deep meditation, occasionally touching bottom in the ocean of truth, and finding there new and needful stimulus. It is a principal benefit of suffering that it throws us back on deep meditation. In the common routine of affairs, and especially in the sunshine of prosperity, the tendency of men's thoughts is centrifugal; but in a time of terrible temptation and trial, when they are cornered by suffering, the fire is driven inward, and they find out the profit of meditation. When their thoughts have thus been driven inward, and they have had a good season of reflection, they reäppear in new beauty and vigor. Every such period of reflection is a point of departure in the believer's course. He takes a new start; and the impulse he gains carries him forward until his thoughts and actions become superficial again, when he is again driven back by suffering to central search after God. There is thus great benefit to be derived from temptation; and God repeats the chastening again and again, until we form a chronic habit of turning inward. This habit constitutes spirituality. The difference between a spiritual and a worldly

man is not in their natural faculties or constitutional powers, but in the bent and direction of their attention. The spiritual man exactly reverses his natural aim of thought; the current of his attention is centripetal. He has been plied with suffering in the school of God for the very purpose of turning his mind from the superficial to the central. Conversion is inversion.

Nothing is so satisfactory to my heart as to see people fond of spiritual meditation; not the idle, luxurious meditation of the quietist, but that earnest recurrence to one's own center, which is in fact recurrence to God. As God is the most active being in the universe, engaged in unremitting beneficence, the kind of meditation which connects us with him makes us also active, and furnishes us unto every good word and work.

There has always been some method provided for consulting God. The patriarchs had a way of laying their projects before him. David asked counsel of the Lord against the Philistines—"Shall I go up?" Having obtained an answer, he knew he should succeed. The ark of the covenant was long the place where the people of Israel consulted God. What was then locally true is now a universal principle. The external type is superseded by the spiritual substance. You will find in your own nature a sanctuary—a holy of holies, an ark of the covenant a place where God reveals himself; and it is your privilege in all transactions to ask counsel of God and talk with him about your purposes. We must search out this central sanctuary—must know where the ark of the covenant rests—and be in a condition to recur to it. It should become a habit of our lives to turn to God for consultation and assistance in all affairs; and when the flesh most calls for activity, when conflicts and emergencies are most pressing, and everything is whirling with excitement, then is the time to fall back and commune with God; because then we have the least ground to hope in the efficiency of our own wills. Much as we have to do there is still no hurry; and we need not recklessly drive on for fear our work will get ahead of us, or think we have no time for reflection. Even in the hurly-burly of battle, if you do not see your way clear your safest course is to lie down and reflect. In meditation you have at all times a quiet, safe refuge; and when you have got counsel from God you will go forth to action with a sure heart.

THREADS FROM MY LIFE-BALL.

IV.

I CLOSED my last chapter with the thrilling news that a new sect had arisen in New Haven, professing to have attained a sinless state. At first we thought that if the report were true, a more daring, presumptuous step mortal man could not have taken, and that of course it would prove a monstrous delusion. Yet we were anxious to learn more about the people who made such professions. The fact "that they were everywhere spoken against" only increased our desire to become acquainted with their doctrines. Soon the report came that Mr. J. H. Noyes, a licentiate of the Theological department of Yale, a young man of marked ability, was the author of this heresy, as it was then considered. We heard that some of the most spiritual members in the churches were among the first to embrace this new and strange faith; and what startled me still more was the news that among them were three cousins of mine—a young man in college and his two sisters, who were at that time teaching school in New Haven. As I knew my cousins were regarded as eminently pious, this intelligence deeply affected me.

Not long after this we attended a religious convention at North Haven, where quite unexpectedly we met the two young ladies. Their solemn countenances had become radiant with joy and happiness. Knowing them to have been consistent and exemplary professors of religion I longed to have some conversation with them. Being invited to accompany them to a neighboring house during the intermission, where several clergymen were stopping, I had an opportunity of conversing with them. From all I then heard I became satisfied that the so-called heresy was inseparably indentified with the Holy Scriptures, and would stand or fall with them.

Here I will take the liberty to digress a little from my story, in order to give a sketch of my cousins. Their parents were eminently religious. Their father was a deacon in the Congregational church in N——, and had the pleasure of seeing his nine children, three sons and six daughters, hopefully converted in youth and communicants of his own church. Several of them became missionaries and were noted for their piety and unflagging zeal in their master's service. Mrs. C——, one of the six daughters and the elder of the two sisters referred to above, had been a missionary among the Indians in the then far western world, where she lost her husband, and at her father's request she had lately returned to her old home. But not wishing to be idle, this lady with her youngest sister formed a Home Missionary Society and did what she could in distributing alms among the poor, and telling those who had ears to hear the story of the mission of the Son of God into this world to save sinners.

Thirty-five years ago it was a universal custom among the devotedly religious to attend the May Anniversaries in the city of New York. My cousins, as was their wont, were there the spring following their espousal of the new faith. During that visit they formed the acquaintance of John R. McDowall and wife, the W———s, Mr. and Mrs. Cragin and others, who were engaged in the reforms of the day. With the latter family they left a few copies of the *New Haven Perfectionist*. Previous to their conversion to holiness, the two female missionaries had rented a building in New Haven, where they opened an African free school and were meeting with much success in their missionary work when Mr. Noyes astonished the religious community by his confession of *freedom from all sin*. Among the first to embrace the unpopular faith were the two sisters and their brother then in college. The lady friend whose happy death was mentioned in my first chapter, and by which I was so deeply moved, was the eldest sister in this rather remarkable family.

Soon after our return from the convention in North Haven we received the first issue of the *New Haven Perfectionist*, which we read with great avidity. From this time H—— and I were confronted with the question, "Is freedom from all sin attainable in this life." Our minister and the clergy generally had taken the ground that it was not. That we differed widely from so respectable, and at that time so formidable a body, I may say was no fault of ours. The Bible, which was to us now more precious than ever, compelled us, so to speak, to indorse Perfectionsm. The second number of the *Perfectionist* contained Mr. Noyes's views on the Second Coming of Christ. With Bible in hand, we read it with absorbing interest. Its perusal let in upon our minds a flood of light. That Christ came the second time immediately after the destruction of Jerusalem, according to his own predictions, we could no longer doubt; and equally clear were the arguments that perfect holiness, in this life, was the sure and unmistakable promise which the gospel of Christ held out to those who believed on his name. But how to attain this spiritual freedom was to us a more difficult problem.

The labor of soul consequent on the conviction that we must be saved from all sin now, or otherwise there was no salvation for us, seemed to be more than the physical frame of H—— could endure. Already feeble, he was attacked by the typhoid fever, which held him for several weeks so closely at death's door that his final recovery was regarded by all as a miracle in very deed. Just at the time, however, when H—— was prostrated by disease, the lady superintendent of the Sunday-school, with which he had been so long connected, called to see him; and to her H—— confessed his freedom from law and sin. The lady, though deeply interested in his testimony, was terribly shocked by it. What! freedom from all sin in this world? The very thought of such a thing seemed to many, in those days, like committing the unpardonable sin, so ignorant were the great majority of professing Christians of the plain, simple truth the Bible presents in favor of holiness.

From that confession of H—— consternation seized the church. "Our good brother H—— has embraced strange, heretical views," was whispered to one and another by busy tongues. Being dangerously sick, was not his mind a little shattered? So they reasoned. In the meanwhile the church was offering prayers on his behalf. For several days he was unconscious of what was passing around him. Finally, when his reason began to resume its function, and his strength to increase, he astonished his watchers (who were members of his church) by preaching to them the doctrine of holiness. The news was immediately communicated to the pastor, who lost no time in coming over to reason with and rescue the esteemed brother from the dreadful error. Day after day I sat by and listened to the arguments pro and con, and so plausibly did our minister talk aginst the new faith that at

first I was a little staggered. It was not long, however, before I saw very clearly that the Bible was wholly on the side of perfect perpetual holiness of heart in the Christian believer; and when I confessed, on being appealed to, that my convictions and sympathies were all on the side of the truth, the news again spread abroad that the church had two opponents at our house instead of one. Every day seemed to strengthen the faith of H——, and his spirit rose free from all doubts and fears into an atmosphere of security, peace and happiness.

As H—— began to recover, my overtaxed powers, both physical and mental, began to give way. The doctor noticing this, kindly offered to prepare a medicine to "tone up" my system. I respectfully declined the offer. The medicine that I needed was a baptism of resurrection life. Just then my cousin, who had left college on account of his adherence to the new faith, called upon us. It was refreshing to H—— to see one with whom he had full fellowship in the truth. Although I greatly enjoyed their happiness I was nevertheless bowed down with a deep sense of sin, a burden from which I longed to be delivered. On taking leave of us F. put out his hand saying, "Cousin E., have you that faith which works by love and purifies the heart?" This touched a tender cord, and with tears I replied, "No, but nothing else will satisfy my longing soul." For several weeks a severe conflict within ensued.

By the light of the new truths, brought out in the writings of Mr. Noyes, I was enabled to analyze my past religious experience. The change wrought in me, by my first conversion, was chiefly a change of purpose, making me desire to serve God instead of myself, relying mainly on my own will; so that my religion consisted mostly of will works. I saw that what I now needed was a crucifixion of my self-will, that God's will might work in me "of his good pleasure." This, and nothing else, the Perfectionists taught was the new birthboon, not of the will of man, but of God, resulting in a new disposition and a radical change of character. I had to confess that in the past "when I would do good evil was present with me." But an end, I felt, had come to such miserable confessions of perpetual defeats. I also made the discovery that I was now knocking at the gate of a kingdom into which no idols could be carried. Husbands, wives, parents, children and all worldly possessions were to be joyfully surrendered, and hated even, if they were rivals of the love of Christ. Could I do this? E.

SPIRITUALISTS AND CHRIST.

Some of the ablest Spiritualists are drifting toward Christ and Christianity, and we have no doubt that the Christian "Religion of the Future," as defined by Henry Ward Beecher, will eventually gather a large harvest of honest and loving hearts from among the adherents of Modern Spiritualism. Here is what Robert Dale Owen said of Christ and his teachings in an address at the twenty-fifth anniversary of Spiritualism, held at Music Hall, Boston:

"I know I shall have dissenters in my audience from what I propose to say, but I regard Christ as the crowning exemplar of the spiritually inspired.

"I regard Him—I say it with reverence—as the great founder of Spiritualism.

"My opinion is that Christ outshone, as the sun and stars, all other moral and spiritual teachers.

"While due weight may be properly attached to the words of Confucius and Socrates, Plato and Seneca, and all the rest, I find nothing which comes up in beauty and purity of teaching to the ethics of Christ himself.

"Other religious systems speak highly of love, but of Christ's system it is the very soul and center. 'Love is the fulfilling of the law.'"

"LET NOT YOUR HEART BE TROUBLED."

Let not your heart be troubled,
Nor let it be afraid;
If you in Jesus Christ believe
You on the rock are stayed;
The storms that come will only show
How firm that rock is laid.

Cast all your care upon the Lord,
He every sorrow knows;
He loves you more than parent loves,
He'll conquer all your foes.
Believe on Him! Believe on Him!
His power no limit knows.

No mother's love is half so full
Of tenderness and care,
No sparrow falls without his will,
He numbers every hair;
His promises are rich and sure,
His mercies free as air.

In accents sweet I hear Him say,
"Come, weary, laden breast,
Give me your load, take my light yoke,
And I will give you rest."
To every meek and lowly heart
He gives this blessed rest.

HELEN MAR.

From the Christian Union.

RELIGION IN THE FUTURE.

IF we take a wide survey of the present field of religious thought, we see a chaos of conflicting opinions. We find, too, a general conviction that out of this confusion there will, sooner or later, arise some settled agreement, some definite basis. For ourselves, we believe that this faith of the future will be Christian, by virtue both of its historical connection and of its allegiance to Christ. But it will be Christianity under a new aspect. We believe that it will retain the great central truths that have always been the heart of Christianity. God and Christ and immortality; all the sweet and comforting assurances of the Gospel; all its energizing moral impulses,—whatever, in a word, has stayed and strengthened the followers of the Lord Jesus throughout the ages—will, in its substance, be held more firmly and realized more vividly than ever before. The outer husk of dogmatic statement may wither or change, but only to show more clearly the vital, underlying fact. Farther, the outward instrumentalities of religion will, doubtless, be largely altered; not only our creeds, but our modes of worship and of church government, the appliances for practically reaching men, will be changed in the direction of greater efficiency. The details of these modifications cannot be foreseen. But we look with confidence for a special prominence of certain spiritual qualities in the coming development of religion.

We believe that one of its qualities will be the truth-seeking spirit, the love of truth for its own sake. That is a wholly different thing from love for one's own beliefs. The essence of genuine love of truth is willingness to learn. Its temper is not self-confidence, but humility. It is open-eyed, receptive. It holds truth so sacred that it will sacrifice comfort, ease, peace of mind, rather than to rest in a delusion. The religion that includes this element must have the broadest tolerance for sincere opinion. It must place absolutely no limit on the honest search for truth. Thus far, freedom of opinion has been conceded only as a social right, not as a Christian right. Heretical opinion has ceased to bring civil penalties, but it still excludes men from the churches. We must go beyond that. The time is coming when it will be recognized that to think with perfect honesty—that is, with perfect freedom—is not only a right, but a Christian duty; that to the truth-seeking spirit belongs the highest moral quality. When that is fully understood, exclusion from the church for opinion's sake will be unknown.

There will be present, too, a deep element of faith. Faith is the soul's dependence on a higher being. It is the recognition, by a spiritual sense, of a personal embodiment of power and love, from whom man draws his life, and in communion with him and aspiration toward him finds his highest good. Faith is the faculty by which this Being is known and felt. The validity of the faculty is challenged; sometimes a storm of doubt shakes the hold of man on God; the deepest struggle of the time is to know whether faith is a delusion. If it is a delusion, man's nature is a fraud, and the only wisdom is blank, total skepticism. Not such is the goal toward which the minds of men are pressing. Out of the tumult faith will emerge, purer and serener than ever before, the more sure and precious for the unsparing trial that has proved her. Those who come after us will have not less, but more faith than we.

The truth-seeking spirit and the spirit of faith, instead of being opposed, are in the deepest harmony. The man whose faith is most profound is willing to have its assertions tested by the severest scrutiny. And the passion for truth has underlying it a profound conviction that what is real is best; that when we get to the heart of things we shall find there what we most need. Faith is false to itself when it dreads truth; and the desire for truth is prompted by an inner voice of faith.

Above all, the religion of the future will be a love-religion. That element will be central and sovereign. Raised to its rightful place, we cannot tell how deeply it will change our present systems of thought, our ideals of character, our social usages, the whole inner and outer life of society. We know that, so far as its power extends, it will sweeten and brighten all things. It will make religion joyful, filling the soul with a new sense of the transcendant glory and loveliness of its God. When we not only say, but know, that God is love, our whole vision of time and eternity changes; the universe is transfigured before our eyes. Nor, with such a change, shall we lose in energy and moral fiber. True love is of all principles the most active and mighty. Its counterfeits and its lower forms may be weak; but love which has the divine quality is majestic, strong to suffer, all-powerful to conquer evil. When men know something of what love is in God, and catch its inspiration in their own hearts, they will be strong enough to re-make the social world. Such work is to be done by men for each other, as has hardly yet been thought of. The disposition which was Christ's, the giving up of life to the service of others, is to so spread among men that it will inspire benevolences, habits of brotherly feeling and action, a sweetness and health in the whole social body, that we have not yet dreamed of.

When shall these things be? God only knows. But the signs of them are among us. The truth was never sought more earnestly than a host of men are seeking it now. The distressing doubts that thousands are grappling with are the birth-pangs of a higher faith. The idea of a God of love and a religion of love is being so developed and so received that it is almost like a new revelation. In different nations, and under countless forms, we see the promise and beginning of a practical, many-sided benevolence, a brotherly feeling and helpfulness, such as perhaps was never seen before. And these signs are worthy to be trusted.

On a day in early spring, when the woods are bare and the fields brown, when the earth is mantled with gray clouds and chilled with raw mist, we ask, "Where is the summer that was promised?" But looking closer, we see upon the orchards a faint flush of springing buds, and on sheltered hillsides the grass is green; under the dead leaves we may find the arbutus, and now and then the note of a blue-bird pierces the heavy air. Summer is coming! And God's summer is coming among men. Not to-morrow, perhaps, nor next year, but in his good time, surer than the apple-blossoms of next June, fairer than the brightest day on which the sun ever rose.

THE KEEPING OF THE TRUE LENT.

BY HERRICK.

Is this a fast, to keep
The larder lean,
And clean,
From fat of veals and sheep?

Is it to quit the dish
Of flesh, yet still
To fill
The platter high with fish?

Is it to fast an hour,
Or ragged go,
Or show
A downcast look and sour?

No: 'tis a fast to dole
Thy sheaf of wheat,
And meat,
Unto the hungry soul.

It is to fast from strife,
From old debate,
And hate;
To circumcise thy life.

To show a heart grief-rent,
To starve thy sin,
Not bin;
And that's to keep thy Lent.

ONEIDA CIRCULAR.

TIRZAH C. MILLER, EDITOR.

MONDAY, MAY 5, 1873.

Read the article on "Religion in the Future," by Henry Ward Beecher, copied on another page, from *The Christian Union*. It is a true prophesy.

The *Phenological Journal* for June is to contain an article on "Socialism in America" by Samuel Leavitt. From a glance at the proof-sheets we judge that the article will be entertaining and truthful—its facts having been gleaned from that standard work, Noyes's "History of American Socialisms."

The writer of an article on another page, entitled, "Legal Status of Married Women," is a lawyer in respectable practice, and has held a judicial office in an important city. We invited him to the task he is entering upon. He says in a note accompanying this article:

"This first installment of my series on the legal status of married women may strike you as starting out for an elaborate and exhaustive review of the whole law of marriage, and perhaps threatens to take up too much room; but it seems to me it would be instructive, while endeavoring to develop the facts as to the changes made by modern legislation, to take a brief and systematic view of the historico-legal aspects and phases of the institution. It is something I have often thought I would like to do in lectures or articles; and I hope my plan will be found consistent with your purposes in conducting the CIRCULAR."

LIBER PRIMUS.

SOCIALISM is coming to the front again. Coöperation, Spiritualism and true Religion are all helping it forward. No one need be surprised to see another Socialistic Revival soon sweep over the land, more wide-spread and powerful than the great Fourier Revival of 1843. Classes for drill and experiment are already forming in the East and in the West. Our interest in the good cause makes us earnestly deire that the classes forming should have a full acquaintance with the Associations, Phalanxes and Communities which have already lived and died and that now exist, with their causes of failure or success, before undertaking new experiments themselves; for thus and thus only can they avoid the mistakes of the past and work intelligently for the future. Therefore to all who are investigating Socialism, whether with a view to practical experiment or otherwise, we say, Study the "History of American Socialisms." That is the first book—the true *liber primus*—of Socialism. We have no heart to counsel any one on this subject who has not read that book. You would call a man a fool who should set out on a voyage of geographical discovery without first acquainting himself with the discoveries that had already been made and the liabilities and dangers incidental to such voyages. In the "History of American Socialisms" are given accounts, more or less complete, of nearly three score voyages in search of the new Eldorado of Social Harmony; and no wise man will hereafter think of setting sail with the same object in view without first reading the stories of the cruises of Coxsackie, Forestville, Franklin, Haverstraw, Kendall, Macluria, New Harmony, Nashoba, Yellow Spring, Adelphia, Brook Farm, Clarkson, Clermont, Columbia, Garden Grove, Goose Pond, Grand Prairie, Hopedale, Marlboro, North American, Skaneateles, Wisconsin, etc., etc. These are all contained in "American Socialisms," and their general perusal must accompany a general revival of Socialism, or a repetition of the failures of the Owen and Fourier epochs can only result.

PLURALITY, OR WHAT?

WHAT shall be done with the excess of women in the older States? In New Jersey there are 6,752 more females than males, in New Hampshire 7,020, in Rhode Island 7,841, in Massachusetts 49,793, and in New York 56,301. The young men who have abandoned those who would have naturally become their wives and "gone West" are in great part responsible for this condition of things. In the Territories and newer States the men are everywhere in excess. A deportation of one hundred and fifty or two hundred thousand women from the East to the West might settle the whole question; but the remedy is harsh and cruel and impracticable. Few women could be induced to leave home and birthplace, with all their endearing ties, throw away their present means of livelihood, and go into distant parts of the country, simply to improve their chances of getting a husband; yet monogamy has nought else to offer! Polygamy promises to remedy the evil where it exists; and if we can give credence to an article in a late number of the *Daily Graphic*, this remedy is actually favored by many women in Massachusetts, where the disproportion between the sexes is greatest. The article is furnished by a Lowell contributor, and contains a copy of the following petition, now circulating in that city:

LOWELL, April—1873.

To the Honorable the Senate and the House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts:

The undersigned, citizens of the State, respectfully set forth the grievances under which they suffer as women who are not permitted to vote, hold any and all offices, and engage in the occupations opened to men, and are otherwise restricted in the opportunity of earning a living, and herewith beg your permission to suggest the remedy for these evils, upon which they pray your honorable body to act.

The law which now governs society says, practically, that women should be married, should engage in work at their own homes, and should look to their husbands for support. On the other hand, the census shows that it is impossible to carry out this unwritten but recognized law, for the reason that there is a large excess of women in the commonwealth, and many of the men of lawful age are idle, vicious, incompetent, or otherwise unfit to be the heads of households. Yet your petitioners hold that the matter is not without remedy. Prejudice and custom have decided in favor of restricting the husband to a single wife, yet without justice and authority, as we believe. In the Book which lies at the foundation of all law recognized in this country, there is no injunction against a plurality of wives, while there are many examples therein recorded in its favor. Men's wives appear to have increased in number in proportion with their flocks and riches. Such a rule even now holds in the land from which the Christian nations received their religion.

Your petitioners have no desire to interfere with the regulations of any existing household, but simply to present their claims to the marriage state for your respectful consideration. They deem it their privilege and their duty to suggest the abolition of the law against the marriage of a man to more than one wife, in cases where the first wife does not object, and where it is made evident that the man is able to support the additional burden laid upon his resources. They are aware that it may take years to remove prejudices, and that those who take a second or third place in the household may be looked upon with disfavor; but, confident that their proposed action will ultimately do away with much of the social evil that afflicts and distresses all communities, they are willing to be the first to engage in the work of this reform. Society, which now insists that woman shall be married and look to her husband for support, will, after mature reflection, countenance this effort to carry out its laws practically.

It is far from the design of your petitioners to ask legislation in behalf of free love or any loosening of the marriage bond. We ask that the marriage of the second wife shall be made as binding and permanent as that of the first, and that all the children of the household shall have equal honor. And in asking this, we believe that we have taken a long step toward doing away with foundling asylums, preventing ante-natal murders, and lessening the vagabond child population of our large cities.

For the reasons enumerated, your petitioners respectfully ask the passage of a law permitting plural marriage in the cases above enumerated, and under such other conditions as to your judgment shall seem wise and proper.

And your petitioners will ever pray, etc., etc.

We cannot vouch for the genuineness of the above document; but the *Graphic* writer says it bore one hundred and sixty-two names when he saw it, which were apparently genuine, and it is certainly not surprising that in a State where there are nearly fifty thousand more women than men such documents should originate and find favor. Society says to these thousands, "Marry if you would win support, happiness, and respect." They see that under the monogamic rule it is impossible that they should fulfill this behest. They find "no injunction against a plurality of wives" in the Bible; and what more natural than that they should desire to have their matrimonial chances improved by the repeal of all laws against plural marriages?

But polygamy is an old, effete institution of the past, antagonistic to the spirit of the present; and it is useless for the fifty thousand to base their hopes upon it. Complex marriage is the new social system, which promises to satisfactorily settle all such questions as this of the disproportion of the sexes. Though it requires certain indispensable preliminary conditions, they are such as should be found in the best civilizations. We see no reason why, for instance, many churches in New England and elsewhere could not conclude that their relation to one another as members of Christ is more sacred than any other relation, and in fact includes all other relations. And that is Complex Marriage—the marriage of each to all and all to each. When any church or other organization reaches that point it is entirely unnecessary to count the men and women to find out whether they are exactly even. All would find support and all the comforts of home and of the family relation. Complex Marriage is a

system adapted alike to the supposed normal condition of the sexes in which their numbers are equal, to the condition found in the older settled countries in which women predominate in numbers, and in newer countries in which men are in excess. Everywhere it gives a home and all its privileges to those who enter into its sacred bonds. Let the fifty thousand women in Massachusetts, the fifty-six thousand in New York, and the thousands in other Eastern States, who are deprived by the rule of monogamy of so many important rights and privileges, look forward to Complex Marriage rather than back to a system which does greater injustice to woman than even monogamy, inasmuch as it gives man greater ownership of woman. Complex Marriage asks no more for man than it gives to woman; it makes an end of all ownership of persons, while its guarantees are more complete than even those of monogamy. W.

REVIVAL-DYNAMICS.

BY THEO. L. PITT.

HENRY WARD BEECHER, in a recent lecture to the theological students of Yale College on the subject of Revivals and the method and influences which promote them, is reported as saying:

"All seasons are not alike favorable. All methods we know are not alike wise, neither are all seasons for the procuring of these results wise. It is, for instance, unwise to attempt to stir up in a community or in any church in the community a very wide-spread, very deep and general moral excitement while the whole community are burning and blazing with political excitement, on the ground that you cannot have two such excitements at the same time, and the religious feeling in a community is not generally strong enough to resist this greater excitement. Then there is a great deal of difference in the time of the year, whether people can get out to meetings or can spare the time. In the midst of harvests I have known but one revival in my life among hundreds and hundreds, because men can not spare time from the harvest-field; and there may special things happen in communities which prevent or are the exact time for revivals, as in case of great sickness or the death of one greatly respected or beloved. All these things are to be watched in communities, and your revivals are to be in the proper seasons of the year. You are to adapt your moral culture to all these peculiarities of God's providence, which with some little care and observation every one may discern."

Mr. Beecher in his lectures strongly advocates revivals, and declares his belief in the "new birth" and a radical change of character in men under revival influence; but in the above paragraph we think, if correctly reported, he falls into a very common and wide-spread error. The idea has become general among religious people that revivals are subject to circumstances and times and seasons: that they can be carried on successfully only when business, political and other excitements, are at low ebb. Under the prevalence of this theory revivals in summer or during a political campaign are almost unknown. Mr. Beecher says only one summer revival has taken place among the hundreds in his day. Only in late fall and winter, when men have comparative leisure from business pressure, and only during the lapses of political excitement, do we find much revival interest at work. When spring opens, farm work begins, and mercantile and manufacturing interests get a new impulse; when the pleasures of summer come in, or when a new President or Congress is to be elected, then the revival interest begins to abate and society falls back into its old religious apathy.

Now it seems to us that instead of being the true order of revival procedure—a necessary "peculiarity of God's providence," as Mr. Beecher puts it—this state of things is the result of a low estimate of the importance of revivals, a weak interest in the means of making them perpetual, and unbelief in the power of God's spirit or of supernatural influence. Let us think a moment:

1. Our relations to God and the supernatural world are the most important relations we can have with any beings or spheres of action.

2. These relations should be of the most intimate, continuous and improving character.

3. Everything which tends to foster, strengthen and improve these relations should be sought with the utmost energy of the powers of both soul and body, at all times and seasons and in all circumstances.

4. Everything which disturbs these relations should be fought against and destroyed always and everywhere.

5. It is the paramount peculiarity of God's providence to favor everything which tends to promote these relations and to oppose everything which opposes them.

6. Hitherto in the history of the world the revival spirit has been the supreme agency in promoting those relations. The genius of that spirit is not sporadic but persistent and enduring world without end.

7. The revival spirit as the dominant influence should inspire and control all human relations, business, action and passion; in other words, become the governing power in human affairs.

8. Such a manifestation of the revival spirit would be the establishment of the kingdom of God in this world.

If these propositions are true, then revivals are God's choice agency for operating upon and controlling the course of human history. Then also we may expect to find many instances in that history where the revival spirit has not been subject to the times and seasons of men's business or political convenience, to winter's leisure and to summer's harvests, but has taken possession of men's attention and hearts and swept "in season and out of season" with resistless power of conviction and revolution over all obstructions of time, place or circumstance. Such were the revivals of the Old Testament age. Such was the revival career of Christ. Such was the forty-year revival of the Primitive Church, beginning on the day of Pentecost, sweeping over all the known world and culminating amid the distractions of the Roman destruction of Judaism—the greatest "political excitement" the world ever saw—in the Second Coming and the first resurrection. But coming down to modern times, we find illustrations of the same tendency. The second revival of the "Great Awakening" under Edwards, at Northampton, began in the spring of 1741, continued on through the summer that year, the following winter, and reached its highest fervor in the summer—amid the "harvest"—of 1742. The Gouverneur revival of Finney and Father Nash was a "summer" revival. The labors of these two men on that occasion extended from April to September, 1825—the busiest time of the year. So completely were the people of the town absorbed in it that the opponents of the revival taunted the farmers with neglecting their crops and prophesied their failure. But it is said by an eye-witness that instead of the crops failing for want of care they were better that year than had ever been known in that region before. This was one of the most remarkable and interesting revivals of modern times, and typical in many respects of the great awakening of 1831—34. Undoubtedly many more instances might be mentioned, but these are enough to overthrow the "times and seasons" theory which Mr. Beecher supports. The strongest facts of history are against it as an explanation of the law of God's working through revivals. That theory instead of being a guide and help in promoting revivals is really one of the greatest existing obstructions to vigorous, permanent revivals. The true end of revivals is good religious experience. But this theory says, "You can only have such experience at certain times and seasons—in winter, when work is slack, and when there is no political campaign going on. Don't seek it in harvest time or during a Presidential election." Is it any wonder that under the influence of such theories political campaigns have become corrupt and loathsome, and that men are elected to office who bring disgrace on the nation? Is it strange that sensualism is the vice of the age? When, we ask, does a nation need to be more completely controlled by the spirit of God than when choosing its rulers and legislators? When does a man need more to be under the dominance of the revival spirit than in the pressure of business and amid the sensual delights and temptations of summer?

Even if it is true that at certain periods, when religious activity has been weak among the people and distracting influences strong, it has been found expedient to take advantage of circumstances and seasons for promoting revivals, and greater success has been attained at these times than at others, we must not allow that fact to limit the power of God, or attempt to deduce a fixed law of revival success from it. Such a state of things, if it indicates anything, shows weak devotion to the revival spirit and an imperfect mediumship on the part of those engaged. There is no time or season or condition of outward affairs when the "Lord's hand is shortened that it cannot save," or when the revival spirit cannot blaze forth in the fullness of its power. That spirit is ever-ready, ever-present, and waits only for the inward condition of earnest and sincere invitation on the part of men to fill them continuously with its afflatus.

We believe the time has come to sweep away such theories of the limitations of God's spirit, and begin to work for a revival which will save men and women from all sin now and here, and make them "young converts forever;" a revival which shall be perpetual, ever-increasing in power, independent of times and seasons, controlling all the interests and activities of life, and, at last, world-wide in scope. That is our ideal of a revival, and the central purpose of the Oneida Community.

COMMUNITY JOURNAL.

ONEIDA.

Thursday, May 1.—Since Sunday last the weather has been unsurpassed in loveliness; grateful nature leaps to life beneath the influence of the sun's warm rays, and the lawns are once more carpeted in green.——The usual amount of ditching and digging, plowing and planting, fencing and repairing is going on in the farm and garden departments; the usual amount of raking and spading, planting and transplanting, in the flower-garden; and there is rather more than the usual amount of enthusiasm on the part of the juveniles for a plot where they can "plant and rake and hoe." So Mr. Cragin has laid out a ground west of the hedge across the road, where the children can deploy to their hearts' content.——Day before yesterday a committee, appointed to select a new croquet-ground, strolled into the meadow east of the house, and after viewing the landscape far and near, pronounced the ground lying just the other side of the hedge as most suitable for our outdoor home amusements. Here it was thought we should ultimately appropriate several acres for this purpose, including the hillside beyond the creek, and might easily convert all into a very picturesque park, by setting out trees, erecting fountains, etc.; but the present year we will content ourselves with

merely a play-yard and arbor for the children and a family croquet-ground.——A party of men and women, who went to Joppa Tuesday, came home last evening and brought with them handfuls of the trailing arbutus, and say that it is among the commonest flowers about the Lake. They also report that the ice has not yet gone out of the Lake, and the water has lowered but little since the freshet.——We had a call yesterday from a physician of some note, who complimented us on the healthy appearance of our children.——The silk department is dyeing a batch of silk for a silk manufacturer in New Jersey.——Manly reports that part of the sheep are turned out to pasture to-day.——The 'bus is in front of the door and the two-year olds are jubilant over a prospective ride.——The boys and girls have just donned their summer hats and bonnets for the first time and gone into the fields to play.

—An intelligent correspondent, writing about Male Continence, pithily says: "I am satisfied you are right. *There must be self-denial somewhere, and you impose the very least.*"

—A jocose visitor of last week said that when making an excursion down the Potomac from Washington, a few years ago, he was introduced to Delegate Hooper and two other Mormon gentleman. Mr. Hooper asked to be introduced to his wife, which request was granted on condition that he should not run away with her. The lady at once plied the Delegate with close questions.

"How many wives have you?" she asked.

"Only one."

"Do you expect to have any more?" urged the inquisitor.

"My dear madam," responded Mr. Hooper, "I never expect to marry again so long as I live *unless you should be so unfortunate as to become a widow!*"

Meanwhile certain young ladies of the party interrogated sharply another of the Mormon three, and with scarcely better result:

"I have, ladies, but one wife, *but I wish you to understand that I am in the market!*"

—It is generally supposed that we are "dead set" against marriage; but here is a letter just received from a western subscriber, which traces the history of a match that was brought about, partly at least, by the O. C., and seems to have turned out satisfactorily to all concerned:

Letter from E. Y.

"The ONEIDA CIRCULAR under date of March 25th, 1872, contains a letter I received from E. B. S. It is the result of that letter that I wish to trace on this occasion. Here are the 'Chronicles:'

"1st. E. B. S.'s letter to E. Y., Jan. 21st, 1872.

"2d. E. Y.'s reply, Feb., 1872.

"3d. E. Y.'s report of the above letter and reply to the Oneida Community, March 8th, 1872.

"4th. The publication of said report in the ONEIDA CIRCULAR, and the editor's comments.

"5th. S. H., a reader of the ONEIDA CIRCULAR, visits E. Y. for the purpose of forming an acquaintance, and introduces himself by referring to the above publication and comments.

"6th. Miss P. writes a letter to E. Y. referring to the ONEIDA CIRCULAR'S publication of aforesaid report of E. B. S.'s letter, and desires to become acquainted with E. Y. by means of the pen.

"7th. E. Y. replies, and a lively correspondence follows.

"8th. S. H. visits E. Y. again, and is shown the letters received from Miss P.

"9th. E. Y. introduces S. H. to Miss P. by letter, and a correspondence between them follows.

"10th. E. Y. introduces Mrs. W., a reader of the ONEIDA CIRCULAR, to Miss P. by letter.

"11th. Correspondence between Mrs. W. and Miss P.

"12th. Miss P. makes her home with Mrs. W.

"13th. S. H. visits Miss P. at the home of Mrs. W., and is disinclined to propose a union.

"14th. S. H. asks advice of the Oneida Community concerning his motherless children, etc.

"15th. O. C. replies, advising S. H. to marry, and proposes to introduce him to a woman in his State.

"16th. S. H. guesses who it is, and replies to O. C., stating his disinclination.

"17th. The O. C. withdraws its proposition and declines any further responsibility.

"18th. S. H. is thus brought to a state of mind in which he resolves to lay the whole matter before God and ask his direction, and receives the answer, 'Propose to Miss P., and in so doing you shall have prosperity.'

"19th. S. H. proposes, and is accepted.

"20th. S. H. and Miss P. are pronounced husband and wife in the presence of the school which Miss. P. had been teaching, and which closed on the day of her union with S. H.

"In conclusion I would add that Mrs. H. is already dearly beloved by the three no longer motherless little daughters of Mr. S. H., and we have reason to believe that there is a stronger bond of union between the 'happy pair' than idolatrous love. They are united primarily by having a common faith in Christ as an indwelling Savior. Precious Faith; Amen."

This reminds us that we have something quite as odd to tell the reader about what we ourselves have lately done in the matrimonial line within the Community. On Monday evening, the 28th inst., between the hours of 7 1-2 and 9 o'clock, we had a COMMUNITY WEDDING! How you start! Well, it *is* rather unusual, and we must hasten to explain how it was brought about, who was married, etc., etc. It is of course well understood that our matrimonial system is complex marriage; which means that all the men are married to all the women, and all the women to all the men; and that our obligations to one another are not less binding, and the relations between the men and the women not less sacred, than those which exist in marital alliances elsewhere. We have lately discussed at some length our views concerning this subject, and have obtained some new ideas respecting the duties and responsibilities of our kind of matrimony. But curiously, just at this time, a young man whom we will call Z., who had been staying with us a good while in the dubious relation of candidate under obstructions, was admitted to membership by a unanimous vote of the family. After meeting, one enthusiastic person says to another,

"What kind of a notion would it be to have Z. married to the Community in due form?"

"Not a *real* marriage? you don't mean *that!*" says incredulous H.

"No, not exactly; but Z. might choose a partner, who could act as the representative of the whole family, and so go through the marriage ceremony on the stage."

"Do let us propose it," says A., "for we have never had anything like it here; and I always did want to see a wedding."

"Well then," says No. 1., "tell Z. to select some lady, and he and his partner their bridesmaids and groomsmen. To-morrow will be time enough for preparation, and in the evening we will have a regular old-fashioned wedding."

"And I," says E., the stewardess, "will see that the cake and wine are forthcoming." And so the matter was laid before the more conservative members, who, strange to tell, entered into the project with due alacrity. The very novelty of the idea seemed to make it popular. The next day was a busy one. We went about our preparations just as we do to get up any other evening entertainment. Z. chose Y. for his bride; C. and J. to be bridesmaids, and W. and A. as the groomsmen. H. W. B. was appointed to officiate as clergyman; and N. and S. to act the part of parents in giving away the bride. The tasty fingers of H. C. N. and G. J. S. were tasked to arrange the bridal costumes; and the musicians and choristers were instructed in their part of the programme, so that in nothing it should fall short of a "regular wedding." At the time appointed, the bridal party marched through the Hall on to the stage, to the music of "Mendelssohn's Wedding March," N. leading the bride, while Z. escorted the bride's mother, followed by the groomsmen, bridesmaids and choristers. After a few formalities, the reverend clerk in white robes commenced reading the Episcopal service, the choristers chanting the "Amens," following with a motet and chant. Then came the nuptial ceremony, which was in no way different from the usual Episcopal service, excepting the form of the marriage vows, which, instead of binding Z. simply to Y., bound Z. to Y. as the representative of the Community. It was worded as follows:

Priest.—(In slow and solemn voice, addressing the bridegroom), Wilt thou have this woman and the whole Community which she represents to thy wedded wife to live together after God's ordinance in the holy state of complex marriage? Wilt thou love them, comfort them, honor and keep them in sickness and in health, and keep thee unto them so long as ye shall live?

Z.—I will.

Priest.—(Addressing the bride.) Wilt thou, as the representative of the Oneida Community, have this man to thy wedded husband to live together after God's ordinance in the holy estate of complex marriage? Wilt thou, as representative of the Oneida Community, love, honor and keep him in sickness and in health so long as ye shall live?

Y.—I will.

Then, turning to the wedding company, the priest asked, "Who giveth this woman to be married to this man?" Here N. came forward and performed the part of parent in giving away the bride, and Z., having received her from the priest, repeated after him the following words:

I, Z., take Y. and the Community which she represents to my wedded wife, to have and to hold from this day forward, for better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish till death us do part, according to God's holy ordinance.

And afterward the bride on behalf of the Community repeated the same words, substituting "wedded husband" for "wedded wife." Then Z., placing the ring on Y.'s finger, again followed the priest, sentence by sentence,

"With this ring I this Community wed, and with all my worldly goods I this Community endow. In the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. Amen."

At the close of which the whole family were invited to join in singing the Doxology in Old Hundred.

Following this was the Presentation, which differed somewhat from the ordinary style of conducting such matters. A procession of twenty couples marched on to the stage, and each lady after shaking hands with N. (the father), was led by him to the bridegroom, whom she kissed, while S. (the mother), introduced each man to the bride, whom he kissed. This formality ended, the choristers and bridal party returned to the body of the Hall, and the whole family had a good time with cake and wine and toasts and talk. Some singing followed and the entertainment closed.

Was this a farce? Not exactly—we might say, not at all. The words and the acts so well expressed what is in the very heart of the Community, that a solemn stillness stole over us all, and here and there tears might have been seen by any one who had the presence of mind to turn his eyes a moment from the thrilling scene on the stage.

—Below is a letter from a young man who seceded nearly ten years ago:

"——, *Mich., Apr.* 24, 1873.

"MR. NOYES:

"*Dear Sir:*—I have hesitated for some time about writing to you, thinking that you would not care to hear from me after leaving the Community as I did. I have never had anything but the best of feelings toward the Community, and could I live my life over again I should spend it at the O. C., for I know that you are far ahead of society in the world. But I allowed my passions to run away with me, and I have been the loser. Still I

know it has been good experience for me. When I think over my past life I cannot help feeling very sorry for the ungrateful way I used the kindness of the Community; and I would like to ask its forgiveness. If there is anything that I could do to atone for my past faults I would gladly do it. Since leaving the Community I have married, and have two boys aged two and four years, and I wish very much to see them brought up to serve the Lord. I take pleasure in reading the CIRCULAR; the journal always seem like getting a letter from home. I should like very much to see you once more, but if I am not present with you in body still I feel that I am in spirit, for my prayer is to do the will of the Lord. If you see fit to answer this I should be happy to hear from you.

"Yours in the service of Christ, —— ——."

LEGAL STATUS OF MARRIED WOMEN —PAST AND PRESENT.

I.

THE object of this and succeeding articles will be to show in what respects and how far the legal status of married women has been changed by modern legislation from what it was at common law; and thus to show by comparison how far the civil institution of marriage is from being what it was; and to point out to the thoughtful and unprejudiced the fact, however deplorable it may be regarded by conservatives, that old-fashioned marriage, if it has not already departed, is rapidly passing away.

In order that the subject may be fully understood and the changes referred to fairly appreciated, it will be necessary to consider briefly the nature of the legal status of marriage. In the more frequent legal sense of the word marriage, it signifies a condition, a civil status (state, condition) of a man and a woman united in law for life, under the obligation to discharge to each other and the community those duties which the community by its laws imposes upon persons whose relation and association are founded on the distinction of sex. In law-language, marriage is generally denominated a contract, and yet it is said to be more than a contract, and to differ from all other contracts. Men have been and are divided in opinion whether it shall be regarded as a civil contract or a religious vow. In Catholic countries the latter opinion is quite religiously followed out in church and state; marriage is a sacrament. Though Protestants do not so regard it generally, they account it as of divine origin and invest it with the sanctions of religion. But however deeply the religious nature of marriage may engage the affections of the community, the law in Protestant countries leaves this nature to the sole care of the church, and contemplates it only as a civil institution. Hence, to distinguish marriage in its legal sense from marriage as a religious rite, it is described in the law books as a "contract," a "civil contract." Thus an ancient law-writer says: "Marriage is considered in every country as a contract, and may be defined to be a contract according to the form prescribed by law, by which a man and woman capable of entering into such a contract, mutually engage with each other to live together their whole lives in a state of union which ought to exist between a husband and his wife." Judge Story, in his "Conflict of Laws," says, "I have throughout treated marriage as a contract in the common sense of the word, because this is the light in which it is ordinarily viewed by jurists, domestic as well as foreign. But it appears to me to be something more than a contract. It is rather to be deemed an institution of society founded upon the contract or consent of the parties." Another authority says, "Marriage, though in one sense a contract is nevertheless *sui generis* (of its own kind), and unlike ordinary or commercial contracts is *publici juris* (of public law or right), because it establishes fundamental and most important domestic relations." And another and later authority goes further and distinguishes it more sharply from other contracts, saying, "in strictness, though formed *by* contract, it signifies the *relation* of husband and wife, deriving both its rights and duties from a source higher than any contract parties are capable of, and as to these, uncontrollable by any contract which they can make. When formed, this relation is no more a contract than a fatherhood or a sonship is a contract. It is no more a contract than serfdom, slavery and apprenticeship, the latter of which it resembles in this: that it is formed by contract. To this relation there are two parties, and these parties are placed by the relation in a certain relative state or condition under the law, as are parents and children, masters and servants." This is undoubtedly the truer view of the subject. Marriage is formed by contract. And while it is an executory agreement to marry, it does not differ essentially from other executory civil contracts; but it does not itself superinduce the status. But when the agreement to marry is performed, and the contract is executed in what the law recognizes as a valid marriage, its nature as a contract is merged in the higher nature of the status. The *contract* in fact no longer exists, but the parties henceforward are governed by the *law* of husband and wife. Certain obligations are imposed upon the parties assuming this status, but they are obligations, not of contract, but of law. The relation of parent and child, which proceeds from that of husband and wife, somewhat resembles it in its legal character. Another similitude is to be found in the relation of guardian and ward; the relations in all these cases are voluntarily assumed, but the mutual obligations and duties imposed upon the parties are created by law.

Only one thing does the law allow the parties to a marriage to regulate by contract which shall survive the assumption of the status, and that is rights of property between themselves. By what is called "marriage settlements," the rights which a woman has before marriage in respect to property may be secured to her, so that in respect to that property and its disposition she may be free from the control of her husband and may act after marriage as a *femme sole* or unmarried woman. But in the absence of any ante-nuptial agreement in regard to property, the law of the status furnishes the rule to be applied and determines the rights of the parties.

The assumption of this legal status works great and important changes in the legal capacities, rights and obligations of the parties, especially in those of the woman. These changes run throughout the whole domain of the law, civil and criminal. To define and set forth these changes is to define the legal status of married women. And it will be seen that these changes consist mostly, if not wholly, in deprivations of legal capacity, right and obligation, which woman suffers when she enters into this status; that marriage confers nothing upon woman except the right to be supported by her husband, that is to say, to be provided with the common necessaries of life—food, clothing, shelter, etc.; and the burden of lawful (legitimate) child-bearing; while it takes from her many things which she before possessed in common with all other human beings, and which are generally regarded as valuable. The only real difference between the past and present legal status of married women is the difference in the kind and amount of deprivation which woman undergoes at the hands of the law when she enters this status.

T.

A Japanese newspaper, owned and edited by Japanese, is about to be started in London. Its name will be *Tai Sei Shimbum* (Great Western News). It will be illustrated, and publish the writings of the numerous Japanese now in England and this country, of which there are more than seven hundred, mostly students.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

II.

BY GEORGE NOYES MILLER.

AS Falstaff is so preëminently witty, it seems but natural and appropriate that he should discuss his own and comment upon the wit of others. He promises himself, with the confidence of conscious power, that he will "devise matter enough out of this Shallow to keep Prince Harry in continual laughter the wearing out of six fashions. O, you shall see him laugh, till his face be like a wet cloak ill laid up."

So, too, Falstaff expresses himself contemptuously of Poins's wit. "He a good wit? Hang him, baboon! his wit is as thick as Tewkesbury mustard; there is no more conceit in him than there is in a mallet." It is noticeable moreover that Falstaff's cordiality toward his associates is in direct proportion to their appreciation of humor. He shows his love for the congenial soul of Prince Hal, by the endearing titles "mad wag," "sweet wag;" but there is something fairly pathetic in the sigh of genuine disappointment with which he acknowledges his inability to make the stern Prince John laugh: "I would you had but the wit; 'twere better than your dukedom. Good faith! this same young sober-blooded boy doth not love me; nor a man cannot make him laugh."

The hostility between Falstaff and the Chief-Justice is based upon this same uncongeniality of temperament, and is one of the most curiously interesting studies in Shakespeare. To the stern Chief-Justice, immersed in the affairs of state, and "dealing in wise saws and modern instances," the trickling wit of Falstaff seemed like the empty babbling of a fool. His nearest approach to playful banter—for which Falstaff was ever so ready—is where, holding up the terrors of the law, and naturally quoting an old saw, he admonishes Falstaff not to "wake a sleeping wolf."

This cold imperturbability, which refused to thaw under his assailing humor, angered Falstaff to the heart. The only instance in which he manifests the deep defiance of a self-respecting manhood, the sober resentment of an injured person, is where, after apparently exhausting his humorous arts upon this unappreciative judge, he defies him in virtue of his commission, and boldly demands the protection due to his knighthood. This defiant speech of Falstaff's is most remarkable. In almost every scene of every play in which Falstaff appears, we may see him in a seeming hyperbole of passion. He berates his roistering companions, not excepting Prince Henry himself, with stinging epithets and boisterous vehemence; he scourges the rebellious Poins with an ironical wrath till he cries, "I c. relent; what wouldst thou more of man?" But all seems "like a tale told by an idiot full of sound and fury signifying nothing," when compared with the sober defiance which he throws into the face of this judge of the King's Bench. Its very sobriety, coming from one so chronically humorous, sarcastic, and coarsely vituperative, gives it a preternatural solemnity:

"My lord, I will not undergo this sneap without reply. You call honorable boldness impudent sauciness: if a man will make court'sy, and say nothing, he is virtuous. No, my lord, my humble duty remembered, I will not be your suitor; I say to you I do desire deliverance from these officers, being upon hasty employment in the king's affairs."

Diametrically opposed as Falstaff and the Chief-Justice were in their relations to the law, we still cannot doubt that their hostility would have been much less marked could the judge have shown any disposition to gaiety. But alas! Falstaff's keenest shafts could not pierce the rigid armor of judicial training, and it was owing to this invulnerability that they became so deeply inimical on Falstaff's part. The cold contempt for his wit Falstaff could neither forgive nor forget. It ran-

kled in his mind, and the only really malicious speech which Shakespeare has put in his mouth is directed at the Chief-Justice. In his tumultuous joy on hearing of the accession of Prince Henry to the throne, Falstaff exclaims to Shallow, "Happy are they which have been my friends; and woe to my lord Chief-Justice!"

Falstaff was thoroughly devoted to his vocation as a highwayman, and, despite his cowardice, it must be confessed that he lent a marvelous luster to it. He joined in proposals to purse-taking with a ready enthusiasm, and fortified and garnished his nefarious trade by abundant witticisms. "Why, Hal, 'tis my vocation, Hal, 'tis no sin for a man to labor in his vocation." His answer to Poins's unfolding of the prospect of rich plunder is, "Hear me, Yedward, if I tarry at home and go not, I'll hang you for going." In perfect keeping with this ready knavery, this "feeling of his business," is his comical sigh after Prince Hal's restoration of the booty taken from the Canterbury pilgrims: "O, I do not like that paying back; 'tis a double labor." There are signs that Falstaff brought to his vocation even an appreciation of art, as is implied in his lamentations after being deserted by Prince Henry: "Where shall I find one that can steal well? O, for a fine thief of the age of two and twenty or thereabouts! I am heinously unprovided." That this "stealing well" was of the first importance in Falstaff's eyes is further shown in his reflection upon Bardolph when he succeeded to the post of tapster at the Garter Inn: "I am glad I am so acquit of this tinder-box; his thefts were too open; his filching was like an unskillful singer, he kept not time."

THE NEWS.

Navigation on the Lakes is resumed.

Baron Justus Von Liebig, the great chemist, died at Munich, April 18.

A venerable Mexican has been writing Santa Annals of the affairs of his country.

The French Atlantic Cable is broken, and rates over the other line have been advanced.

One hundred and thirty first-class steamers now run between New York and European ports.

A recent election for members of the National Assembly, in Paris, resulted in a Radical Republican victory.

The cholera has broken out in Vienna. Should it continue through the summer the Exposition may prove a failure.

President Grant has been to Colorado. In honor thereof a big mountain has been granted the name of "President's Peak."

Mrs. D. G. Croly ("Jennie June") and Madame Demorest have withdrawn from the New York Sorosis, and will, say the papers, start an opposition club.

The number of converts in the Protestant missions of the world is computed at 1,300,638. The number of missionaries and native clergy in the mission field is 2,176.

Advices from Fort Garry indicate that the Black Feet Indians are on the war path. Troops are to be sent to protect the surveying parties of the Northern Pacific Railroad.

A reconnaissance in force of the Modoc position, on the 26th, was repulsed with a loss of twenty-three killed and eighteen wounded. A new mode of modifying the Modocs seems necessary.

The attempts of the United States Government and the legal authorities of New York to prove George Francis Train insane, in order to avoid bringing him to trial on the charges for which he was arrested, seem likely to prove a failure.

It is reported that a Mr. Eden of the Edinburgh telegraph office has invented a system by which, with the existing instruments, it has been found practicable to send messages from both ends of a wire simultaneously. The invention has been tested between Edinburgh and Glasgow, and one wire has been found capable of doing double work.

The negotiations of Sir Bartle Frere for the suppression of the slave trade on the African Coast and the Eastern Gulf have been attended with some success. The Sultan of Muscat and the Chiefs of the Arab tribes bordering on the Gulf have signed an anti-slavery treaty. The Sultan of Zanzibar, however, has thus far refused to give up the trade.

English Spiritualists and believers in the Harmonial Philosophy propose to organize a coöperative land and labor association, to be located in one of the Australian colonies or New Zealand, and to be called the Aurelia Association. A general ferment also prevails among the Spiritualists of this country on the subject of a new social and industrial organization.

The exhibitors at the Vienna Exhibition are said to be divided into groups according to the character of their contributions, each group having a president and two vice-presidents. The presidencies of the groups of Education, and of the Trade and Commerce of the World, and vice-presidencies of the groups of Civil Engineering and Public Works and Architecture and Farm, Houses have been assigned to the United States.

The Shah is coming from Ispahan!
Nothing so strange has happened to man
Since the days of wonderful Kubla Khan,
Who dwelt where "the sacred river ran
Through caverns measureless to man
Down to a sunless sea."

The Shah is coming from Ispahan
And the palace and gardens of Teheran!
From beyond the mountains of Kurdistan,
Where the sun comes up over Khorasan
From the far-off valleys of Kafiristan,
The western lands to see.

Nasredden Shah is the name of the man
Who is coming to Europe from Ispahan—
From the home of the old Aryan clan
By Ararat and the far Shushan—
To see what the modern Aryan man
Has done by the western sea.

Nasredden Shah is a wiser man
Than some who have ruled in Ispahan:
He likes railroads better than caravan,
Builds telegraphs, and has a plan
To govern men as well as he can,
In his land by the Caspian Sea.

Those who have visited his court, say the Shah "is a calm, handsome sovereign, with eyes large, dark and sad, bushy eyebrows that are almost joined together, a nose of Oriental curve, such as may yet be seen upon the sculptures old as Egypt, older than history, of Khorsabad and Nineveh. The type seems not to have changed in four thousand years. Nabopolasar may have had such a nose; so may have Cambyses and Artazerxes Mnemon; and the same hair and beard may have characterized Cyrus and Darius Hystaspes. Those who look upon Nasredden Shah amidst the imperial and kingly and princely group which is to gather under the crystal dome of the Austrian sovereign by the borders of the Danube, may fancy if they like, that they are looking upon the renascent image of some of those mighty and warlike Persian kings, that thundered through the Bible books with such unscriptural clangor, and who reduced the world under their dominion."

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S. J. R., Carpentersville, Ill.—We have neither seeds nor plants of the Trailing Arbutus for sale.

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

ADMISSIONS.

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

A SERMON FOR THE TIMES.

Home-Talk by J. H. N.

Text: "The things of God knoweth no man, but the Spirit of God." 1 Cor. 2: 11.

THERE are evidently two methods of acquiring knowledge; one by what is called *scientific discovery*, and the other by *revelation* from the Spirit of Truth: and it is important to settle in our minds what is the true scope and comparative value of each. It is very important in seeking an education to find out how much we should rely upon scientific discovery, and what available opportunity there is for revelation, so that we may seek knowledge in the right quarter and by the right methods. If we suppose that scientific discovery is the only method, we may be ignoring vast stores of information that might be obtained in another way; and on the other hand, if we have a longing for revelations that has no rational foundation, our minds are diverted from pursuing after knowledge in the way of scientific discovery. The two methods must be understood in their relative value; they must be harmonized in our minds by the subordination of one to the other according to the true relation between them, if we are to have the benefits of both. There is certainly a possible harmony between them, and it must come in the only way that harmony is ever possible between competing dualities, by finding out which is the major and which the minor, and subordinating the minor to the major.

I will state the principles which in my mind settle the true relation between science and revelation. The universe is certainly divisible into two great departments—the outer, visible universe, and the inner, spiritual universe; and as I understand it, science, properly so called, has for its field of discovery the outer department, and revelation the inner. I think it can be demonstrated that science, in the usual sense of the word, is excluded from the inner world—that that field is not open to the simple effort of discovery, but is necessarily and naturally the proper domain of revelation.

The argument may be stated thus: A stone, or a star, or any object of inspection that is not vital, voluntary and intelligent, is subject to the various methods of insight that science employs; it cannot resist your attempts at discovery; it is a passive thing; you can look at it on one side and the other, and bring your telescope or microscope to bear upon it; it is always accessible, and you are at liberty to experiment and reason about it and make discoveries at your leisure. But a living being is not in that way the passive subject of your inspection—even human beings are not. If your science is directed toward the thoughts and feelings and inner workings of the soul of a human being, it has there a subject which is not passive, and in order to make discoveries you will need to get that soul's coöperation. It takes two to make a bargain in that case. In the case of a dead subject, as a stone or star, you can make your own bargain as to what amount of inspection and investigation you will apply to it, and you expect results proportioned to the pains you take in the investigation. But in relation to the thoughts and feelings and nature of a living being, that is free to act and think and speak as well as you, you cannot make discoveries without his consent. He can reveal to you what he pleases and give you special insight, but it requires voluntary discovery on his part.

This principle is certainly true of all that part of the universe that is vital, intelligent, and superior to ourselves. It is true, in the first place, of God himself. Paul says, with good reason, "What man knoweth the things of a man save the spirit of man that is in him? *Even so*, the things of God knoweth no man but the spirit of God." In the nature of things God has control of his own life and spirit, and it is not a passive subject of inspection by science; he can hide himself from all philosophical minds just as far as he chooses, and discover himself according to his own pleasure. This is true of all the great central existences surrounding God—of the angels, of Christ and of Christ's body, the Primitive Church. In general, it is true of the world of life, that it is not a passive subject of science. And I should say of any spiritual sphere—of the spheres, for instance, reported by the Rappings—if any of them are passive subjects of science, which men can explore as they would explore unknown regions of the earth, or the mysteries of electricity, then they are external, superficial spheres.

We may run the line here between the inferior and superior departments of the universe. The inferior is the passive subject of science. The superior is necessarily the keeper of its own secrets, and discovers them only by the mutual agreement of the parties.

We can judge now exactly what science is worth. It can give us some knowledge of the more superficial and least valuable part of the universe, but it cannot open the inner treasures at all; and for the discovery of the deepest things—the knowledge of God and superior existences, which we are chiefly interested to obtain—we need *revelation;* not Bible revelation, merely, but actual communication with the Spirit of Truth. The Bible may convey to us some general idea of the nature of God and angels, but we cannot know much about them except as they are pleased to reveal themselves to us. Superior beings hold the key to the knowledge of themselves, and admit or

exclude all inferior beings as they choose. Then to complete the education of mankind, and raise the human mind into the highest sphere of knowledge, it is very apparent that the great promise of Christianity must be fulfilled—"In the last days, saith God, I will pour out of my Spirit upon all flesh: and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, and your young men shall see visions, and your old men shall dream dreams: and on my servants and on my handmaidens I will pour out in those days of my Spirit." There is the final element of knowledge and education without which all scientific education must be comparatively worthless.

In view of what has been said, I think we can safely take this position: that, in the first place, science cannot help us to any knowledge whatever of the most important part of the universe; and in the second place, it cannot give us anything like complete and sure knowledge even of that part which it has for its proper domain. For we cannot really understand the superficial universe, except as we see it in its relations to the spiritual universe, and except as we see it from the interior of both. Any sure, absolute truth is and must be God's perception of facts. Absolute truth, i. e. complete truth, cannot be attained in reference to anything except by the perception of it from God's point of view. It is only in sympathy with his mind that we can thoroughly inspect the nature and relations even of superficial things.

Science needs revelation to perfect itself. With all the self-complacency of this scientific age, it is safe to assert, that the obscurities, doubts and perplexities of the human mind in reference to the superficies of the universe, increase fully as fast as scientific discovery—that science as it progresses brings to view new problems to be solved, even faster than it disposes of old ones. Offsetting the discoveries by the doubts which follow in the train of science, we are constrained to ask, How much is the world the gainer by its progress? In spite of all pretensions to the contrary there are dark shadows of doubt over all the most important conclusions and theories of human science. There is a shivering consciousness among scientific men that their theories are liable to mistakes, which the perfect light of the day of judgment will uncover.

We want then revelation, in the first place in order to have access to the best part of the universe, and secondly, we want it very much in order to perfect the discoveries of science. In the end it will be found that the real value of the world's education in science lies in the discipline of mind and development of nervous power that has been the result, preparing men to finally receive the revelation of God. That kind of discipline of mind which science gives, in its true subordination to the Spirit promised for the last days, and as a servant of revelation, will be very valuable. The difficulty is that science has got the world into the habit of supposing that all the subjects of discovery are passive. It is a general maxim among scientific men that nature will certainly reward all faithful investigation: the meaning of which is, that we may go to work and investigate all subjects, with certainty that they will disclose their secrets to us and that they are compelled to; no consent on their part is required; our investigations are all that is necessary in order to make discovery to any extent. That may be true philosophy looking downward, but it is not true looking upward. In that spirit a man will make no headway at all in the knowledge of the most important things. The knowledge of God is not to be pursued in that way. Your attempts in that direction will fail unless you have something more than a spirit of curiosity, which relies for discovery on keen examination. Scientific furor and faithfulness, however successful they may be in the lower spheres, are presumptuous and futile when turned toward God and the upper world. So far as science encourages a false spirit of this kind it is a hindrance to true knowledge. Before our education is complete we shall have to free ourselves entirely from that spirit, and pursue knowledge in the ascending direction with moral purposes that will suit those we deal with. The heavenly spheres will not open their secrets to us or answer our interrogations, except as they can see some good purpose in it. So that the best part of the universe is locked up, and can be seen only by those who want the knowledge for good purposes. The universe below us is subject to our inspection, but it is the right and privilege of superiors to be free from the surveillance of inferiors. We may turn our telescope toward the stars, but not toward God. We shall have to get his consent before we shall be able to inspect him, and that is to be obtained only by *pureness of heart.*

Do not try to investigate heaven and heavenly beings in the scientific way. They are not for inspection in that spirit. In the scientific spirit we are seeking to possess the truth; whereas the TRUTH is a living being, and must ultimately possess us. If we attempt to investigate the nature of heaven and the angels in the selfish, acquisitive spirit which wants to possess the truth, we shall find that they have no object in gratifying a prurient curiosity. We shall surely be barred out until we come in a more acceptable spirit.

LOVE BETTER THAN LABOR.

I LIKE to recall some of the incidents which occurred in the early days of our Community life. Although we enjoyed a good degree of unity and fellowship of an outward kind, our interior lives and characters had received but little attention, and the close relations into which we were brought by our new circumstances often developed traits in our characters of which we had not before been conscious. In those days, although our business organization was incomplete, there was a help-distributing committee, whose duty it was to look into and supply the wants of each department. We were building that summer, and E—— and C—— were appointed to assist in that work. They were as opposite in business habits as two men could well be; C—— had formed very slack habits, and appeared to have but little appreciation of the value of time; E—— had a restless, driving spirit, which appreciated persons only for doing, forgetting the more important part of being. After working awhile together, although no discordant words passed between them, it was evident that there were chafing and irritation. It was our custom, when there was any disagreement between members, to stop work at once, and set about reconciling them by advice or criticism. We thought then, as we do now, that unity was far more important than work. So we talked with E—— and C——, and advised them to consider one another to provoke unto love and good works. We had not learned to receive criticism and apply it so as to get the full benefit of it as we have since been able to do. E—— and C——, though anxious to overcome their faults, had not learned to appreciate the good in each other and trust God to eradicate these faults; and it was therefore not long before they were again tempted into evil-thinking of each other and forgot the desire for unity which they had expressed in our meeting. Every one who has passed through such experience knows that giving way to evil temptations obliterates all good from the mind and fills it with darkness. Believing as we did that the power of evil could be broken by the truth, we again laid our tools aside, and inviting some of the more spiritual members to join our impromtu committee, we sat down with E—— and C——, praying God to give us wisdom to deal with them. We criticised them for a lack of faith and trust in God, and advised them to look away from each other's faults and open their hearts to the spirit of truth and the love of God, which would certainly flow in and fill them with love for each other.

E—— was sitting in the parlor that afternoon thinking of the matter, when suddenly he resolved that he would accept the criticism and act in accordance with it; immediately the faults of C—— disappeared from his mind and his heart was filled with love for him. While he sat reflecting upon the change which had come over his feelings G. W. N. came to him and asked him to receive C—— as a room-mate. He answered heartily that he should be glad to do so. He then went to C——'s room and told him the change he had passed through and the love he felt for him. C——'s countenance lighted up as he exclaimed, "Why, that's just the way I feel!" Thus were two hearts brought together, and although more than twenty years have passed since that day not a shadow has come between them to mar their love and fellowship.

E. L. H.

REVIVAL RECOLLECTIONS.

IX.

WE had changed our residence from the fine rolling fields of Bloomfield to the vale of Avoca, among the hills of wild Steuben. It was a rural district, with a society quite different from that we left. There were in our neighborhood one Presbyterian family, one Methodist, and three belonging to the sect called "Christians," besides Universalists and Infidels. Mr. B—— put up a notice that there would be a prayer-meeting in the schoolhouse on Sabbath evening. Quite a strange event for that neighborhood. At the appointed time the room was full, and another was appointed for the

succeeding Wednesday evening, and on the next Sunday a Sabbath-School and Bible-class were organized. This movement excited the Methodists and Baptists in the village, and they immediately commenced a protracted meeting which continued six weeks, each taking charge of the meeting on alternate evenings. A number of converts united with both churches in the spring. Mr. Otis and Mr. B—— thought it desirable to have an Oberlin minister for that neighborhood and Kanona. Tilton Otis was going to Ohio, and I was going to Oberlin to spend six weeks, and we were requested to present the subject to the Oberlin faculty. A man by the name of Smith was said to be the most spiritual among the graduates, and he agreed to go to Avoca after Commencement. Three weeks after the arrangement was made Rev. George Clark sent for me, and said Mr. Smith had accepted another call and was going where he would receive higher wages. I was greatly disturbed by this intelligence; the disappointment seemed quite unbearable.

On returning to Prof. Peck's, where I was stopping, suddenly, as if by a flash of lightning, I was aroused by these words, "I will go before, and I will make the crooked places straight." I could not recollect having seen this passage in the Bible, but I knew it was the voice of God speaking to me, and I soon understood its meaning. I had taken upon myself the responsibility of the conversion of the greater part of Steuben county, and God had summoned me to judgment and given me to understand that he would do his own work and keep it in his own hands. All that night the self-righteousness of my past life, in scene after scene, came up for judgment. "Thy Maker is thy husband" came thundering back. Then I saw how the greatest energy of my life had been exercised in trying to win the love of man, and I had not been willing to accept God as my husband. In the morning I opened the Bible, and the first words I saw were, "I will go before, and I will make the crooked places straight." I dropped on my knees and told the Lord he might lead me; lead me forever. That was all I wished to say. On going to breakfast Prof. P. asked me what was the matter? I could only choke out the words, "Christ is going to lead me." He replied, "I have been through that experience; it will pass away one of these days."

During the forenoon Mrs. P. invited me to call upon Pres. Finney. The President met me with the same question Prof. P. had asked; but "The Lord is going to lead me" was all I had to say. He then called to Mrs. Finney to come and see the woman who had died and was now gasping for life. "But," he added, "do not talk to her now. Let the Lord bring her out in his own way." What a comfort to me were those words!

After I had slept the next night my mind burst into activity, and then what a vision of the love of Christ was manifested to me! I hardly know how to express it. God was presented to me as Love, and his dwelling in me and I in him was a reality all new. He was my true husband and lover now. He had taken me to himself and shut the door against intruders. He had kindled in my heart a love for himself which displaced all desire for the love of others. Then my mind was given new power. I had always been troubled about repeating anything *verbatim;* but now whole chapters of the Bible would come to me just as they were written. I began to hold mental conversations with Christ, and to ask questions and receive answers which were clear at the time, but which were so different from the teachings of the churches, that when I was in the presence of others I could neither define nor speak of them. The coming of Christ's kingdom, his Church on earth, and the difference between the Old and the New Covenants, were to me absorbing themes. I saw how the Old Covenant was weak through the flesh, and how he would now lead his people through the ministration of his spirit, which would be powerful and effectual in their hearts; and how in the New Covenant the law of commandments contained in ordinances is abolished. I saw that the true church was just what Christ was, Love, and that every member of it would feel that perfect satisfaction in him that I then felt. But the present church had not abolished outward ordinances; and the question would arise, Does Christ really lead it? and does the spirit of love rule it?

I frequently saw Mr. Finney. He was kind and fatherly, and I thought much of him; but the Lord gave me no liberty to talk with him about my new experience. When he tried to draw me out I could only say, "I have a new husband, and he is teaching me." He said I must be more interested in what was going on around me or my health would fail; I must tell my new husband that though *he* did not need rest I did; and I must ask him to put me to sleep. My strength did at last give way, and I was brought near to death with dysentery, though I do not recall any great sense of bodily suffering. I was finally aroused by Prof. Peck's reading to me a letter that he had written to Mr. B——, telling him to come immediately if he wished to see me alive. The thought of dying did not disturb me, for I knew that I was already with Christ. I said to him, "The Lord has not told me I am to die, and you can tell Mr. B—— to wait until the letter by the next mail reaches him." I then turned my heart to Christ. Presently the parable of the withered hand was presented to me. My question was, Did Christ take away that power from the earth when he ascended? The answer came, "All power in heaven and on earth is mine. The man with the withered hand was told to stretch it forth, and he obeyed." Then came the voice, "Arise from that bed and test my power!" And strength was given me to stand, and I felt the healing power go over me from my head to my feet. Mrs. Peck opened the door, and was surprised to see me standing; but I told her I was healed from my head to my feet—just as the man was with the withered hand. I then dressed myself and wrote to Mr. B—— by the next mail, of the way in which Christ had healed me, and informed him when to meet me at Hornellsville on my return to Avoca. I then went to Mr. Finney, and told him of my recovery and that I should leave for home the next day. He said, "God bless you, my child. I did not think you would die, but live to do the Lord's work. Go home and proclaim Christ's mighty power." I followed Mr. Finney's advice in proclaiming God's power; and from that time the spirit led me onward until I found the Oneida Community, which proves to be the realization of what I saw in Oberlin. C. B. B.

THE PRAYER OF FAITH.

FATHER NASH, the eminent revivalist, was especially noted for his success in obtaining what he asked in prayer. The following from his pen shows what he believed and taught about the prayer of faith:

"The prayer of faith is dictated by the Holy Spirit. Some, of whom we are obliged to doubt whether they know anything as they ought concerning the prayer of faith, think that they, who pray with such confidence, set up their own will, regardless of the will of God—that they are guided by their own wisdom, instead of the wisdom of God; but this is wholly incorrect. They are not led by their own fancy, or natural affection or wisdom. All these they resign, and resign themselves too, even their eternal interests, into the hands of God. The specific object or subject of prayer is presented to the mind, is laid upon the heart, by the Holy Spirit, by an impulse from the Holy One. Thus the Spirit teaches, particularly, *what they should pray for*, as they ought: without this, they would not know for what, in particular, to pray. Having done this, the Spirit produces the unconquerable desire for the object, which it has selected. Then the Spirit makes intercession for them, produces the travailing pains, causes the unutterable groans, excites the fullness of faith, gives confidence to lay hold of the promises, to take Jehovah at his word, gives boldness to come to the throne of grace, presses the suppliant to hold the Eternal to his promise, leads him to sacrifice himself on the altar of prayer, gives strength to wrestle and prevail, strength to bring forth saying, I cannot, must not, "will not let thee go," for thine honor is concerned. The Spirit also, at the same time, makes intercession for them, according to the will of God. When prayer is *thus* offered, there can be no mistake about the subject, none about the will, or purpose of the Lord, and none concerning the wisdom by which the subject is selected, by which the prayer is made; the Spirit regulates all that. It is as God would have it, the prayer is made in obedience to the will of God; and will he now deny? He cannot, and will not; because he has engaged to answer the prayer thus made, to do *that* thing for which his people thus pray. Besides, as all is done according to the will of God, and by the leadings of the Holy Spirit, should he refuse to do the thing thus asked, to grant the thing thus sought, he would in the denial act contrary to his own will, and deny himself directly; but he cannot deny himself. This is a weighty reason, why the prayer of faith should be answered, and the specific thing for which we pray be granted."

THE RELIGIO-METER.

England in the eighteenth century, certainly had less belief far than we have; indeed, Christianity has never been more in any age of the world than a thin stratum of powerfully modifying belief in relation to the great mass of its nominal adherents, an ingredient in, rather than the substance of, the world's living principles; and yet the English unbelief of the eighteenth century melted away, and was succeeded by vehement forms of faith like the Wesleyanism, Simeonism, Coleridgeism, Tractarianism, and Nonconformity of the last half-century. No doubt the tide has again receded rapidly for the last ten years, partly under the influence exerted by a more severe historical criticism, partly under the influence of Mr. Darwin's valuable and masterly, but only half-apprehended speculations. No one, however, who has ever entered truly into the spirit of Christ's life will believe for a moment that either the historical blunders of the Christian records, or evidence, however convincing, of a uniform law of evolution, connecting the organization of man with the lower stages of animal and vegetable life, will eventually diminish the overwhelming force of the evidence of conscious life coming from above our own—of an imperious mind which guided the whole course of Jewish history, and became a spring of overpowering wonder and fascination in the Gospels. * * * We suspect that never was a time when the belief that man constitutes the apex of the spiritual universe was morally less credible to us than it is now. The positivists themselves cannot believe it, and have to invent an ideal humanity as *être suprême*, to receive the wealth of the life which they find it impossible to lavish on man as he is. Strauss invents his Universum to fill the void he has created, and makes us believe very much to feel a faint loyalty to this dim spectre of the understanding. We do not think that the mind of our country at least was ever in a less self-dependent and self-satisfied attitude, ever less disposed to find its spiritual law in its physical lineage. * *

Surely, if there ever was a miracle in this world which no scientific analysis will succeed in dissolving—a miracle that still attests as powerfully as ever it attested the superhuman life of him who worked it—it was the miracle of the profound confidence with which Christ said to a few poor fishermen on the Lake of Galilee: "Fear not, little flock, for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom," half fulfilled as it has been by centuries of splendid though most imperfect achievement. He who could speak of his own immediate death—to human eyes so far from certain that it was even on its eve not particularly probable—as founding a new covenant and communion from which the life-blood of a new world was to spring, spoke to a new sense, almost then and there implanted in man, the sense of a supernatural life in death, a supernatural gain in loss;

and without this sense there is no adequate evidence of his real divinity. We do not in the least believe that the power of that spell is exhausted or exhaustible—least of all in a society which is finding every day new evidences of the intensity and number of the ties which bind the highest to the lowest. Only, if the authority of Christ is to assert itself again, it will be in a social movement, something like that of the first days of the Gospel, one stripped of the accidents which belonged solely to those days, but of which the principle—not making war against economy, and science, and the arts, but going far beneath and beyond economy, and science and the arts—must be the same as before, the confounding of the mighty things of the world by the things that are weak and base and despised, and the bringing to naught, by the things which are not, of the things which are. There lies the true evidence of the supernatural, and there also the secret of the only true "revivals." —*London Spectator.*

ONEIDA CIRCULAR.

TIRZAH C. MILLER, EDITOR.

MONDAY, MAY 12, 1873.

THE DARK SPOT.

THE Spiritualists claim to have communications through their mediums from relatives in the other world and also from many philosophers and great men there. They have given plenty of utterances purporting to come from Moses, Mahomet, Franklin, Shakespeare and other celebrities of the past. But in all these assumed messages from the "summer land" we hear very little said about Jesus Christ, and nothing pretending to be directly from him. There was therefore a clear pertinency in the inquiry which a certain medium made of his spirit-interlocutor as to the reason of this reticence on the part of the founder of Christianity. The question and answer were thus reported in one of the Spiritualist papers:

"*Ques.*—Will the controlling Spirit tell us why Jesus Christ never comes to us through a medium?

"*Ans.*—Are you sure that Jesus Christ never does come through a medium? No, you are not. And still further, are you sure that such a man as Jesus Christ ever existed? No, you are not: but through faith, which is an attribute of the soul, you believe it. You believe that such a person had an existence in the past. Soul has a right to so believe; and for our own part we do not question the truth, the absolute truth of such an existence. But so far as you mortals are concerned, you do not know it. There are many persons who are investigators of this beautiful philosophy, called modern Spiritualism, who are disinclined to believe that their God-idol, Jesus the Christ, could by any possibility return manifesting personally through media. Well, we shall not blame them because they cannot believe that Jesus Christ could come in these days, or does come. Suppose we should say he does return, and much oftener than you suppose; would you believe us? Some of you would, but the masses would not. We beseech you to cast off your outside shells. Let them fall like dead leaves at your feet; and when anything comes from the spirit-world that appeals to your inner consciousness as truth, receive it, whether it comes from a Jesus Christ or a Thomas Paine."

This answer reminds us of the lawyer's plea about the cracked kettle: "May it please the court, we shall show you in behalf of our client, 1, that the kettle was cracked when we borrowed it; 2, that it was whole when we returned it; 3, that we never had it." "Perhaps Jesus Christ does come through the mediums," says the spirit, "and you do not know it; and then, again, there's no knowing that such a person as Christ ever existed." It is difficult to reply to such logic.

Stripped of its circumlocution, this answer is an admission that Jesus Christ has nothing to do with Spiritualism, though it omits to give the reason why, which was the point of inquiry. Since the spirits will not answer the question we must seek an answer elsewhere. And the most obvious reason that occurs why "Christ never comes through" the so-called mediums is, that he and they are operating in a widely different manner and place. To put the reason in another way, they are wildly astray in their geography. They think they are scaling heaven, when in fact they are only looking through the key-hole into Hades and reporting what is seen and heard there. Now as Christ is a resurrection being, he will come into the world by some other route besides that of the death-world. When he manifests himself it will be in deeds of power, changing the heart and life of men, and not in gassy volumes of sentiment and description. The fact that his name is not taken by some of the familiars of Spiritualism may be perhaps explained by the circumstance that the good folks in Hades do not wish to counterfeit him, and the evil ones dare not.

A PEEP INTO OLD TIMES.

LOOKING into the musty volumes of the *New York Evangelist*, which have lately come into our possession, we came across the following scrap under date September 13, 1834. The reader will easily guess to whom it refers:

From the Landmark.

A MISTAKE CORRECTED.

In a late number of the *Vermont Chronicle* an account is given of "a New Haven Perfectionist." From the manner in which this statement appears, it is not improbable that some may regard the doctrine of perfection as one of the views of the New Haven Theologians, or at least as a doctrine which follows as a legitimate inference from these views. And forasmuch as many have attributed to the New Haven divines sentiments which they have neither advocated nor entertained, it seems nothing more than an act of justice to these gentlemen, and to the institution with which they are connected, to give the community a plain statement of facts in relation to this newly discovered doctrine, as it has recently been enforced and exemplified in New Haven.

The individual to whom the *Vermont Chronicle* alludes, as the writer of a certain pamphlet on this subject, is a graduate of Dartmouth College; a man who, until within a few months, has always distinguished himself as a scholar and a Christian. The first year of his theological course was spent in the seminary at Andover, after which he became connected with the Theological Institution at New Haven. About six months since, he came in contact with the views of the New York Perfectionists, which he at length embraced.

They start with the unauthorized assumption that God, as the moral governor of the universe, can look with approbation upon nothing short of *perfect holiness*, a sinless conformity to the divine law. From this they infer that imperfect Christians are under the wrath and curse of the Almighty; or, in their own technical language, that they are "on the devil's side."

* * * *

But what will be considered, perhaps, the most dangerous of these evils is a state of unnatural excitement, which generally results from this doctrine. It is not unfrequently the case that no sooner does a man become perfect in heart than he is deranged in intellect. And it is a melancholy fact, that the individual to whom allusion has been made is now in a state of utter derangement. Having become completely unfitted for study, he has been returned to his friends; and thus a mind of a superior order, and one which has long been distinguished for its acuteness and its brilliancy, is under a temporary and perhaps a protracted eclipse. [Doubtful.—*Ed. Evang.*]

In conclusion, we would observe that this person is no longer a member of the Theol. Seminary at New Haven. If we have been correctly informed, he not only left that institution at the expiration of the second term, but relinquished to the association the license which he received from them about a year ago. Although the New Haven divine is so heretical as to deny that "sin is the necessary means of the greatest good," and that man is physically depraved, and although he is unable to comprehend the sublime obscurities and obscure sublimities of the Coleridge philosophy, he is entirely opposed to the doctrine of perfection and all its consequences. A. E. W.

In confirmation of the doubt expressed by the Editor of the *Evangelist*, it may be mentioned at this late day that J. H. N. at the date of the above, was hard at work in New Haven, writing leading articles for *The Perfectionist*, then just commencing; and was just as crazy as he is now and has been ever since.

COMMUNITY JOURNAL.

ONEIDA.

—Monday evening (5) a notice on the bulletin read, "*The small orchestra will meet in the Hall at half past six o'clock.*" "What does that mean?" said we, "How can the orchestra play, when so many of our musicians are absent?" "Sure enough, that is mysterious," answered some one, "but I am told it is true." "Come up into the Hall," said a third, laughing, "and find out for yourselves." So up we went, and were just in time to hear the word of command, "*March*," in a sharp, quick voice; and on looking whence the sound proceeded, saw Miss Constance at the head of a file of "infantry!" each soldier carrying a musical instrument in one hand. In military style they marched on to the stage, and formed themselves into a semicircle, and at the proper signal began playing, when our ears were greeted with sounds most indescribable from fifteen willow whistles, blown in the most violent manner by fifteen ardent little performers. We were told this was the "Overture to the Spring Whistle!" But unlike most musical artists they soon tired of their own music, and began biting the bark off their instruments, and would have destroyed them *in toto*, had not Miss Constance interfered, giving the order to "play" as they marched off the stage.

—There is great enthusiam these days for acquiring a thorough knowledge of the English language. Mr. N. remarked a week ago at one of our evening gatherings, that "in the true order of art the cultivation of language is more important than the cultivation of music; language is an instrument that is not only more useful but more capable of giving artistic pleasure than any musical instrument or combination of musical sounds. We should begin our artistic education with the cultivation of language, and give attention to music and other fine arts afterward. Scientific men all over the world now consider it quite probable, that the English language will ultimately be the language of the nations. If this is so, we may expect that the same spirit which on the day of Pentecost gave the apostles the gift of tongues will be found now ready to give us an enthusiam for studying the English language. Spelling is one branch of this subject, and quite an important branch. Bad spelling is like discord in music, and will spoil any performance on the instrument of language. We should begin by clearing out all discords of this kind. After we have accomplished this we may go on to the higher branches of rhetoric and literary art generally."

A few evenings later, he suggested a few practical measures:

"Suppose we should resolve ourselves into a committee of the whole for detecting and criticising bad spelling. It should be considered right and honorable to expose every case that comes to light. We might have persons appointed to receive reports of bad spelling and read them from time to time in the public meeting. It should be the duty of every one who receives notes on business documents or writings of any kind from other persons to watch critically the spelling of all such writings, and if misspelling is found, report the same to the

committee appointed, with the name of the misspeller, and these collected reports should be read every evening if necessary. It would be well for us to devote a whole evening occasionally to critical gossip about bad spelling. There is no nuisance that more deserves to be regularly ventilated."

Since the above suggestions we have had a revival of interest in the matter of spelling. Every evening between the hours of seven and eight o'clock persons gather in the South Sitting-Room, Upper Sitting-Room and Large Hall, and each one, furnished with a slip of paper and a lead pencil, takes his seat in readiness to write down words as they are put out from a spelling-book. The method of writing is preferred rather than oral spelling on many accounts; and especially as it assists the memory in retaining the impression of the forms of the word while pronouncing the sounds. Many persons who spell correctly when they write are confused when they attempt vocal spelling; and others, who are excellent spellers vocally, forget when they attempt writing. Some of our best scholars say that they have been caught several times with an *l* missing in such words as *recall*, or an extra *l* in *filament*, *supercilious*, and the like, when in spelling the same words orally they would have been certain of every letter. The vigilance committee has been appointed, and is informed of all egregious errors. We have already had one amusing expose in meeting, but the committee say that it is not so easy to detect errors of this kind as formerly, and they are in danger of getting out of business if people continue as eager to improve as they have been the past week. It was urged, however, that we should not content ourselves until bad spelling is thoroughly weeded from the Community orthography; those who spell well (and this includes the greater part of our family) should assist in bringing the rest up to the perfect standard; and those who have heretofore been careless should seek criticism until correct spelling becomes a habit with them. There is no lack of enthusiasm on the part of any one, and we feel sanguine in the belief that faulty orthography in the O. C. will ere long be among the things that "used to be."

—Last week we told the story of a Community wedding; this week we have a story to tell of a Community death! On Monday, the 5th inst., MISS HELEN MAR HUTCHINS died, aged 38. The history of her life with us for twenty-three years is full of interest, but we will only trace the outlines of that history, dwelling more particularly on the touching incidents of her late sickness and death. At the age of fifteen Helen came to the Community with her parents and brothers and sisters. In less than a year the parents became discontented and left, taking their children with them. But the two daughters, Helen and Elizabeth, longed to get back to the home they had learned to love, and after six months, though yet under age, had the written permission of their father and mother to make the O. C. their home, as the adopted children of Mr. and Mrs. Burt. The parents and one brother in a few years made another trial of Community life, resulting as before. But Helen and Elizabeth never regretted their choice and in all the years that have since ensued have been unswerving in their loyalty to the cause of Communism. Helen, the younger of the two, was of a buoyant temperament. She had an ardent love for the beautiful in nature and art, and naturally was fond of dress and personal adornment. Indeed, possessing a pleasing face, dark sparkling eyes, and a symmetrical figure, it is not strange, considering her fondness for beauty, that her greatest fault should have been superfiality, and it was the struggle of her life to bring this tendency into subjection to her deeper nature—her love for religion. As a companion and friend she was loving and sympathetic, and her faults sunk out of sight when you were once acquainted with her heart.

A year ago she became a victim to the disease that resulted in her death. She suffered uncomplainingly for several months, unable to determine the character of the malady, but conscious of the drain it was to her life. Her body grew weaker, but her heart grew stronger every day; she went to Christ for help, and became reconciled to God's will concerning her body. In January last, while yet uncertain as to the cause of her suffering, she wrote to a companion, "I thank God for grace to keep my attention on Christ and seek the revival spirit. I find it easy to trust the Lord about my condition, and realize as I never have before that I belong to God and the church." Shortly after this a diagnosis was given by Drs. Cragin and Noyes that her distress arose from an ovarian tumor, a very dangerous disease and incurable except by a severe surgical operation. Her faith in God and his providences was unmoved by this intelligence, and she grew bold in testifying her love for God. She was never downcast; though all outward remedies failed to relieve her bodily anguish, the living faith that filled her heart made her independent of physical conditions for happiness. It was at this time, with a heart softened by severe suffering, that she arose one night from her bed and penciled this little poem that we printed last week:

Let not your heart be troubled,
Nor let it be afraid;
If you in Jesus Christ believe
You on the rock are stayed;
The storms that come will only show
How firm that rock is laid.

Cast all your care upon the Lord,
He every sorrow knows;
He loves you more than parent loves,
He'll conquer all your foes.
Believe on him! Believe on him!
His power no limit knows.

No mother's love is half so full
Of tenderness and care,
No sparrow falls without his will,
He numbers every hair;
His promises are rich and sure,
His mercies free as air.

In accents sweet I hear Him say,
"Come, weary, laden breast,
Give me your load, take my light yoke,
And I will give you rest."
To every meek and lowly heart
He gives this blessed rest.

As the disease became more threatening, Dr. Cragin went to New York city to consult an eminent surgeon there about it. On his return he brought word that Dr. Peaslee had operated successfully in such cases as this, and from the description given by Dr. Cragin thought it was a favorable case for surgery. He offered to make an examination for $25, and to remove the tumor for $500, if the patient came to him. Helen, though aware of the risk involved, bravely chose to submit herself to the skill of the surgeon. It was decided that she with Dr. Cragin, and Mrs. Langstaff as a nurse, should go to New York the coming Monday, the 28th of April. However it might turn with her we knew she had no care for anything but Christ, and that the victories she had gained were permanent. The work of grace had been done in her heart. The evening before her departure she sent the following words to the family, written to Mr. Noyes:

Sunday, April 27, 1873.

DEAR MR. N.:—My heart is full of gratitude to God, to you and the Community for this generous effort to save my life. I have no anxiety about the results. I have unmistakable evidence that God is near me and has the case in charge. I know his will will be done, and *his* will is my will. I feel the faith and courage of Christ in me, and expect nothing but good. I realize my union with the Community as I never did before, and if God spares my life I know that I shall devote it to his cause as never before. I thank God from my heart for all this chastening. I recognize his loving hand in it. I know that my salvation is sure. This is enough.

Lovingly,

HELEN MAR.

The next forenoon she and her attendants left on the ten o' clock train. Her face was beaming with smiles as she said good-bye to one and another, and it was difficult to realize the object of her expedition. She said to some one in her usual sprightly manner, "If I die I mean to die like a soldier; I mean to die with all my armor on." While at Oneida waiting for the train she wrote a few lines to her sister, intended as an apology for some nervousness betrayed in the exciting moments of dressing for the journey:

Oneida, April 28, 1873.

DEAR E.:—Don't feel bad one bit about my flurry in getting dressed—I only wish I had behaved myself better. You have been a dear sister to me to the last, and I *appreciate* it all, and thank God for you with all my heart; if I have seemed to lack in appreciation and love for you, I know our hearts' relation and union is all right, and you need never reproach yourself for anything in the past. I am really happy. It seems as though the Lord had built a wall around us, so that we cannot touch the world, even though we may be in its wickedest place. I had not got half way to Oneida before my nerves were as calm as a placid lake.

With a heart full of love for you and all the *dear ones*, and a blessed sense of God's love and nearness,

I am your sister, HELEN MAR.

From New York she wrote to Mrs. C. A. Miller soon after her arrival, and a few days previous to submitting herself to the surgeon's knife:

DEAR MRS. M.:—The "joy of the Lord" seems to fill my heart all the time. My state of mind and feelings is a miracle to myself. God gives me grace to look only one day ahead, and so far every day has been filled to overflowing with his special providences. I know that he will give me grace to meet whatever there is in the future and magnify his power. I am sure that God will direct the surgeon. Feeling strong in the Community faith and your prayers, I am God's child.

Lovingly, HELEN MAR.

These are the last words she ever wrote. On Saturday she submitted to the operation under the professional skill of Dr. Peaslee, attended by Dr. Emmet, a very prominent medical man, and several others of the profession. At quarter past six we at home were electrified by receiving a telegram containing the words, "*Operation successful—tumor removed—patient doing well.*" Imagine our joy at this intelligence. Anxiously we awaited a letter that should detail to us the whole transaction. Hope grew high as the mail delayed, and we fancied our dear sister now out of danger, and counted the weeks that must make her recovery sure, when she would be restored to us in better health than ever. Strong in this belief, it is difficult to describe our sensations when the telegram came Monday morning: "*Sudden change for the worse—Helen is failing rapidly.*" But our minds were fully prepared for the dispatch that came in the afternoon announcing her death.

Tuesday evening Dr. Cragin arrived with the remains. In the evening he gave us the particulars in full of all that occurred after they left us a week ago Monday morning. They had a pleasant journey to the city, and Helen was feeling as well as usual on arriving there. They took lodgings at the Ashland House on 4th Avenue. Dr. Peaslee made one examination and was unable to give an opinion. At the second he said her symptoms were contradictory, and the case was an obscure one. Dr. Emmet was consulted; he thought there was no tumor, but simply ascites. It was very difficult to decide the case. Both gentlemen said her bouyancy and courage were greatly in her favor, and considered it best to have an operation.

On Saturday, the 3d inst., every preparation was made, and at two o' clock she was put to sleep by ether. In two hours and a-half, the tumor was removed and the incision closed. Very little blood was lost, the patient rallied at once, and the operation gave promise of being a perfect success. The first words Helen said upon awakening from her stupor were, "I am so thankful for science!" The Doctors present said they never knew a patient rally so well without recovering. Her symptoms continued very favorable all night and till noon of the next day, when her pulse quickened and she seemed restless. Dr. Peaslee said that was a bad sign. Stimulants were given and everything done that could be done, but Dr. Cragin said he never saw any one sink so rapidly as she did from that time. Her mind was perfectly clear until within two or three hours of her death, and she was entirely free from pain for the last twelve hours. Dr. Peaslee said he never met with a patient who showed so much courage, having an intelligent conception of the danger of her situation. Upon being asked if it would have been possible to treat her case more wisely, he said we had no cause for regrets; we had done all we were warranted in doing; the operation did not kill her; but the disease had prostrated her nervous system, so that it was impossible for her to rally; and had there been no surgery in the case the disease would have worn her out in a few weeks more.

Miss C. A. Macknett, who went from Wallingford to assist in waiting on Helen, wrote the following to her sister Elizabeth after her death:

New York, May 5, 1873.

MY DEAR E.:—I cannot write much, for I am weary with watching and anxiety. Dr. Cragin will tell you all the particulars. He has been untiring in his care and attention to Helen, and last night, when he found he could do no more for her, he kneeled beside her bed and cried like a child. About three o'clock she heard us say we thought she could not live till morning, when she promptly replied, "I am willing to die; I am ready." And when she saw us all crying she looked up and smiled, and said, "It was only a question of time, and you must not any of you feel bad." She sent her love to Father Noyes, to you, Agnes, and all the folks. She said she had many times thought how kind Father Noyes was when he lifted her out of the carriage. She spoke of Mr. George Noyes and the good folks that were in Hades, and said perhaps they needed her help. She repeated the text, "Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you." Helen has certainly fought the good fight, and I believe she will receive a crown of glory. We have all had a struggle, but realize that God orders our circumstances, and he has been our help and support. Helen went to sleep between three and four o'clock, and did not wake up again, but passed away quietly. I trust that God will comfort your heart.

With much love, your sister,

CARRIE A.

We are comforted with the thought that the Community had an opportunity to do its very best to save Helen—to show its love and generosity in a way that she very much appreciated; and she, on the other hand, has shown her courage and faith, and leaves a beautiful memory. Then her sufferings have been very much shortened. We see many reasons for rejoicing, and count the manner of her departure as a mercy and blessing of God. One remarked that it seemed more like a translation than a death; and another, that we might say of her as was said of Lincoln, "She could not have gone in a better time, for she was in the hearts of all the people."

MORE ABOUT THE GOUVERNEUR REVIVAL.

Gouverneur, N. Y., April 20, 1873.

DEAR FRIENDS:—Unexpectedly I am stopping over Sunday again in Gouverneur, a town, by the way, in which the old-fashioned custom of ringing the church bell at 6 o'clock in the evening still prevails; and where, if the people are not all pious, they are pretty generally church-goers on Sundays, and are respectful and reverential toward religion to a degree that I do not notice in every town in which I sojourn. Indeed I believe the town was in a sense *born* of the great revival that prevailed here in 1825. Though the great majority of the actors in that revival have passed from the stage, the effects of it for good are still visible in their descendants. It was in truth, as many yet acknowledge, a very wonderful outpouring of God's spirit on the people—a work so marked, and so different in its beginnings, its course and its results from many of the more recent religious excitements, that it is worth while to revert to some of its main points by way of contrast.

It would seem that in the spring of 1825 Messrs. Finney and Nash, who had been laboring as evangelists in other parts of the country, came to Gouverneur uninvited by man, but sent of God, as they professed. At the time of their coming, they were unacquainted with a single individual here, and as near as I can learn from those who ought to know, no one in the town had ever heard of either of these two men, not even by report. Mr. Finney, a young man fresh from the study of the law, strikingly abrupt and rash in manner, and sometimes even harsh to the point of giving offense to many, was yet so imbued with zeal and love and power in the new calling he had espoused, that he soon gained the confidence and coöperation of those to whom he was sent. Father Nash, the benign, the mild, the man "powerful in prayer," and whom "everybody loved," was equally efficient in his calling, and was marvelously successful as God's instrument in converting sinners. These two men worked together as one man, and God was with them. They labored in public and in private, visiting from house to house conversing and praying with the inmates; and the little church in Gouverneur soon waked up and engaged earnestly with them. A copious shower of heavenly influence followed, and as the result, in the months of July and August of the same year not less than eighty persons, half of whom were heads of families, were received into the church. And of this whole number, the "first-fruits" of the revival that continued through the year and longer, I have only heard of two that ever dishonored their profession; but on the contrary the fruits of this great outpouring of God's spirit have been plainly visible in the long series of years since, in the reformed habits of the people and in the general tone of society.

And two things are worthy of remark here, in connection with this revival, because they are uncommon. 1st. There was no premature forcing of persons forward to the "anxious seat," nor into rising for the prayers of the church, that have been characteristic of some of the more modern revivals. Messrs. Finney and Nash evidently depended more on the quiet influence of the truth presented in public and in private, and on God's spirit for producing conviction and conversion, than they did on more coercive measures; and they were singular in this respect, it is said, as compared with more modern revivalists. They did sometimes invite persons to rise or to come forward, if they chose to signify their wishes in this way; but the practice was by no means so prominent nor so common as to be considered a necessary feature of the exercises. 2d. The anti-sectarian feature of the revival is worthy of remark. Starting as it did with the Presbyterians or Orthodox, the Baptist denomination at first withheld their sympathy; but my information is reliable that before it was finished the Baptists shared equally in the work; and there was no effort made by either of the denominations to secure converts for their particular churches. Conversion to God, and not to sectarianism, seemed to have been the prevailing spirit of all concerned.

S. R. L.

"YE OLDE FOLKES' CONCERTES."

New York City, May 23, 1873.

DEAR CIRCULAR:

Strange as it may seem, Socialism is fascinating and captivating our city churches. It has not yet attracted them into Communism of property and affections. Oh, no! But it has attracted them into many things which have for their animus the communistic spirit. For years coldness, formality and exclusiveness have been decreasing in our city churches, until now a mild form of socialism has come on them and taken them unawares in social gatherings, Sabbath-school exhibitions, picnics, strawberry festivals, tea-parties, love-feasts, fairs, social business meetings, church, musical and literary entertainments, and last, though not least, "Ye Olde Folkes' Concertes," which the past winter and spring have been very popular in many of the churches. These concerts are generally given ostensibly for the purpose of raising funds for some department of the church. But back of this, and no doubt equally strong, is the anticipation of the social enjoyment attending them. This is no less predicable of the participants in the concerts than of the audience, which generally comprises particular and general friends and sympathizers.

The writer attended one a few weeks ago at the 4th Avenue Presbyterian church, Dr. Howard Crosby pastor; and this last week, by invitation of a friend, one at the Presbyterian church in West 13th-st., Dr. Burchard pastor. Both were entertaining to a high degree—a packed audience on each occasion evidencing the popularity of this form of innocent social entertainment. The one given at Dr. Burchard's church was most decidedly a unique affair, unctuous with humor, and highly dramatic in many of its features. As a novelty and *fac-simile* of the programmes of our New England forefathers' concerts, I hear give you a *verbatim et liberatim* copy of the programme of the concert at Dr. Burchard's church, with a few of the features of that at Dr. Crosby's:

A Lyfte

Of Sacred Hymns and Tunes, and likewise Worldly Songes, certain of wh were sunge in ye yeres of our Lord

1608 and 1772,

And certain yeres betwixt.

And wh pieces will be once more pleyed and sunge bye ye choir of ye church at a

GREATE CONCERTE

To be attended at

Ye Prefbyterian Meeting Houfe,

Right downe ye

THIRTEENTH STREETE, betwixt Sixth & Seventh Ave

In ye Towne of New Yorke, at early candle lighte, on

Tuesday ye 29th day of ye month of April,

In ye yere of our Lord

1873.

All ye money wh shall be payed in for thys Concerte is to go to buye goode books for ye children to reade, in hopes therebye to make them better boys and girls.

N. B.—Ye Titheing-man, Ichabod Armstrong, will put out all ye boys who flamme ye benches or wh do throwe apple-cors on ye floore.

N. B.—Forafmuche as ye younge women who singe are shamefatte, ye younge menne are defired to loke awaie from them whenne thai singe.

GREATE CONCERTE.

Timest: Doctor Jedediah Pettibone.

Ye Parte Firfte.

1.	Auld Lang Syne,	All ye men and women Singers
2.	Sons of Zion,	All ye men and women Singers
3.	Ruffia,	All ye men and women Singers
4.	Worldly Songe,	Jonadab Higginbotham
5.	Confidence,	All ye men and women Singers

6. Worldly Songe, ... Prudence Higgins
7. Montgomery, ... All ye men and women Singers
8. Worldly Songe, ... Eliza-Ann Bulkley
9. Before Jehovah's Awful Throne (Denmark), All ye men [and women Singers
10. Worldly Songe, ... Father Hodijah Owenson
11. Strike ye Cymbal (Solo parte by Mehetable Billings), All [ye men and women Singers

N. B.—Ye choir will ftop finging for fome minutes, if fo be ye fingers may re-obtayne theyer breath, and ye younge men may have opportunitie to afk ye younge ladyes, fuch as they may want to go home withe, which is very proper.

N. B.—Ye olde ladyes whofe foot-ftoves need frefh coals can nowe have them fent in from Naber Jenkins, hys kitchen, as hys women folk will keepe up a big fire on purpose.

Ye Parte Seconde

1. Eafter Anthem, . . . All ye men and women Singers
2. Two Parte Songe, ... { Prudence Higgins / Anna Ruth Bulkley
3. David's Lamentation, All ye men and women Singers
4. Worldly Songe, ... Ichabod Plummer
5. Ode on Stience, . . . All ye men and women Singers
6. Two Parte Songe, ... { Eliza-Ann Bulkley / Barzillah Bigelow
7. Sound Ye Loud Timbrel, All ye men and women Singers
8. Worldly Songe, ... Philip Poppenhuysen
9. New Jerusalem, ... All ye men and women Singers
10. Coronation, ... All ye men and women Singers

N. B.—All thofe who are bleffed withe goode lungs, and likewife an ear for mufick, and have religious training, are expected to ftand up and helpe finge ye laft tune wh is called Coronation.

P. S.—Women withe younge children may as well go in and fit by Naber Smith, her fire, if fo be theye growe wearie—clofe by ye meeting-houfe.

IF any bodye wolde wifh to carry thys lyfte to hys owne home, let hym take goode care of ye same, infomuche as thys Concerte may, of neffitye, be againe reherfed for ye sake of some othere goode cauſe.

Sundrie Cautions.

1. All ye men folkes are wanted to tye ye hoffes under ye trees or fheddes, and give them each fome fodder, if fo be thai whinner or kick, wh may difturb ye choir while thai fing fheir pieces. Deacon Good-hearte has agreed not to turn out his fhort-horned brindle cow (fhe that has a cracked bell) for ye fame reafon.
2. Ye women folkes will be founde goode places to fee and hear, by certain of ye mofte difcreete younge men of ye parifh, whofe help has been obtayned for this Greate Concerte by Deacon Higgins and Deacon Mofes Green.
3. When ye fingers have funge all ye pieces on thys Lyfte, ye are afked by ye perfons who have got up thys Greate Concerte to go ftraighte home to your own houses and not to ftop to gollip in ye meeting houfe, as is your wont; for be it known to ye all, the candle lightes coft us manie fhillings, and alfo it is now ye planting feafon, when all ye farmers fhould git up earlie.
4. Reverend Solomon Wifeaker will preach to all wh may be religiouſly inclined and wh may come together at ye Red School-houfe, wh is at ye four crofs roads in ye northe part of ye towne, on next Sunday at earlie candle lighte, Providence permitting. Deacon Grimthaw will pitch ye tunes.

N. B.—Elder Winthrop, hys Publi ke, seven dores from ye Meeting-Houfe, will be open to ye Hungerie; Porke and Beanes, and Kyneinjun Bread supplied to alle who wifhe.

N. B.—2 pens a plate.

N. B.—Nannie Jenkins will kepe ye Chickens oute of ye Meeting-Houfe, and Jeruſhy Timpkins will dryve ye Cow awaie from ye Fore dore.

Excepting a few regular professional singers as leaders, the choir was formed of the young ladies and gentlemen of the church. They wore the costumes in vogue in 1700, most of which, we must suppose, were worn by the "better-to-do" people of those ancient days. As they stepped on the platform many a hearty laugh was evoked at their quaint appearance. Who could refrain from tittering at seeing the young gentlemen metamorphosed into the outward semblance of the youthful beaux and staid men of 1700, with their powdered hair, queus, long-skirted coats and knee-breeches, with here the legendary Yankee costume, and there Father Hodijah Owenson in his queer suit and on his head a hat with a three-inch crown, and a twelve-inch brim; and the young ladies with the waists of their dresses almost under their arms, vandykes and enormous frilled collars around their necks, and bonnets of the size of corn-baskets and fans a yard long!

After the ladies had hung up their bonnets, all took seats and assumed a gravity becoming the occasion. But human nature, be the circumstances what they may, will be itself. And soon Ichabod Plummer, he in the legendary Yankee costume, began to cast sheep's-eyes at "ye younge women" and squirm in his seat and fumble his hair and restively slide his feet, while mother Mehetable Billings was very much concerned about the lighted candles, and in meddling with them snuffed one of them out. Father Hodijah thought he must make himself officious, and in so doing he fell sprawling on his back, when a general giggle took place among the singers, accompanied by a burst of laughter from the auditory. The social warmth had now attained a point at which it was easy for the choir to commence, and in pretty quick time and snap movement "Auld Lang Syne" was sung, followed by "Sons of Zion," in appropriate style.

The auditorium was now densely crowded, and one genial spirit of good humor seemed to pervade the assemblage. Piece after piece was sung, to the delight of the auditory, whose applause was long and frequent. Ichabod Plummer, having worked himself up to a high pitch of drollery, relieved himself of his surplus humor by singing a highly amusing "Worldly Songe," which brought down the house and was encored. Father Hodijah Owenson brought tears to the eyes of many in his exquisite rendering of a "Worldly Songe" of a touchingly sentimental character. Prudence Higgins (Miss Brainard, a popular and well-known professional singer) and Anna Ruth Bulkley in their "Worldly Songes" were encored, so exquisite was their vocalization. A "Two Parte Songe"—Scotch love duet, by Eliza Ann Bulkley and Barzillah Bigelow, was one of the gems of the evening, rendered as it was in a natural style, with all the shades and colors expressive of pure, youthful love and simple, honest-hearted trust. The entire entertainment was of a most pleasing character, and the applause from beginning to end, spontaneous as it was, was a well-deserved tribute to "ye younge men and younge women singers."

During the whole evening a sly and ludicrous flirtation was going on among some of "ye younge women" and "younge men" of the choir, making the scene vivid and life-like and realistic of human nature. Much food for thought and many lessons were suggested by this dramatic picture, carrying one back to his forefathers, and bringing up before him their trials, loves, pastimes, religious experiences and moral lives. But prominent was seen the underlying social element, which was the magnet that drew them together then as it now drew together this assemblage, and which is ever at work in all social gatherings. The most significant fact to be descerned in this and all other similar entertainments is the progress the spirit of socialism is making in the churches and its leavening influence on all within the sphere of church influence. One could feel the nimbus of a genial sociability, and read in the scene a prophecy of the good social time coming when all who love God in sincerity and truth will be drawn into a unit, and marshalled under Christ march on to the era of pentecostal love and unity.

M. L. B.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

III.

BY GEORGE NOYES MILLER.

FALSTAFF leaves his favorite occupation of purse-taking with visible reluctance for the legitimate and honorable service of a knight in the king's employment. Yet scarcely has he heaved the sigh of regret at Prince Hal's forsaking the unlawful craft, than new views of self-interest induce reconciliation, which he expresses in the droll, intensely characteristic speech: "Well, God be thanked for these rebels, they offend none but the virtuous; I laud them, I praise them." But Falstaff the warrior does not differ from Falstaff the rogue. Ever-present in both are the same shameless knavery, the same boasting cowardice, the same witty tongue. The mountains which Falstaff heaps up in boasting of his "pure and immaculate valor" are leveled by a stroke of Shakespeare's pen in the closest expression of purely natural fear that was ever conceived. Just before the battle of Shrewsbury Falstaff says to Prince Henry: "I would it were bed-time, Hal, and all well."

But strangest of all the strange anomalies which cluster about and center in this conception of character are his oft-recurring, evanescent fits of contrition. Indeed, we feel a degree of confidence in asserting that these fleeting gusts of remorse are a supremely ludicrous thing about Falstaff. Wit has been defined by an English critic to consist essentially in joining things by such distant and fanciful relations that they impinge the mind with a shock of pleasant surprise. Wherein then is this shock of pleasing unexpectedness so cunningly prepared? What possible conjunction of remote ideas could surprise us more than the momentary moral awakenings which perturb the sensual slumber of Falstaff? His trickling wit, like deep-dyed but limpid wine, has made us laugh. Recognizing in Falstaff but too plainly a paragon of animal vices, we nevertheless follow him with keen relish in sally, rejoinder and repartee, from the fact that we do not fear contamination from that which is essentially detestable to our interior instincts. Every characteristic of the man appears so intensely earthy, so remote from the province of morality and spirituality, that the balancing of moral questions does not seem to call for our discrimination. We do not chafe against Falstaff's vices, for we see no ground for virtue. Thus at ease with ourselves we admire the excellent coinage of Falstaff's teeming brain, and we are enjoying the keenness of the mental wards and thrusts between him and Prince Hal in Scene I of part I of King Henry IV. Far away from the remotest suspicion of an ethical consideration, we are suddenly overwhelmed by an undreamed-of penitence. Could such spiritual zephyrs trouble so stagnant a pool? But the ludicrous effect of Falstaff's sudden contritions is in their transitory nature. Hardly have we fallen into this ingeniously devised pitfall than Falstaff has passed from "prayer to purse-taking," and is the same obstreperously witty and profane rogue as before.

Preposterous as these fits of contrition may seem, they are still ingeniously and naturally introduced. If there were any flickerings from the moral sense of a man who was resolutely striving to quench them by dissolute ways, they would naturally rise at the suggestions of his companions in vice. A profligate man may be never so callous to the admonitions of the just, but the allusions to a hereafter of those who like himself have everything to fear from it trouble him with vague apprehension. So when Prince Henry, in replying to Falstaff, makes use of the saying in Proverbs, "Wisdom cries out in the streets and no man regards it," Falstaff is reminded of the great scheme of death and judgment, and in the penitence of a momentary fear cries out:

"O, thou hast damnable iteration; and art, indeed, able to corrupt a saint. Thou hast done much harm upon me, Hal, God forgive thee for it! Before I knew thee, Hal, I knew nothing; and now am I, if a man should speak truly, little better than one of the wicked. I must give over this life, and I will give it over; by the Lord, an' I do not I am a villain. I'll be damned for never a king's son in Christendom."

So, too, when Doll Tearsheet, the most vicious of Falstaff's associates, says to him: "When wilt thou begin to patch up thine old body for heaven," he silences her with quick entreaty, "Peace, good Doll! do not speak like a death's-head; do not bid me remember mine end."

Lesser causes than direct allusion to Holy Writ or heavenly places give rise to more philosophical hintings at remorse. In the scene after Prince Henry's exposure of his "incomprehensible lies," we find him in his discomforture anticipating decay, and addressing Bardolph thus:

"Bardolph, am I not fallen away vilely since this last action? do I not bate? do I not dwindle? Why, my skin hangs about me like an old lady's loose-gown; I am withered like an old Apple-John. Well,

I'll repent and that suddenly, while I am in some liking: I shall be out of heart shortly, and then I shall have no strength to repent. An' I have not forgotten what the inside of a church is made of, I am a pepper-corn, a brewer's horse: the inside of a church! Company, villainous company, hath been the spoil of me."

The nicety with which Falstaff recognizes the precariousness of his moral situation is exceedingly humorous in his dispute with Pistol in "The Merry Wives of Windsor."

Fal.—I am damned in hell for swearing to gentlemen, my friends, you were good soldiers and tall fellows; and when mistress Bridget lost the handle of her fan I took 't upon my honor thou hadst it not.

Pist.—Didst thou not share? hadst thou not fifteen pence?

Fal.—Reason, you rogue, reason: think'st thou I'll endanger my soul gratis? * * * You'll not bear a letter for me, you rogue! you stand upon your honor! Why, thou unconfinable baseness, it is as much as I can do to keep the terms of my own honor precise. I, I, I, myself, sometimes leaving the fear of heaven on the left hand and hiding mine honor in my necessity, am fain to shuffle, to hedge and to lurch; and yet you, rogue, will ensconce your rags your cat-a-mountain looks, your red lattice phrases, and your bold beating oaths, under the shelter of your honor?

Prince Henry, when about to receive the Sheriff in sobriety, says to Falstaff, "Go, hide thee behind the arras; the rest walk above. Now, my masters, for a true face and a good conscience." To which Falstaff rejoins, "Both which I have had, but their date is out, and therefore I'll hide me."

We have said that these gusts of unlooked-for penitence are in their transitory nature a supremely ludicrous thing about Falstaff. Now we must hazard a thought concerning a more recondite effect. May we not presume that the great master of the thoughts and emotions of the heart, who has touched so skillfully every chord of human sympathy, had a deeper design than to make the contrition of Falstaff a mere vehicle for wit? It could be spared, and we should still laugh at a contritionless Falstaff. But let us not say that these shadowy gleams of a far-off state of innocence, these reminiscences of childlike purity, do not work upon the sympathies even though we laugh at their evanescence. They speak of a consciousness of virtue which lingers in the memory, if not in the heart, and upon such subtly slender threads hang the impulses of interest, sympathy and affection. It is our nature to catch with eagerness at every sign of redemption, at every appearance of tenderness, however deeply buried beneath the slime of evil deeds, in one with whom we are already strongly linked by the bonds of admiration and community of pleasure. A sunbeam is not less a sunbeam though it illumine the abode of bats and owls, and we cannot see repentance, however vague it may be, overcome an evil nature without our special wonder. We doubt if any reader of Shakespeare could smile with anything like genuine mirth at the account of Falstaff's end. All the admiration of his bubbling wit is transmuted into something very like sorrowful affection when we read that "a babbled of green fields," and we find ourselves bound to him by a tie stronger than admiration—by the tie of a common unregeneracy and a common susceptibility of soul. Candor, in our love of Falstaff's wit, might compel us in that last scene to say, "We could have better spared a better man," but charitable affection none the less reminds us of Falstaff's own words, "Dost thou hear, Hal? thou knowest in a state of innocency Adam fell; and what should poor Jack Falstaff do in the days of villainy? Thou seest I have more flesh than another man, and therefore more frailty."

Through a New York correspondent we have received a copy of *The Specimen*, a journal designed to illustrate the new process of photo-engraving; by which it is claimed that relief-plates may be produced from all kinds of prints, pen-and-ink drawings, original designs, photographs, &c., on metal so hard and tough that with ordinary care fifty thousand copies may be printed from them without wear or damage, and at prices not exceeding half those charged for wood-cuts. A special advantage of the new process is, that by it the largest plates can be engraved in a few hours. The illustrations in *The Specimen* certainly commend the new process. The Photo-Engraving Company may be addressed at 62 Courtland St., New York.

THE NEWS.

The Purple Finches are building nests.

The Hermit Thrush has come to the northern woods again.

The Khan of Khiva is said to be doing what he can to secure peace with the Russians.

The Supreme Court of this State has denied the application of E. S. Stokes for a new trial. The case will now probably go to the Court of Appeals.

Salmon P. Chase, Chief Justice of the United States, died of apoplexy and paralysis in New York city on Wednesday morning last.

The beer-drinkers of Cincinnati do not like to pay more than three cents a glass for the beverage; the beer-sellers ask five cents. How the matter will be settled does not yet appear. A beer-drinkers' strike would be a curiosity.

It is reported that the Darien Surveying Expedition has discovered a practical route for a canal which will be only 28 miles long, by the Atrato, Dognado and Napipi rivers. A tunnel three miles long will be involved, and the total cost is put down at $70,000,000.

A law has passed the Legislature of Illinois defining as extortion any discrimination in passenger and freight rates, and prohibiting more than a fair and unreasonable toll. The State Railroad and Warehouse Commissioners are empowered to adopt a schedule of maximum passenger and freight rates.

The United States Board of Indian Commissioners say that "it is an indisputable fact of history, that previous to the incoming of the present administration of the Government nearly every Indian war on record owed its immediate as well as remote origin to acts of injustice, oppression, or crime, on the part of white men."

A bill has passed the Legislature of this State annexing the towns of Morrisiana, West Farms and Kingsbridge, Westchester County, to the city of New York.

Astronomers find some positive indications that there are two planets revolving around the sun within the orbit of Mercury, one with a period of about 34 days and the other 16 days.

A California letter says:

"There is a new pleasure for this season's tourists in California. A new and greater Yosemite than that heretofore known to the world has been discovered. It was penetrated last fall by Galen Clark, State guardian of the great valley, and John Muir, an enthusiastic and devoted geologist, botanist, and mountain explorer. It is situated in the Tuolumne river cañon, 17 miles north of the Yosemite. The main Tuolumne river, which is a much wider stream than the Merced, runs through the great Tuolumne cañon. This cañon and its connections have an unbroken length of 40 miles. For 20 miles of this distance the cañon is shut in by vertical walls of granite, some of which are from two to five hundred feet higher than the very highest in the Yosemite valley. The Tuolumne cañon or Yosemite, at its widest part, is only a quarter of a mile wide, while the Merced Yosemite valley is from half a mile to a mile and a quarter wide. The falls in the latter surpass those of the Tuolumne cañon in unbroken volumes of falling water, but in endless variety of cascades and water-shoots the Tuolumne cañon is much the grandest. There is one leap 1,000 feet high in the latter. One of its waterfalls spreads out at first like a great fan of silvery-threaded water; but, after a descent in this shape of about 200 feet, it is whirled over, closed up, changed in color, and shot down a narrow groove worn in the rocks like an arrow of steam. There is a greater display and variety of water hues, tints, motions, and expressions in the Tuolumne cañon than in Yosemite."

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

ADMISSIONS.

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

LEGAL STATUS OF MARRIED WOMEN —PAST AND PRESENT.

II.

THE legal status of marriage has been defined in general terms, and it has been seen that it is formed by contract; but it may be observed that it is very difficult to treat fully of the status of the wife without confusing it with that of the husband. The status of the husband is a very different thing from the status of the wife. The rights and duties belonging to them, far from being reciprocal, are very dissimilar, are derived from very different principles of law, and flow through wholly different channels.

Before proceeding to speak of the changes which are wrought when a woman enters into the status of a wife, it will be instructive to notice that in the primitive ages this status was superinduced without any contract whatever, without consulting the will of the woman; that, in fact, she had no will to consult, and that the idea of making a contract before entering into the status of marriage is altogether a modern innovation; and a glance at some facts of this sort will serve to explain why the status of the wife remained such as it was at common law, even after marrying by contract came into fashion. As before observed, a striking feature of the status of the wife is that of legal incapacity, or disability. Law-writers have different ways of accounting for the disabilities of married women. In 1632 an anonymous book appeared in London, entitled "The Lawes resolutions of Woman's Rights, or the Lawes provision for woman." The author accounts for the disabilities in this way: "Return," he says, "a little to Genesis, in the 3d chapter whereof is declared our parents' first transgression in eating the forbidden fruit; for which Adam, Eve, the Serpent first, and lastly the earth itself, is cursed; and besides the participation of Adam's punishment, which was subjection to mortality, exiled from the garden of Eden, enjoined to labor, Eve, because she had helped to seduce her husband, hath inflicted on her an especial bane. In sorrow shalt thou bring forth children, thy desires shall be subject to thy husband, and he shall rule over thee. *See here the reason* of that which I touched upon, that women have no voice in Parliament. They make no laws; they consent to none; they abrogate none. The common law here shaketh hand with Divinitie." Yet, strange as it may seem, this author grew to manhood under the rule of a queen.

A writer of our own times upon "the law of married women," referring to their disabilities and their cause, says: "It is sufficient in vindication of the law to say, that when the legal rule was established it accorded with the notions and habits generally prevailing in the community, and those notions and habits had at least some countenance in the law of nature which gave strength to the man and feebleness and dependence to the woman; putting into his hands the weapons of war, and building in her heart the golden throne before which the victor and the vanquished alike bow;" and then he indulges in quite a flight of fancy about these things changing when nature so changes that the women go to war and the dishcloths come into the hands of the men, etc., etc. The argument, what there is of it, which seeks to justify these disabilities is the same that in substance has been used from time immemorial to justify cruelty, robbery, slavery and every oppression which has at any time been practiced by the strong upon the weak. Let us trace back the operation of this "law of nature" a little, historically, and find if we can upon what basis the law of the status of married women rests, and upon what it has been built.

There can be no question in the mind of any one who has looked at the evidence on the subject that our ancestors, in whose moral and social condition the roots of the English law of marriage are to be found, existed in a ruder and more savage state than is now the condition of any known barbarous tribe. They fed upon earth, roots, grubs and shellfish generally, but not always, for they were cannibals. There was then no such thing as marriage and no such thing as the family. The opinion and habits of these people had at least some countenance in the law of nature "which gave strength to the man and feebleness and dependence to the woman." Acting upon this law of nature, it was the rule to kill the female children except the first-born when a female. To tribes surrounded by enemies and unaided by art, contending with the difficulties of subsistence, sons were a source of strength both for defense and in seeking food; daughters a source of weakness. Hence this cruel custom, leaving the primitive human hordes with very few young women, occasionally with none, forced them to prey upon one another for wives when wanted. And hence it came to pass that a woman would sometimes belong to several men, or several men would have several women in common. Such was the state of a large part of Great Britain at the time of the Roman invasion.

The fundamental idea of the right of property is this: that he who feels a want and by his own effort obtains the means of supplying that want is entitled to the use of those means after he has obtained them; and the first settled notion of the right of a man to the exclusive possession of a woman probably arose from the practice of capturing wives. The men of a tribe were killed in the tribal frays, and the women became the wives of the captors. The phrase "took a wife" was not then a figurative expression, but was prosaic to the letter. In the Book of Judges, last chapter, we have an account of how, as a punishment for not having gone up to the assistance of Israel to Mizpeh, the inhabitants of Jabesh Gilead were smitten with the sword, and four hundred young virgins were saved and given to the men of Benjamin; and how afterward, when there was still a lack of wives for them, they went where the daughters of Shiloh came out to dance, and lay in wait in the vineyards, and came out and caught every man his wife. This must also have "had some countenance in the same law of nature which gave strength to the man and feebleness and dependence to the woman," for it was at a time when "there was no king in Israel and every man did that which was right in his own eyes."

The legends of this forcible capture of women for wives exist in the literature of all nations which have an ancient literature—in that of the Greeks, the Romans, the Hindoos, the Chinese, and in the old Irish and Gaelic poems. Women are now captured for wives among the tribes of Africa, and

according to Humboldt in South America. There is historical evidence that this practice was once general among the nations of the North of Europe. Even in Great Britian the capturing of wives derived for a long time "some countenance from the law of nature." Sir Walter Scott, in the historical introduction to "Rob Roy," gives an account of how the MacGregors as late as 1750 captured a wife for Robin Oig. But by and by abduction came to be a crime.

Among savage nations, as civilization advanced, the next step from the capture of women was their purchase. In this a woman's inclination was not consulted. Her father was her owner, and that ownership was bargained away to her husband. She was a thing to be sold, and counted to her possessor as so many sheep or oxen, camels or skins. By the purchase she became, according to the old law phrase, *sub potestate viri* [under the power of the husband]. She had no will of her own, indeed she never had any will of her own, and it was not, as the law books say, "that by reason of this lack of will she cannot contract." She could not contract because she was a chattel. She was a "thing" of her husband, who had bought and paid for her and who owned her absolutely. She was as much his as she would have been if under the earlier custom he had slain her father and taken her as the spoil of war. The fact is, the institution of marriage grew up with the institution of slavery. It was the same thing as slavery, but the wife was the superior slave as she was nearer her master's person. His other female slaves were frequently with her, mothers of his children. At the hight of Rome's grandeur the forms of marriage were but relics of the ancient customs of the capture and purchase of wives. T.

Note.—For much of the matter in this article the writer acknowledges his indebtedness to an able article in Vol. 6 of the *American Law Review*, page 57.

TWO CERTAINTIES.

Home-Talk by J. H. N.

EVERYTHING persuades me to humility and docility and communism of heart. Looking over the whole field of intellectual survey, I inquire of myself, What do I most certainly know—what is the surest thing of all others to me?—and the answer is, of all things that I know, this is the surest, that *I know but very little.* When I dig to the bottom, this is the lowest stone upon which my individual wall is built; I am sure that I am a very limited, ignorant creature, and most of the things above that layer of truth I am not so sure of. A *negation* of my wisdom is at the bottom of all my capacity for wisdom. I know that I am inexpressibly ignorant a good deal surer than I know that the earth goes round the sun.

Then the second surest thing which I know is an excellent complement of the first. I know that some other being besides myself is infinite in knowledge. Of course I cannot see infinite distances, but I can see enough around me to show me that the universe is full of somebody else's intelligence, which is, compared with my intelligence, as the ocean to a drop.

Here is the true recognition of the *me* and the *not-me*. The recognition of the me is the negation of all absolute intelligence; and the recognition of the not-me is the recognition of infinite intelligence out of me. Both of these certainties are reasons for humility and docility. They persuade to communism. The me must subside into the not-me; and then by virtue of the partnership it knows all things; but the moment it relapses into the me it knows nothing.

THREADS FROM MY LIFE-BALL.

V.

QUITE a demand for the Perfectionist publications sprung up in our town, and there were many indications that the new views were spreading. A number of church members with whom we had conversed expressed much dissatisfaction with their own attainments and the low standard of religion in the church; but as our pastor denounced the new faith, or, more properly, the old faith of apostolic origin, as a great heresy, the more timid inquirers of the "new way" lacked the moral strength to brave the reproach that they saw must be heaped upon us. Our reputation in the church had already declined; we were no longer regarded as pillars there. I remember that one good sister remarked to me that it must be that H——'s sickness had left him with a disease on the brain, for, she urged, it could not be that when the church had prayed so long and earnestly for his recovery he would be left to embrace error in his right mind. "But would it not be more reasonable," said I, "to believe that God has answered your prayers by blessing him more than you could ask or think? You do not honor God in saying that when you "asked for bread he gave you a stone?'" She could make no reply.

Meanwhile the conflict in my own heart was going on. In taking up one of the Perfectionist papers I read an article on faith by Mr. Noyes, beginning with the passage, "He that cometh to God must believe that he is, and that he is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him." This was life to me, and quickened my perceptions of the way to attain that which I so much needed. I saw at once that it was only by believing that I could be saved; and very soon I was enabled to say, "Lord, I believe, help thou mine unbelief." The peace of God came over me, and I found myself filled with a fullness of the love of God that I had not known before. The whole earth seemed to be filled with his glory. H—— greatly rejoiced at this change, and the praises of God were in our hearts and mouths from morning till night. We were a wonder to ourselves, and an astonishment to our neighbors and friends, for we could not forbear proclaiming the good tidings to all who would listen to us. From this time the ordinances of the church were of little value to us,—but shadows of the glorious substance that filled our hearts. Every day seemed holy, consequently we could no longer observe one in seven as more holy than the rest.

We attended church as usual for a time, but it was not edifying to sit and hear what we knew were God's truths misrepresented and abused, and ourselves scandalized without the privilege of replying; and so we finally concluded to remain at home. After awhile we were arraigned before the church to answer for our heresies. Four different meetings were held with us, and many questions asked respecting our belief, all of which were answered truthfully and fearlessly. Both of us were calm and happy during this ordeal, and never at a loss for a reply. The persecuting party found much difficulty in getting the church to act upon any of the charges preferred. Finally it was concluded to gently reprove us and let us go. Previously we had been visited by a commitee of four, three of whom were deacons, who had questioned us quite closely, but left with impressions of us apparently more favorable than they had before; and had that committee been permitted to report directly to the church, instead of having their report pass through the hands of the minister, a very different impression no doubt would have been made on the minds of the people. It must be remembered, however, that there is much more toleration and freedom of speech in religious societies now than there was forty years ago.

Many months previous to this I had the happiness of welcoming my only sister as a whole-hearted believer in the doctrine of perfect holiness. Though a devoted member of the church, and active in various benevolent societies connected therewith, she had for a long time been dissatisfied with the standard of nominal Christianity. The fruits did not correspond with the requirements of the gospel as she understood it. The unity taught by Christ was greatly lacking, as every man looked on his own things and not on the things of others. She was convinced there was a better way, and it was not long before she found what her soul desired. This change from law to grace brought her into great tribulation, as it was a sore trial to her friends. She had, however, counted the cost, and did not shrink from declaring the whole truth, cheerfully enduring the loss of reputation, family confidence, and all things that the world hold dear. Her husband at this time was an active member of the church, and now occupied the places vacated by H—— in the Sunday-School and elsewhere. Hitherto there had been perfect unanimity of feeling between herself and husband on all religious and moral questions; but now that harmony was destroyed. There seemed to be a great gulf between them which neither could bridge over. It was the antagonism of law and grace, of legal righteousness and the righteousness of God. Entertaining, as he did, rigid Orthodox views, it was not strange that her husband should think her deluded, and condemn her accordingly. While she suffered much persecution it did not hinder her progress nor suppress her hopeful, rejoicing spirit in the midst of her family duties and responsibilities.

This sister, now doubly dear to me, was the only person in our neighborhood with whom we had full fellowship in the truth. In the adjoining towns there were a number of believers, and in one of them free meetings were held quite regularly on Sundays in a very ordinary building called the "Lock House." Most of those who attended were persons who had been connected with the popular sects, but entertaining advanced views and believing in free discussion on all subjects, preferred a congregation which would allow them to speak if they had anything to say to one that denied

such liberty. At these meetings we were occasionally edified, and very much so at one time. It was in the fall of 1842, I think, when word came to us that Mr. John H. Noyes of Putney, Vt., would be present the next Sunday at the Lock House meeting. On entering the hall we found it quite full already, and still persons came until there was no standing-room. Mr. Noyes read the 35th chapter of Isaiah, commenting on every verse as he read, but dwelling particularly on the last, which represents the ransomed of the Lord as returning and coming "to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads." They were not to wait, he said, until they had reached Zion, but on their journey thither were to have "songs and everlasting joy upon their heads." This explanation was new, and the words uttered came freely and with great power; and I never saw an audience give more breathless attention. We returned greatly strengthened and encouraged.

IMMORTALITY.

WE are to live for ever—for eternity; the sublime thought is awe-inspiring, and yet how cheering. It reveals as we contemplate it far-reaching, never-ending possibilities of improvment. We need not fear to commence any course of progress, for an infinite future is before us, in which we can take up any study, any pursuit, where we are now obliged to leave it, and go on learning forever and ever. "What's the use?" I asked the other day when looking over an old portfolio my eye fell upon a bit of paper yellow with age, recalling the enthusiasm with which for a time I pursued a now neglected study; but the temptation endured only for a moment. A flash of light revealed the illimitable future—luminous, glorious, yet calm and free from all distraction. I realized in my innermost that I had only entered upon existence; that I was still a child, with everything to learn and time enough in which to learn. I seemed to hear a voice, saying—"Go on—improve the present hour to the best advantage; then the next hour, the next day, the next year, the next decade, the next century, yea, century after century, and still there will be something new to learn and endless opportunities before you." I could but respond—Thanks be to God that he has made us immortal; and endowed us with capacities for continual improvement; and above all, that he has given us souls capable of being filled with his love and life and of coming into perfect unity with him. M.

WHO INVENTED THE PRESERVING PROCESS?

THE art of preserving food by hermetically sealing it in cans and bottles has already done so much to increase the comforts and luxuries of mankind, and promises so much for the future, that the above question is likely to become of great interest. Though the art is the product of modern invention its beginnings are already enshrouded in mystery. The writer who contributed to the CIRCULAR of Sept. 16, 1872, the interesting article on the "Beginning and Growth of Fruit Preserving," is inclined to give the honor of first conceiving the idea of preserving food by the hermetically sealing process to M. Appert of France, who received from the French Government in 1810 twelve thousand francs for introducing his process of parboiling provisions and then confining them in air-tight cans. Let M. Appert have the honor until one more worthy appears. A document now before us sets forth that His Most Excellent Majesty, King George the Third, did by letters patent, on the 25th day of August of the same year, 1810, give and grant unto one Peter Durand the sole privilege and authority to make, use, exercise and vend an invention for preserving animal and vegetable food by processes less perfect but much like those now used by large packers in this country; but as it appears from the same document that the invention was communicated to Durand by a "certain foreigner residing abroad," and no clue is given to his name, we are left to conjecture that it may have been M. Appert of France.

The writer of the article referred to in the CIRCULAR was unable to give any data respecting the preserving of fruits and vegetables earlier than 1853. From testimony given in a recent patent trial before the United States Circuit Court for the District of Maine, it appears that both fruits and vegetables were preserved by the new process many years earlier even in this country, and still earlier in France, though attention was everywhere first given to the preservation of animal food. Thus Jean Louis R. Bertram testified that he learned the art of preserving in Cologne, Prussia, about the year 1820; worked at it five years in Paris, and then eighteen years in Sedan. "In France," he added, "we put up all fruits and vegetables raw in cans; asparagus, little peas, string-beans, Lima beans, little carrots, corn, etc. He saw corn canned in Cologne as long ago as 1830. Charles Mitchel, a Scotchman by birth, testified that he learned the art of preserving in Aberdeen, Scotland, in 1831, and that after coming to this country he canned sweet corn as early as 1843. Louis Bernard testified that he began in New York in 1842 to manufacture and sell hermetically sealed goods, fruits, and vegetables; but it does not appear from his testimony that he did at that early date actually preserve any fruits by the new process, though it is clear, if his testimony is to be credited, that fruits were thus preserved at an earlier date in France; for he says, "I came to New York in 1837; I knew M. Appert in France, and under his process learned the art of hermetically preserving vegetables *and fruits*. W.

MEETINGS OF THE COLORED PEOPLE.

A correspondent of the *Catholic Review* writing from Florida describes the meetings of the colored people of the South in the following graphic manner:

As the earnestness of the preacher increases, he generally falls into a sing-song intonation, his voice rises to a pitch painful alike to orator and auditor; his breath becomes short, his articulation labored; after each triplet or more of words, he utters a gasping "ah!" he moves agonizingly from side to side, his face perspiring, his eyes rolling, his gestures and utterances accelerating, until his auditory, catching the excitement, break forth in a chorus of responses, such as, "Oh, Lord!" "Oh, Zion!" "Do, Lord!" "Please, Lord!" "Glory!" "Zion forebber!" and the like. Then, with a startling suddenness, the preacher drops his voice and his lofty language to an ordinary pitch, from which he gradually works himself and his hearers to a new intensity of excitement. In the singing all unite—men, women and children—without regard to compass or adaptedness of voice. Usually, however, the effect is not unpleasing. The singing is perceived at once to be

THE SPECIAL FEATURE OF THE SERVICE.

The women at these meetings, far outnumber the men (they sit on different sides), and their shrill, reedy voices lead the van in every variation of the tune. The words are announced by one of the deacons, and his errors of pronunciation are repeated by the congregation with a scrupulous fidelity. It is in the local or informal hymns always introduced that the choral genius of the race becomes the more apparent. Frequently there is a sort of concerted arrangement, both effective and characteristic. For example in the hymn:

De Gospel train 's a comin,
I heard it jus' at han'!

in the chorus

Children, git abo-oard!
Children, git abo-oard!
Children, git abo-oard!
Dere's room for many a-more!

a soprano sings the first word "Children," a number join in the words, "git abo-oard." The following two lines are repeated in the same manner, and the conclusion is given with the entire strength of the congregation. The swaying of the body, and the tapping of the feet on the floor, are the invariable accompaniment. When a lull occurs—at the termination of a song, one of the deacons appeals pathetically to the "sisters." "Won't de sisterns gib us someting? Come, sistern, Come! Sing up, sistern!" Thus exhorted, the "Sistern" quickly lead "a new departure." The formal service over, a "hand-shake" is a favorite conclusion of the meeting. A crowd of the most enthusiastic worshipers collects in front of the reading-desk, and a "member" (male, or female), with an exuberance of voice, starts a rythmical improvisation of some scriptural story to the tune of a "walk around," and with a constant and monotonous choral response from the others, the air of which varies only in terminating, now with the rising, now with the falling inflection. One of these performances was as follows:

Solo—Noah, he did build an ark!
Chorus—Oh, for de kingdom!

Solo—He built de ark tree stories high.
Chorus—Oh, for de kingdom!
I'm boun' for de kingdom.
I'm boun' for de kingdom.
I'm boun' for de kingdom.
Oh! come along!

Solo—Dem said he war a foolish man.
Chorus—Oh, for de kingdom.

Solo—But still he built it right along.
Chorus—Oh, &c., &c.

He took de animals and insecks in;
Oh, for &c.

De horse de cow and eberyting.
Oh, &c.

De water, it rose up right high.
Oh, &c.

Dem had to leave de first story;
Oh, &c.

But still de rain, it did cum down;
Oh, &c.

Dem had to leave the second story;
Oh, &c.

Dem had to leave de third story;
Oh, &c.

Dem had to git upon de roof.
Oh, &c.

and so, throughout the whole narration, with the most minute embellishments and details. The principal accompaniment of this song consists in a sort of "mark time," up and down movement of the body by bending and straightening the knees, the head and trunk remaining rigid, but the arms swinging loosely at the sides. The "hand-shake" comes in at the chorus, the singers shake each other by the hand, keeping tune with the rhythm of their song. The rest of the congregation, meanwhile, indulge in unrestrained conversation and join at will in the singing or gradually leave the sacred scene.

BEAUTY OF THE HUMAN FOOT.—When we saw "Pygmalion and Galatea" recently performed, we were struck with a peculiar movement in the actors' feet which for a time, sitting afar off, we did not understand. With every step, with every turn of the ankle, a kind of delicate ripple passed over the instep as a thrill runs through a corn-field sometimes under a tender wind; we were surprised to see how beautiful the movements were, how graceful were the lines from the ankle in every position. Presently we discovered that the beauty and the grace were due to the absence of shoes. On inspection, the feet of the ladies were not particularly small, yet they were better than the smallest concealed in boots; there

was scarcely a position in which they did not appear lovely. The actresses were in fact thinly stockinged, with sandals beneath the feet, an embroidered strap coming between the two first toes across the instep, after the old Roman fashion. We have often thought, considering how much we lose by shoes and how very little we gain, that it is a thousand pities women do not bring in sandals—not the foolish ribboned pumps of the last century, but the real Greek sandal. Without the hard and deformed shoe, every muscle of the foot is in motion, and visible at every step; it is quite wonderful how pretty the feet appear, even when not very small. In reality we lose nearly as much by the shoe as the face loses by a mask.—*St. Paul's Magazine.*

ONEIDA CIRCULAR.

TIRZAH C. MILLER, EDITOR.

MONDAY, MAY 19, 1873.

DISCRIMINATING SPIRITUALISM.

COMMUNICATION with spirits is desirable. In fact, the gospel is nothing but a call to intercourse with the highest and best of all spirits. "Our fellowship," says John, "is with the Father and with his Son Jesus Christ." The difference between the believer and the unbeliever is, that the one looks up to invisible spheres, and seeks improvement and renovation by communion with celestial life, while the other looks down to the world of matter, and nurses his life with earthly things.

But in seeking or accepting intercourse with the world of spirits, we ought to know what part of that world we approach, what nation (so to speak) we visit, and who the strangers are that visit us. For the Bible and experience instruct us that the invisible world is made up of divers principalities or nations, as well as this world. Suppose we belonged to some other sphere, and were approaching this world for instruction and fellowship. We can see that there would be need of discernment and good judgment in choosing our company out of all the nations and sects that might present themselves to our attention. It would not be very profitable, for instance, to enter into credulous communication with the Chinese, though they might astonish us with their oracular boastings of the wonders and glories of the "Celestial Empire." So we should not get much real wisdom or goodness from the Mohammedans, though their own report of the excellence of their condition and of their prospective beatitudes would doubtless be very weighty and persuasive. And the nations and sects of Christendom even would require close examination and careful choosing. In short, a pilgrim from some other world to this would find it easy to get into bad company, and somewhat difficult to meet with a people whose reports of themselves and the rest of the world could be trusted, and whose communications would be really profitable.

So, from what we know of the analogy between the state of things in this world and in the invisible world, it is safe to presume that it is easy, in approaching unknown regions of spirits, to meet with tribes of the mean, deceitful, boasting sort, and a matter of difficulty, requiring caution and patient search, to find the true children of light, that will lead us upward to the throne of God.

To us it is manifest by reason and accumulating experience, as well as from the Bible, that there is in the invisible world one name that is above every name—one principality that is far above all heavens—one nation that is distinguished from all others, by the glory of the power that raised Jesus Christ from the dead. For that nation we have the highest respect. Our ambition is to be received into their company. To visit them, or to give place to them in this world, is our brightest hope. Our lives are at their service. Other tribes of spirits, we confess, have for us small attractions. In fact, we count it a privilege to be excused mostly from their company. But for Jesus Christ and his advancing train the cry of our hearts is, "Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in."

REVIVAL-DYNAMICS.

II.

"A certain man made a great supper, and bade many: and he sent his servant at supper-time, to say to them that were bidden, Come, for all things are now ready. And they all with one consent began to make excuses. The first said unto him, I have bought a piece of ground, and I must needs go and see it: I pray thee have me excused. And another said, I have bought five yoke of oxen, and I go to prove them: I pray thee have me excused. And another said, I have married a wife: and therefore I cannot come." And when the servant reported these things to his master he was angry. See Luke 14: 16—21.

"All seasons are not alike favorable. • • • There is a deal of difference in the time of the year whether people can get out to meetings or can spare the time. In the midst of harvests I have known but one revival in my life among hundreds and hundreds, because men cannot spare time from the harvest-field. • • • Your revivals are to be in the proper seasons of the year. You are to adapt your moral culture to all these peculiarities of God's providence, which with some little care and observation every one may discern." *H. W. Beecher on Revivals.*

We cannot discover that the reasons which Mr. Beecher allows as sufficient to excuse men from taking part in a revival are any better than those offered in the parable as excuses for not coming to the great supper. Besides if farmers are to be excused from giving special attention to religion during harvest-time, merchants and others whose business is equally pressing at all seasons of the year may be wholly excused. This Mr. Beecher would not for a moment admit; but he must do so unless he takes the ground that religion is always and everywhere primary, and whenever its interest conflicts with that of business in such a way that one must temporarily suffer, it should be business and not religion.

Another thought: If it be true, as Mr. Beecher says, that "there is a great deal of difference in the time of the year whether people can get out to meetings or can spare the time," then we have in this fact one of the strongest arguments for such a thorough reörganization of society as will make it convenient for people to come together daily for religious culture. The demands of the world are pressing upon the attention continually, and nothing less than continuous attention to God can keep the true balance and save our souls. Communism furnishes the conditions for this. It is as easy for Communities to "get out to meetings" in harvest-time as at any other season. In fact, they don't have to go out to meeting at all. Their house is their church and school as well as home. Not only does Communism abolish distances and so make daily meetings possible, it also abolishes the fierce competitive strife that makes it so difficult for people to "spare the time" at any season for such continuous attention to religious exercises as revivals require.

W.

The Graphic says at the close of a touching paragraph on the tender affection between John Stuart Mill and his wife: "Too soon for us but not for them, we may now write above the graves of the wonderful pair the old Virgilian epitaph, 'Lovely in their lives, in death they were not divided.'" We are sorry to see this pretty bit of poetry filched from the Bible and given away to the heathen. Saul and Jonathan, two Jewish heroes, were the lovely pair for whom this epitaph was made, and the royal poet and musician, David, was the author of it. (See 2 Samuel, 1: 23.) Positivists are welcome to the good things of the Bible; but they ought to give credit.

There is no one thing that adds so much to the miseries of human life as the modern newspaper. When a man has as much as he can do to carry the load of his own troubles, the newspaper piles on him all the troubles of everybody else.

Somebody robbed, somebody killed,
Somebody sent to jail,
This is the way the papers are filled
Coming by every mail.

All that devils and bad men do
Faithfully gathered in;
The press has become a horrible ghoul
Feeding on filth and sin.

Shame on the din, vaunting of hell,
Telling of death and strife;
Crowding away from aching hearts
Glad news of love and life!

Here is a little advice, half a century old, from Thomas Jefferson:

"If you ever find yourself in difficulty, and doubt how to extricate yourself, do what is right, and you will find it the easiest way of getting out of the difficulty. Give up money, give up the earth itself and all that it contains, rather than do an immoral act. And never suppose that, in any possible situation or any circumstances, it is best for you to do a dishonorable thing."

This reads a little odd in these days of Credit Mobilier statesmen, lobbyism and general stealage. How new, strange, and refreshing it would be to wake up some morning and find everybody acting out this advice, and all the newspapers reporting nothing but right and honorable doings throughout the world. 'Twould be the greatest sensation in history.

COMMUNITY JOURNAL.

ONEIDA.

—Says the Oneida *Democratic Union*, "The first postal card that came to the Oneida post-office was received by the Oneida Community."

—The gardeners have got a good start with their vegetables. The asparagus and pie-plant are already large enough to cut and suitable for table use. The potatoes are all planted and growing finely, and on Wednesday the second crop of peas was planted. The smaller vegetables are also in a thriving condition.——The farmers are putting up a new fence between the barn and the bridge which will much improve the appearance of the road. Several new tenant-houses are building, one of which is nearly covered.——The Willow-Place factory is as busy as ever, and the whirl and roar of machinery as deafening, while big piles of traps are made every day, and silk cleaning and winding and spinning and twisting are going on from morning till night. The chuck business is growing and seems destined to become one of our most important branches of manufacture.

—The following parody was read at a late meeting, and as we have since learned was the combined production of Carrie and Lily, who have for several months served in the capacity of table-waiters, and experienced the perplexity of waiting with empty plates for the tardy movements of the dumb-waiter between the kitchen and dining-room:

Only waiting till the waiter
Makes its ascent from beneath,
'Till the pancakes and the butter
Come to give our minds relief.
Only waiting for the apples
And the mush we so much need,
Only waiting for potatoes
All the hungry folk to feed.

They are waiting for molasses,
For cold mush, and Graham bread,
And we think if you'll but send them
We'll pour blessings on your head.
For we know the folks have patience,
But it cannot last all day;
There are some so tired of waiting
They get up and go away.

Through the whistle we entreat you
Send, O send those nutcakes brown;
Though they are not hygienic
There are some "who put them down."
Ah! at last we see them rising,
And our hearts are made so glad;
For to see the folks so hungry,
Really makes us waiters sad.

—If we consider the quantity of music made by all the boys playing on spring whistles, and the enthusiasm of the musicians, we shall conclude that this primal branch of art is more important than the performances of all the orchestras, opera troupes and church choirs in the world.

—This is a note from one who sometimes contributes to the Community Journal, written after an invitation to furnish us an item or two:

"Items! write items for the Journal. But the difficulty is that I must have the items before I can write them. If things don't happen I have not the power that was claimed by an editor I once heard about to "make them happen." Says the cook-book, "first take the shad"—well if I have not the shad, what is the use of all the subsequent cooking directions? This "counting the chickens before they are hatched" is risky business in journalizing. I well remember Holton's experience in thus experimenting with probabilities; he was journalist at the New York agency, and wrote that "Mr. N. arrived safely, and we were all glad to see him," and posted the journal, expecting Mr. N. would come as was his wont on the evening train. But that unlucky Monday Mr. N. concluded to stay at W. C., and you can imagine his surprise on reading the item of his safe arrival in New York while he was yet in Connecticut.

"The exciting scenes of the 4th of March, in Washington, were described and printed in *Harper's Weekly* and most of the papers sold two days before the events occurred. It is fair and provident to be up with the times; to have perhaps the biographies of leading living men all written and on file in the office, so that in case of the sudden death of any of them in the evening the full obituary notice may appear in the next morning's issue. Old father time used to be represented as quietly reaping with his scythe. Should he be pictured now, his forelock would be bound in the firm grip of the modern news-item writer; his speed that of the railway; his scythe trailing behind him. Now you don't want news items until they happen, do you?"

—This little poem, which some one pinned on the bulletin-board, we think will be appreciated by all lovers of the

TRAILING ARBUTUS.

My beautiful darlings, do you know how we love you?
Seeking you out from your rude dwelling place,
Do you see the delight in the faces above you?
Are you not a bit vain, 'neath your shy modest grace?

Do you know that your presence is simply a wonder?
How did you make ready so quickly to come?
You've not been a week outside your snow prison,
You brave little, bright little, bride of the sun.

Ah, you are no laggard, his first kiss awoke you,
The blushes he called are still to be seen;
You knew he'd not fail you, so put off your wrappings
And step in a trice to your bright throne of green.

Bright little, wild little, child of the woodland,
Though we cherish you fondly your stay is not long;
You came with the blue-bird, the phœbe and robin,
And charm with your fragrance as they with their song.

Though your visit is transient we will not forget you,
Among all the treasures that summer can bring.
Their gorgeous apparel shall never eclipse you.
Our bright little, sweet little, darling of Spring.

—Monday (12) the journalist in company with seven others went down to Joppa. The morning though cloudy gave promise of a fair day, and before we had arrived at Fish Creek Station the sun was shining brightly. Stepping off the cars our guide led us over a sandy road by several small farm-houses, across a rough, uncultivated lot, which terminated in an open pasture cut through by the river. Fifteen minutes brought us to the bank where lay our boats. A lively gale was blowing, ruffling the river we were to cross, while the lake south of us was turbulent with white-caps and angry-looking billows. Our boats put off from shore and we were soon landed on the thickly-wooded peninsula where stands our snug little cottage. This cottage is a well-built, two-story house, containing two rooms below stairs and one above, and commands a fine view of the Oneida Lake from north, south and west, and of Fish Creek, or river, on the east. After a pretty thorough inspection of everything in and around the dwelling we decided it was an infinitely pleasanter and a more civilized place for excursionists to spend a night in, than the rude inclosure and fixings of a tent. The women of our party found plenty to do in the way of "tidying up," and proceeded at once to sweep and put the house in order; but we were obliged to use a fire-shovel to take up the litter we had collected as nothing could be found in the shape of a dust-pan on the premises. Then we mopped the floor, which it is not too much to say improved it wonderfully. We found a number of things lacking in the domestic economy, such as a dipper, a skimmer, a dust-pan, an old broom for scrubbing, a flat-iron, a pitcher, a salt-cellar, curtains for the windows, a rocking-chair, a clock, a comb, and last, but not least, suitable reading matter, all of which we noted down as necessary additions to the household conveniences. There is no cistern near; all the water used is brought from the river; and here we must express our delight at the quality of this water, it being so clear and beautiful and soft—softer than the softest spring water. The suds we made by dropping in a little soap was perfectly charming.

At noon we went out with the men on the river to try our luck at fishing; but though we went to the fishing-grounds recommended by our guide, and though we waited patiently for two full hours with our lines in the water the fish would'nt bite, and we returned to our cottage with "nary a fish." S., our guide, comforted us with the information that "some days perch will take hold and bite like everything, and you can just stand and pull them out hand over hand; and then again they wont bite at all!" We could attest the truth of his last statement. We had an excellent relish for our supper, and after the dishes were cleared away were ready to go out fishing again. A pleasant ride up and down the river, a view of the glowing sunset on the distant lake, and three fishes caught by H., N. and S., rewarded us for our second trial. We returned to the cottage contented with our luck, and enjoyed the picturesqueness and grandeur of the scenery around us. The lake was now smooth as glass, the sky unclouded; the sunset had faded away leaving a faint streak of yellow light in the western horizon; the air was ringing with the voices of insects; frogs were humming, birds were singing their evening songs, and loud above all was the continuous note of the whip-poor-will. Once more snugly housed, we gathered around the stove and talked over our day's experience, and rejoiced that here too we could have the home feeling. One remarked that he "felt a spirit of prayer," and went on to make the following proposition: "Now that parties are coming down here frequently, generally making their calculations to stay over night, I think it would tend to give a good tone to such excursions to have it understood that the evening should be spent in good spiritual conversation, and in turning their attention to fellowship with one another and with God. This will make a great difference in the character of our excursions, and we shall enjoy them better for being mixed up with a good religious experience. We can plot to-night for future excursions; after the day's excitement in fishing, eating and drinking is over, we can add to the good time by spiritual conversation and heart experience, which will be far more satisfactory all round. This place needs the revival spirit to complete it as a Community resort. We must elevate it. If God don't take possession of this post the devil will. Why cannot we carry the revival spirit into our sports and make them a means of grace? I think we can, and I think we will." These remarks met with favor in our little circle, and we united in the purpose expressed by our companion to sanctify such sports. We were put to sleep by the ceaseless, mournful song of the whip-poor-will. At 5 we were up and dressed, and soon on our way to the fishing-grounds hopeful as ever; but heavy, ominous clouds hung above us, the wind was high and the waters of the lake were lashed into a fury; the river, too, was unquiet, and our little boat bounded over the waves like a thing of life. Hardly had we cast our lines into the water before the fast gathering clouds warned us to shore. We reached the house in season to escape the shower, and laughed at the strange fatality that kept us from getting any fish. The shower did not last long, and after breakfast we started for home, expecting to have an hour or two to ramble in the woods and pick flowers on our way to the station; but a shower came up just as we arrived at the woods, and the women retreated to the station, leaving the men to gather arbutus for them. In a short time they brought a large basket filled with these lovely blossoms, and reported that the woods were a perfect marvel for the rank growth of the arbutus plant, and the ground was crimson with the myriads of winter-green berries. We came home with a new realization of the treasures we have access to at our residence in Joppa. The delights of a New England wildwood are here combined with fishing accommodations and a taste of sea life. But above all, we like our home at Joppa for being so quiet and retired, and though we had poor success in fishing and no startling adventure marked our jaunt, we shall think with pleasure of this excursion, as being principally a consecration of this retreat to reflection and prayer.

—Here is a letter from one who left the Community a number of years ago in a quarrel with our system of mutual criticism:

———, *May* 11, 1873.

DEAR ONEIDA:—Will you please send me the CIRCULAR? This is the second time I have been without it,—there is nothing that fills its place. I would to God that my home was with you. I know I am not worthy of your favor, and how much I have lost by being outside of the Community. Should there be any in the Community that are a little discontented I would say to them, "God will follow you, go where you will: you cannot be happy." That has been my experience. I most heartily accept all the criticism of the Community. I hope they will forgive me and pray for me, for I feel as if I had wandered a great way from the fold. O, if God will forgive I think that his children will.

I offer myself for criticism, and would make all free to express their opinion of me, for if I ever get on the right track again it will be by being willing to accept your criticism.

Yours affectionately, ——.

—The letters below from some of the men of the Community to Mr. Noyes were mostly drawn out by the late talks we have had on the subject of our marriage relations; and, though never designed for any eye but his, they were read aloud to the family, and we take the liberty to pass them on to our readers as specimens of the heartfelt and unsolicited expressions of loyalty to our cause:

Villa, April 19, 1873.

DEAR MR. NOYES:—Your talk about complex marriage has invested our Community relation with a new and sacred beauty, and I think it is one which every honorable man will come to prize as he prizes his own soul. The results of your definition of our union must be to increase love and unity in the Community; but it seems to me it may legitimately enhance self-respect. The thought of being joined in an eternal marriage union by God is exceedingly ennobling and dignifying. It makes our covenant with each other appear holy and precious beyond any legal ceremony, and our responsibility in being faithful to that covenant a surpassingly sacred and honorable one. All trivial thoughts and sentimental fancies concerning the nature of our union can henceforth be done away with, and every man may truly regard it as a solemn compact made to last forever.

Yours faithfully, —— ——.

O. C., April 20, 1873.

DEAR MR. NOYES:—I do not feel that there is any necessity for me to renew my protestations of loyality to you and the Community, still this seems an appropriate time for all of us to settle now and forever the foundations of our union with one another and with God. I consider the step which I took in coming to the Community one of the most important and sacred acts of my life. The compact between us was made after the most mature consideration and prayer, and I can never leave the Community through any act of my own without violating every law of God and every code of honor, the observance of which constitutes what is generally known as a gentleman. I will not say that I will never leave the Community, in any way as depending upon my own will or power to withstand temptation, but I have the same faith in God that he will enable me to overcome all temptations and that he will keep me here, that I have he has saved my soul from hell: and if I should ever come under temptation, let this be a record before God and man against me, that in my calmest moments and with the most positive assurance of the truth of my position that it is possible for man to have, I say that my marriage with the Oneida Community is the act of God and for eternity, and if I violate it I do so at the peril of my soul and in violation of every law of God and honorable dealing.

Faithfully yours, —— ——.

O. C., May 6, 1873.

DEAR FATHER NOYES:—I feel like giving my whole life and strength to the service of God forever. It seems as though God was never so near to the Community as now. He is working in every heart, to bring on the continuous revival that has been hoped for so long. I believe it has come now in the Community, and is turning all our hearts in prayer to God for the salvation of our souls. The more I think of it the more my heart fills with thankfulness to God for his goodness. I thank him for grandmother Noyes, who used to teach me Psalms when I was very young, and who first taught me to pray and put my trust in God. I thank him for her children, who are leading the army of Christ in this world, the army that will drive the devil from this earth and establish the kingdom of God.

As I know that the Lord only is able to keep us, and that the devil is always ready with his temptations, I take this occasion to shut the door behind me, and affirm that God is directing you and the Community, and that the doctrines and practices of the Community are holy and righteous. I feel a firm determination to devote my future life to serving God and the Community.

Your son in the gospel, —— ——.

Villa. April 22, 1873.

DEAR FATHER NOYES:—I have a new appreciation of what you have done and are doing for the young men in the Community. Your talk to us last week I know is the truth. Many of the points brought out were new, but have worked in me for good. I know that you are the best friend I ever had and the best friend of all that desire to be saved. Your patience and kindness toward me and others have drawn out my heart in love toward you, and I know I never shall sever the connection I have formed with you. God has placed me here, and he arranges my circumstances.

The new purpose that took possession of me a a month ago, "to know and do the will of God," is a bright thing in my experience that I constantly refer to when beset by the devil's temptations to unbelief and discouragement.

Confessing anew my loyalty to you and the O. C,

Yours always, —— ——.

O. C., May 4, 1873.

DEAR MR. NOYES:—I awoke with my heart filled with love to you, and I wanted to express my gratitude and thankfulness for all you had done for me. When I was a young man I had, I suppose, many of the doubts and temptations that beset young men, but there came a time, in the midst of great distress and struggle of soul, when I was enabled to see your true character and to yield my life to yours. Since then I have always felt that, except to God alone, my relations to you were more sacred and vital than any relation I had ever known or could know. I think it has had all the sacredness of marriage with an added religious obligation that is often wanting in married life. I do not suppose that I have escaped from suffering by living in the Community; perhaps I have had a great deal more than I should had I remained in the world, but in my deepest depression I have never been tempted to turn away from you, but have always been sure that you were my best friend, and have often had my heart lifted in thanksgiving to God that when so few had been called he had chosen me.

Yours sincerely, —— ——.

O., C. May 4, 1873.

DEAR FATHER NOYES:—I want to say something that will forever place beyond a doubt the possibility of my deserting the cause that you and the Community are engaged in. My heart is full of thankfulness to God for his mercy and kindness, and that he has kept my heart soft through my late temptations, so that his words sent to me through you and others could reach me. I make this vow before God and man, that whatever trials or temptations God may see fit to put me through I believe he has joined me to this Community to help carry out his plans, and I have no right to leave it.

Yours in humility, —— ——.

O. C., May 9, 1873.

DEAR MR. NOYES:—Knowing the interest you take in all signs of the revival spirit among us, I venture to relate some of my late experience. For some weeks past I have been conscious that a softening process was going on in my heart, until now it is so filled with joy and love and peace that frequently during the day, when thinking on God's love and some of your lately expressed ideas, tears fill my eyes and great waves of love and gratitude surge over me, thrilling me with the deepest sensations. I find this experience is not dependent upon times and seasons, but upon conditions brought about by turning the attention inward. Skeptics say the sensations produced in the hearts of young converts during revivals are the result of the influence exerted by a minister of strong magnetic power, and Henry Ward Beecher believes it impossible to have these deep revival experiences in the midst of business; but my experience to day disproves all this. While at work entirely alone so far as persons of a spiritual character are concerned, surrounded by whirling machinery, clanging hammers and the constant thud of a heavy drop as it fell upon the springs I was stamping, my mind recalled one of your late talks, and a spirit of love and broken-heartedness came upon me filling me with sensations which words are too weak to express. I trust as a family we are entering upon a perpetual revival. My heart is big with desires to clear myself of all hindering causes that the spirit of truth and sincerity may have free course.

Praying for chronic softness of heart, I remain

Yours faithfully, —— ——.

—DEPARTURES.—E. H. H., F. S. C., for W. C. ARRIVALS.—A. S. H., M. L., and T. H. S., from W. C.; W. G. K. and J. R. L. from New York: S. R. L. from the East; A. B. from the West.

THOSE PUZZLING DIPHTHONGS

IE AND EI.

THESE diphthongs bring to mind the little checked aprons that brightened a play-ground, one summer morning, a long time ago. It was my first day at school. "Sis" and I had stopped on our way "just a minute" at aunt Cecelia's, and passed out through her front door-yard. There were a great many flowers there, I remember, and some of the tall ones nodded their heads at us. I thought they meant, "Good morning, my little man," and as we trudged up the road there was a barking here and there of dogs that seemed to have a special interest in us; but the greeting we met when we reached the low square house on the corner with only one door was overwhelming.

Reader, have you forgotten your experience at that eventful time? Have you forgotten the state of mind you were in when you made your first "obeisance" to the school-ma'am? Do you remember your new spelling-book with its sky-blue cover, from which you proceeded, with not a little inward triumph, to read and spell *ab, eb, ib,* and *ba, be, bi?* You did not have to stop to potter with your letters—thanks to Amy's tutelage at home—you were sure of *them*, all 'cept b and d, and p and q, which would sometimes get a little mixed; but you could almost tell them at sight. *Da, de, di, do, du*, you spoke loud and prompt because you knew what you were about, and when the last line on the page, *za, ze, zi*, and so on, was mastered, any one might have seen that you liked the new spelling-book, and the teacher, and the way you were getting on, which was surprising, you thought. May be you did not feel so crank at the bottom of the next page, and when, in course of time, you got to words of two syllables, straightened yourself up, and sang out, "B-a *ba* k-r *ker* baker," and teacher said "Next," and "s-i *si* d-r *der* cider," and teacher said "Next" again, you became a sober kind of boy, you remember. But one day teacher told the class in a very decided way that "*S-e-i-z-e* is pronounced siv, and *s-e-i-g-e* seej," and then you had a great misgiving,—"The book is not a n'onest spelling book after all."

I once knew a sharp-eyed, red-headed little fellow in a class, who had a happy thought after several misspellings. A theory flashed into his mind, and he was going to put it to the test, too. He would try it on the next word. The next word was *crucifix*. The four or five above him missed it

"C-b-n-w-y, crucifix," he shouted, and started for the head. He was so sure he was right. The experiment brought down the school-house figuratively speaking. The boy's theory, I afterward learned, was to spell words with silent letters altogether. From the present state of the language one might suppose the same theory to have been in vogue among the early writers.

Children like to see things match—the letter and the sound. They spend in making matches a great part of their time. Some grown folks, I have observed, are childlike in this respect. There is my portly neighbor, Lambert. We had a talk one day standing by the road-side. He took solid grounds on that occasion. Planting his feet well apart I was reminded of a pyramid, a thing not easily overturned. Said he:

"Now where's the sense in spelling *receive* with *ei* and *believe* with *ie?* The sound's the same in both words, then why not have the spellin'?"

"My dear sir," I replied, "these words don't have a like origin. They come from different roots, and they root in different soils, so to speak; *believe* in Anglo Saxon and *receive* in Old French."

"Well s'pose they do. When you transplant such words—set 'em out, to use your own figure, in English soil, why don't you change the spellin' if need be so's to have 'em in some sort'o sympathy with their kin in the country you're movin' 'em into?"

"That has been thought of, but some things don't change easily. There's that tropical plant, the Yucca, that I have been watering and taking into the cellar winters for a dozen years or so. When I look at that plant in a meditative way it seems to belong to the hemlock family."

"Does it? Then how does it seem when you look at it in the ordinary way with your eyes open?"

"Not of very near kin, I admit, that is, to young hemlocks; but as you go back in the hemlock ancestry the resemblance becomes striking. For instance, it does'nt look very much like the sap heads down in the swamp; but when you compare it with the patriarchs on the hill yonder that have had the winds of a hundred winters whistling through their branches, the likeness is almost as strong as that of twins. (Lambert wanted to know if my Yucca was dead at the top!) I have tilled that plant a long time, with an eye to bringing out the latent hemlock; but after all it does'nt show much of the hemlock yet, in regard to the quality of its timber, and I begin to think it never will. Some of the neighbors discover it to be a foreign plant, after a careful examination. It pleases one to find out one is clever, you know, and so I keep it. Besides the plant is queer, and it has a story, for any one who will take the trouble to read it, of a strange land and people. Well, it seems no less difficult to remodel the words that come to us from abroad. They have as wonderful a self hood, as wonderful a story, as plants have, and won't oblige anybody by losing themselves in the language. Posterity can readily learn where they came from, and get a taste, now and then, of their original flavor, which some folks relish as much as they do old wine."

"What'll they care about that? they'll have enough to do that's more important. Now I've been tryin' to teach my Johnny to spell, but you've played such pranks with the alphabet (Lambert knows very well that I am no more responsible for this thing than he is) that he gets put out, and I can't make it seem clear either. You say *lief* is pronouned leef, *lien* lean, *mien* mean, *piece* pees, and so on. Well, then we should pronounce *hie* hee, *pie* pee, *vie* vee, should'nt we? But we don't."

"As a general rule *ie* has the sound of *e* in me, but there are a few exceptions."

"I should think so. If *ie* as a general rule has the sound of long *e*, suppose we turn the thing around, and see what the general rule is for *ei*. It should'nt be long *e* should it? for we've settled that *ie* shall stand for that. But here we have s-p-e-c-e-i r-e-c-e-i-p-t, r-e-c-e-i-v-e, c-o-n-c-e-i-v-e, and so on. And now I'd like to know what becomes of your general rule for *ie?* What's it good for?"

"It seems to me that *ei*, as a general rule, has the sound of *a* in *lane*, as in *rein, veil, feign*; but *s-p-e-c-i-e* spells specie if I remember rightly, and therefore its pronunciation falls under the general rule for *ie*."

"I'd like to find a general rule that has'nt more exceptions than conformities. You are always bringing up a general rule when you get into a corner; but they're of no account. Produce one of the right kind, one that'll cover all cases, and I shall begin to have a little respect for 'em."

I told him I thought there were rules that had no exceptions, and I would see if I could'nt find some; if I did I would let him know what they were, and he could make use of them in exercising his Johnny.

(It is always better in discussing a matter with such a person as Lambert to leave off the moment his assurance that he has got the better of you in the argument has reached its hight. To gracefully yield the point at this crisis has a tranquilizing effect upon both of you at the time, and you are more likely to be on good terms when you next discuss.)

I went in, and turned to the authorities. I extracted, here and there, two long columns of words, and arranged them under the headings, "Words that have *ie*," "Words that have *ei*." I studied these words some, and found the following exceptions to the general rule that *ie* has the sound of *e* in me:

Alien and derivatives, also *deficient, deficiency, proficient, proficiency, sufficient, sufficiency*, which come to us from the Latin, *friend* and derivatives, *flies pied, piedness, pries, tried, tied, vied*, and words ending in *ie* as *vie, fie*, etc. Here I got a glimpse of a rule of the right stamp,—one that will satisfy Lambert, I think. The exceptions to the general rule that *ei* has the sound of *a* in *lane* as in *deign, rein, vein*, I found to be still more numerous:

Ceil, ceiling, conceit, conceive, eider, either, inveigle, foreign, forfeit, heifer, height, heigh-ho, kaleidoscope, kaleidophon, leisure, neif, neither, meine, meiny, meibomian, meiwell, meionite, peise, receipt, receive and derivatives, seid, seidlitz, seizin, seiner, seismic, seize and derivatives, sheik, seignior, sleight, teil, teine, treillage, weir, weird, and some others.

After having elaborated a rule or two of the kind that will gratify Lambert, I became satisfied with regard to these diphthongs. I then dipped into the grammars, and after some searching found a rule of the unexceptional kind—one that will help Lambert in teaching I was sure. I considered myself fortunate. Of course, I made a careful copy.

Having my papers ready, one evening near sunsetting, I walked over to my neighbor's. Thrice is he armed that hath his documents in hand. I was now prepared to squelch Lambert. I reached the door—I heard voices inside. Ah! he was giving his Johnny a lesson. I had arrived at the nick of time. I listened:

"D-e-i-g-n dane, v-e-i-l vail, r-e-i-n rane, s-e-i-z-e saze."

"No, Johnny! That's what Mike calls it; but he's not naturalized. Say seez."

"S-e-i-z-e seez."

At this point I rapped. Lambert said he was glad to see me; had I found them rules?

"Yes, I think I have something that will help you. The language is not entirely at loose ends, after all. It has some settled principles, which is not a safe thing to say of scarcely anything now-a-days."

"That's so. What have you got?"

"We were talking about the diphthong *ie* the other day. Well, I have learned, when a word ends in *ie* that the diphthong always has the sound of *i* in wine, as in *fie, belie, untie*, and so on."

"How about prairie? You would'nt pronounce it *pray-righ*, would you?"

"Not exactly. There's one certainly."

"Here's another,—*menagerie.*"

"That makes two, sure enough!"

"Then there's *reverie*, and *aerie*, and now I think of the word we happened to mention the other day, *specie*. We should pronounce that spershigh, if we followed your rule."

"These words do appear to deviate a little at present; but they will fall into line eventually beyond doubt. By the by, Lambert, while looking over my grammar two or three days ago I came across a good spelling rule, which it seems to me you might make useful at once. It is said to have no exceptions—just the kind you like. Here it is."—I read from my paper: The diphthong is always *ei* when c is the letter that precedes it, never *ie*."

"Always *cei*, is it? Your grammarian is a ninny. Did'nt we settle it the other day that s-p-e-c-i-e spells *specie?* and how do we spell such words as *deficient, proficient, sufficient, coëfficient*, and"—

"Let me get the rule fairly before you, Lambert: '*for—the—person—who*'—is the saving and concluding clause, as the person who *conceives, perceives, receives*, and the like."

I had him at last. He could think of no exceptions, though he would have been glad to break the rule, I have no doubt. It would have afforded him a well-spring of satisfaction. But he could'nt, tug as he might. After a time, fearing that his mental machinery might receive injury from the unwonted strain he was putting upon it, I contrived to ease the burden by means of a diversion. I artfully introduced the subject of stock-breeding, which shortly after led us to the pasture, where I admired his really fine cattle until those perplexing diphthongs had dropped out of mind.

C. W. U.

THE NEWS.

Khiva has fallen.

Not much "ethereal mildness" yet.

The Japanese Embassy has arrived at Rome.

The Pope is eighty-one years old and very feeble.

The woods slowly put forth their delicate green tints.

The wife of Father Hyacinthe has given birth to a boy.

John Stuart Mill has just died at Avignon, France. He was born in 1806.

The king and queen of Sweden were crowned at Stockholm on Monday last.

A financial panic prevails at Vienna which is seriously affecting the money market of Europe.

George Francis Train announces himself a convert to Paganism—another train off the track.

Late reports from Fort Garry represent that the Indians in that section are in a peaceable and satisfactory state.

That pastime of fools who labor under the hallucination that they are gentlemen, duelling, still prevails in Virginia.

The last attack of the Modocs has been repulsed, and the troops are said to have got between the Indians and the lava beds.

An election in Spain for members of the Constitutional Cortes has resulted overwhelmingly in favor of the Federal Republicans.

The old Sadducees appear to be having a resurrection. On their reappearance, however, they discard the old name and call themselves Positivists.

The king of Ashantee has declared war against Great Britain, and with an army 35,000 strong is threatening Elmina, a fortified town on the Guinea coast.

Eugene Schulyer, the American secretary of legation at St. Petersburg, has gone to Tashkend in Toorkistan, to watch the progress of the Russian expedition against Khiva.

Efforts are making to secure an international coinage of silver for the immediate use of nations in America and Europe and for the eventual use of all the civilized countries of the world.

The Elmira *Advertiser* tells this: There is a couple in this city, the husband nearly seventy years of age and the a wife in her sixty-third year. One day last week a little daughter was born to them. It is a little singular that the mother's name is Sarah and the father's Abraham. Pity that the child was not a boy so that it might be called Isaac.

It is said that Mr. Bennett, the proprietor of the New York *Herald*, has purchased the site of ancient Troy, with all rights of excavation. It is rumored that the same gentleman is to marry a Danish Princess. It is a fact that he has secured the services of the celebrated German writers, Berthold Auerbach and Lousia Mülbach, as Viennese correspondents during the Exposition.

The new *Tribune* building to be built this season in New York is to be in the Florentine order, nine stories high, with a tower 200 feet high. It will occupy the site of the present office and some adjoining buildings. The cost will be $500,000. Some of the *Tribune's* envious contemporaries say that it is not announced that the sub-cellars of the lofty structure will "extend to the axis of the earth, but it is supposed that this will be the case."

A new through route from New York to Chicago has been arranged over the Erie, Great Western, and Michigan Central railroads, and palace cars will now run daily. Heretofore it has been impossible to run the cars of the Erie road over the narrow-gauge roads from Suspension Bridge to Chicago. This difficulty has been obviated by changing the trucks of the Erie cars at Clifton, Canada. Cars with their passengers are raised by a hydraulic press, the broad trucks are taken out and narrow ones substituted, in the space of seven minutes, without the slightest inconvenience to passengers.

The Cleveland *Herald* says: "A 'Progressive Community' has been established near Cedar Vale, Kansas. It was formed in January, 1871, has 320 acres of land, is out of debt, and has fair prospects—in the opinions of its members—of success in the future. Our knowledge of its existence and plan comes from a pamphlet published in its interest in San Francisco by a Russian, who is endeavoring to secure recruits among his fellow-countrymen, and we therefore take it that the Community is made up in part of that nationality. The constitution provides that the members shall unite in their labor and business, hold their property in common for the use of all, and dwell together in a unitary home. We do not learn what religious views are held in this 'Progressive Community,' and therefore cannot say whether they are Shakers, Oneida Brethren, or merely Communists on economical principles."

Capt. C. F. Hall's Arctic Expedition in the steamer Polaris, in search of the open Polar Sea, has been mainly a failure. Capt. Hall, after penetrating with his ship to latitude 82° 16′, made a siedge journey over the ice some distance further. He discovered and crossed the open sea which Dr. Kane saw, and found it to be a strait fifteen miles wide. There were signs of open water further north. On his return to the ship he was stricken down with paralysis and delirium and died Oct. 8th, 1871. After his death another attempt was made to reach the Polar Sea. When that failed the Expedition started for home. In August, 1872, the ship was surrounded with ice and drifted to latitude 77° 35′. Here a part of the crew, 19 persons in all, left or were accidentally separated (their own account says the latter) from the ship, and never regained her. They drifted southward on the ice for more than six months, and were at last picked up in April, by the ship Tigress, about forty miles from the coast of Labrador, in latitude 53° 30′. The Polaris when this party left her had fourteen men on board under command of Capt. Buddington, with abundance of provisions. Hopes are entertained that the ship will return home this season.

Mirth is God's medicine. Everybody ought to bathe in it. Grim care, moroseness, anxiety, all this rust of life, ought to be scoured off by the oil of mirth. It is better than emery. Every man ought to rub himself with it. A man without mirth is like a wagon without springs, in which one is caused disagreeably to jolt by every pebble over which it runs.—*Springfield Union.*

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ADMISSIONS.

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

LOOK AND LISTEN.

Once, in the glad beginning of the year,
When flocks of honking geese did northward fly,
A noted three—a busy, bustling wife,
A merry maid, a crooked, bearded crone—
Went forth to sniff the air and look and listen.
That thrifty, careful dame did nothing hear
Except the cackle of her spotted hens,
And tale of neighbor passing in the road,
Who spoke of one as wed, or born, or dead.
That gleesome, giddy girl would only hear
The robins in the fragrant poplar trees,
And hum of bees among the snowy plums.
But she of withered jole could nothing hear
Except the tearful strain of mourning doves,
And dismal plaint of lonely, starving owls.
And each one, hearing only what she did,
Thought herself wiser, shrewder than the rest.
There was that day, a solitary man—
A stalwart seer—who went not out at all,
But staid within, and watched from morn till night
To hear the word of God, and when it came,
He knew himself a softer, meeker man,
And shrewder, wiser far, than all the rest.

A. B.

J. H. N. ON MARRIAGE.

A Letter to a Bible Man.

DEAR SIR:—You think that the fashion of this world in regard to marriage is best till the advent of the *resurrection*. So do I; but this is as much as to say that it is best for man in his *apostate condition*. This is certainly no great compliment to the system. I suppose too that slavery and many other heavy oppressions are, on the whole, desirable during the apostasy. I cannot, however, couple the "full reign of the gospel," as you do, with this state of things. If you refer me to the Primitive Church as a specimen of the harmony of the "full reign of Christ" with the marriage system, I reply, The example is unfavorable for your argument; for the leaders of the Primitive Church, Christ and Paul, discouraged marriage; the first by example, and the second by example and precept. They treated marriage as they did slavery, as an institution not to be quarreled with by the church; but their advice in relation to both was, "*If thou mayest have thy liberty, use it rather;*" and the reason they assigned was, that "the fashion of this world passeth away"—"in the resurrection they neither marry nor are given in marriage;" hence for believers the only proper course was, either not to marry, or if they had wives, to "be as though they had none." This is precisely the amount of harmony there was in the Primitive Church between the gospel and marriage.

Do not blink these facts and go off into philosophical theories about the beauties of duality, which in fact are theories suggested by things as they are, and are rendered plausible by that kind of reason, which some one has said, "is given to man to enable him to justify whatever he is inclined to." It is useless to try to make Christ or Paul or the gospel the humble servants of marriage. It is as plain as it can be, that their endeavor and hope was, that "*all* may be one"—not two and two—and that they crowded against marriage just as hard as they could safely during the church's transition-pilgrimage, pointing always to the hope of an entirely different state of things in the Kingdom of God. If you look this matter candidly in the face as a Bible scholar, you will have to accept either our theory or the Shakers', as the hope of our calling; ordinary marriage, or even spiritual romance of duality is out of the question—not to be thought of any more than the fashion of private property in other things. If you accept the Shaker theory, nature and common sense, as well as the Bible, will contradict and harass you. If you accept our theory, but say it is proper only for the heavenly state, then I ask you either to stop praying, "*Thy kingdom come, thy will be done, on earth as it is in heaven,*" or to prepare yourself for the answer to that prayer. If you are going to a wedding, don't spend your time in patching and praising your washing-dress, but make ready your wedding-garment. This was the way of the Primitive Church. If you think we have begun to put on our wedding-garments *too soon*, say so, and prove it if you can; but don't object to them as bad in themselves, and don't forget to get your own ready *soon enough*. We think that the Kingdom of God has come—that the resurrection and judgment are begun, and of course that it is time to begin to yield ourselves to the will of God as it is done in heaven. When you are as much in earnest as we are, looking for the Kingdom of God, perhaps you will find that we are keeping time with God better than you.

Yours sincerely, J. H. N.

LIBERTY TO CHANGE.

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

THE great struggle between freedom and slavery is a struggle for the liberty of forsaking old institutions. It is attachment to old institutions, old habits of life, that checks and holds in bonds the spirit of growth and improvement. Men become attached to the institutions in which they are born and bred, their life works itself into a certain channel, and they come to regard it as the best and truest, and to oppose all change. Especially is this the case in matters of religion and conscience. Of this the facts of history, the lessons of the past, give abundant evidence. It was clinging to old institutions, old forms of life, that made it so hard for the Jews to give up idolatry. And again, when Christ came and sent forth his gospel into the world, the greatest obstruction which it met with was

attachment to Judaism. The gospel came expressly to end that institution and supplant it with something better; hence the struggle between them which immediately resulted. All the life of the old Jewish organization was immediately aroused to oppose Christianity and prevent its progress. The Jews held on with a death-grasp to the customs and traditions of their fathers—to the law which had been delivered from Mount Sinai in so sublimely impressive a manner, and was hallowed with the sanction of the God of heaven through so many centuries. In the struggles of the Reformation and the conflict between monarchy and republicanism in later times, this same fact is distinctly manifest. The spirit of free thought and free speech, of education and improvement, demands institutions more in accordance with its genius and character than those which have been formed in and are adapted to an age of barbarism. The immigration of the Pilgrim fathers to this country was a protest against the spirit that would compel them to conform to old forms of worship and modes of thought, and an assertion of the right to worship God according to the dictates of their own conscience and the new light which was given them.

There are always undoubtedly many reasons which can be urged against meddling with present institutions, but it is none the less true that the spirit of progress and improvement demands their constant change and renovation. A fresh advance, a new development of life, demands new forms and modes of expression. In the very nature of things it can no more accommodate itself to the institutions of the past than a new plant can grow into the skeleton of an old tree. It must have the liberty of developing itself externally according to its genius and character. Christ well illustrates this truth in his allusion to the effect of putting new wine into old bottles. New wine must be put into new bottles. The present nations of Europe are probably but ill-prepared for republicanism, but it is none the less true that the growth of mind and social progress generally demand more liberal forms of government. The difficulty in the case is not so much in the fact that the people are not prepared for it and change is not needed, as that the present rulers are opposed to all change. Their self-interest and education attach them to their old institutions. So it is in the case of slavery. It is clearly an institution that is behind the age, and must be broken up, but men have become so attached to it as to regard it as the corner-stone of society.

The truth is, all present institutions are growths from an imperfect society, and are adapted only to a transition state. This is true of religious as well as political institutions, marriage as well as slavery. The spirit of heaven, in order to its full development in this world, requires of us that we be ready to forsake all institutions adapted to a selfish state of society, and to expect something new and better. A truly conservative man, therefore, will be ready for change. He will not violently or unwisely attack any present institutions, but he will be ready and on the lookout for change.

A DEAD STOP.

"To hear good things stop your ears."

HERBERT lay flat on his back on his bed at mid-day.

What could be the matter with him? He was not sick, for he had no maladies, but was lusty and sprightly with the vigor of undiminished youth. He was not drowsy, for he had slept unbrokenly through the night; he was not tired, for the labors of the morning had been burdenless. Yet there he lay, prone and supine, wide-awake and perfectly still, while the garish sunlight thrust its lances through the window, across and across him, and the many-voiced day called and shouted and clamored for activity, as only the day can call and shout and clamor, in the newly-awakened spring. But Herbert heeded neither the lances of the sunlight nor the voices of the day, for he had learned to turn away from the swift-whirling centrifugal life, when it threatened to daze him and amaze him and craze him, to watch intently for signals of an inner life, a life deep and hidden, but incomparably more real and even than a tumult of glittering deeds. In fact Herbert's spiritual horizon had become overcast, as a mirror is sullied by being breathed upon; his spiritual atmosphere had become thick and hard to breathe, through the mugginess of things pertaining to this life; his spirit felt feverish, gasping, grasping, eager and panting, so that he had, as was his wont, obstinately balked to all exterior calls upon his attention, and come to a dead stop in order that he might "commune with his own heart upon his bed," after the fashion of King David. He wanted to anchor his tossed about life.

Herbert felt certain that the signals he wanted for right conduct and sure action would be given. He had tried them too often to be deceived, and he knew if they were invisible as the electric current, they were yet surer than a beacon on a headland. "It is only to put away every engrossing thing," he thought, "and the good which is pressing down on us like the atmosphere will flow in and make the turbid life clear, and the heart far-seeing and strong."

As Herbert grew stiller and stiller, his heart-watching and heart-study became deeper. He searched his life keenly as the chemist scrutinizes his menstruum for the indissoluble, in order that he might find the cause of his disquietude. And this is what he saw in his introspection. He saw that he had insensibly allowed his desires to crowd him out of a peaceful, trustful state into one of hopeless, faithless longing. He saw that he had almost unconsciously been striving to appease the crying mouths of Desire and Want and Longing in his own way, and by his own arm, without waiting on God. He remembered that he had felt a spirit of sorrow when the things he wanted seemed distant, and that he had listened to a spirit of fear when it whispered that they might never be his. This hopeless hankering had instigated him to heave and tug and worry, and was manifestly the cause of his perturbation. He felt convicted of a lack of faith. As Herbert saw this his heart became soft and broken. Verse after verse of the Bible, counseling, urging and beseeching to trust in God and throw all care upon him, ran swiftly through his mind. How many there were: "Is anything too hard for the Lord?" Herbert could bear conviction no longer. "O," he thought, "I deserve to be the least of all the earth for the little trust that I have put in Him who pitieth as a father pitieth his children." With his contrition came anger at the spirit of distrust and self-care, and he turned upon it as an householder turns to expel an insulting intruder, with fury. His anger made him strong and clean, and then came peace which made him happy. He had lain still scarcely an hour but he opened his eyes upon a new world. The voices of the day were gladsome in his ears, and the new wine of spring-time was inexpressibly sweet to his senses.

"What a glorious way it is," said Herbert to himself, "to get comfort by turning aside to watch. If a man should say to me, as Macbeth said to the doctor:

> "Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased;
> Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow;
> Raze out the written troubles of the brain;
> And with some sweet oblivious antidote,
> Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff,
> Which weighs upon the heart?

I would answer,

Yes, lie on your back an hour every day, and stop all motion but heart motion."

G.

"NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND."

THIS is one of the finest old sayings that ever greeted the ear. What could be a greater comfort to one who has had a life-long struggle with evil than to be assured that his efforts have not been vain—to say nothing of the fact that under the same head may be included every attempt at personal improvement, no matter in what direction. With some persons, in addition to faults of character, defects of education present a formidable barrier to self-improvement. All depends on the attitude we take. Admitting even that in the case of old age the memory fails, shall we make it worse by neglecting its use? Besides, the memory is assisted by the faculty of association. The more we know the more we *can* know, because one thing suggests another and one thing helps another in the way of comprehension. And old age should not be allowed to quench our desire for improvement. Some one has well said, "It is not possession but acquisition that gives men pleasure and sense of power. They observe sooner a small happiness new to them than a great happiness which is old." We have examples even in worldly men of indomitable pluck in old age—sometimes in the face of death itself. Ben Jonson, for instance, is said to have composed that last and in some respects most attractive work of his, "The Sad Shepherd," in a sick chamber, "to an accompaniment of bottles, physic, doctors, with a nurse at his side, amid the anxieties of poverty and the choking fits of a dropsy!" Old Isaac Walton was between eighty and ninety when he wrote his last work. Such men could not have given much place to the idea of being "laid on the shelf." On the contrary death must have been to them a puzzle.

The truth is, friends, that there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in man's philosophy; and we may as well conclude to make the most of them. We need not wage war in order to "die in our armor"—there are other roads to glory. But the most important result of a right attitude in this matter is, that it reäcts on our spirit and helps our faith. The goal we have set before us is perfection of heart and understanding, and the greater the enterprise the greater the stimulus to a man of faith. The promise to me and to you, reader, is that if we believe in Christ "we shall never die." Now I don't care how we take this, whether literally or spiritually. I mean to stick to the *spirit* of the thing at any rate, and that spirit scouts the idea of relaxing in our efforts to advance, no matter how old we are. On the contrary, the older we are, provided that we have "kept the faith," the better equipped we should be for the fight of faith, which includes all proper management of ourselves both as to body and soul. Let us not be limited by the world's experience. We have a right to expect new things, for new things really belong to faith. What we have to do is to be true to our faith, leaving the results with God, and that will keep us busy enough, we may be sure, for our interest in all that is really good will increase more and more, as our light shines brighter and brighter unto the perfect day.

R. S. D.

THE ENGLISH BIBLE.

WE find a very good article in the Boston Monthly, *Old and New*, under the title *Revision of the Bible*. The writer gives some account of the work now in progress in the Church of England of revising the English version of the Bible and makes the subject the occasion of many interesting remarks about the Bible itself. He treats the book not as an anthoritative revelation, but as a human record, and yet because of its extraordinary character he gives it all the influence which the most reverent or even superstitious could demand. This is what he says of the place the Bible has gained for itself in the great empire of civilization:

The most skeptical of men, if he speaks of our English language, has to recognize the power of this English Bible over that English-speaking race which rules half the world. He has to admit that this book holds the hearts of men as no other book holds them. To take Dr. Martineau's vivid expressions, "It has opened the devout and fervid East to the wonder and affection of the severer West. It has made old Egypt and Assyria more familiar to Christendom than our own lands; and, to our people at large, the Pharaohs are less strange than the Plantagenets, and Abraham is more distinct than Alfred. The Hebrew prophet is domesticated in the Scotch village, and is better understood when he speaks of Jordan than the poet at home when he celebrates the Greta and the Yarrow." Further yet, we may say simply, that, with all possible variations of human pride and self-reliance, still, on the whole, most men and women believe that in this book is the surest guide for life, if they can only find out what that guide says.

The present English Bible, it is well known, is the version of a learned body of men appointed by James the First in the beginning of the seventeenth century. These men did not attempt a new translation but revised the translations of their predecessors, Wiclif and the Protestants of Queen Mary's time. The wisdom of their courseis thus commended by our writer:

From those earlier fountains came the Saxon strength and vigor into the very language of our Bible. If we compare the fustian of the translator's preface, with the undefiled English of the book itself, we see how glad we ought to be that they revised the translations which they found in existence, in preference to attempting a new one of their own. The brother to whose pen was intrusted the dedication to the king was so left by all good angels, that he wrote,—

"Whereas it was the expectation of many who wished not well unto our Sion, that upon the setting of that bright Occidental star, Queen Elizabeth, of most happy memory, some thick and palpable clouds of darkness would have so overshadowed this land that men should have been in doubt which way they were to walk," and much more in the same high-wrought strain. To compare that bombast in mere language with the work of the pen that wrote "King Agrippa, believest thou the prophets? I know that thou believest," or with the work of the pen that wrote, "Nathan said unto David, Thou art the man"—is to see why we are to be grateful to the Providence that gives us the Saxon of Wiclif for our one religious reading instead of the euphuistic flummery of a courtier of King James.

In the quotation which follows, the Bible is shown to have a new function, which is exceedingly significant in this day of the supreme ascendency of the English tongue:

Wholly apart, also, from any measure of its divine inspiration, the English Bible has a worth which we cannot fully state, as the momument which commemorates, and the talisman which preserves, the English language. It is the best memorial of that language as it existed in its very best times. And because it is read in every cottage, and quoted in every workshop and on every exchange, it preserves the English language, and keeps it from wandering far from its originals. In Mr. Marsh's beautiful figure, it is the central sun around which the English language revolves in its orbit: so that in point of fact, the English spoken to-day is even nearer the English of the English Bible, than was that written by Addison, by Dr. Johnson, and by Cotton Mather. The centripetal attraction governs; and from this sacred centre the language cannot wander far. We must recognize the same Providence in the sister fact, not so important, but not to be forgotten, that the English of that very period is the English of Shakespeare,—the only poet who holds sway over all speakers of the English tongue in all time,—the man whose wisdom is quoted, and whose wit is remembered, in cottage and in palace, and will be. His hold on the heart of Englishmen, and the descendants of Englishmen, is one bond more—and that no weak one—to hold them firm and faithful to the familiar use of the English of the English Bible.

The revision now in progress was proposed in a grand assembly of the Bishops and Clergy of the English Church. The proposal meeting general assent, a strong committee was appointed to whom the work was given, with instructions to "invite the co-operation of any persons eminent for scholarship, to whatsoever nation or religious body they may belong." Following their instructions the committee have obtained the help of distinguished scholars in every sect both in England and America, and are now diligently engaged in their business. They are a board of revision, not of translation. They do not intend to sacrifice the quaintness and simplicity of the present reading; they are not going to modernize the style; they mean "simply to get errors out of the text and compel the English language, if they can, to say all that the Hebrew and Greek do." The facilities for doing this are much increased since King James's time. We have better scholars and better access to ancient manuscripts, with vast accumulations of Biblical literature.

Of the changes in the new version anticipated by the writer in *Old and New*, we will cite one that particularly pleases us:

The beasts in heaven will disappear from the revelation. They are "living creatures," so glorious, that the poet could give them no name but the name of "the living."

We quote two more passages from this writer in which we see foreshadowed the reconciliation of faith and science—faith courting investigation, and investigation leading to faith; the Bible asking nothing of credulity, but gaining everything from enlightened freedom:

Strange to say, it is not the extreme liberals, the purists of the Puritans, who care most for the revision. We have long got beyond Chillingworth's narrow motto, which was, "The Bible, and the Bible only, is the religion of Protestants." We have come so far as to say, "God, and God only, gives the religion to Christians;" and we believe that God has a thousand voices which are to be studied, as well as the directions of the Scripture. But none the less, as we have said, the Bible, if not the only authority, is the leading authority, with all Christian men; and in mere decency, in common honesty, nay, in loyalty to truth, they must read what its writers really said, with no man's gloss upon it, or emasculations. * *

Even in this sedulous care to bring the Scripture to its purity, the idolatry of the letter is gone forever. Men do not scrape and file and polish the idol which they worship; they take it in all its ugliness,—"the stone which fell from heaven," the figure-head of the old wreck as it was washed ashore: but they take it as it is, and they do not pretend to refine upon it. The moment when the Christian Church solidly and squarely sets itself to work on a task like this, reason is enthroned, and superstition dies. Grant to a hundred of the purest and wisest men in England and America the right to determine which reading shall be selected, and which version used, and you have restored the Bible to its true place. It is the human record of the most extraordinary events in history. It is no longer a stupid oracle, with a "Thus saith the Lord," speaking imperatively for contingencies and difficulties never dreamed of when it was written. It becomes the intelligible and living statement of what has happened in ages of faith, among men who believed in God, when they obeyed, and when they disobeyed. To restore the Bible thus to its true position, to begin to worship God again, and to turn to God again, and to seek his Holy Spirit, and to turn away from that idolatry of a book, which, for two centuries, fettered half Christendom,—this is a victory, and a great victory.

SHADOWS.

The clouds hang heavy round my way,
I cannot see;
But through the darkness, I believe,
God leadeth me.
'Tis sweet to keep my hand in His
While all is dim;
To close my weary aching eyes
And follow Him.

Through many a thorny path He leads
My tired feet;
Through many a path of tears I go,
But it is sweet
To know that He is close to me,
My God, my guide.
He leadeth me, and so I walk
Quite satisfied.
To my blind eyes He may reveal
No light at all,
But while I lean on His strong arm
I cannot fall.

Exchange.

"PUT YOURSELF IN HIS PLACE."

THIS title of one of Charles Reade's books embodies a very practical and useful lesson for almost every sphere of life. Persons often get very different ideas and impressions of objects from different points of view; and we are likely to make a different estimate of persons if by any means we can put ourselves in their places and view their character and conduct from the midst of their own surroundings. If you would know a brother's trials and sorrows, and thus be able to impart true comfort, put yourself in his place. If you would tell that brother the truth in the spirit of charity and sincerity, put yourself in his place. If you are tempted to think evil of the position of any one who may stand as superior to you in authority and influence, try to put yourself in his place. It is one of the best ways to harmonize apparent incompatibilities and promote harmony. There is nothing impracticable in this advice. We

were made for unity and organization with one another, and that requires such a sacrifice of egotism and individuality as will enable persons not only to put themselves in one another's places, but to come into spiritual identity, mingling life with life.

The office of Christ as a Savior is efficacious because he can put himself in our place. He is not a high priest who cannot be touched with a feeling of our infirmity, for he was tempted in all points like as we are; and for just this reason, that he could put himself in our place. He was made under the law and under the curse, that he might know the depth to which we had fallen and restore us with his own strong arm.

W. H. W.

ONEIDA CIRCULAR.

TIRZAH C. MILLER, EDITOR.

MONDAY, MAY 26, 1873.

WHAT THE LORD'S PRAYER MEANS.

THE leading petition of the celebrated form of prayer which Christ gave to his disciples, and which is in daily use throughout Christendom, is, "*Thy kingdom come:* THY WILL BE DONE ON EARTH AS IT IS DONE IN HEAVEN." Would it not be well for those who present these sacred words at the throne of grace, to consider how much they mean? It is easy to ascertain from the Scriptures, with indisputable certainty, how the will of God is done in heaven in respect to several interesting points. Let us see.

1. The will of God, as it is done in heaven, *excludes sin.* "There shall in no wise enter therein anything that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination, or maketh a lie; but they which are written in the Lamb's book of life." (Rev. 21: 27.)

2. The will of God, as it is done in heaven, *abolishes the fashion of the world, including marriage.* "In the resurrection they neither marry nor are given in marriage." (Matt. 22: 30.)

3. The will of God, as it is done in heaven, *abolishes sickness and sorrow.* "There shall be no more sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain." (Rev. 21: 4.)

4. The will of God, as it is done in heaven, *abolishes death.* "Neither can they die any more."—(Luke 20: 36.)

So we might go on to establish by categorical testimony many other excellent features in the economy of heaven. But these are enough for the present. Let all seekers of heaven and users of the Lord's prayer, read the New Testament through, with their eye on the constitution of the celestial kingdom, and extend our inventory at their leisure. The point we are upon, is, that these ascertained facts of the heavenly condition, should be recognized as legitimate objects of prayer in this world, and for this world. If we pray, "*Thy will be done on earth as it is done in heaven,*" we ought not to shrink from filling out that prayer, by asking specifically for whatever we know to be according to the will of God as it is done in heaven. The following, then, would be a proper expansion of the first part of the Lord's prayer:—

Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name: thy kingdom come: thy will be done on earth as it is done in heaven: *and by this we mean,* let sin be entirely abolished; let the fashion of the world, including marriage, pass away: let sickness and sorrow come to an end: let death be dethroned and its ravages forever cease. Come Lord, with all thy holy angels, and dwell with men; for thine is the kingdom, the power and the glory, forever and ever. Amen!

N. B.—If we pray for these things, we ought to expect them; and if we expect them, we ought to labor for them; and if we labor for them, we ought to begin by clearing away all doctrines that deny the possibility of them. So mote it be.

TOLERATION IN THE FUTURE.

THE article that we copied not long ago from the *Christian Union*, entitled *Religion in the Future*, contained a paragraph on toleration, the most notable part of which is as follows:

"The religion [of the future] must have the broadest tolerance for sincere opinion. It must place absolutely no limit on the honest search for truth. Thus far, freedom of opinion has been conceded only as a social right, not as a Christian right. Heretical opinion has ceased to bring civil penalties but it still excludes men from the churches. We must go beyond that. The time is coming when it will be recognized that to think with perfect honesty—that is, with perfect freedom—is not only a right, but a Christian duty; that to the truth-seeking spirit belongs the highest moral quality. When that is fully understood, exclusion from the church for opinion's sake will be unknown.

On which *The Graphic* thus commented:

Will the Church of the future, if Christian, be so broad that "exclusion from it for opinion's sake will be unknown." These, certainly, are weighty words, if Mr. Beecher's or another's. "The time is coming," says the writer, "when it will be recognized that to think with perfect honesty—that is, with perfect freedom—is not only a right, but a Christian duty." But how if a person should "honestly" think there is no God—in his review of Buckle, Littre has asserted he knew such people; how if one should assert the mere humanity of Christ in all honesty—Mr. Beecher perhaps knows such persons; and how if one should claim, in all freedom, that immortality was impersonal, would this Christian Church in the future include such persons? Or, if these dissenters did not go so far—if they took a stand as to all the questions similar to Mr. Froude's on immortality, that the doctrine has been very mischievous in the past and should be left in the dust—would this scheme take such persons in? If exclusion from the Church for opinion's sake is to be unknown in the future, the faith of the future will not be Christian, for it will include persons who are not Christians in thought or sentiment, however Christ-like their actions may be. After all, such a liberal millennium seems a chimera. Churches in the future, as in the past, must, under pain of disorganization, exclude those who deny their dogmas; and a church without a dogma would be like a man without bones.

The *Christian Union* rejoined as follows:

The *Graphic* presses to its extreme conclusions our prediction that there will be an end to exclusion from the church for opinion's sake; and challenges an answer. We must not be understood as supposing that a Christian Church in the future will attempt to hold together a discordant jumble of disciples of Christ and of Belial; of men of convictions and of no convictions. We take it for granted, that men whose faith lies far outside of Christianity will seek no admission to a Christian Church. The Church is a body of men seeking by co-operation to reach that life and character which was set forth by Jesus. It would be absurd to suppose that any others would wish to join such a society.

Now for the *Graphic's* questions. "How if a person should honestly think there is no God?" *He* will not be excluded—for he will never wish to join. It is an absurdity in terms, that one who disbelieves in God should wish to unite with others to serve and love God. Such a question could never arise but for the lurking presence of the old idea, that if you leave a man outside of the church you leave him to perish eternally. We utterly disclaim any such idea as that.

"How if one should claim that immortality was impersonal?" He could certainly associate kindly with Christians; but any union implying affinity would be as impossible to the applicant as to the church. Is a concert not free, because deaf men are unable to partake? Is a scientific circle not catholic, because blind men could not be microscopists? What has a believer in substantial personal annihilation to do with a company whose very life is inspired by a belief in personal immortality?

"How if one should assert, in all honesty, the mere humanity of Christ?" If one who disbelieves the divinity of Christ prefers the company of those who heartily and adoringly believe that the Son "counted it not robbery to be equal with God," why should he not consort with them? Is not the desire to do so an evidence that his dissent is rather technical and verbal, and that at heart he trusts the Saviour as they do who avow his divinity?

We never knew a primary school where children were refused admittance for being ignorant, if they were willing to learn. We never knew a hospital that rejected patients because they were sick. And some one will see the day—though we may not—when the Christian Church will not turn away men who seek the warmth and light of Christian fellowship, because they are ignorant or mistaken.

"Churches," says the *Graphic*, "must, under pain of disorganization, exclude those who deny their dogmas." If the life of the organization is philosophic dogma—yes. But if the dogmas are those which have their whole value in the *life which they produce*, may not the life be taken instead of the dogma? "By their fruits ye shall know them." "If any man will *do the will* of my Father." "If ye love me." "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me." The Church is not a society to transmit sacred formulas. It is not a select company of the wise and perfect. It is the association of those who are trying to live the life that Christ did, a life of disinterested love. He welcomed into his company whoever was ready to follow. He received men gladly, not as they were perfect, but as they were full of defect, and needed him. If we are his followers, we should receive men unto our number in the same way,—on condition only that they seek the Divine love which we are trying to reach and to express; on the very ground that they need our fellowship and ask it.

If we may presume to offer a small contribution to this discussion we would say, that even if Atheists or other unbelievers should by their own choice or by force of circumstances be connected with societies of Christians, the *Church of the Future will be so strong in faith that it will not need to expel them.* Conscious of the prepotency of its life, it will be well able to apply to such connections the rule which Paul gave for marriage:

"If any brother hath a wife that believeth not, and she be pleased to dwell with him, let him not put her away. And the woman which hath an husband that believeth not, and if he be pleased to dwell with her, let her not leave him. For the unbelieving husband is sanctified by the wife, and the unbelieving wife is sanctified by the husband: else were your children unclean: but now are they holy. But if the unbelieving depart, let him depart. A brother or a sister is not under bondage in such cases; but God has called us to peace. For what knowest thou, O wife, whether thou shalt save thy husband? or how knowest thou, O man, whether thou shalt save thy wife?"

It may be noted in this connection that there actually were Positivists in the bosom of the Primitive Church. The most famous chapter in all Paul's writings—the 15th, of 1 Corinthians—was specially addressed to persons of that persuasion within the Corinthian church. For proof of this read the following passages interspersed in that chapter:

"If Christ be preached that he rose from the dead, how say some among you that there is no resurrection of the dead. * * If in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men the most miserable. * * If I have fought with beasts at Ephesus, what advantageth it me, if the dead rise not? let us eat and drink; for to morrow we die. * * * Awake to righteousness, and sin not; for some have not the knowledge of God. I speak this to your shame."

These passages all plainly imply, and some of them explicitly say, that there were members in the Corinthian church who did not believe in any resurrection, but held that this life is all man has to hope for. This, we take it, is substantial Positivism. But we do not find Paul ordering these men out of the church. On the contrary he labored pa-

tiently and skillfully to wake them from their sensual dream and make true Christians of them.

J. H. N.

The *Graphic* says, "The fact is we have fallen upon evil times and the public conscience is dead." Why not? These are the times of Positivism, when there is an almost irresistible persuasion sweeping over the land that there is no God, no immortality, no accountability. What occasion is there for conscience, public or private? "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die." This is all the morality there is room for in such an epidemic; unless it be the higher morality of suicide, which indeed is becoming fashionable. That improves the Epicurean motto thus: "Eating and drinking don't pay; let us not wait for to-morrow, but die to-day."

A WOMAN'S PROPHECY.

A widow, writing for the *Graphic* about her wrongs, concludes with the following burst of eloquent good sense:

"A change must eventually come, otherwise women will be completely crushed. The separation and warfare between men and women must come to an end. All the mere expedients of woman's voting, or her having free access to the professions and general business, will not make matters much better. God made men and women to love one another. Marriage of some kind, of a permanent and pure character, must be held between man and woman. If monogamic marriage is fraught with suffering and misery in most cases, and is becoming unpopular with the wise ones, then some other kind of permanent union between the sexes must come in vogue. I know Christ said: 'The children of this world (age) marry and are given in marriage, but they that shall be accounted worthy of the resurrection and the life (age) to come, neither marry nor are given in marriage, but are equal unto the angels.' But as he told his disciples to pray that the kingdom of God might come on earth, it is evident that sex will not be obliterated. The times indicate that a sweeping and radical social revolution is at our doors, in which the relations between men and women will be rectified, the quarrel between them ended, and a true and lasting peace and union established for which I believe all in heaven and the course of events on earth are working. Let my sisters drop all mere patch-work reform, and all exclusive selfish aims manward, and study woman's practical redemption *here*. And then will sound the tocsin for the destruction of man's selfishness towards women, which destruction will inure to his real integral enfranchisement and elevation to his true position toward woman, who was made his companion, and to look up to him in love and trust. BLANCHE."

COMMUNITY JOURNAL.

ONEIDA.

—D. E. Smith and T. R. Noyes have just put up a photographic gallery in connection with the Laboratory at the Seminary, and will soon be ready to take pictures for the Community.

—H. J. S. who has a passion for the nut-bearing trees, has just planted one of our sandy knolls with the sweet or American chestnut. This nut-orchard covers between two and three acres and has some two hundred and fifty trees, some of which will be thinned out before they all come to full growth.

—Miss Ann who has lately come from Wallingford, hands us a jolly sad note from one of the girls there:

"I felt rather bad and lonely after you and the little boy had really gone, but tried to make the best of it and "think on my marcies." On getting home from the Station I found that F—— had been indulging in a few tears and was feeling rather blue. I was myself inclined that way, and I fear that we were not a very lively pair. But we soon had a hearty laugh over Wilfred. Harriet Mallory was sitting there with us when he came into the room holding a letter in his hand, with the most doleful expression on his face. "What's in that letter?" Harriet asked. "What's the matter?" "O bad news! bad news!!" says Wilfred with a burst of tears. Harriet on reading the note found it was from one of his mates at Oneida and that it conveyed the sad news that Mr. Clarke had killed one of the hens which Wilfred had left behind him. We tried to console him, and finally got to laughing ourselves."

We may add for the comfort of Wilfred that his hen has not been killed at all. Mr. Clarke sold all the others but kept that one to raise some chickens from.

—The following interesting experience may help some one as much as it did the writer:

"Women," said a friend to me one day, "expect to get what they want by fretting if they cannot get it in any other way. Let me advise you to try the experiment of winning over your friends to your way of thinking by keeping a soft heart, and then every one will feel it a pleasure to try to please you." I had to confess there was truth in his assertion at least in my own case and resolved to take his advice. I soon had a chance to put my resolution to the test. I made an appointment with a friend who promised to meet me at a certain place promptly at the time set. The time came but my friend did not appear. The temptation to get out of patience was pretty strong, but remembering the advice I had received I sat down and waited. While waiting it occurred to me that praying was better than fretting, so closing my eyes to all outward things I soon forgot everything else in a whole-hearted communion with God. It was half an hour before my friend came, but it was a precious time to me. Had I spent that time in fretting I should have met her perhaps with a clouded face and sharp words, but instead of this I accepted her apology in the spirit that that silent prayer had given me. This was the beginning of a new experience. Many are the hours made up of odd minutes that I have spent in prayer since then, and the effect on my character and health has more than repaid me. S.

—"Shall John and Katie Hutchinson spend Sunday with you?" said a telegram Saturday afternoon. "Yes," was the prompt response, and at nine o'clock our expected guests were with us receiving congratulations and words of welcome on every side. It was like a reünion of old friends. Mr. Hutchinson is an enthusiast for Communism and though not much acquainted with the fundamental principles upon which our Community is founded, always expresses great interest in our movement. He related briefly some events of his life, which have undoubtedly given a tone to his whole subsequent career as a singer. There were originally sixteen of the Hutchinson brothers and sisters, thirteen of whom at one time gave concerts together. They all lived on a farm in the "Old Granite State." Their father in dividing the property said to the seven youngest, "Be singers and single" and gave them the old homestead. The idea came to John, Judson and Asa, of forming a Community of the Hutchinson family, somewhat after the pattern of Brook Farm. This they carried out, and soon were joined by others of the brothers and sisters, until there were seven or eight of them committed to the plan. The lands were held in common, and the profits accruing from the concerts were shared equally by all. For three years they worked together in harmony, and as Mr. H. expressed it, it was "beautiful—charming—all the care and anxiety of account-keeping between them done away, and each working for the general interest." This, he averred, was the secret of the great charm and magnetic power that characterized their concerts. They were wonderfully successful financially, and there is no reason why they should not have continued so if they had held to their Communism. But alas! there came a change. One brother took him a wife. Then another. Then a sister brought her husband into the circle. This occasioned a slight jar, but still they continued holding their property together. At length two of the brothers sickened and died. Matters began to get confused. At this time two older brothers who had never been very cordial toward the Communistic attempts, thrust in cold, unsympathetic words, together with worldly advice, and gradually the little band drifted back into the old-fashioned way of living. "But never from that day, now thirty years," said Mr. H. with much feeling, "have I ceased giving my voice in favor of Communism—for I believe it is the *true way for men to live*."

—"Surely, Apollo is bountiful," we thought the next morning, as two carriage-loads of people were set down at the front door, and we recognized our neighbor Bailey with his wife and son, and learned that they had with them a number of persons who were musical geniuses like themselves. Mr. Bailey, we should explain, is a colored music-teacher, his wife a quadroon and a guitarist, the son a pianist. The people with him were his guests, some of whom were colored; all were musically inclined, and there seemed to be a feeling of perfect equality among them. Prof. Gilbert a tall, broad-chested, broad-faced, good-natured, middle-aged colored man, had a deep baritone voice; and his wife a well-proportioned, graceful, queenly octoroon, had a pleasing mezzo-soprano voice. The rest of the party were white. Mr. Bailey had kindly invited them to ride over and favor us with their music. Arrangements were made for a concert, and at 4 o'clock we assembled in the Hall and listened to some very pleasing instrumentation, and several songs, under the superintendence of Mr. Bailey, who introduced the entertainment with a few appropriate remarks. The opening piece was a duett from Norma, by Mr. Bailey and son on the piano and violin, followed by nine other pieces, vocal and instrumental. Prof. Gilbert and wife sang two duetts, one of which was very amusing, entitled, "Mr. and Mrs. Snipps," and Miss Ida, their daughter, only eleven years old, played a solo on the piano, and sang a little ballad. Mr. Charles Bailey, the son, who played the accompaniments and executed a solo in masterly style on the piano, possesses three important requisites for a pianist, viz., a musical temperament, and strength and flexibility of hand; and with more feeling and tenderness of expression added to these, will make, we opine, an artist of no inferior rank. One of the most pleasing features of this entertainment was the solo playing of Prof. Wilimek a member of Conrad's Sextette Club, on that unique, but sweetest and most touching of instruments, the zithern. The zithern was first made in Bavaria, a hundred years ago, but it is only within the last forty years that it has reached its present completeness. It is a popular instrument in Russia, and is beginning to be well known in this country. It combines the pizzicato effect of the harp and guitar, with the singing tones of the violin. Prof. Wilimek, a real artist and a German by birth, displayed great taste and musical sensibility in his execution of the slide and tremulo; and his rendering of "Sweet Home" on the harmonics, commanded an attentive and almost breathless audience. Prof. Wilimek at the request of his friends gave us "The Carnival of Venice" with variations, played on a *lead pencil* held loosely in the left hand

between the teeth, and thrummed with the fingers of the right, while the tones were guided by the action of the breath over the teeth, and the vibration of the pencil between them. The intonation was excellent and very curious. The entertainment closed with an instrumental quartette, by the violin, piano, flute and zithern. Could it be possible an hour and a half had slipped away so soon? The time seemed very short as it always does when people are agreeably entertained. The affair was managed with a great deal of tact by Mr. Bailey, who seemed to take as much pleasure in giving us music, as we did in listening to it.

—But where were our guests the Hutchinsons? They were present and enjoyed the performance as well as any of us. In the evening when the family came together at eight o'clock, the seats were all facing the stage again, and soon Mr. Hutchinson and his niece Katie began their songs. It seemed as if they never had sung so sweetly as now, and we realized that their singing interprets music for the heart as no other singing we have heard. It was soothing to hear the perfect harmony of their voices. Mr. Hutchinson is a complete actor, and he sang one or two comic songs in the most inimitable style. To finish he invited our choir to join in the chorus of "Steal Away to Jesus," while Miss Katie in her pure soprano voice sang the solos. At the close of the meeting the following remarks were made by one on behalf of the family: "I am sure I express the feelings of all present when I say that we are very thankful not only to the friends who have so pleasantly entertained us this evening, but to the kind Providence that brought them here. That Providence has given us many entertainments in the past, but none more acceptable than this."

WALLINGFORD.

—One of the students tells the following story which is going the rounds of the medical folk. A man was brought into one of hospitals at New Haven to have an operation performed on his leg. He was soon under the influence of chloroform. The bone was diseased and as the operation progressed the surgeon took a mallet and chisel and commenced tapping on the bone, "Come in," called out the man, thinking from his dreamland that some one was "rapping, gently tapping" at his door.

May 18th.—Mr. Burt has been indefatigable in his efforts to secure us a fine croquet ground. The site chosen for it is just behind the old printing-office. The fence is set further up on the hill-side and widens our extent of lawn considerably. Several days were spent in grading and in making a wide terrace of an elliptical form. All around the west side is a bank nicely sodded, and on the east a slope also covered with sod. Last night a shower came up as Mr. Burt was engaged in tamping down the ground, but nothing daunted he procured an umbrella and went on with his work. This morning he called for a bee to clear away the stones and rubbish and give the finishing touches to the ground. This call was well responded to, and in an hour or two we looked with much complacency on what we unhesitatingly pronounced the finest croquet ground in the State. It is almost circled with shade trees, and comfortable seats have been prepared for lookers-on. The arches were set and the first game was played by Mother Noyes, Carrie A., Mr. Burt and Lorenzo, and the second by Mr. Hamilton, Charlotte and the little boys, followed by many others in the course of the day.—An edifying meeting this evening. Mr. H. talked about our responsibilities as members of a great household bearing each others burdens and feeling individually responsible to do all we can to make an attractive happy home.

The water-wheel has given considerable trouble for some days, running both night and day as for some cause the gate could not be shut down. The matter was investigated by John Freeman, Mr. Thayer and Mr. Burt and the cause discovered. An oak stick six inches long and of proportional width had got into the wheel through the flume and made much mischief. Ten of the buckets were cracked in the middle and one was broken entirely, and the wheel so sprung as to prevent the gate from shutting down. They have worked at repairing it Sunday, but probably silk and printing will have to wait for a day or two at least. The stick could not have got in through the rack, but through a crack by the stem of the head-gates, and we conjecture that it must have been dropped in by some mischievous urchin.

THE DUST OF TRAVEL.

XII.

Columbus, O., May 12, 1873.

DEAR CIRCULAR:—I have been down into picturesque Southern Ohio; almost down to the point where it is thrust in between Virginia and Kentucky as if to look into the mouth of the Big Sandy when it comes down on the line between those two States. Leaving Portsmouth on the Ohio yesterday morning I rode nearly all day among the hills which stand like a thousand up-turned kettles, and came at last to Lancaster, some thirty miles south of this, where the hills melt away and you enter on the great plains which surround Columbus and, so far as I know, stretch northward to the great lakes and up into Michigan—westward through the heavy timber-lands of Indiana and across the prairies of Illinois—across the Mississippi and onward further west than I have ever been. To give you the true feeling of my jaunt my sentences ought to go winding along with a sort of sleepy rhythm, while my words crunch, and grind and jolt under a burden of pleasant things, but getting more in earnest after awhile they begin to z-i-p and go straight to their mark.

The hills are nowhere of any great hight after you get back from the Ohio. In their tops are immense layers of sandstone which crop out in ten thousand cliffs, and give the country a gentle ruggedness that will only improve with time and cultivation. And these hills are made still more piquant by having here and there a patch of lean yellow pines. On the way from Portsmouth to Athens one sees a good many indications of iron-mining and in the Hocking valley as you come from Athens toward Lancaster there are all the signs of a great coal business.

The spring is very late in southern Ohio. The rains have left a world of dirty water in all the low-lands; and though the grass looks finely and the apple trees are out of bloom and the quince trees just in prime, there has been but little plowing done, and it looks as if there would not be any more for weeks to come. In fact I saw more men a fishing than farming. But whether folks were fishing or plowing the time was spring to me and made pleasant by many new aspects of nature. The buckeye was in bloom, a tree I had never seen in that state and so was the red-bud or Judas tree, as it is strangely called. This I had never seen before. Its flowers come out before the leaves and cluster among the branches in little rosettes. They strike you like the sight of peach blossoms.

And while I am telling you of my route from Portsmouth hither, I may as well tell you how I got from Cincinnati. It was by the "Ohio, No 8," a freight and passenger boat on the Pomeroy and Cincinnati line.

Going down to the foot of Main street about five in the evening I found the "Ohio" with her head up stream and her left shoulder touching the shore. Indeed, everything in that region seemed to have its corners toward the corner of every other object. That way seemed to be the style of things on the river. A gang of colored boatmen were bringing on freight in a sort of pic-nic fashion, as if the work was doing for the first time and was never going to be done again. Things were not done on the square, they were done cornerways. Well, I suppose our Western streams don't admit of docks and river-walls, such as one sees on the St. Lawrence at Montreal.

It was a moment of gentle excitement when our boat dropped out from among the crowd of steamers. All of those on board look ashore; and all those on shore pause a moment to look at us. As soon as we are well out in the stream every one of the passengers, as if by a grand sympathetic movement, turns away from the shore and gives his feeling to the boat as if to his home It is an electrical movement, and one that makes you tingle with feeling.

We leave the Suspension Bridge behind, looking like a great spider's web. The American ensign floats over the delicate green turf at the Newport Barracks We go under the frail looking railway-bridge and then straighten up our flag-staff and smoke-stacks. On our left is Mount Adams with a church near its top, which seems to be a part of the hill itself it is so well put. The Mitchell Observatoy on the very summit has been turned into a Catholic house of some kind, and a cross stands in place of the old telescope. Science you see has had to give in to smoke and religion. Just at dark the boat puts in toward what seems an inaccessible clay bank and takes on a family with a few bundles of household stuff and furniture. The family institution seemed pretty small just then.

And now when there is nothing more to be seen, I begin to think of the boat itself. To get a good idea of a Western river-boat suppose you take a long shallow bread-tray and lay a pie-crust board on top of it, letting the edges of the board extend considerably beyond the sides of the tray. In the center of this board you set up your boilers and engines, and then with a kind of South-western frankness, we will say, let them be all open to view just as some folks have all their fires of passion and appetite. Fill up the remaining space with merchandise and give the whole the smell of a machine-shop, a horse-stable and a big grocery store. Above all this have a flat-roofed shed resting on pillars. On this roof put a long narrow cabin with state-rooms on either hand, and with a piano at one end and a captain's office at the other. Above this cabin set another, but make it shorter and narrower. This will do for the boatmen. And on the top of this last cabin set up a pilot-house. This done and you have a sort of irregular pyramid or pagoda, from the different parts of which shoot up smoke-stacks, steam-pipes, stove-funnels, flag-staffs and lantern-poles. You may have side-wheels, or stern-wheels as you like.

There is something in the atmosphere of these Western boats which puts you on the hunt to make it out as if trying to read character. Maybe it is a wild spirit of dissipation, but I will not say, for every one is sedate enough and some are languid for all I know.

One might think that steamboating would take all the hurry out of a man. It don't, though. Kept back by a fog in the night we had all the next day to look at the hills. It is a hill on the Kentucky side and a piece of fine alluvium on the other; then it is hill on the Ohio side and a stretch of rich bottoms on the Kentucky bank And yet we don't tire, for we realize more than ever, that we are on a beautiful, beautiful river. We soon left the villas and cottages of the city. Their places on the hill-tops and in the niches opening into the great valley are now filled with farm-

houses and barns. There was an old log-cabin in one place looking quaint enough on the summit of a hill. The beech-trees in their delicate pea-green. and the buckeyes in their darker verdure stand at the foot of the rich slopes, while the steeper hill-sides are colored with the pale green oaks. The river everywhere gives signs of having been a narrower stream, but these encroachments of the water have been checked in some places by extensive plantings of willow. After a while we get beyond the rich limestone hills such as you see at Cincinnati. Sandstone makes it appearance, pine trees find a footing on the crests of the hills, high cliffs show themselves everywhere and the whole landscape begins to bristle and look hungry.

The flowering dogwood was also coming into bloom, and in one place it whitened the distant hills like ragged patches of old snow.

But our life on the "Ohio, No. 8" was not wholly spent in noting the advent of spring. There was activity on board. Just before meal-time the table-waiters would gather inside of a doorway which led from the cabin to some crypt in the boat. At the sound of a whistle they rushed in and with a whisk and a jerk the round tables which stretched down the boat were turned into a long line of oval ones and set with dishes in less time than it has taken to make this sentence. At another signal we all sit down. The waiters dash in loaded with a variety of dishes, and every one of the passengers has his meat set before him as if he were one of a great number of children. The eating begins and the band strikes up, playing that sharp, twanging kind of music which prickles on the ear like mustard on the tongue, and goes through the din like a needle through a piece of cloth. Before one has time to fairly consider whether his meat be tough or tender, large numbers have finished eating and jumped up from the table. Dickens, I think, must have gotten his ideas of American haste in eating, from seeing us on board of Western steamers.

Perhaps the more notable sights along the river to a northern man were the flocks of great lumpish turkey-buzzards, with their dirty white wings, looking as if they didn't care much whether they succeeded in lighting on a tree or in tumbling to the ground; then there were the gangs of negro boatmen and their wild river-ways, trying, it seemed to me, to get a little time and tune into everything they did. Add to these a few dark Kentuckians in wide-brimmed hats. As for your snug business man and bag-men you know they are everywhere.

Before leaving Cincinnati I attended the May Festival which the musicians of that city have been holding at Exposition Hall under the direction of Theodore Thomas. There were something more than a hundred instruments in the orchestra, and room for eight or nine hundred singers in the chorus. Thomas is reported to have spoken very highly of the style in which the musicians did their work at rehearsal. The afternoon was wet when I attended, and not more than half of the singers were present. The best effect of the opening pieces were, in a great measure, lost in the noise of the rain which poured on the roof, but when Mrs. Smith came to sing [Aria—Prayer and Barcarolle—L' Etoile du Nord, by Meyerbeer], the conditions were all right, and she had no difficulty in mastering her audience. 'Twas a sight for contemplation. A young woman in the prime of life and power to love, standing alone on the outer verge of the stage, a great orchestra following her and supporting her, now delicately and now strongly. A great throng of men and women looking up to her from the floor below, and down on her from the galleries above, one half of whom are ready to sympathize with her because she belongs to their sex and party, and the other half just as ready to sympathize with her for the very opposite reason, that she does not belong to their sex and party. She sings, and they are all still. She stops singing, and that great crowd storms and rages like some half-fed thing that wants to fall on its keeper. When the Chorus came to sing Mozart's "Ave Verum" I was not prepared for the effect. I did not even know what it was all about, but I felt that it was something about the goodness of God. I know it brought tears into my eyes, as if God had drawn near to us and shown some great mercy. It stirred the audience profoundly. I did not think until it was over that Mozart wrote it in a gush of thanksgiving for health and new life. Perhaps the next best thing—if I may judge from the applause—was Strauss' "On the Beautiful Blue Danube," a waltz by the orchestra. The violins seemed to whisper like zephyrs; the oboes sobbed; the flutes were as the notes of thrushes and wood-robins; the kettle-drums and cymbals near the roof, crashed in like thunder in the sky, while the great double-basses caught up the sound and rolled it about among themselves like the echoes of thunders trundling off among the craggy hills; and through all and over all the piccolo "piped and whistled," its notes going up and up in ziz-zag flashes as if it were a kind of musical lightning.

A. B.

A PLEA FOR SENSE.

Violet Lane, May 18, 1873.

DEAR CIRCULAR:—I know that your people are engaged in stirpiculture and I see from occasional allusions in the "Community Journal" that you have babies of all ages among you. Now from all that I can learn by reading your CIRCULAR and by listening to the accounts of people who have visited you, I am convinced that you are at least a sensible people, and therefore I make bold to address you upon a subject which has of late occupied my attention.

I am the only daughter of my father by his first wife who died when I was too young to remember her, but was, I have been told, a woman possessed of an extraordinary amount of common sense and many virtues. My father was so grieved by his loss that he did not again marry until about two years ago on my nineteenth birthday. As a natural consequence, perhaps, there is a baby in the house, and that you will soon see is the cause of my cogitations.

My little brother has just reached the prime of babyhood—eight months. He has four white teeth, he creeps, he crows, he laughs, he holds out his hands to be taken, and he does all the cunning things which babies, I suppose, have done since Eve sorrowfully fondled Cain and Abel in the wilderness beyond the garden of Eden. Grandpa and grandma and all the aunts and uncles say that there never was such a baby. Though I don't consider myself a judge, I must say that I think he is a very fine specimen of the *genus homo*, and for that reason as well as several others, I am about to appeal to you in his behalf.

Mother, who is but a few years older than I am, is of course unable to take care of the baby alone, and so, in addition to the other servants, we employ a nurse—a sturdy Welsh-woman whose general make-up is strongly suggestive of Tilly Slowboys, though she shows some more discretion in steering clear of projecting furniture as she navigates the house, baby in arms, and is more of a character in her way. I wish Dickens could have seen her. Had he done so her fame would certainly have passed down to posterity among the immortal galaxy of oddities which his marvelous pen has left the world.

Notwithstanding her eccentricities Nurse is one of the best hearted creatures in the world, and takes the nicest care of the baby. But there seem to be some strange contradictions in her character, and now I come to the point to which all the preceding has been preamble. Her usual mode of speech is slow and measured, and she delights in intoning the chants of the Episcopal service with an air of deep solemnity; but you should hear her talk to the baby! Dominie Sampson's hair would stand on end and he would murmur "Prodigious!" with greater unction than he was wont to do in Colonel Mannering's library, were he so unfortunate as to be within hearing. The other day the baby fell over a stool and bumped his head. Nurse caught him up quickly pouring forth a volley of such stuff as this:

"O, my poor 'ittle darlin'! Did 'im fall over ee ole naussy tool? So' im did. Bad ole tool, wasn't it? Nursy tiss him, make it all well? So ee will. [Renewed shrieks from baby.] Poor 'ittle sing! Wot sall ee do! Do 'im won to see ee horsey? So he sall, bless it tunning dearie! He's auntie's sweetins duckins, so he was! Bressens 'ittle honey;" and so on for fifteen minutes.

Now, Miss Editor, why in the name of all that is reasonable, should babies be addressed in such gibberish as that? What is the mortal use of "baby-talk," as it is called? It seems to me that we have not such a surplus of sense in the world that we can afford to bring up our children on nonsense. I would not by any means have them spoken to in the style which I once heard used by a pedantic young mother when her infant of fourteen months declined having his face washed: "Are you aware, my son, that your behavior in thus evading the aquatic ordeal conflicts with all laws of reason and nicety?" No, affectation is as bad as nonsense. But wouldn't it have a good moral effect to treat infants from the beginning like rational beings and expect that they will comprehend simple, correctly spoken words as quickly as meaningless twaddle?

Yours for ungarbled English,

ZAIRE.

[Our correspondent's letter is quite appropos; for only last Sunday at one of our committees, a member was criticised for too great proneness to baby-talk. The broken prattle of the infant tongue is sweet to every parent's ear; but the mutilated counterfeit practiced by nurses is at least, it seems to us, in very bad taste. The almost inexpugnable habit which small children have of ending their nouns in *ey* as *horsey*, *cartey*, *doggey*, and the like would doubtless be much sooner dropped if nurses took more care to speak them in simple, sensible English. ED. CIR.]

A HEROIC MAN.

The wreck of the Atlantic will long be remembered as one of the most terrible of ocean disasters. But as a bright gleam of sunshine is sometimes thrown athwart a black and storm-lashed sky, so across the gloom of this ghastly shipwreck shines the bright light of a bravest of brave deeds. This was the rescue of Chief Officer Firth, by Mr. Ancient, the English clergyman and missionary at Terrance Bay. A newspaper correspondent thus describes him and what he did:

I found him at his home near the plain little chapel on the hill. He was a man about thirty-six years of age, an Englishmen by birth, six feet in hight, and strongly built. He has a genial face, a bright eye, a clear head and a warm heart. He speaks fluently, but is so unpretending that his noble action speaks more loudly than his own modest words. Since the wreck he has been busy burying the dead, performing his duty as a minister, and seeing that everything is done decently and in order.

Mr. Ancient's account of the part he played in the fearful tragedy was vivid and interesting. When he reached the wreck, which took place about two miles from his house, most of the saved had been landed. He sought to find them shelter, till his

attention was attracted by the man and the woman in the rigging and a boy on the wreck. He went to Mr. Ryan, the magistrate, and said, "The water is smooth enough; you can get along-side in a boat." They were then hauling the boats on the shore. "But you cannot get at them when you get out there," said Mr. Ryan. "Give me a boat and some men; put me on board and I will get them." A boat was manned, but when they neared the ship the men would not put him on board. They loved their pastor, and thought it certain death to put him on the vessel. Mr. Ancient entreated them. "John," he said to the most solicitous of the crew, "if I am doomed I won't hold you responsible. Put me on board." While they were backing and filling the boy fell off. They picked him up, wrapped a coat around him, and landed him.

Finally the men agreed to put Mr. Ancient on board. The ship's side was then at an angle of fifty degrees, and the fishermen have not yet got over their admiration for their pastor's skill in climbing it, and in running the rail he found a piece of one of the braces in the main rigging, made one end fast and carried the other along with him. When he reached the outer davit he shouted to the man in the rigging, "You are an officer, are you not?" "Yes" was the reply. "Then you know how to make a bowline?" "Yes, sir." Mr. Ancient then threw him an end of the rope, first taking a turn around the davit. "Now put confidence in me and move when I tell you." Mr. Firth followed his directions, and the minister led him along by the rope, taking in the slack as he went. Whenever he slipped the turn around the davit and the strong arm of his rescuer held him. A great sea swept over and washed the officer off. "Oh, Lord," he cried out, "I have broken my shins."—"Never mind your shins, man! it is your life we are after." Finally he got him to the main rigging and to the vessel's side and let him into the boat by a rope, and the man was saved.

Mr. Ancient was formerly a Scripture reader in the British navy, but has been at Prospect for six years. He passed his examination and has taken orders, determined to become a fisher of men. He is a man thoroughly in earnest, but not so serious that he could not laugh heartily when he spoke of officer Firth's solicitude for his shins.

THE NEWS.

The Khivan Khan,
Unfortunate man,
Has been captured of late
By the Russian van.

Henry Ward Beecher, say the papers, is about to visit California.

George Eliot got forty thousand dollars for writing Middlemarch—a great march toward fortune.

Nasby has left his former residence, "Confederit X roads"—which is Toledo, and gone to live in New-York.

Teheran, the capital of Persia, has a population of 130,000. A mission station is about to be established there by the Presbyterian Board.

The New York Senate has passed a bill imposing a tax of $5 on all dogs except rat terriers and poodles, which go free. Now let every dog not worth $5 be killed, in which case those left would be few and far between.

The report of the murder of Sir Samuel Baker while on his expedition up the Nile, was unfounded. Dispatches have been received from him, at London, dated March 15th, stating that himself and Lady Baker were in good health, and reinforcements had reached him. He was on the White Nile.

Prof. Young of Dartmouth College has an electric battery of thirty-six cells which was once owned by Dr. Franklin. It was brought to this Country by Dr. Priestley, and owned successively by Franklin, Dr. Prince of Salem, Mass., and Prof. Young's grandfather.

Congressman Platt, of the Fortress Monroe district, Virginia, has appointed as Cadet to West Point Military Academy, a young mulatto, born a slave. Messrs. Cain and Ransier two of the colored Congressmen from South Carolina, have nominated two white youths who excelled in competitive examinations, to West Point. Mr. Cain has also nominated a colored youth, who stood a similar test to a naval cadetship.

Gerrit Smith says in a recent published letter: "If we look through history we shall learn that all the widest and grandest upward steps of mankind have been taken in defiant opposition to what had hitherto been accepted as law."

It is now said that the nineteen survivors of the Polaris expedition who were discovered on the ice and rescued, have the prevailing impression that Capt. Buddington willfully abandoned them. They also believe that Capt. Hall was poisoned.

The British Government seems to be in earnest in the matter of putting down the Zanzibar slave trade. Since the return of Sir Bartle Frere from his unsuccessful mission to the Sultan of Zanzibar, Admiral Cumming, commanding in the Indian Waters, has been ordered to proceed to Zanzibar with all his available naval forces and there await orders from the home Government. The time has come to down with the slave dhows.

A VERNAL FACT.

Janette and I sat under a tree
A-laughing and talking merrily;
It happened so—
Girls will, you know.

"Ah! who is coming down the road
In such a happy, leisurely mood?
Who can it be?
Do look and see."

We looked and saw a man and maid
Ride up the hill from the grassy glade;
We did, we did,
We surely did.

They thought themselves alone, you know,
And never dreamed we sat below—
Ha! ha! they didn't!
They really didn't!

We saw the knightly head bend down
And lightly touch the curls of brown—
But that's not all!
O no! not all!

And what was done we saw full well;
But do you think we are going to tell?
You do, you do!
I know you do!

A secret we can keep, I ween,
If 'tis two laughing girls between.
We can, we can,
Of course we can!

For 'tis not ev'ry day, sweet Miss,
That one can see a stolen kiss—
O, my! I've told!
I've up and told.

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ADMISSIONS.

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

LEGAL STATUS OF MARRIED WOMEN —PAST AND PRESENT.

III.

THAT there has been no exaggeration in what has been said in reference to the basis of the law of marriage and the manner in which it has been built up, and that the institution itself had a common origin with slavery, is further seen in various incidents of the early status of married women under the branch of the common law relating to torts and crimes. And a consideration of a few of these will further illustrate that "law of nature which gave strength to the man and feebleness and dependence to the woman." But it may be observed first, that the common law allowed the husband to a certain extent to chastise his wife. The anonymous author before quoted has the following passage on the subject:

"Justice Brook, 12 Henry 8, fol. 4, affirmeth that if a man beat an outlaw, a traitor, a pagan, his villein or his wife, it is dispunishable, because by the common law these persons can have no action. God send gentle women better sport or better companie! But it seemeth to be very true that there is some kind of castigation which law permits a husband to use; for if a woman be threatened by her husband to be beaten, mischieved or slain, Fitzherbert sets down a writ which she may sue out of Chancery to compel him to find surety of honest behaviour toward her, and that he shall neither doe nor procure to be done to her (mark I pray you) no bodily damage, otherwise than appertains to the *office of a husband for lawful and reasonable correction*." And Blackstone says that "the husband also, by the old law, might give his wife moderate correction." "But this power of correction," he further says, "was confined within reasonable bounds." And according to some of the old authorities the bounds of reason were not transcended if the husband used a stick "no bigger than his thumb." This of course "accorded with the opinions and habits generally prevailing in the community."

At common law, if a wife murdered her husband her crime was not merely murder, but was of a higher degree, the same as when a villein or slave murdered his master, namely *petit treason*. So Coke says, "Whatever will make a man guilty of murder will make a woman guilty of petit treason, if committed upon her husband." If a husband murdered his wife he was hanged; if a wife murdered her husband she was *drawn* and burned, "and so," says Coke, "is the common practice." To be drawn was to be tied to a horse's tail and thus be dragged on the ground from the place of trial to the place of execution. Even the hurdle was unknown to the earlier common law. The reason for drawing criminals was "their not being worthy any more to tread upon the face of the earth." Blackstone seems to think the burning of women has at least "some countenance in the law of nature." He says, "The practice seems to have been handed down to us from the laws of the ancient Druids, which condemned a woman to be burned for murdering her husband, and it is now the usual punishment for all sorts of treasons committed by those of the female sex." This burning of women was only abolished in the year 1790.

Again, it was the rule laid down by Hale, one of the oldest criminal law writers, that "the law can not take notice of killings which cannot be proved by the prosecution, for the reason that secret things belong to God." Yet there was an exception, and in this case against women, which even Blackstone (who almost uniformly takes the view of an optimist and endeavors to find "some countenance in the law of nature" for the anomalies of English law), says "savors pretty strongly of severity." The exception was, "that if any woman be delivered of a child which if born alive shall be a bastard, and endeavors privately to conceal its death, the woman so offending shall suffer death as in the case of murder, unless she can prove by at least one witness that the child was actually born dead." It would seem from this that there were some secret things pertaining to woman which were not considered as belonging to God in the sense of Hale's expression. But nature gave strength to man, and he could even take God to himself and exclude woman from an equal share when he thought best.

Again, what is called in the ancient law "benefit of clergy" in criminal cases, was another legal rule which discriminated against woman; but which, when established, accorded with the notions and habits generally prevailing in the community, and has been thought by famous law writers to derive its authority from the law of nature. In it the law "shaketh hand" with the Romish Church, if not with "Divinitie." Blackstone says this rule "had its origin from the pious regard paid by Christian princes to the church in its infant state." Under this rule when a clergyman committed any capital offense, he was allowed either before or after conviction to plead the fact of his office, and this entitled him to be discharged from all punishment, so that so far as the law was concerned he might commit as many and as grave offences as lust or passion should prompt. And, as originally none but the clergy could read, and the ability to do so was regarded in those days of ignorance and gross superstition as a mark of great learning, it finally came to pass that this ability was adopted as the criterion for determining who were entitled to the "benefit of clergy," and when one was accused and plead his clergy, he was simply called upon to read in open court as a test. In respect to laymen, however, this difference was made when they plead their clergy, "they were burned with a hot iron on the brawn of the left thumb," before being discharged. Women, however, not being fit to become clergymen, could not be allowed like them to commit crimes with impunity, and so in all capital cases (and these were numerous, for larceny of any sum exceeding twelve pence was punished with death), they were either hanged or burned. And under the operation of this rule it sometimes happened that when a man and woman jointly committed a crime, the man would plead and be allowed the "benefit of clergy" and be discharged; but the woman would be put to death. This legal rule was limited from time to time after the reign of Edward IV., but not wholly abolished till the year 1827. In view of things of this sort, the language of Blackstone, "*so* great a favorite is woman with the laws of England," seems the keenest irony.

As further illustrating the present topic (the basis of English laws), we may refer to certain remedies

afforded by the common law to the husband for injuries done to him in his relation as husband. For example, if a wife was abducted from her husband, whether done by fraud or persuasion, or by open violence (though the law in both cases supposes force and constraint to be used, the wife having no legal power to consent), a remedy was given the husband by what was called a *writ of ravishment*, by which the husband recovered damages for taking her away on the same principle that he might recover damages when another took his beast or any other article of property and converted it to his own use. "The old law was so strict on this point," says Blackstone, "that if one's wife missed her way upon the road it was not lawful for another man to take her into his house, unless she was benighted or in danger of being lost or drowned."

Again, if a man committed adultery with a married woman, or in law-phrase had criminal conversation with her, the common law gave the husband an action of trespass against the adulterer, in which large and exemplary damages were often recovered; and even though the *crim. con.* were procured by the grossest fraud upon, and the seduction of, the wife, the law recognized it only as an injury to the husband.

Again, when a man's wife was assaulted and beaten or otherwise ill-used, though ordinarily he and she might have an action jointly for the trespass upon her person, she could have none alone, no matter how unwilling her husband might be to join her, or how great the indignity or injury; but if the maltreatment was great, so that he was deprived for any time of her company and assistance, the law also gave him an additional action on the case, for the ill-usage *per quod consortium amisit* [by which he lost company or society.] But in neither of these cases was a like remedy or any remedy given to the wife for a similar injury to her. Her husband might be persuaded to abandon her, or be forcibly abducted; or seduced into adulterous alliances with other women, no matter by whom or how; or beaten and injured to maiming, so as to deprive *her* of *consortium* and support; yet she was helpless before the law, and, as it is but too plainly to be seen, for the reason that she had no property in him which the law recognized; while on the other hand it did recognize that he had property in her, injuries to which the law would avenge by giving him compensation in money damages. T.

THREADS FROM MY LIFE-BALL.

VI.

FOR nearly fourteen years we lived in comparative isolation. During this long period we were called to part with my sister with whom we had had so much fellowship in the truth. Her death was such a happy one that I feel inclined to mention a few particulars. She was in such a peaceful, rejoicing state of mind that she was a wonder to the town, and many called to see her, to catch if possible something from her lips. The day before she died she said to me, "I have but little time to stay. You had better take home to-night the *Berean* and papers you loaned me. You can't imagine what a comfort they have been to me or how I have prized them." To a friend who called she said, "There is no death for me—I went through that when I gave up the world." To another she remarked, "I do not see the grave; Christ has made a bridge over that for me." She could wish, she told me, that her family would dispense with mourning and all sorrow on her account. "I hope," said she, "that they will not suffer with the spirit of fear, as they have in the past when death has entered the house. I have been praying earnestly that the peace of God may rest upon the family, and I believe it will." When we left that evening the last look she gave us was one of ineffable happiness, and her last words to us were, "Quietness and peace forever." That night at two o'clock she departed. Her watchers informed me that she slept sweetly till that time, when she awoke and motioned for her husband and family saying, "I am going now; *peace! peace! rivers of peace!*" Before her husband arrived her spirit had fled, and the heavenly smile that lighted up her countenance was indescribable. Her prayer was answered, and her peace left behind in the family. Her husband told me afterward that his feelings were unaccountable. A beautiful, quiet spirit seemed to surround him when he retired at night and at all times. It was something entirely different from anything he had anticipated. It was so with all the family. Her son said to me a few days after the burial, "Aunt E., it is something very strange; I go up into the third story and lodge all alone, and feel so peaceful and quiet that it astonishes me; I have none of those horrid feelings that I formerly had when a death occurred in the family, and I believe mother's prayer has something to do with it, and that she was a true Christian."

The outward form of the new faith, to correspond with its spirit—What was it to be? We did not know. It had not come to us, and yet we had a vague feeling that the germ of the body of the new faith was in Putney, Vt. The *Spiritual Magazine*, published there by Mr. Noyes, came to us with the choicest of spiritual food, and was just adapted to our needs. In this we could see the tender parental care of our heavenly Father. We had little fellowship with the state of things around us, though we had succeeded in living down the evil reports in circulation about us, and were getting a reputation for being truthful, conscientious and benevolent. The neighbors did not lose their confidence in H——, and as he occasionally attended church he was invited to take a Bible-class of young men. We had four children, and, for the lack of something better, they accompanied their father to church. At an early age we endeavored to teach them the truth as we saw it, and as they were receptive to us they imbibed our principles as far as they understood them. As they began to mingle in society we were at a loss how to protect them from the snares of the world. We had already become acquainted with several members of the Putney Community, and were in full sympathy with their views of Pentecostal Communism, and now saw, although but dimly, a resurrection church on earth as a home for ourselves and our children. These thoughts about vital society which we had caught from the writings of Mr. Noyes, were greatly strengthened by the careful study of the New Testament.

In the fall of 1847 we were startled by the news that persecution had risen against the Putney Community and dispersed it suddenly. Involuntarily we exclaimed,

> "Truth crushed to earth shall rise again,
> The eternal years of God are hers."

Some months after the expulsion of the Perfectionists from Putney we heard that they had received an invitation to settle in central New York; and the year following news came that Mr. Noyes and others had established another Community family in Brooklyn. We had been watching the indications of Providence with a desire to visit this Brooklyn family, but our way had been hedged up. It seemed strange that we should be so hindered, but since then the mystery has been explained. At that time the father and sister of H—— were living with us, and both were bitterly opposed to our new faith. Adhering, as they did, with the greatest tenacity to every form and ceremony of their church, any deviation from the path in which they tried to walk was regarded by them as heresy. Of course our freedom was somewhat restricted, though we lived in outward harmony and they never attempted to interfere with our family arrangements; but still we always felt that they were hostile toward our principles and to our friends who called on us. This state of things may have tended to modify our most radical ideas, though we never felt like sacrificing a single truth for the sake of peace.

Our children were now at the age to be sent abroad to schools, and were beginning to be drawn into society, the effects of which were to counteract our home influences, causing us to feel that their real interests were suffering. We longed for some change that would save them from this vortex of ruin. Just at this crisis the way unexpectedly opened for us to visit the Brooklyn family. The aged father of H—— suddenly died, and after his affairs were settled, we saw no obstacle in the way of making our contemplated visit. Accordingly in February, 1851, we visited the Brooklyn Community.

This visit made another great change in our plans and prospects. We had not been there long before we were fully persuaded that the Kingdom of God was indeed set up on earth and that we were standing on holy ground. The spirit of peace, unity, and love, that prevailed in the Brooklyn family, bore an unmistakable testimony to this truth; and after duly weighing the matter we did not hesitate to consecrate ourselves and all our possessions, to the Lord, requesting the Community to dispose of everything as they saw fit. That step, taken twenty-two years ago, we have never had occasion to regret, though we have been through many severe trials. Indeed, there is no one movement in all of my history where I am more sure of God's guidance than in that of identifying myself with the Communistic movement of which J. H. Noyes is the leader.

Before leaving Brooklyn we invited the criticism of the family. It was sincerely given, and we received much benefit. On returning home we felt that we were now moored in the true haven of rest and love, and that our children could receive the education we so much desired for them. That they would follow us, we had no doubt for we trusted in

the promise, "All thy children shall be taught of God," and claimed it as ours. On our return from Brooklyn we set about disposing of our family of boarders and hired help with a view of offering our homestead to the Community. E——, a sister of H——, was still living with us, and as hostile as ever to the new doctrines we had espoused. Still we felt like trusting God to help us out of our difficulties. On our return from Brooklyn she maintained a persevering silence, not deigning to ask a single question in regard to our visit. She was however compelled to hear many inquiries from our children, all of which were answered in a way to prove that we had been profited by our visit, and that we had surrendered every thing unconditionally into the hands of the Community. This was more than E—— could stand. The spirit of sincerity, to which we had given place, was to her like judgment fire, and in a day or two she became entirely disarmed, and acknowledged that we were standing on a plane much above that of the church she had loved so well. In persecuting Mr. Noyes, and his followers, she found that she had been fighting against God, and soon wrote a letter to her minister to that effect. And to her sister, who had been of the same mind with herself, she wrote that the "stone which they had rejected had become the head of the corner."

MY EXPERIENCE IN SCHOOL-TEACHING.

MY parents were poor and could only give their children the advantage of a common school education but they were ambitious to make the most of that. As I always liked my books and my teachers, I often got some special attention for my diligence at school.

At the age of sixteen I thought it time to earn my own livelihood, and wished I were old enough to teach school, but this I dared not dream of doing. Judge then of my surprise when a stranger called at our door to engage me as a teacher of his five children. In a few days I was installed as a member of Mr. Holmes' family, and doing my best to gain the good will of his children, whose ages ranged from five to twelve years. Mr. H. as well as his father, had a good, kind heart, covered up by a somewhat stern exterior. He was particularly exacting of his children, never giving any favors nor stopping long to reason, though I doubt not he loved them well. The children were generally quick and submissive, with the exception of one boy, Darius, who was rather headstrong, and not very earnest in applying himself to study.

The winter soon passed away and I returned home, but only to spend a few weeks, before receiving a second call from Mr. H. who engaged me to teach in his district, which consisted of only three families and twelve pupils. I was glad to renew my acquaintance with his children, to whom I had become quite attached. That summer and the next winter found me in the same employment in the same cozy little district. Every thing passed along smoothly with the exception of an occasional collision with Darius. I felt bound never to give up until he was conquered. One time he told a lie. This was a heinous offense to me and to his rigid father and grandfather, the latter of whom hung about the school-house to satisfy himself that I was sufficiently severe. I punished the boy sincerely until he confessed the truth, reasoning with him meanwhile as best I knew how. His mother and grandmother were the kindest and most tender-hearted women I ever saw, and they suffered keenly on the boy's account, though they never said anything. I feared the boy would retain a lasting dislike to his young teacher; but many years afterward, when I had moved hundreds of miles away and he had assumed all the responsibilities of a man and a parent, my heart was gladdened by receiving a message from him assuring me of his deepest respect, and of his sincere gratitude for the punishment I had given him for lying; as it made an end of that propensity in him and instilled into him a love of truth and righteousness, for which he could not be too thankful.

I now felt that it was time to improve myself, and so I went to school, spring and fall, that I might be prepared to serve in a larger field. I was asked to teach in a district where were two large boys noted for their proficiency in arithmetic. I objected on this account, but the committee said, "Go ahead;" they presumed those boys, or young men as they really were, would find something else they needed to learn. So I accepted the situation, embarrassing as it was, for I was anxious to get a place, and this was near home. I had never been much abroad and was naturally diffident, but the very idea of being schoolma'am made me feel the importance of *assuming* that I was at home under all circumstances. Every week or two would find me in a new boarding-place, a circumstance not at all to my liking, but which had to be borne with a good grace.

The way I got along with my smart arithmeticians was to have them apply themselves closely to first principles, giving a reason for all they knew; and if at any time I was asked to solve a problem beyond my depth, I told them plainly that I did not know how and that I did not pretend to do so. This course seemed to win their respect, and they were the more ready to apply themselves to some other branches in which they were very deficient, but in which I was perfectly at home. So this winter was passed rather pleasantly.

The next summer Mr. Scott, a godly baptist, and an entire stranger to me, came to engage me to teach in his district, for the reason that he had heard that I was religious and prayed in my school. This was true, as I had become a zealous convert in the great revival of 1838–9, and one of the crosses I had borne cheerfully since that time [then 1841] was to open my school with prayer. This sometimes cost me a struggle, as there were often pupils larger than their teacher; but duty to God was not to be set aside for any consideration.

Mr. S. invited me to make my home at his house, where I found his wife a very motherly woman, and his two young daughters winning and affectionate scholars, especially little Emily; while with his oldest daughter A., I formed a very close intimacy, based principally on the fact that we were both young converts, and wanted to remain so—an intimacy which has continued to the present time, and which will probably never grow less.

In the course of the summer there was quite a revival in the neighborhood, and our little school partook largely of its warming influences. The school frequently opened with a prayer-meeting, the little girls and boys joining in all heartiness and simplicity. Well do I remember with what zeal Auria B. and Emily S. poured out their young hearts in prayer at those morning meetings. I do not remember any unpleasant incidents during that season.

In the winter of 1841 I attended a protracted meeting at St. Albans and formed an acquaintance with Miss Cordelia Whittimore, who persuaded her father to have me teach their school the next summer. This was a new era in my experience; going twenty or thirty miles from home, among comparative strangers, to teach a school of some thirty children of all grades and of several different nations: intelligent Americans, smart, though common French, Irish, English and Manx. None of them were more than twelve or thirteen years old. There was one regulation in this district that served to cramp the teacher somewhat, and that was that she should not administer any corporeal punishment but should report misconduct to the committee. The adoption of such a rule worked very badly in one or two cases. Most of the children were good and obedient from attraction, but there was now and then an ugly and ungovernable child that was more than a match for me under that rule. One day I had a collision with an English girl six or eight years old, who threw herself on the floor in a great rage, and I inconsiderately laid hands on her. She came to terms, but I was in perplexity. I went as soon as I could after the close of school and reported myself to the committee. He regretted what I had done but passed the matter over.

There were some very very smart French children. One girl twelve years old, with her two little nephews, came daily, and acted as interpreter for the boys. One day the smaller boy had committed some misdemeanor, and on calling him up his aunt came also. I told her to ask him why he did thus and so, and he replied by very gracefully bidding her to sit down, which she did. I told her to get up and the examination went on. She was evidently accustomed to obey him, though he was much younger than herself.

There were a few children of wealthy parents attended this school, and some of exceedingly poor ones. I heard that one of this latter class was sick, and went with a young lady to call on the boy. The family lived away from the main road in a shanty, in one corner of which was a bed on which the lame father lay, and in another corner was a low cot on which was the poor dying boy. We stayed to watch with him, and never can I forget that night. We had to spread an umbrella over the child to protect him from the rain, and give

him his medicine from a rusty iron spoon. The next day his troubles ended. He was a good and studious boy, and I loved him, but how could we regret his early death? After teaching here four and a half months and forming some close attachments, I returned to my home with a thankful heart. S. B. C.

[To be continued.]

ONEIDA CIRCULAR.

TIRZAH C. MILLER, EDITOR.

MONDAY, JUNE 2, 1873.

THE BIBLE VIEW OF PRAYER.

PAUL gives a definition of true prayer, where he calls it "supplication *in the Spirit.*" (Eph. 6: 18). He assumes that believers have the Spirit of God, and know how to walk in the Spirit, and of course know how to speak as the Spirit gives utterance; and from this point of view his idea of prayer is, that it is speaking to God and making requests of him according to the inward moving and suggestion of his Spirit in their hearts.

This conception of prayer, as an exercise that is actuated and authenticated by the Spirit, is very plainly seen in many other passages of Paul's writings. In the plainest terms he says, in the epistle to the Romans: "The Spirit helpeth our infirmities: for we know not what we should pray for as we ought: *but the Spirit itself maketh intercession for us*, with groanings which cannot be uttered; and he that searcheth the hearts knoweth what is the mind of the Spirit, because he maketh intercession for the saints according to the will of God." (Rom. 8: 26, 27). The intercession here spoken of is clearly the working of the Spirit *in* the believer's heart, causing him to pray with unutterable groanings for that which God chooses to give him. With like import Paul says in another place (Gal. 4: 6), "Because ye are sons *God hath sent forth the Spirit of his Son into your hearts, crying, Abba, Father;*" i. e., enabling and moving them to pray to him, as children to a father.

This prayer-giving function of the Spirit is very distinctly recognized in one of the Old Testament promises concerning the latter-day effusion. In Zechariah 12: 10, it is written, "I will pour upon the house of David and on the inhabitants of Jerusalem *the Spirit of grace and of supplications.*" In Paul's time this promise was being fulfilled: and accordingly we see that "supplication in the Spirit," the "intercession of the Spirit," the presence of the Spirit of the Son" in the heart, "crying Abba, Father," were to him familiar ideas.

With this view of prayer it is easy to understand the scope and truthfulness of all those absolute and unlimited promises of success to prayer which abound in the New Testament. "Ask, and ye shall receive"—"Whatsoever ye ask, believing, it shall be done;" such are the pledges, varied and repeated on almost every page of the Evangelists. To reduce these pledges, so as to make them mean only that God is generally well disposed toward mankind, and will answer their prayers when it is convenient and best that he should, (which is about the amount of meaning generally recognized), is an abuse of language, and really puts an imputation on God's sincerity. But on the other hand, it is impossible to suppose that God is pledged to answer all mere formal requests of selfish men, or any requests over which he has not antecedent control. The idea that true prayer is moved and authorized by the Spirit, precludes both of these difficulties. With this definition of prayer, all mere selfish and formal requests are excluded from an interest in those strong promises; while all real inward yearnings, which come by intercession of the Spirit, and which alone can attain honest faith and so come within the conditions of the promises, are as sure to obtain what they cry for, as the bills that an honest Bank has signed and sent out, are sure to be paid when they come back.

COMMUNITY JOURNAL.

ONEIDA.

—Mr. Sears, who has the management of the Laundry, says they wash 5,400 garments a week.

Sunday, May 25.—The cherry trees are a little past their full bloom. Apple trees are making a fine show of flowers, but these are not fully out.

—A new dam is soon to be built to replace the old one. Those who superintend the job tell us that they have engaged 25,000 feet of lumber, and all the stone, with the promise of having it delivered a few rods from the building-site.

—The last spot of snow disappeared from the west hills on Saturday, the 24th ult. There are three or four deep pockets up there into which the snow gathers in great quantities, and having a northeasterly exposure they generally hold their contents until far into spring.

—A water-cure paper recommends DR. DIET, DR. QUIET, and DR. MERRYMAN as the best physicians. We know that these are better than old DR. DOSEM and his brethren; but we prefer to either sort, as our family physicians, DR. FIRMFAITH, DR. LOVEWELL and DR. ROUTDEVIL.

—Mr. Kelly, our carpenter, reports one new tenement finished and two others building. There is no plastering about this house. The walls are lathed only three feet up, and then the sides of the room and the ceiling are covered with a stout paper-board made for that use. A coat of whitewash overhead, and paper hangings on the wall, finish up the room.

—The new site selected a few weeks since for our home amusements is now in preparation. A croquet ground is already laid out, and we have spent several mornings before breakfast in lively "bees" making fence, leveling etc., etc. The women and children have found something to do. An arbor is to be put up in one corner for a retreat from the sun.

—The pansies are out in all their splendor and as vari-colored as they are numerous. There are the deep purple pansy that looks like richest velvet; the rich maroon pansy, the white pansy, the black, the yellow, the speckled, the streaked, and the queer little pansy that seems to be making up faces at you all the time, and the old-fashioned pansy that grew in your grandmother's front door-yard, all now in bloom and vying with each other in thrift and beauty.

Monday, 26.—The sunshine was streaming in at our windows when we were awakened at 5 o'clock by an unusual clamor of voices and clatter of feet. Stepping into the hall and peering over the balusters, we discovered great excitement below-stairs. The children were all up and scampering about in every direction. Emily, who acted as spokesman for the others, said, "We are all going to Joppa to pick winter-green berries, and will start at half-past seven in the omnibus—all except Virginia. Walter, Deming and me—we are going with Miss Constance on the cars." They were soon ready, only waiting to eat the lunch Miss Jane had provided for them. They returned at half-past eight in the evening, and reported that they had a splendid time. They rode on the ferry-boat across the river, and went out on the lake in a row-boat; they went fishing two or three times, but caught no fish; they ate breakfast and dinner at the lodge, and had a nice run in the woods; they explored the outside and inside of a new canal-boat lying near the shore; they went in the water and had a fine swim (those that could); and they rode home perfectly contented with their jaunt, though a shower came up just as they were about going after winter-green berries, and they did'nt pick one. "But," said several of the boys quite unanimously, "we had fun enough without winter-green berries!"

—The following remarks, made at a criticism of one of our leading musicians sometime in April last, sunk deep into the hearts of those who listened, and has worked a great change in the Community:

"The general trouble with E—— is, that he is so full of business that he does not attend to the spiritual world—he does not have any regular time for practice in spiritual music. We cannot be proficients in spiritual music without thorough drill and practice, any more than we can in common music. You would not expect to get along well in the orchestra unless you took your regular hour for practice. Neither will you get along well in the heavenly orchestra if you don't take some time for practice. My recommendation now to all the musicians is that they take at least as much time henceforth to give themselves to reflection, prayer, and labor to make harmony with heaven as they have spent in practicing on their instruments. I should be very glad to commute with them and have that considered as the exchange. Let them take hereafter the time they have spent in instrumental practice for playing in the orchestra and give it to spiritual exercise, solitary seeking after God and harmony with him. I think the great need throughout the Community is an *hour of practice* in spiritual harmony. The simple truth about the matter is that in order that there may be a good, healthy Community, there must be a great deal of practice of this kind. There must be a throwing aside of business, and a sitting, or lying down or kneeling and shutting the eyes and going to God. There must be real spiritual labor. We ought in some way to establish an institution among us which will rise above everything else, *a system of having a daily time set apart for seeking spiritual fellowship with and knowledge of God.*"

—There resulted from this advice a purpose on the part of many individuals to set aside an hour of each day for communion with God, which has been conscientiously adhered to up to the present time. We may truly say that the Community watchword is "secret prayer," and we believe it is more potent in overcoming evil than any other agent. The topic of the meeting last Sunday evening, the 25th, turned on the experience of individuals resulting from this practice, and the following testimony was given:

Ida Kelly.—I have taken some time every day for prayer and reflection since Mr. Noyes proposed it, and find it easier to control my attention and to feel that I draw near to God.

D. E. Smith.—I hope we shall be encouraged to pursue this plan until the habit becomes chronic. I have received benefit from it in many ways. Sometimes business has pressed me so that I have been tempted to curtail the time; but have found that it has been a loss to me in every way when I have done so.

H. G. Allen.—When anything prevents my taking an hour for retirement I miss it; and when I have taken it I find that I can do more work, and that I am filled with the peace and love of God.

H. M. Worden.—I feel encouraged to pursue

this plan. It has been a great help to me in every way; it helps me to control my tongue and attention.

G. E. Cragin.—I find great benefit from this practice. It makes me feel that I have a reserve of strength to fall back upon.

C. W. Underwood.—I have felt more of a spirit of prayer every day for some time past than ever before, and it is the result of taking time for meditation and prayer. I find it easy to turn my heart toward God, and find it easier to do my work than ever before.

V. C. Noyes.—My hour of retirement is the most precious hour in the day to me.

W. G. Kelly.—I received great benefit from this practice while out on a business trip lately.

P. M. Underhill.—It has greatly increased my faith.

Mr. Noyes.—With this object in view of affording opportunity for reflection and prayer, I have been rather pleased to notice there is a growing tendency among us to want separate rooms. I think there is a natural ground, a good spiritual ground, for that desire, and I hope we shall not be contented until every person who wants it has a private room. That ought to be regarded as a birthright of every person who can pray, to have a closet of his own where he can isolate himself, and always find quiet and retirement. If we lay our plans with this object before us, it seems to me that we can ask God to give us the means for enlarging our dwelling, until our accommodations shall be perfectly adapted to good religious experience. (Applause.)

W. H. Woolworth.—It is a necessity of our spiritual life that we should have this opportunity for seclusion and prayer—communion with God.

C. A. Burt.—I have been made thankful by feeling that God drew near to me when I turned my heart to him.

E. L. Hatch.—Prayer has been a great benefit to me and has given me new faith for individuals and the Community as a whole.

J. H. Cragin.—I have had a deeper experience than ever before since entering on this practice of "going home" every day; and I thank Mr. N. for suggesting the idea.

S. B. Campbell.—I thank God that I can shut my door and turn my attention from outward things.

E. E. Otis.—I have found it easy to pray and trust God.

Mr. Cragin.—The more time I give to prayer the stronger my desires are for spiritual growth and usefulness.

J. B. Herrick.—Mr N. said to-day one great advantage of prayer is, that it makes us acquainted with God's character. If we think of something that we want very much, get our minds and hearts set on it, then have liberty to pray for it, the good we get in wrestling with God for that thing is worth more to us oftentimes than the thing itself. God keeps us in some great hunger toward him, and we have to struggle with him for the thing we want until we gain it. He coquets with us and don't give us all we want at once, and in that way he educates us to seek him. If he gave us all we wanted at once we might become indifferent to him; but in this way he keeps us asking, receiving and learning.

E. S. Burnham.—I am satisfied from my own experience that there is no better way to repel temptation, than this of going to God every day. I have had temptations that seemed severe at times, but have found them conquerable by persistently following this course.

Mr. Noyes.—Many cases might be mentioned in which the pursuit of a thing is worth more than the thing itself. For instance, in England the glorious sport of fox-hunting is worth much more than the fox after it is caught. So it is in all fishing; the great pleasure is in playing with the game. Its value as food or as an article for market may be very small. For such sport it is necessary on the one hand that there should be good strong hope and expectation of success; and God has taken care of this matter by his promises to prayer, and we know also by experience that there is a good ground to expect success. Then as a counterpoise to that, there is required a great deal of coquetry and delay, and God insists on it that we must pray without ceasing and without fainting. Christ mentions the importunate widow who followed up the judge until she got what she wanted. Any one can see that she became acquainted with the judge in that way. Probably the exercise she had in arguing with him and getting acquainted with him was worth more than all she got out of him. At least it is so in our dealings with God. I think that is the most complete explanation of the object of prayer.

E. P. Inslee.—I find that this practice of "going home" every day is an excellent balance-wheel to one's spiritual machinery.

J. B. Herrick.—It is a command to us to pray and not to faint.

Mr. Noyes.—We ought not to make prayer a solemn thing, but go to work in a fox-hunter's spirit. Start a fox—get something to pray for, and then make it a lively struggle in the real spirit of sport. Get your health and education by it, and learn to know God by it. No matter what you pray for, if it is something God is interested in. God himself will start a fox for you if you really want to be a hunter: he will start a fox that will really draw out your heart and you can learn to make a splendid game of it."

—Below is a letter written confidentially from one friend to another, and never intended for the CIRCULAR, but as it falls in with the testimony given Sunday evening, we subjoin it:

"*O. C., May* 26, 1873.

DEAR MRS. S:—I was very much interested last evening in what Mr. Noyes said about prayer. I have had some experience about it that edified and encouraged me, and which may not be uninteresting to you. For several weeks after Mr. Noyes's advice to us to take an hour every day for secret prayer I had a very happy experience in prayer and in the good effects of it. Perhaps Mr. Noyes would say I had a good time hunting and fishing and caught something every time. But there came a time when the good luck I had had seemed to come to an end. I could not catch anything. I began to get discouraged and heart-sick. It seemed as though God hid himself away from me. I felt just as earnest as I had done before, and I could not understand why I failed to get a response. During this cloudy time Mr. H——came from W.C., and one day I had some conversation with him. I was very much impressed by his spirit. He was so soft-hearted and considerate, so full of charity and good-will. I thought about it after he left me. The next day he talked with me again, and his spirit seemed to search my heart. When my time for prayer came I asked God to tell me what it was that hindered me from feeling his presence as I had done. Then I realized for the first time what Mr. Noyes meant when he said that God criticised him sometimes. I felt conscious of God's criticism of me. I have been criticised many times since I came to the Community for pride, but although I accepted it I never fully acknowledged the truth of it. But God brought me under conviction about it and made me confess that I had a proud heart. That was the cloud between us. He gave me good luck up to a certain point that made me trust him; then when I was ready to listen to him, he resisted the pride in my heart and made me feel that grace was for the humble, for the broken and contrite spirit. After these thoughts I poured my heart out in prayer; but all I could ask of God was that he would give me a broken and contrite spirit; that he would free me from pride. I felt willing to exchange everything I possessed for a humble heart.

This experience makes me feel sure that the habit of prayer brings us very near to God. I know that while he grants me all the good that I can ask of him, he will search my heart and purge it of every evil thing; and I am thankful for the process. I expect blessings and sufferings will go hand in hand till I can go to him with a pure, undefiled heart. I find this hour of prayer a good time to listen and find out whether God has anything to say to me. Why should I be all the time asking him to grant me some good thing? Perhaps he has something to ask of me. In the instance I have mentioned he stopped my asking him for any more blessings till he made me promise that with his help I would be a humble woman. And he put such a spirit of hope and courage into my heart that I am just as sure that I shall conquer as I am sure that there is power in him to help me.

With thankfulness for God's goodness,

Yours, SOPHIA."

—These lines (of no particular merit as a poem), were penned by one who has experienced the benefits of faithfulness to her hour of prayer and, though written with no thought of publication accord with the testimony given above:

A PRAYER.

Give me a heart that is tender and pure,
Give me a strength that is firm to endure,
Give me a trust that can rest all secure
In Thee!

Take every treasure I 've e'er called my own,
Take every idol I've doted upon,
Take my whole heart, and keep it alone
For Thee!

Quell the strong passions that rise in my breast,
Quell the deep anguish that gives me no rest,
Give me thy love—the reward of the bless'd—
My God!

What if the billows surge over my soul?
What if the waves of despair o'er me roll?
What if my bark should be dash'd on the shoal?
Why fear?

What is life here to the life that's to come?
What is life here, if I once gain my home?
What is life here, while I know there is room
In heaven?

God is my God, though with tempests I'm driven,
God is my God, though my sails should be riven,
God is my God, my hope and my haven—
For aye!

DISENTHRALLED.

[The following note, written by a young woman at Wallingford to her aunt here, speaks for itself:]

W. C., May 18, 1873.

DEAR AUNT:—I am going to open my heart to you. You will recollect what a passion I have always had for novel-reading. When you first had charge of me you tried to break it up, but with only partial success. The next few years, when I lived with Mrs. ——, my taste grew stronger for this kind of literature than ever. My conscience, however, always condemned me. You know the bad effect such reading had on my body and spirit. Since I came to the Community I have had freedom to a certain extent to gratify my taste for reading, but at various times I came under severe conviction in regard to it; but my passion was stronger than my resolutions, and again and again I

made vows and broke them. I was always conscious that I should have to expose the matter sometime. Well, here at W. C., as I have grown more interior and in earnest to obey God, I have been more and more convicted about this thing, and have desired to get rid of my appetite for novels. Quite a while ago I was in great suffering about it, but somehow whenever I was tired I would take up a story to rest me instead of going to God, and then there would come a loss of self-respect—condemnation and bad experience generally. I became convinced that such reading had had much to do with bad experience in love. At last I got desperate and threw myself at God's feet for help. The still small voice said, "Tell Mother Noyes." Oh! it seemed as though I could not do that. What would she think of me to be so weak and so powerless to resist temptation? But I could not get away from it, and at last one afternoon as I was working with her I told her all my trouble and asked her help. Do you believe it? she told me of a similar trouble she had once had, and kindly pointed out a way of relief. From that time it has seemed as if God were on my side, strengthening me and chastening my appetite. I feel like a new woman. I prayed that I might have new attractions and an obedient heart, and that prayer has been answered. B.

CRITICISM BY LETTER.

[The following notes have been diverted from the channels of private correspondence. They will explain themselves. We print them as a specimen of the letter-writing we sometimes have to do].

O. C., May 27, 1873.

DEAR MR. X.:—One reason why I have not written oftener was because I felt that your communications with our men when in your city would be far more profitable to you. I am also interested in Mr. and Mrs. A., and what I have learned of them through Mr. P. has made me think more of them. I look forward with pleasure to Mrs. A.'s anticipated visit here—when we shall be more intimately acquainted. But much correspondence before that time would be spiritually expensive to me at least. I presume this remark will be rather strange to you, but if you were living with us you would realize the truth of it. When any of our agents have been out on a long trip they sometimes need a good sound criticism before they can clear themselves of the spiritual influences they take in in meeting with outsiders. Thus in corresponding with outside believers we cannot get very near them without being obliged to deal with them in the same truthful frankness that we deal with each other, and that needs a thorough acquaintance. I think if Mr. A. could visit here with his wife it would do him more good than all that could be said to him. From some little hints dropped by two of our agents, I mistrusted there was something in your spirit which they thought did not harmonize with the Community spirit. I have asked Mr. P. to pencil down just what he thought of your spiritual state, and in looking it over I have concluded to copy it just as it was written. It has been written and sent in love, and if the intent is comprehended and received I have no doubt it will prove a great blessing to you. You will also have an opportunity of knowing just what Community criticism is. Since writing the above I have received what Mr. A. B. had to say, and I indorse it. Hoping to hear from you again, I remain,

Yours sincerely,

C. B. B.

REMARKS BY MR. P.

My intercourse with X. has on the whole been quite pleasant. I have touched his heart, and it seems to me that he is a lover of the truth and a man of honor. I have felt a brotherly loving spirit in him, that has made me respect and love him. He has to a considerable degree apprehended the gospel which the Community holds and lives, and is earnest in his adherence to it. He has some of the stuff in him of which men are made who can die for their convictions.

On the other hand I have felt some criticism of him. He is somewhat conceited—is too full of himself and his own ideas. In fact this is a very prominent fault in him. Probably some of it is inherited. But his career in the world has been of a nature to foster the tendency. With quick, available talent, successful as a student, fond of science and literature, of which he has absorbed a great deal, living much alone and fighting his own way—all these things have tended to make him absorbed, conceited, egotistical. They have filled him up and he has become somewhat non-receptive. He is more ready to talk than to listen, more ready to lead than to be led.

This lack of the receptive, child-like, listening spirit was quite observable and quite painful to me in late interviews with him. I did not feel quite ready then to say anything to him in the way of criticism, though I hinted to him that it would be well to curb his tendency to mere intellectual investigation and learn to accept some things as settled truths even though he had not "thought all round them," as he phrased it. He was somewhat disposed to criticise our attitude toward the Methodists and the outside churches—thought we were not charitable enough in some of our remarks about them in the CIRCULAR. He had evidently let in a spirit of evil-thinking and mere intellectual judgment, which I felt would run him off the track if he were not careful.

This leads me to say that his own estimation of himself as a spiritual man is a little too high. He has some ambition and lust for leadership. He assumes something of this attitude toward the A. family. I don't believe he is qualified for a leader yet. I don't think he should assume to be their leader and superior. One reason why he has not more influence with Mr. A. is because he assumes too much the attitude of superiority and criticism toward him. And instead of winning him by the simple magnetism of example and brotherly love, he is all the time judging and criticising him, in spirit at least. A. needs to be surrounded more by the uplifting, justifying spirit of Christ. No doubt A. needs criticism from time to time, and is somewhat unstable in his purposes and moods. Still success in helping him out of all this, will come full as much by respecting him and winning him to self-respect and earnestness, as it will by trying to criticise those things in him. And here I will say, that when I was last in C. I was more attracted to A. than I was to X. He was very kind and brotherly. I could not help respecting a great deal that I saw in him. He wants to do right. There seems to be a good providence surrounding him in business, and he is prospered in making money. In this respect he is beating X. He seemed sincere in his expressions of love for the Community. Now with such a man, X should be very patient and tender both for his own sake and for the truth's sake. He ought not to assume the position of leader and teacher to the A.s, but should simply regard himself as a *fellow scholar* in the study of the Gospel and Community truth. He has not led them into the truth, but has simply been the instrument in the hands of Providence for placing in their hands the *Berean* and other Community writings, and *these* have done the work that has been done in them.

There is a vein of pride in X's character which will have to be criticised sometime. It needs purifying. If there is anything worth being proud of it is humility, if the paradox were possible, and this is just what X. lacks. It seems as though he was not willing to come to the Community unless he can come in a way that will save his reputation. He is not quite willing to come in *any* way, even though it involves the complete smash of egotism and all the intellectual capital he has accumulated. When he was invited to come here as a school-teacher, with a view to an ultimate membership in the Community, he was not ready. And though on the whole his reasons for declining the invitation were some of them plausible and some of them good, yet the manner of the declination, as he has himself admitted, was unpleasant, and injured his fellowship with the Community. It was his pride, and fear that the Community would be disappointed in him as a teacher and in other respects, which made him take just the course he did. Now the Community does not value people greatly for what they have become in the world and before they join the Community; it values them mainly for what they can be made *after* they have joined the Community. If X. ever joins the Community he will have to make up his mind to let his worldly life, culture and reputation die. He must be willing to ask to be admitted. It is not likely the first step will come from the Community next time.

If I were asked to say what I think is the main thing which has got Mr. X. off the track of faith, simplicity and receptivity, I should answer, His devotion to botany and science generally. I had a clear instinct two years ago that he needed to quit working at that, for a long time at least, and get completely out of the spirit and associations into which his pursuit of botany has brought him. My mind is still the same. Botany and other sciences at the present time are largely saturated with the infidel spirit, and it is difficult to deal with them in a healthy way, until one has passed through the judgment in regard to them and can look at them with clarified eyes. In Mr. X.'s case botany has brought him into contact with a great many worldly, scientific men, with whom communication and fellowship are spiritually expensive and dangerous.

Finally, I would advise Mr. X. to cut off outside fellowships and clear himself from the family influence. Turn his back more effectually than he has ever yet done on his family and relatives. He has done enough for them. Let them either take care of themselves or follow him into the truth and toward the Community. T. L. P.

MR. B'S LETTER.

DEAR MRS. B.:—You ask me what I think of Mr. X.

Well, I think he is a bright, active and painstaking sort of man, so far as his mind is concerned. Is not a coarse man in any common sense of the term. Should say that he is honest-hearted and likes the truth, let it come as it may. And in saying this I don't say that he would not have any trouble in adjusting himself to it, for that is more than I can say of many. In my talk with him I have found him attentive enough and friendly, but when I came to get away from him and realize the effects of the visit, I have felt bad and oppressed and in contact with something that made me feel as if I must have a chance to criticise him before I could feel good again. This was my experience the first time I saw him, and it was my experience the last time I saw him.

I did not expect to feel so the first time, and I did not mean to feel so the last time. The feeling was involuntary and made me consider his character and situation.

To dive right into the thick of it I should say that X. is too full of himself: he has too much individuality and conceit. That is what H. G. A. thought of him, but I withheld judgment till I could know for myself. This trait shows itself in conversation; he is not a nice listener—(not that I

wanted to talk very much myself)—is not chatty even, but is very prone to run off into little ten-minute lectures on science and set speeches on things in general. I can see how his circumstances keep him shut up, and how the closer intimacy we offer him makes him free to act himself out and spill over.

Then living as he does in a great city—one that stands third in point of self-conceit—I can again see that he is all the time unconsciously nerving himself to hold his own, if not actually asserting himself. It will not do for our men to meet him in anything like a passive or receptive spirit. If they do so they will be very likely to feel oppressed.

Although he professes attachment to the Community his attitude is more that of a judge and critic than that of a learner.

His botany is an unedifying thing, notwithstanding it has been a point of sympathy between us. The thing about it is this; it is poisoned with the rivalries and jealousies of men who are trying to build themselves up on science. With the eagerness he is pursuing the study of fungi, I do not see how he is ever going to be soft enough to get into the Community. If I were he, instead of spending my money on rare books of science, I would have a room that I could control, and once a day I would get away from every body except God. If he would do this it would take away that sense of failure in life which haunts him. There is no such thing as failure to a man who draws nigh to God and feels Him.

I saw that things were not going very smoothly with him and the A. family. This was at my last visit. The first time I was there I got the idea that he was either managing that family or trying to. If his individuality and high-handedness should hurt them as it does us, I do not wonder that he feels a separation from them. He does have a respect for the O. C. that keeps him a little more humble with our men than he doubtless would be with the A.s. The fact is he has not been near enough to the O. C. to get its spirit, and in any other spirit it would be hard for the A.s to accept him. My idea is that he had better make a bee line for the O. C. if he wants to, and let the A.s do the same for themselves if they want to, and not try to be a leader yet. Yours, A. B.

BOILER INCRUSTATIONS.

III.

IN the *Scientific American* of May 3d, page 280, appeared an interesting article on the prevention of boiler incrustations by means of a liquid tannate of soda, manufactured by Mr. N. Spencer Thomas of Elmira, New York. The writer after giving a condensed statement of the chemical reactions produced by the introduction of the tannate into a boiler, closes with a selection from our last article on the use of tannate of soda, published in the CIRCULAR of Feb. 10th, 1873. As no other preparation of tannate of soda besides that made by Mr. N. Spencer Thomas is mentioned by the writer of this article in the *Scientific American*, the readers of that paper will of course infer that the results quoted from the CIRCULAR were obtained by the use of this liquid tannate. This is not the case, and in simple justice to Dr. Joseph G .Rogers of Madison, Indiana, the first to discover and bring into public notice this valuable re-agent, we will reprint the substance of our former articles upon this subject.

We will premise by stating that for all we have said and published on the use of tannate of soda to prevent boiler incrustations we have received no pecuniary return. The results of our experience in the use of Dr. Roger's preparation, were published without his knowledge. Our idea was to simply call attention to an important scientific discovery, the use of which was saving us hundreds of dollars annually in fuel and repairs, to say nothing of the greatly diminished risk of explosions.

In the CIRCULAR of Aug. 26, 1872, we published the following in answer to a letter of inquiry from Pleasantville, Penn:

From the time we first began using steam in 1863, until the present summer, we had the usual trouble and vexation incident to the use of hard water in steam-boilers. A partial analysis showed that even our best spring water contains a large quantity of the salts of lime, carbonates and sulphates, including the sulphate of magnesia. A few weeks' use of this water was sufficient to produce a heavy incrustation, corroding the boiler-plate and filling the tubes with sediment. In one instance, after using a boiler three months a scale half an inch thick was found deposited in one part of the flues. Aside from the loss of fuel in using boilers incrusted with lime, we were in constant anxiety, from the danger of explosion from the unseen corrosion of the boiler-plate. Various remedies were tried with indifferent success.

All authorities on the subject agreeing that nothing yet had been discovered which would dissolve or prevent the formation of scale and not injure the boiler, or be objectionable in one way or another, we read with some incredulity in the *American Chemist*, sometime last spring, an abstract of a paper on steam-boiler waters and incrustations, by Dr. Joseph G. Rogers of Madison, Indiana. In this article Dr. Rogers treated the whole subject of boiler incrustations and the means used for prevention from a chemical point of view, and gave the results of a series of experiments with tannate of soda as an agent which fulfilled the chemical requirements of the case. We at once ordered of Dr. Rogers a quantity of his tannate of soda, and gave it a thorough trial in our Root boiler. This boiler had been in contant use for nearly eighteen months, most of the time with hard water, and in consequence was very heavily coated with scale. We began by using about three lbs. per week dissolved in the feed water, and blowing off a few minutes every morning before starting the pump. At the end of a month we opened the boiler and made a thorough examination. The tubes were found to be as clean and free from scale as when we first fired up a year and a-half before. The tannate seemed to soften the scale into a mushy mass, which settled into the mud-drum and from there was easily blown off. As far as we could discover, the tubes had not suffered from any corrosive action of the tannate. After the boiler was thus thoroughly cleaned of scale it required but a small amount of the tannate two or three times a week to prevent the further formation of scale.

Early in July last, we set up in our new Preservatory a thirty-horse power Densmore boiler. Having no soft water on hand, we were compelled to get our supply from Oneida creek, which runs within a few rods of the boiler-house. This creek water we had found in former trials was very hard indeed, and contained a much larger proportion of the salts of lime than the spring water used in our other boilers. To prevent incrustation we at once began using the tannate of soda, putting in about four ounces every other day. At the end of a month we opened one of the lower tubes where the scale should be the heaviest, and found not the slightest trace of a deposit. The tube was as clear as when first placed in position. We are now using one-fourth of a pound three times a week in our Phleger boiler. There has been no complaint of any unpleasant smell or flavor about the steam supplied to the kitchen, and we are satisfied that the boiler is kept free from incrustations by the chemical action of the tannate of soda, which action Dr. Rogers describes in the following words:

"Tannate of soda decomposes the carbonates of lime and magnesia as they enter, tannates being precipated in a light, flocculent, amorphous form, so that they do not subside at all in the boiler, but are retained in suspension by the boiling currents until they find their way into the same receiver, when they settle into a loose, mushy mass, which may be easily blown out from time to time. The carbonate of soda, formed in the reäction, is retained in solution, becoming a bicarbonate by appropriation of the free carbonic acid in the water. This decomposes the sulphate of lime, the resulting sulphate of soda being retained in solution. and the carbonate of lime being acted upon by fresh portions of the tannate of soda as above. The constant presence of the alkali protects the iron from all action, either of the carbonic or tannic acids. The same reäction takes place between the tannate of soda and the already existing scale with like results, but more slowly, some weeks being generally required, in practice, in removing the deposit, if it exists in any considerable quantity.

"Portions of scale are detached from time to time which may be removed at the usual cleanings, which should be made at short intervals, when possible, until the boiler is entirely clear of all incrustation, after which, this will not be necessary. Extensive practical trial of this process for two years has demonstrated its utility for all varieties of boilers. It is economical, easy of application, and generally adaptable. It may be used in marine boilers as well as those using fresh water, since the marine scale is almost identical with that formed in boilers using ordinary waters, consisting almost entirely of the carbonates of lime and magnesia and sulphate of lime. The chloride of sodium forms a mushy deposit, but it is only incorporated in the scale to a slight extent."

In cases where the water used in a boiler is found to be heavily loaded with the salts of lime and magnesia, causing active corrosion of the iron, it would be well to use a small quantity of the tannate every day, blowing off in the morning before starting the pump.

From the CIRCULAR of Feb. 10, 1873, we select the following from an article on "Removing Boiler Incrustations:"

Last July we started a new thirty horse-power, Densmore boiler. This boiler has been in constant use ever since, using nothing but the hardest kind of water. Having occasion lately to open it we found the tubes perfectly clean and free from scale of any kind. The inventor of the boiler, who was present at the time was much surprised at the result, and declared he had never seen anything like it before in all his experience in making and using boilers.

In regard to the amount of tannate necessary, much depends upon the character of the water used. At the rate we are now using it the cost per annum is about $66 for three 30 H. P. boilers. But as we use considerably less during the summer when we can get more soft water and require less steam for heating, the annual outlay will not be much over $50.

Now how much do we save by the use of this agent?

In the two boilers at the house we use about $2,500 worth of coal per annum, reckoned at last year's prices, which were below the prices paid any previous year. As near as we can now estimate, the cost of coal used in the Densmore boiler is about $375 per annum. Now according to our best authorities on the subject of steam and economy of fuel, a deposit of scale one-sixteenth of an inch thick, will increase the amount of fuel required 15 per cent.; a deposit one-fourth of an inch thick, will increase the fuel 50 per cent.: a deposit one-half an inch thick, 150 per cent., and so on. From careful observation we feel warranted in assuming that by the use of tannate of soda in our Root and Phleger boilers, we save at least 20 per cent. in fuel; and in the Densmore boiler, which has to use very hard water, 25 per cent. This being allowed, it is plain that $2,500 is 80 per cent. of the amount of coal which we should have to use to produce the same results without the tannate. $2,500 as 80 per cent. would be $3.125 as the cost of the coal required in these boilers with a scale less than an eighth of an inch thick. A saving of 20 per cent. would be equal to $625 in these two boilers.

In the Densmore boiler we have a present cost of $375 as 75 per cent. of the cost without the tannate; $375 as 75 per cent. would be $500 per annum as the cost of coal without removing the scale in the boiler. A saving of 25 per cent. would be 125 dollars.

Here then are our figures:

Saving in coal per annum in three boilers	$750
Cost of tannate of soda per annum at highest rates	66
Balance in favor of tannate of soda	$684

To make sure that we are within limits we will call the saving in the two boilers at the house 15 instead of 20 per cent.; and in the Densmore boiler 20 instead of 25 per cent. This would reduce our total amount saved to $492.

We lately had occasion to open our Root boiler. The tubes were found to be perfectly free from scale, and the boiler was apparently in as good condition as when first set up two and a-half years ago.

In regard to the liquid tannate of soda manufactured by Mr. Spencer Thomas we can say nothing, as we have never seen the article or heard of it before reading the notice in the *Scientific American*. Our results were obtained solely by the use of the solid tannate manufactured by the inventor and patentee, Dr. J. G. Rogers. G. E. C.

"FOURTEEN WEEKS" IN NATURAL SCIENCE.

Fourteen Weeks in Natural Philosophy; Fourteen Weeks in Chemistry; Fourteen Weeks in Astronomy; Fourteen Weeks in Geology; Fourteen Weeks in Physiology. By J. Dorman Steele, Ph. D. A. S. Barnes and Co., NewYork and Chicago.

The object of the author of these volumes is to make the common branches of science attractive to the average student; and in this he has succeeded. They are, for one thing, finely printed —in this respect superior to most school textbooks; then the illustrations are simple, and the explanations easily understood. The author has intentionally "omitted that which is perfectly obvious to the eye—that which everybody knows already—that which could not be long retained in the memory—and that which is essential" only to those who wish to become thorough scientists; and yet he has not sacrificed clearness. They are, in short, such books as one would like to read who wishes to be introduced to the most important facts and principles of science, and who yet does not care to cumber his mind with all the details which must be at the command of the professional worker. The "Practical Questions" scattered through the books are of the right sort to make the student think, and yet are not so abstruse as to discourage him. When so many subjects of science are in dispute among scientists themselves, it can scarcely be expected that any work on science will be faultless; the best a writer can do is to accept as truth the theories which seem to be fully confirmed by experiment, and be ever ready to welcome new truths and modify past theories. This position Prof. Steele takes; and in accordance with it has already issued a revised edition of his "Fourteen Weeks in Chemistry." We note with special appreciation that Prof. Steele's study of science has everywhere revealed to him "proof of a Divine care planning, conforming and directing to one universal end, and that in all, and through all, and over all, the Lord God omnipotent reigneth."

Quis Custodiet ipsos Custodes?

A correspondent writes from Wallingford: "In the CIRCULAR of May 12, I find the following bit of strange news:

A law has passed the Legislature of Illinois defining as extortion any discrimination in passenger and freight rates, and prohibiting more than a fair and unreasonable toll.

"What in the word do they mean by a fair and unreasonable toll?"

We will admit that this is rather an *un*reasonable statement.

"Then in the CIRCULAR of May 16th," he writes again, "I find that '*s-e-i-v-e* is pronounced siv, and *s-e-i-g-e* seej,' and that our word for hard money is spelled '*s-p-e-c-e-i.*' *Quis custodiet custodes?* What are we coming to, when our great orthographical high priests and teachers, in trying to lead us poor purblind mortals in the way we should go, fall into the ditch as above? or are we old-fashioned folks all wrong, who have always been accustomed to spell such words as *sieve* and *siege* and *specie* with the *i* before the *e*, or is this the commencement of a new order of things?

"Alas for the rarity
Of good orthography
Under the sun."

We have to own that our correspondent has be-*siege*-d us to some effect, and that he has sifted us in our own "*seive.*" But when he came to meddle with our "*s-p-e-c-e-i*" we nabbed him. If he had been real sharp he would have seen that *specie* was misspelled on purpose. We advise him to beware of anything *specious.*

PROOF-READER.

THE NEWS.

Another great fire has occurred in Boston.

The Hot-spring Indian allies of the Modocs have surrendered.

The President has issued a proclamation sustaining the Kellogg Government in Louisiana.

President Thiers has resigned and Marshal MacMahon has been appointed his successor.

Prof. Peters, of Hamilton College, discovered on the morning of May 26, a new planet of the eleventh magnitude.

Prof. Agassiz is delivering a course of lectures on the Radiates at the Cambridge Museum of Comparative Zoölogy.

The New York Central and Hudson River Railroad Company is rapidly pushing the grading and masonry for the two additional tracks.

The trial of George Francis Train has ended in a verdict of "not guilty, on the ground of insanity." An order was at once made out committing him to the Lunatic Asylum at Utica.

Major Gen. Lew. Wallace has written a romance founded on the Conquest of Mexico by Cortez. A competent critic says it is "hardly surpassed in historical fiction."

The London *Daily News* publishes the correspondence between M. De Lesseps and Gen. Ignatief the Russian Embassador at Constantinople, regarding the building of a railroad across Central Asia to connect the Russian and Indian railway systems.

The New York and Oswego Midland Railroad Company has reörganized, with Geo. Opdyke of New York as President. At a late meeting for the purpose of devising measures for relieving the road from its present financial embarrassment, it was announced that the new syndicate was prepared to furnish the required $4,000,000 to settle all claims against the road and to finish the Western division extending from Cortland to Buffalo.

Baron Reuter, the famous news-collector, has formed a contract with the Shah of Persia for carrying out a gigantic scheme of internal improvement in that country. Reuter and his associates are to build railroads, canals, reservoirs, wells, water-works; to utilize forests, work the mines and to farm the revenues. They begin by contracting a loan of $30,000,000, upon which the Persian Government guarantees the interest.

The long talked of lightning express train between New York and Boston made its first trip on the 26th. The trains leave the two cities at 10 A. M. and make the trip in seven and one-half hours, running at the rate of thirty-one miles per hour including stops.

Gen. McKenzie, U. S. A., commander of a military post on the Rio Grande, has at last retaliated on the lawless bands of Indians who have so long infested the northern parts of Mexico. Exasperated by the unchecked raids of the Kickapoo Indians into Texas and despairing of ever getting the Mexican Government to put a stop to the outrages, Gen. McKenzie at the head of 600 cavalry dashed across the border 80 miles into the interior and struck the Indian camp at early dawn. About 40 Indians were killed and wounded and the rest scattered into the mountains. The troops lost but three men, one killed and two wounded.

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SPECIAL NOTICE.

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

ADMISSIONS.

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

REACTION.

To one who said his life was bare and dry,
I strove some present, potent aid to reach;
Till hardly knowing what I said, or why,
I spoke of God—I said that he was nigh;
Then wondered at my speech.

But in my simple words, so poor and few,
He found a rest that put away his fear;
"He would not grieve," he said, "if that were true."
Then all the day my peace the greater grew,
For God seemed very near.

G.

THE HOPE OF COMMUNISM.

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

THE present false, disorganized state of society is the natural and necessary result of the universal selfishness and consequent separation and antagonism of interest that prevails among mankind, and before Communism can be permanently successful, it must have some central bond of unity, sufficiently strong to overcome selfishness. The mere desire to avoid the evils of present society, and realize the benefits, the pleasures and happiness which Communism can give will never furnish any such bond of union. This is in reality only a refinement of the selfish principle. A self-sacrificing devotion to communistic principles may answer for a time, but the only thing that will prove thoroughly effectual is religion. A sincere recognition of the Creator, and a hearty, lively devotion to him as the "true God," however crude and imperfect it may be, has a powerfully neutralizing effect on selfishness, and furnishes a common interest, and a common center around which sympathetic hearts can gather and become united. It is at once a common bond of unity, and the mutual love which it engenders is a guarantee to all, that the separate individual interests of each will be properly cared for.

But there is a still stronger reason for considering religion as the grand element of success in Communistic enterprises. The lack of sympathy and brotherly feeling, or more properly the alienation existing among men, is the result of their alienation from God, and before they can legitimately expect true fraternity and community among themselves, it will be necessary to go back to the original source of the difficulty and come into loving, harmonious relations with God—into loyal union with him—and this will necessarily produce true communism with each other. In him they will meet.

In this work Christ has led the way. He laid the foundation of a true, perfect state of Communism, by first perfecting his obedience and loyalty to God, and then laying down his life for his brethren; and now stands ready to pour out his spirit and life upon all who will receive it, and walk in his steps.

THREADS FROM MY LIFE-BALL.

VII.

PREVIOUS to writing the letters mentioned at the close of my last chapter and while under deep conviction of sin for her past course, E—— would request us to sit up after the family had retired that she might converse with us on these deeper problems in spiritual philosophy. New light dawned upon her heart while talking, reading the Bible and Mr. Noyes's writings, and on the third morning after our return she came down to breakfast, and setting her lamp upon the table with such force as to make us all start, she exclaimed—"*Live or die, sink or swim,*" I am for the administration of J. H. Noyes!" Expressions of joy and thankfulness burst from us. The barriers to fellowship being removed, our hearts flowed together like oil, and our breakfast was indeed a love-feast. Her character for sober reflection and stability was too well known to allow any doubt of her sincerity. That she had counted the cost of the step now taken was equally a matter of certainty. Her face which had been very long and solemn, became radiant and pleasant to look upon. Merry laughter came frequently from her lips, and we thought the time had indeed come when "the mouths of the saints should be filled with laughter." It seemed to us miraculous that such a determined will as hers could be subdued so suddenly; and I did not for a moment doubt that the change was caused by Mr. Noyes's spirit working in our family.

As my mother who was at this time living with us had no sympathy with our views but was a bitter opposer, it was impossible to open our house to the use of the Community. I soon found myself called to obey literally Christ's command to forsake not only houses and lands, but father and mother and children for the kingdom of heaven's sake. There was no other alternative left me, and though it was a costly sacrifice, I felt it to be my duty to request my mother to leave us and live with my brother. She had an evil eye toward my faith and toward those who were in sympathy with me. Although outwardly polite to my friends, she inwardly despised them. In my brother's family she would have no occasion for thinking evil of those whose faith differed from her own; and in whatever light the exchange of houses might be viewed, I felt assured that she would be the gainer in those physical comforts which she most appreciated.

This proposition was a great trial to mother as she had expected to pass the remainder of her days with me, and it brought upon us the

censure of the whole town. To turn away my mother for the accommodation of strangers seemed to them an unchristian act, and our loss of reputation was again complete. But none of these things moved us, and knowing as we did that God had called us to take this course, we could safely trust our character and all our interests in his hands. From brothers, sisters, parents and friends, and all that the children of this life hold dear, I separated myself as sincerely as though I had been going out of the world. To them my behavior was a perfect enigma, but to me a necessity in order that I might gain my liberty to serve God untrammeled by worldly influences.

In doing as we did the promises of Jesus Christ were more than verified and we received an hundred-fold of brothers, sisters, fathers, mothers, children, houses and lands and every good thing that the heart can wish. And now, after a period of twenty-two years I can say that the sacrifice was none too costly for what I have received in return. I would cheerfully do it all again, under the same circumstances, having so thoroughly proved the everlasting faithfulness of God to his promises. Our children are also of the same opinion, and are grateful to God that they were so early called to give themselves to Christ and work for the interests of his kingdom.

[The End.]

AN ODD PROFESSION.

A FRIEND of mine was once asked by what business he obtained his living. He replied, "I am a *lover* by trade." This was something quite new to me as well as to the questioner, who turned away evidently with a feeling that the answer was insincere or jocular, counting himself none the wiser for it. But it seemed to me sincere and practicable; I knew my friend to be an earnest lover of the truth, who said no more than he meant. My attention was thus turned to an examination of the testimony of the Bible on this subject, and I found that my friend was right —that his is indeed the only profession that will insure a living for this world and the next "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and thy neighbor as thyself." This is our privilege, and this is God's pleasure concerning us. He alone can instruct us in the art of loving, and thus bring us into perpetual sympathy with himself. V.

MY EXPERIENCE IN SCHOOL-TEACHING.

II.

IN the times of which I am writing wages were not what they now are. One dollar a week in summer and one dollar fifty cents in winter was considered pay enough for a woman teaching a common school. This, to buy my clothes with and pay something for my own schooling spring and fall, would not go far. But here I have an incident to relate which shows that Providence helps those who help themselves.

The village of Johnson where we attended school was four miles from our home. We were interested in much that was going on there, and among other things in the fact that a new preceptor had been established in the Academy. His name was familiar to me—E. T. Could he be the man to whom I went to school in Canada when a little girl, then a young man of eighteen years? Many incidents of that school and teacher came fresh to mind. Next Sabbath at church I was pleased to see the veritable teacher, with his pretty wife, all unconscious as I supposed of the presence of an old acquaintance. But not long after, I received an invitation from Mr. T. to attend his school free of charge as long as I might choose. This was a rare chance, and I immediately sought and found board at the minister's, working evenings and mornings for the same. That was a happy season for me, but it was destined to be of short duration, for ere the close of the term Mr. T. became dissatisfied with his situation and left for another place. I continued at school in Johnson one more term, working diligently afterward to pay for my tuition.

I would sometimes teach three or four months and not finding things quite to my liking go home with a sigh of relief, and say that I never wanted to go out again; when father would smile and ask, "Do you suppose it will be more than three weeks before you will be wishing for another situation?" This was too apt to be the case. But one fall when I was somewhat indifferent to the matter until quite late in the season, and thinking that I must be looking around for some other employment, an unexpected opportunity presented itself. A smart-looking stranger drove up to our house. Who he could be and what his business, was a wonder. He was not long in letting us know that he was in pursuit of a teacher. I accepted his offer and in one week's time was busy in a little school-house, snug but badly ventilated. I had twenty or twenty-five strange pupils, besides two young men sixteen and eighteen years of age. Here I was brought face to face with a new trial. These young men belonged to an irreligious family; Mr. B., the committee-man, was a staunch Universalist. Could I open my school with prayer under these circumstances? Yes; I could and did. I met with no opposition, but on the contrary, the older members of the school began to manifest some interest in the salvation of their souls, and before winter closed they were induced to attend a protracted meeting and professed a change of heart, after which they joined me in our morning prayer-meetings. Although Mr. B. had no children, and professed no religion, I must say that he was by far the best employer I ever served He visited the school once a week, taking great interest in the progress of the pupils; he and his wife frequently sending me an invitation to visit them, knowing that some of my boarding-places were almost intolerable. He was prompt in payment and always treated me with the greatest respect. He was a man of principle though not religious.

There were two or three classes in this school. The greater part of the scholars were all that I could wish, while others seemed desirous of making trouble. The children of one family in particular did not try to please, and grumbled if others were not punished as much as they. Jane. B. was as faultless a child as I ever knew, and never did she merit a reproof from me; but the C. boys were so jealous of her and me that one day to avoid the appearance of evil I sent little Jane to the foot of her class. The dear child cried as though her little heart would break and I pitied her sincerely. In after years I explained to her the situation I was in and she appreciated it, never treasuring up anything but love for me, as I found in later years.

There was one family in this district which deserves some notice, particularly as a boarding-place. The father, mother and five or six children lived in a huddle, having only the kitchen, and a recess about the size of a good clothes-press, in which I slept with one of the girls, while all the rest of the family slept in the kitchen. For food they had meat, potato and bread,—bread, potato and meat. They had more children than any other family in the neighborhood, and I had to board there longer than at any other place. Some of their children were bright and intelligent, but the family as a whole were predominantly animal. Some of the neighbors comprehended the situation and often invited me to spend a night at their houses, always giving me a dinner for the next day to take to school. Such boarding places as I have described were among the discomforts of school-teaching; but had I known the benefits of roughing it as I now do I should have positively enjoyed many things that were distasteful to me. I taught school in this way until I was nearly twenty-four years of age, and can truly say that in all my experience the good more than outweighed the evil, and the many acquaintances I formed, and the love I invested have yielded good fruits.

S. B. C.

(Concluded).

NASHVILLE AND FISK UNIVERSITY.

BEAUTIFUL for situation is Nashville—central city of the South. Located in a basin, undulating and fertile, with the winding Cumberland river running through it; surrounded with a rim of hills, varied and beautiful in outline; with a sunny climate, the impression which this Tennesseean capital makes on a visitor is one which it is impossible ever to forget. I saw it under the fervid skies of late August, and again in the bright days of early spring. On both occasions it had for me the same wonderful charm. Men who have long resided there testify to the healthfulness of its climate and the attractiveness of the place as a residence. The beauty of its scenery and sky seems also to have passed in some degree into the people. In no city I have visited have I seen so large a proportion of physically handsome men and beautiful women as in Nashville.

Nashville during the war was a point of great importance. From here those campaigns and movements started which ended in the capture of Atlanta, and Sherman's march to the sea. Here Gen. Thomas withstood the last onset of the Confederacy in the south-west; and since the war there has been started here an enterprise, the effects of which ultimately on the South, and on the progress of the colored people, cannot be calculated. This is the Fisk University. The history of this institution told in the briefest manner is as follows: In January, 1866, the American Missionary Association and Western Freedman's

Aid Commission founded in Nashville, Tenn., the Fisk School. In August, 1867, a Charter as Fisk University was secured, and the Academic and Normal Departments were opened the following September. In June, 1871, a College Course was established and a class admitted. This last event took place about ten years and two months after the first gun was fired on Fort Sumpter. Swift was the revolution which struck the shackles from the black and lifted him from the plantation, the slave cabin and the auction block, to a College Course and a Latin class, to Bible study and a free and beautiful chapel worship. Not least is this among the notable facts of the nineteenth century.

"The stars of heaven are looking kindly down"
on the grave of brave John Brown, but
"His soul is marching on."

The Catalogue of Fisk University for 1871–2 shows a total of 86 students in its college, preparatory and normal courses, and 285 scholars in the two classes of its Model School. The students and scholars were of both sexes. The President of the Board of Trustees is Gen. Clinton B. Fisk, of St. Louis. The Principal or President of the University is Prof. A. K. Spence, formerly of Michigan University, at Ann Arbor. Prof. Spence is assisted by an enthusiastic company of managers and instructors, and under his genial and earnest influence the University has been greatly prospered. He seems to be a man thoroughly adapted to, and inspired for, his work. Strongly imbued with love for the Bible and Bible religion, having excellent culture and refinement, gentle and patient in his ways, with ability to lead and govern, he is in the right place.

A good idea of the work that Fisk University is doing for the colored people of the South, may be gathered from the following report by Prof. Spence, published in the March number of the *American Missionary*:

THE EDUCATIONAL WORK IN FISK UNIVERSITY.

Fisk University began with the alphabet in 1867. It teaches it still. What has it accomplished for education in six years? This the donors to the institution have a right to know.

In the first place it has five courses of study definitely arranged, subject to such modifications as experience and progress may suggest. The courses are: college, college preparatory, higher normal, common school normal, and theological, with students in each. This does not include primary and intermediate schools, nor music and book-keeping; neither the Home, which must be classed with the educational forces of the institution, for it educates in the most important of all things, every day life, with its manners, morals and habits.

Theology, as it is ordinarily studied, lies yet in the future, for it is the culmination of all courses of study, but already instruction has been given to many in the ministry, or preparing for it. For the present, the Bible, the spelling-book, and sermonizing, must all be studied together. A ministry that can only read the Bible is a great improvement upon one that cannot read at all. This course is, therefore, so arranged as to permit the pursuit of common English or higher studies while preparing for the ministry.

Turning now to the college work, what has been done? In the first place, a seed has been planted among the people. Its growth may be slow, but it will be sure, and its fruit good. It must contend against poverty and ignorance and prejudice, but it will prevail. The colored man must have as complete an education as the white man. The two must struggle with the same difficulties, and grow strong by the same toil. This fact must be recognized by both classes.

Again, the pathway has been broken by a few feet, from the alphabet nearly through the sophomore year in college. Others will follow, till the narrow path becomes a broad and beaten way. The colored youth may now aspire to a hight attainable by any. From his lips, Homer and Virgil will sound no less sweetly than from those of others, and Demosthenes and Cicero will lose none of their eloquence. The problems of mathematics will be no less beautiful when demonstrated by him, nor the laws of science in mind and matter. History will open its pages to him, and literature unlock its treasures, as willingly as to any. In the republic of letters there is no distinction of race or caste. The question is now answered to the unprejudiced, all avenues of knowledge must open to black men as to white.

Let us return to the work Fisk University is doing to prepare teachers for the colored masses just permitted to enter the field of knowledge. The following statistics will aid in this investigation:

TEACHERS AMONG THE FISK UNIVERSITY STUDENTS

Of its students who have been here during the past year, 50 have taught schools more or less during that time, and of these, 32, who are now in the institution, have taught as follows: In Tennessee, 16; in Mississippi, 10; in Arkansas, 4; and in Alabama and Kentucky, 1 each. Taught public schools, 25; private schools, 7. Whole number of months taught, 114; total salary, $4,377.60; average per teacher, $136.80; average per month, 38.40. Superintended Sunday schools, 24; taught in Sunday schools, 3; pupils in Sunday schools, 1,189.

Reckoning that the eighteen still absent from the institution have taught five months each, with the same average as in other things above, the total is as follows: Pupils taught in day school, 2,607; in Sunday school, 1,775; total salary, $7,833.60; months taught, 204, or twenty years and four months, calling a school year ten months.

It would be difficult to estimate even approximately the amount of teaching done in all by students of Fisk University; it could not be more than the truth to take fifty, at about four months a year, as an average during the six years past. This would give, in round numbers: whole number of schools taught, 300; average attendance, 15,000; time taught, 1,220 months, or 122 years, of ten months each; pupils taught in Sunday school, 10,000.

We see from these statistics the vast importance of normal instruction. Each person thus taught is supposed to teach fifty others. Fifty fold is certainly a good harvest for the seed sown. And this new seed again is scattered into many, and often distant, fields, to spring up in its turn and produce a harvest.

Again, almost every teacher of day schools becomes a laborer in Sabbath school, and four-fifths of them superintendents. These young people, too, are leaders of community wherever they go. They can read, they can write, they can compute numbers, they are looked up to as teachers in many things, as temperance, chastity observance of the Sabbath, and the like. If education is to be sought, for the power it gives to influence men for good, is not that object attained here? A common or even limited English education gives a teacher among the Freed people a greater superiority, and, therefore, a greater power over them than a completed college course does in an educated community.

We see also the benefit conferred upon the students themselves. They are admitted to the honorable calling of teaching. They gain strength of character by assuming responsibility. They gain money. The value of this latter is by no means to be lightly estimated. It gives them and their race respect in community. Thus far this money has been used to a great extent to carry their education still farther. What is better than to help a man to help himself? Friends to help them, they have few. Slavery left the youth in orphanage to a degree sad to contemplate, for it had destroyed the family. A vast multitude were motherless, and still many more were fatherless. They never knew parental care, restraint, or love. No father, no mother, no sister, no brother, what should they do, and how struggle up to intelligence and competence? The way seemed long and difficult till they could teach. Now it is easier, although not entirely smoothed. A four or five months' school in the hot summer of this warm climate, occupying all the vacation and one or two months into the first term of the next year, is not a great rest to the student, weary with his studies and needing relaxation, nor an excellent preparation for another year of study; but he undergoes these toils cheerfully, for his own education and the good of others. Who would not lend a helping hand if he could to such a youth in time of need? O, the heroic struggles of these young people!

It will be noticed that Prof. Spence speaks of the Home, as one of the educational forces of the institution. A word of explanation will show that this is a matter of great interest, and marks a high water-mark in the educational tide in this country. Nearly one hundred of the students and scholars board at the institution. The remainder board in the city, either at their homes or at hired lodgings. Those who thus board at the University eat at a common table in company with the Professors, instructors and managers. The home feeling is encouraged, refinement of manners is cultivated, the general relations of the students to each other are regulated, the religious spirit is sought and promoted. The results are, that to these hundred students the institution has become a home; a certain organic spirit of improvement prevails among them; they are more easily managed by the faculty, and they become a nucleus of influence and improvement to all the rest of the school. Prof. Spence told me that he relied on this Home, in connection with religious experience, more than on anything else for the success of the institution. During the past winter, of some ninety students who constituted the Home, every one was the subject of an apparently genuine religious experience and conversion to God. From the opportunity which I had to observe the spirit and workings of the institution (and they were very freely given during a brief visit) I judged he had not overrated the importance of these two forces.

The religious atmosphere of the University seemed to be pervaded by a genuine revival spirit, not noisy, or effervescent, but deep, strong and sweet. Never when absent from the Oneida Community, have I been more edified and charmed than I was in witnessing the chapel exercises of Fisk University. The key note of the worship that day was the love of Christ and the certainty of his manifesting himself to those who love him. This was dwelt on in a simple, touching discourse of much clearness and force. This was the burden of song. And the singing of those two hundred or more students and scholars—dusky young men and maidens and children—who can describe it? Songs such as "Jesus, Lover of my Soul," were sung. Here is one that was very thrilling:

Savior teach me day by day,
Love's sweet lesson to obey;
Sweeter lesson cannot be,
Loving him who first loved me.

With a child-like heart of love,
At thy bidding may I move;
Prompt to serve and follow thee,
Loving him who first loved me.

Teach me all thy steps to trace,
Strong to follow in thy grace;
Learning how to love from thee,
Loving him who first loved me.

Love in loving finds employ—
In obedience all her joy;
Ever new that joy will be,
Loving him who first loved me.

Thus may I rejoice to show
That I feel the love I owe;
Singing, till thy face I see,
Of his love who first loved me.

Fisk University, it will be remembered, is the starting point of the "Jubilee Singers," whose sweet voices and quaint and unique negro songs—burdened with the experiences of the long night of bondage, and with a revival tone—have touched the hearts of all who have heard them. These "Singers" are engaged in raising funds for the purpose of purchasing a site and erecting new buildings for the University. The site cost $20,000, and is situated on a commanding eminence called Fort Gillem, just beyond the city limits, south-west of Nashville. The proposed building will cost $50,000 more. During their first campaign last season the "Jubilee Singers" raised $20,000, or enough to purchase the site. The present year they hope to make up the additional $50,000. For

such a worthy object they certainly deserve the great success they are having. They are representatives of Fisk University. They are laboring for the uprising of a long-suffering race—a race who can truly sing,

"Nobody knows the trouble I've seen, Lord,
Nobody knows like Jesus."

The ground for Jubilee Hall, as the new University-building is to be called, was broken on Jan. 1, 1873. The Hall is to be L shaped, with fronts respectively of one hundred and twenty-eight and one hundred and forty-five feet, three stories high, to be heated by steam and to have all the modern appliances.

I shall long remember the day I spent at Fisk University, the bright and interesting faces of the students, the pleasant acquaintance of Prof. Spence and other managers, and the prophetic promise of vast and glorious results there budding into bloom. T. L. P.

ONEIDA CIRCULAR.

TIRZAH C. MILLER, EDITOR.

MONDAY, JUNE 9, 1873.

HEAVEN.

A RELIGION that is so fearful of materialism that it makes heaven a world of shadows, unsexes the redeemed, leaves them scarcely any of their present attributes, and reduces them as near to nothings as possible, cannot be attractive. Popular declamations about heaven picture it as a sort of vast meeting-house, where a multitude of nondescript beings that were once human but are so no longer, stand or sit in a circle around Christ like a congregation around a minister, and do nothing but gaze and sing songs. Music seems to be the only employment that the orthodox heaven has in common with earth. What attraction can such a heaven have for real men? It may be regarded as somewhat preferable to hell; but this world, with its fields and forests and rivers and gardens and fruits and houses and lovers and children, will seem far better than either. Going to heaven, with most of our religionists, must be like going to a solemn conference-meeting—or still more perhaps, like joining a Shaker Community. The heaven which Mahomet set before his followers, though false enough in itself, was a more sensible conception than this, and had more power to make men despise this world and brave death.

A heaven, in order to be attractive, must be richer in all the resources of happiness than this world. It must be like Eden before the fall—a place for bodies as well as souls; where there is not only a God and spiritual glory, but also the image of God—male and female; where all the natural faculties and susceptibilities of human nature are cultivated, honored and provided for. An attractive religion must therefore teach the doctrine of the resurrection of the body, the eternity of sexual distinction, and the adaptation of heaven to this constitution of human nature. Christianity, unveiled and understood, is just this and nothing else.

When we pray, we must remember that true prayer itself is a gift. We cannot pray in the name of Christ and in faith, only as the Spirit of Christ prays in us. This being the true theory of prayer, it is evident that the thing we ought to pray for first of all and most of all is the gift of the spirit of prayer. We can always go back and pray for this if we cannot pray for anything else; and if we obtain this, we have that which will surely lead us to true effectual prayer for all good things.

COMMUNITY JOURNAL.

ONEIDA.

—A lady of Prospect, Conn., recently presented us with a bedquilt in payment for the CIRCULAR, a gift which we are happy to acknowledge as very acceptable indeed.

—We received to-day two old coins for our museum—the gift of H. T. Donne, a subscriber in Pennsylvania. One bears the date 1679 and was coined in the reign of Charles II., the other in the reign of Victoria, dated 1838.

—The new play-ground in the meadow is already a pleasant resort for the two-year olds these summer afternoons, and we notice many of the adults strolling in that direction after supper. A game of ball was played one evening in which several of the young women were invited to join. The game was a lively one, and rendered particularly amusing to the lookers-on by the awkward manner in which the women struck at the ball; some of whom in their eagerness to make a successful "run" made half the distance with ball-club in hand.

—Ten white, bare feet pattering through the lawn walks this morning, stopping now and then to press the cool, dewy grass. There was some apprehension expressed a few evenings since lest we bring up our children too tenderly. Some toughening measures might not be amiss. By wearing too great an amount of clothing they catch "hots" instead of colds. One member said he never had a pair of shoes until he was five years old. His feet became so hardy that he could stand longer in the snow than a man with boots on, and he was never troubled with colds.

—The following note to the family was read a few evenings since:

"I have had a great deliverance lately from depressing thoughts and temptation to self-accusation; it came through words from Mr. N. I had suffered so much that I thought I must find out the secret root of my trouble, and looked for it in the way of searching judgment; but he told me, with a power that gave me strength to obey, to turn my attention away from myself and look at *the works of God in the Community*. They were to be seen on every hand, and I could give my attention to them and rejoice in them without any reference to my own experience. I need not pray for myself, but pray that the work of God might go on—pray for the revival. What he said dismissed me not only in word but in deed from all my worry about my own state. Nobody can know so well as I what a miracle was wrought, for I cannot tell any one what a web of imaginations I was in, and how helpless I was to extricate myself. The more I tried the more I entangled myself. I thank God for my deliverance. My prayer is that the work of God may go on, and my only prayer for myself is that I may be a medium of the revival spirit. I believe this is put into my heart by the Spirit.

H.

—We have been taken back to the halcyon days of our early Community life by late readings from old journals published eighteen years ago. Those were the days when our businesses were in their infancy, and we did little more than to keep clear of debt; the days when we were just starting the trap-business in the little blacksmith's shop down by the creek, where Mr. Newhouse and Joel by dint of hard labor turned out three or four dozen traps a day; when Mr. Noyes and Homer entered into the business and began to lead the family into it till it was so much enlarged that it had to be removed over to the mill building across the road; when Mr. Olds went to St. Louis to introduce our traps into the markets in that vicinity; and a few months later when orders came for "several hundred traps," and when a "*ton of steel*" was received from the English manufacturers; and later still, when the trap business was fairly installed on the first floor in the mill building, and "the music of six new anvils" rung in the ears of those who worked in the printing-office above, and the "old mill" was resonant with the roar of machinery, and the din of voices.

Those were the days when much of our irksome work was performed by "bees," which were well attended by men, women and children; there were bees for planting, hoeing, cutting and husking corn; bees for mowing, spreading, turning and raking hay; bees for picking strawberries, raspberries, currants and peas; bees for weeding onions, beets and carrots; bees for building fence and bees for tearing down fence; bees for digging, spading and wheeling dirt; bees for washing, hanging out and ironing clothes; and in fact, bees for any and every job that needed doing. Frequently at the sound of fife and beat of drum (at first a tin pan), a long procession stepped briskly to the scene of action, and in a short time would accomplish the desired result. Every afternoon the children spent an hour in braiding palm-leaf hats, which Mr. Hall sold at retail in the country towns round about; and every afternoon the grown folks spent an hour in making carpet-bags, under the superintendence of Mr. Reynolds and Mrs. Whitfield.

The housework was divided, as it has been ever since, into departments, a suitable number of persons apportioned to each; five women and girls set the type for the CIRCULAR; eight women and two men did all the kitchen work; eight more did the regular laundry work; five women and a man had charge of the children; three women with a man did the dairy work; two women and a man the tailoring; and the bed-making, dining-room work dish-washing and other chores about the house were distributed among the rest. Many of the women found time to go to the trap-shop an hour or two each day, and during the summer, others found something to do in the vegetable garden. We had no hired service; but the house-work, garden-work and shop-work were manned and managed entirely within our own ranks.

After supper it was our wont to spend three-quarters of an hour in study, divided into the following classes: three in Greek, one in French, two in grammar, one in history, one in spelling, one in arithmetic and one in Natural Science. These were occasionally interrupted by a lecture on Geology, Physiology and the like, or, as happened frequently, by a dance, which was entered into with great zest by old and young. The evening meeting was held for an hour as it has continued to be every evening since for eighteen years, with unabated interest.

Ah! those were happy days, and though we had few luxuries and were obliged to retrench in many ways to get along, we enjoyed ourselves as heartily as children. Those were the days of "baked beans, brown bread and milk porridge;" the days when dainties were dispensed with. But we take great satisfaction in remembering that the rigorous economy then practiced, was the foundation for all our subsequent prosperity.

In time, orders began crowding us for traps. We found ourselves limited in the one large room at the "old mill," and the necessity for building seemed urgent. A wing was added a hundred feet long, built of brick, into which we moved all the forges; and the finishing work on the traps spread over the room which they had previously occupied. Orders came pouring in every day until at length we were forced to hire help; for just at this time our traveling-bags were in great demand, and we were pressed with work in that department. We were wonderfully prospered. In the year 1858 we sold $5,747 worth of traps; and the next year the trap sales footed $26,000. In 1862–3 we were again inconvenienced in our work by lack of room, and be-

gan planning for a new shop. In 1864 we put up a large brick edifice at Willow Place, and since its completion have always hired much of the work. In 1865 the silk-business was started, which it is well-known has been a source of great profit to us. Gradually we accumulated profitable industries which have enabled us to build dwellings more suited to our convenience than was the old Mansion House; and furnished us with means to better educate our young people; and more important than all, given us the funds to publish our paper, that we may send the truth freely into the world. We have made some proficiency in music in the meantime, having devoted considerable attention to its culture.

When we contrast the present with the past, we recognize the hand of God which led us through poverty and persecution into prosperity and peace; and we are not afraid to offer the future destiny of the O. C. to his keeping. And though we enjoy many luxuries that eighteen years ago we hardly dreamed of, we are sure we should be ready to give them all up if it were required of us for the same purpose. There is the same unity and earnestness among us now as there ever was, intensified by more depth of purpose and sincere love for Communism.

It may be amusing to compare the following bill-of-fare for three days in 1855, (which by the way was unusually sumptuous for that time), with one just copied for three days in 1873:

August 26, 1855.

Sunday.—BREAKFAST.—Crust coffee; brown sugar; brown bread; butter; baked beans warmed over.

DINNER.—Boiled chicken; milk-gravy toast; stewed potatoes without butter; apples.

SUPPER.—Blackberry short-cake and plenty of it; cold water.

Monday.—BREAKFAST.—Chicken soup with potatoes sliced in it; bread and butter.

DINNER.—Baked meat; potatoes; onions; apples; bread and milk.

SUPPER.—Bread and milk; baked apples; cheese.

Tuesday.—BREAKFAST.—Fried hasty pudding; syrup; bread-and-butter.

DINNER.—Squash; cucumbers; bread; rice pudding; no butter.

SUPPER.—Bread and butter; tomatoes and apple-pie;

May 31, 1873.

BREAKFAST.—Malt coffee; granulated sugar; cream; mashed-potatoe; fried shad; pie-plant sauce; apple-sauce; wheat bread-and-butter; cold wheat biscuit; milk; Graham gems, Graham biscuit, Graham crackers and mush; syrup and molasses.

DINNER.—Dried beef cream gravy; steamed potatoes; bread pudding; pie-plant sauce; apple-sauce; wheat bread-and-butter; Graham bread, gems, crackers and mush; lettuce.

June 1.—BREAKFAST.—Malt coffee; cream; milk; prune sauce; wheat bread; butter; wheat and buckwheat pancakes; warmed up potato: Graham bread, gems, crackers and mush; syrup, molasses, etc.

DINNER.—Strawberry tea; cream; milk; wheat bread; butter; bananas; pear sauce; rolls; Graham bread, gems, crackers and mush; sponge cake; cheese.

June 2.—BREAKFAST.—Malt coffee, etc.; meat gravy; Indian meal puffs; baked potatoes; wheat bread and butter; Graham bread, gems, crackers and mush; milk; apple sauce; pie-plant sauce; syrup, etc.

DINNER.—Malt coffee; cream; steamed potatoes; pot-pie; milk; wheat bread-and-butter; Graham bread, gems, etc.; pie-plant pie; pie-plant sauce; cheese; lettuce; syrup, etc.

—The Journal would not be a faithful record of passing events if it did not make some mention of the interest taken by the Community in the Government Expedition for the establishment of the 49th parallel. Our attention was first turned to the subject by the following letter from Charles A. Burt, one of the Community students at the New Haven Sheffield Scientific School:

New Haven, Dec. 12, 1872.

DEAR MR. NOYES:—Professor V. made a proposition to me yesterday which I thought you might be interested in, so I venture to lay it before you.

It seems that a United States Government Expedition is to start some time next spring from the Lake of the Woods and go through to the summit of the Rocky Mountains for the purpose of establishing more accurately the boundary line between the United States and British America, the western part of the boundary having already been accurately surveyed. The agent of the Government has applied to Prof. V. for three men to go with the Expedition, and act in the capacities of Geologist, Botanist and Zoölogist. The Professor asked me if I would like to go either in the capacity of Botanist or of Zoölogist; if so, he said I might have the first chance. He also stated that the Government would pay all expenses and fifteen hundred dollars a year as salary. The duties of Botanist and Zoölogist will consist in collecting specimens of the different kinds of plants and animals, preserving them, and in the winter after returning to classify and name them, and make out a report to the Government. The Expedition is to start next June, just before we graduate; but Prof. V. said that if I would go, the faculty would grant me a special examination, and thus dismiss me earlier.

I told Prof. V. that it would be necessary for me to correspond with our people at O. C. before I could give him a definite answer. Thus the matter stands.

As far as I am concerned personally, such a trip might be a pleasant one; although it would undoubtedly have its hardships. But of course it is a matter for you at home to decide. If you should deem it of sufficient importance to give it serious consideration, there are many minor details which I have not presented, but which would have important bearings upon the subject. If you think best, I can go to Oneida next week with F. W. S. and C. A. C., and then present the case to you more fully.

Any answer you may see fit to give I shall gladly accept. I remain as ever a servant of the truth, C. A. BURT.

The offer naturally gave rise to considerable discussion. It was of course much appreciated as a compliment to Mr. Burt; for the professors of the Scientific School are zealous for the good reputation of the institution with which they are connected, and exceedingly cautious about recommending men for such important positions as that of Botanist and Zoölogist to a Government Expedition. But the matter was too important to be decided hastily, so Mr. Burt was invited to accompany the other students to O. C. to spend the winter vacation, and to gather in the mean time such additional particulars concerning the Expedition as he could; and as it was doubtful whether the Community would wish to send off one man alone on such an enterprise, to ascertain if another of the Community graduates of the Scientific School could accompany him.

The following week the students arrived; Mr. Burt bringing word that probably Wm. A. Hinds, a graduate of 1870, could have the position of Botanist to the Expedition. Mr. Burt had already decided that he should elect for himself the position of Zoölogist. It was soon decided that in case the position of Botanist was offered to Mr. Hinds, these two Community brothers should hold themselves in readiness to do Government service in the northern wilds. A few days after Mr. Burt's return to New Haven came this word from him:

New Haven, Jan. 2, 1873.

DEAR MR. NOYES:—I called on Prof. V. yesterday and talked with him about W.'s going with me. He at once said that W. would be a first-rate man to take charge of the botanical department of the Expedition, and would gladly sign any paper recommending him for that position. I was unable to see Prof. E. (Prof. of Botany) yesterday, it being New-Year's day, but Prof. V. said he would see him and speak with him about W. I called on Prof. V. again to-day after he had seen Prof. E., and was informed that Prof. E. was much pleased with the plan of having W. go, and would be glad to recommend him. He had supposed that he was so engaged on our paper that he could not leave. I told him we would accept the positions offered, and he said he would look no further for men to fill them. So now W. stands an equal chance with myself of getting the appointment. Prof. V. said he thought there was not much doubt but that we should get the appointments, although there is a chance that some of the members of Congress may try to secure the positions for their sons or friends.

Yours in the service, C. A. BURT.

The matter was considered settled; the probabilities were all in favor of the supposition that Messrs. Burt and Hinds would in a few months be on their way to the Lake of the Woods. They themselves confidently anticipated it: Charles with eagerness, as it would afford him for months the very labor and sport for which his studies fitted him and his natural tastes inclined him. William appeared more grave than usual as if endeavoring to look at all sides of the subject. Perhaps there was a conflict going on in him between his love of botany and his desire to acquire a little fame in the Government service on the one hand, and his love of the home and friends a twenty-five years' sojourn in the Community had given him on the other. A remark he once dropped about returning with his scalp intact led some to think he had not forgotten the stories he read when young about the Sioux, Blackfeet and other Indians whose names used to figure on the maps of the northern Territories; but I guess no one thought he would lack in enthusiasm and courage after he had once fairly started. Meanwhile Charles kept him informed of their prospects. In a letter dated Jan. 22d he wrote:

Mr. Clark, who was connected with the survey last year, gave me some additional particulars concerning it. He had lately received a letter from Dr. Hatch of the Expedition. It seems that after Clark left the English Commission came into the field with a party as large as the American, and they worked together the rest of the fall. They have not yet settled all points of the boundary in the vicinity of the Lake of the Woods nor at Pembina; so the ground will have to be gone over this year. The party is wintering at Detroit, from which place they will probably start in the spring. Clark has written to Col. Farker, the Chief Engineer, about us, and said that he should in all probability get a reply this week.

Prof. B. offers to help us in many ways. He lent me an English report of a survey of that section together with good maps of the whole country about there. It will add much to the interest of our life while traveling, to be acquainted with the animals and plants which we shall meet and to have a thorough knowledge of the country through which we pass.

Prof. E. spoke to me the other day about you. He said he should be glad to have you come here any time, and receive instructions concerning water-plants. I told him I thought you would not expect to come until spring.

A book has just been published on the birds of North America. S. recommends it very highly; says that with its aid I can identify all the birds I shall find. I have seen the book and am much pleased with it.

Nearly a month later he wrote:

New Haven, Feb. 15, 1873.

DEAR WILLIAM:—Prof. C. told me yesterday that he had heard from Col. Farker, Chief Engineer of the Expedition, who said that he had made out the estimates for the naturalists, and the bill is now before Congress. He could not tell yet whether the necessary appropriation would be made, but thought in all probability it would. Prof. C. said he should send our recommendations on next Monday, so as to have them on hand when the bill passed. The whole matter will be settled soon, as indeed it must by the 4th of March, when we shall know definitely what to do.

The survey of the 49th parallel is completed from the Pacific to the summit of the Rocky Mountains; but we shall have a chance to "bawl Excelsior" from some of the snow-clad peaks which form the western limits of our survey, as well as to sniff the breezes from the Pacific.

Ever your brother, C. A. BURT.

The following letter conveyed to W. the first dubious expression from C.:

Wallingford, March 5, 1873.

DEAR WILLIAM:—It would seem by the course things have taken for some time back that our little

trip is going to fall through, but I still continue to hope about it. I saw Prof. C. yesterday, and he said the bill had undoubtedly passed the Senate, and that he thought Col. Farker was waiting until he could get a definite statement from the Department of State of the amount of money appropriated to the department of natural history before writing here about our going. He expects to hear from Farker soon. Yours, C. A. BURT.

It was fit that another pen should convey the final intelligence:

New Haven, April 8, 1873.

DEAR MR. Noyes:—As Charles Burt is just off on a short excursion with Profs. V. and E., he has requested me to report to you some further information, which he has but now obtained from Prof. C. and others relative to the Expedition for the Survey of the 49th parallel.

It seems that the reason why we have heard no more about the organization of the Expedition, the appropriations by Congress, the notification of the men, etc., is that Col. Farker, the former engineer and commander of the Expedition, having a wife and interesting children, decided to resign his position and continue to reside in civilized territory, to wit, in the bosom of his family. Major Twining, his second in command, has now succeeded him, and being an ambitious young man is organizing matters very vigorously and rapidly. Congress has made the necessary appropriations, and the company is already assembling in Detroit, Mich., from which place it is intended to start for the vicinity of the Lake of the Woods, *next week*, they being anxious to reach the ground as early as possible in the season. This will require great dispatch, no doubt. It appears, furthermore, that Major Twining is a man of extensive connections, and is doing what he can to fulfill the old plan of making the company as select as possible. But unfortunately (or fortunately, according to which way we may view it), a little difficulty has overshadowed that part of the enterprise which was to have been performed by Messrs. Burt and Hinds. Among Maj. Twining's connections before mentioned are several young men who are good naturalists, and who desired to accompany the Expedition in that capacity. The Major, being ignorant of the arrangements making by Col. Farker, has already secured the appointment of those young men to the exclusion of ours, thus leaving Messrs. Burt and Hinds at liberty to adopt the enlightened policy of the gallant Colonel, by remaining in a civilized land and reposing in the bosom of the Community! Undoubtedly brother Hinds will breathe more freely at this announcement, and, as he passes his fingers through his auburn locks, may feel a gratifying sense of security as to their future possession which would possibly have been wanting had he gone forth into the region of Sioux and Blackfeet as he had valorously consented to do. (See reports of Indian massacres in the late papers.)

Charles Burt desires me to say for him, that he does not feel the slightest regret at this termination, but that he will "thank God and take courage." He says he looks forward to going home to live in the Community with more pleasure than he has lately done to going on this Expedition. He certainly looks brighter and more cheerful than he did before, and I judge it was a relief to his mind to know that he is not going.

Yours faithfully, F. WAYLAND SMITH.

Thus terminated the whole affair, to the general satisfaction of the Community and without regret on the part of Messrs. Burt and Hinds. They were honored by the recommendations of the Yale professors, and it was by no fault of theirs that they were omitted in the formation of the Expedition; moreover the Community showed its willingness to put its young men into Government service. What more would have been gained had they gone on the Expedition?

WALLINGFORD.

—A day or two ago, Mary B. and two or three other girls went up on Mount Tom and while walking along through the woods started up a partridge which they soon found had a nest with several young ones. The wild little things ran in all directions, but the girls caught four and brought two of them home. Luckily an old hen had just hatched a brood of chickens, so a nice coop with a yard was fixed behind the house and the hen put into it with her family responsibilities increased by the addition of the two young partridges. One of them has since died, but the other is doing well. It was seen this morning sitting contentedly on the old hen's back.

—Last evening an old talk on the subject of thankfulness, was read. Mr. H. said this talk harmonized with some of his own recent reflections. He had thought a good deal about sincerity. Persons are apt to think that in order to be sincere they must confess some fault. This is only one part of being sincere; there is another side to sincerity. We should be just as much in earnest to be sincere in confessing our good experience. One reason for frequent bad experience which persons find themselves in, is that they neglect this sincerity, and do not keep in good fellowship with those above them. It is through our union and fellowship with those above us that we are good. No amount of individual effort will make us good. We may resolve not to do this or that thing, not to be tripped up in that way again, but we shall only get strength and good experience through the ascending fellowship. Egotism often hinders people from being sincere. They appropriate their experience to themselves; so bad experience casts them down, and good puffs them up. We know that the way to separate ourselves from evil is to stop identifying ourselves with it, and cast it off on the devil where it belongs. Good experience, on the other hand, must not be appropriated to ourselves, but considered as God's work in us. It is our duty to be faithful in proclaiming not our own goodness but the goodness of God.

IS THE CAT-BIRD A MOCKING-BIRD?

IT seems to be a question still in some quarters whether the cat-bird is really a mimicker. Now I know *of* a fact which sets the question at rest, in my own mind, at least. Last summer I happened to be lying in the shade of a tree by the river-side, while an oriole was piping away on a tree on the other side. Very soon a cat-bird alighted just over head and immediately took up the strain of the oriole, and in the most comical fashion, for he is nothing but a garbler, after all, though in that consists the gist of the thing. He mimics in the most careless way, as though he had no reputation whatever to lose by it. I have been familiar with the notes of this bird for more than forty years, and should be sorry to lose him, imperfect as are his efforts as a mimic, for there is an air of ease and sociability about him; and even when he is most *catish* he would fain persuade you he is only half joking. He has always appeared to me to be on the *qui vive* for the notes of other birds; but then he is so lazy that he is sure to make a mess of it if he attempts to reproduce them. R. S. D.

FROM OUR YALE STUDENTS.

IX.

The Hoosac Tunnel.

MY particular object in a late visit to the Hoosac tunnel was the examination of the transmission of power by compressed air; and it was in pursuit of information on this particular point that I came near forming an unexpected and extensive acquaintance with power as developed by chemical reäction.

It was Saturday afternoon when we arrived at the Hoosac House, where the railroad terminates. By good fortune, I had while on the road from Boston made the acquaintance of Mr. Locke, assistant State Engineer of the Hoosac Tunnel—a young man who has sole charge of the eastern end, so far as the State is concerned. He establishes the grade, makes the necessary surveys, and accepts on the part of the State the work as fast as finished. Owing to the smoke of the construction-train engine and other nuisances he cannot survey during the week except with extreme difficulty, and so he is obliged to do his work on Sundays, when little or nothing is going on.

Leaving the hotel we walked forward to the tunnel. The mountains here seem to surround one on every side; but the Deerfield river finds a tortuous course among them, and the railroad takes advantage of it up to this point. But here the river turns to the north, while the road wishes to go west, and hence the tunnel. As we approached the entrance we crossed the "dump" of broken rock which has been taken out. Here I got the first idea of the size of the undertaking—a vast filling for the future road-bed, a quarter of a mile long, perhaps two hundred feet wide and piled up a hundred feet above the river-bed.

The entrance itself is quite insignificant. A small ledge of mica slate, partly overgrown with bushes and grass, appears on the mountain side. Into this is an opening sixteen feet high by twenty-four wide. A construction-train that had seen hard service, stood before it.

"I shall not go in till to-morrow," said Mr. Locke "if you wish to see the air-drills, you will have to go in this afternoon."

"I guess I'll go in and see the drills to-day," I replied, "and examine the tunnel more particularly to-morrow."

"Come over to my office, then, and change your clothes." Accordingly I was soon arrayed in Mr. Locke's best tunnel rig, armed with his lantern, and rattling into the tunnel on a train filled with the hands belonging to the half-past three "shift." It seemed a long way in, but we came to the end at last. The train stopped, and we started forward to the "bench" on foot.

Several months ago, as will be remembered, they made an opening through to the central shaft; but the "heading" carried through was only the *upper half* of the tunnel; seven hundred or eight hundred feet of the lower half yet remains to be taken out. This is the "bench"—not the blank wall I expected, but a rocky slope eight feet high, covered with the debris of the last blast. A stream of water pumped from the central shaft foamed down it.

I scrambled to the top and stood watching the men as they began clearing the slope to get places for the drills to work. Some were rolling stones down the hill, others were loosening the shale with pickaxes. Five minutes more, and we were enveloped in a dense cloud of smoke from the engine, owing to the suction from the central shaft. Just as the smoke became so dense that I could not see the rock on which I was standing, there came a warning cry from a man near me.

"Come back!" said a miner rushing past me. I followed him back on the bench five or six yards, where he stopped and sat down. I looked around. The dim hazy lights of the miners were nowhere visible. The bench was in total darkness, save at the spot I had just left. There I could dimly discern the foreman standing by the man who had raised the alarm, quietly directing his operations.

"What's the matter?" I asked of my guide.

"Found a cartridge," was the sententious reply.

"A glycerine cartridge?" said I, nervously.

"Yes."

"Are they going to touch it off?"

The reply was not soothing, but the man was as cool as an icicle.

"Not if they can help it!"

"Let's go back a little further" said I, "I'm afraid we're not safe."

"I guess it won't go off," he said quietly, but presently added, "I guess you'd better go down the bench and out where the other men are; it's safer there." I professed entire readiness to start, and he directed me to take the opposite side of the

bench away from the dangerous point, so as not to roll anything on the cartridge accidentally. The celerity of my retreat may be imagined.

"He staid not for brake, and he stopped not for stone."

The old miner tried to follow, but was stopped by a stern order from the foreman. "Stay where you are, I may want more help." Two or three hundred yards away I found the men, and learned more particularly about the cartridge. Three or four are generally set off at a time, and occasionally it happens that one of them fails to ignite, and the end is covered so deeply with broken rocks that the state of things is only discoverable after a careful search, which the men are very sure to make.

Ten minutes later the blaster came along, and soon after we heard the boom of the explosion. The men went back to work again, but I concluded I had seen enough for once, and took the next train out. Mr. Locke did not seem particularly startled at my adventure.

"We have found a considerable number of these cartridges at different times," he said, "and never had an accident yet. The men have eyes like cats for them."

"How much of a charge is a single cartridge?"

"Oh, two or three pounds, depending on the depth of the hole."

"Those fellows were pecking around there in a dreadfully careless way," said I, my thoughts constantly reverting to the "cartridge."

"Yes, but they know pretty nearly where the blasts are put, and should one fail to explode, the wires are still attached to it, so if they find them they have only to follow them up."

"But you've lost a number of men, havn't you?"

"Yes," he answered, "but our two worst accidents at this end happened in a way never before heard of. In both cases the exploding wires had just been fastened to the cartridges, when they were mysteriously set off. In each case several men were killed. When the second accident occurred some one noticed a spark leap from the railway-track to the battery-wire which happened to lay close by it. It had been set off by electricity from the clouds during a thunder-storm. Now we have a man on the watch, and he allows no blasting during thunder-storms."

The next day at 11 A. M., I again entered the tunnel. Mr. Locke and his assistants were going in with a hand-car, but as the start was delayed, I went on alone. The air was perfectly clear, and far ahead I could see the lights of a party of gentlemen who had started in fifteen minutes before. As I advanced, the tunnel became almost fairy-like. The stillness was absolute. The light from the entrance a quarter of a mile away, gleamed on a thousand projecting points. The atmosphere was warm and fresh. The road was dry. The walls that I expected to see dripping with water, were hardly damp.

After sauntering along for three-quarters of an hour. I at length reached the bench of yesterday, two miles and a half in. I clambered up the slope again and started forward for the central shaft. The lights before me had dissappeared. The gleams from the entrance had long since died away. I moved slowly. cautiously, along by the side of the brook. Suddenly the tunnel came to an end. A blank wall barred my farther progress. Had I passed the central shaft without seeing it? It could not be. I examined the wall more closely. A small door became visible. I pushed it open. Lights appeared in the distance. I went forward more boldly, and presently met—a lady! Possibly I had felt myself a little bit of a hero in daring to explore such a grim cavern. But here was a young lady with a guide, "doing" it quietly as if it were nothing more than a wine-cellar. I got down from my pedestal of heroism.

The central shaft was soon reached. Where the bench terminated two air-drills were at work. Imagine a steel drill with a cruciform point striking a rock sixty times a minute, with a force as if driven with a dozen sledge-hammers, and you have an idea what can be done with air compressed to sixty pounds on the square inch.

At the shaft I found the party of gentlemen, among whom were live newspaper men. I pushed on to the west heading. Here I found the blank wall I had expected to see. Two hundred feet more of solid rock to pierce before the western end will be opened to the central shaft. The day has been set on which the heading is to be through. This may seem nonsense, but in the eastern part the day and hour were set by Mr. Locke at which the opening would be probably made. Friends who desired to be present were told to come up on a certain train. Within two hours of the time set the first man had been through. As I returned to the central shaft the sound of music reached me. Two of the gentlemen were singing a duet, and the rocky hall was ringing with a hundred sweet echoes. A newspaper man hurried up to the singers with his note-book in hand.

"What song was that, gentlemen?" he inquired.

"Larboard Watch," was the reply from the younger of the two, "but we are in rather a desperate place, and besides it's Easter Sunday, so suppose you put it down as 'Old Hundred' or something of that sort."

The newspaper man complied. "And your name?"

"——, tenor singer in 16th St. Church, New York."

"Sing some more," said he of the newspaper. The tenor then sang an exquisite solo from "Il Trovatore." Then the bell struck, and we all ran to the waiter or "cage." We made a rather heavy load. The "cage" mounted slowly up, up, up. An old miner beguiled the time by recounting the various accidents that had happened to the "cage" in the shaft. It wasn't very inspiriting. Up! ten hundred and seventeen feet, and we stepped into a snow-storm on Hoosac mountain. After a brief survey of the compressors, the hoisting engine, and the good steel-wire-rope that drew us up, we went back into the heart of the mountain. The descent reminded me of the "Facilis descensus Averno" of school-boy days. We came down in a little over two minutes. Nearly five hundred feet a minute. The sensation is peculiar, though very pleasant. As we strolled leisurely back toward the entrance, I guessed the meaning of the wall with the little door in it. The central shaft is a huge chimney and this is a damper to prevent too violent a current. A mile or more from the entrance we encountered Mr. Locke laying out work for the "finishers" who come along behind all the rest and dress the tunnel to the exact size, and knock down the "loose."

"Mr. Locke," said I as we sat in his snug office that evening, "how could you calculate so closely when you were going to get the heading through to the central shaft?"

"It was very easy. The rock is mica slate, and exceedingly uniform. They go about six feet a day very regularly."

"But how do you know the exact distance through?"

"I surveyed the line from east end to the central shaft over with great care, driving stakes every hundred feet or so. A nail was driven into the stake, with a cross filed in its head. Next I measured the distances from cross to cross with a steel tape, noting the temperature of the air and state of the weather. Then made a series of experiments to ascertain how much the tape will sag for any distance between one foot and a hundred. The rest is simple mathematical work."

"Why were such close calculations necessary?"

"To establish the grades, and to be sure the different parties should not blow each other up. The sounds of the drills were very deceptive. When we were eight hundred feet apart old miners felt sure we were within fifty feet. When we were within twenty-five or thirty feet, some of the men refused to work, saying the other set were right on them."

"How closely did the center lines of the two parties come together?"

"Very near. When the opening was first made I took up a position a little distance back and put the transit on my center line. The Assistant Engineer of the central shaft did the same on his. The Chief went alone to the opening and set up his staff. The lines varied three-eighths of an inch sideways and five-sixteenths in the perpendicular."

"What grade is there?"

"Twenty-eight feet to the mile. It slants both ways from the center."

And then we branched off on the Shanlys, the compressors, nitro-glycerine, and kindred topics.

Mr. Locke is the first civil engineer I ever met with who did not smoke. His recreation, I noticed, was Todhunter's mental gymnastics.

On the way out to civilization again, the next morning, the newspaper man told us this tunnel was first surveyed in 1823 for a canal, again in '43 for a railroad, and now in '73 it is to be finished.

K.

GLASS AND GLASS-MAKING.

I.

GLASS, a well-known and no less indispensable article of human comfort and convenience, is a chemical compound. Like the printing-press and steam-engine, the offspring, under Providence, of man's ingenuity, the aid it has given in the advancement and development of the arts and sciences can hardly be estimated. No material invented by man, it is said, can be compared to it in the service it has rendered; and certainly but few have contributed more to the elegance and splendor of these modern times.

Glass is made by fusion under a high heat, of siliceous earth with various salts and metallic oxides. We think of it as a transparent substance, but chemically speaking, every product of fusion which is hard and brittle and has the vitreous or glassy appearance, whether transparent or not, is a glass. But our purpose of course is not with the article in these obscurer forms, but with the glass of commerce, and of our experience. Let us first glance at what is known of its

ORIGIN AND ANTIQUITY.

And here we have to confess at the outset that in regard to the origin of glass we are somewhat in the dark. All the light we have upon the subject points to Egypt (that mystic land where so many of the "lost arts" had their origin,) as the birthplace also of the art of glass-making. It is quite certain that the manufacture of glass in its essential process, though of course in a rude form, was known to the Egyptians in the time of Moses. Hieroglyphics of as ancient a date as the bondage of the Israelites in Egypt represent glass-blowers at work in very much the same manner as at the present day. It has been supposed that the crystal referred to in Job 28: 17, was identical with glass. Still it is possible that certain precious stones were then called crystals, as cups and vases of amethyst were in use at that time. Glass beads have been discovered with mummies known to be more than 3000 years old. At Thebes has been found a bead of glass with the name of a monarch inscribed upon it who flourished fifteen hundred years before

Christ. Among the ruins of Nineveh have been found glass lenses, vases and bottles.

Thus we have ample evidence of the antiquity of the art of glass-making, but exactly when or how it originated are questions difficult if not impossible to answer. Indeed the silence of history upon so important a point would seem to indicate that the invention antedated history itself. However, if authentic sources of information fail us, we are not left without certain legendary or apocryphal accounts. The following has been handed down to us under the sanction of no less eminent an authority than Pliny the historian:

Once upon a time—back in the dim past—a Phenician merchant vessel laden with nitre or fossil alkali was driven ashore on the coast of Palestine near the river Belus. The wrecked mariners, exhausted and hungry, went ashore in search of food. Soon returning with a supply of provisions, they built a fire on the beach and there cooked them, supporting the kettle which they used for this purpose on pieces of fossil alkali taken from their cargo. The heat of the fire produced vitreous union of the river sand with the nitre or fossil alkali, and thus the forlorn mariners were the unconscious inventors of glass.

This story gained considerable credence at one time, and is spoken of as "extremely plausible," by a work that we had always considered an unimpeachable authority. But modern science completely upsets it by demonstrating that the materials now used in glass manufacture (and which cannot differ essentially from those of the ancients) require a long-continued heat of 1800 deg. Fah.—a temperature which could not possibly have obtained in any accidental open air process.

It is much more probable that the ancients obtained their first hints in regard to glass while engaged in extracting the metals of the ancient brass from their ores, and in baking articles of pottery. In these operations it is believed that the workmen must have often "drawn out the glassy cinders into strings, and observed the vitreous glazing produced when the clay was mixed with ashes." Volcanic lava, though so often the dread dispenser of desolation and death, may have had its use in presenting as it did rude forms of glass, exhibiting its plastic nature and variety of color. But be its origin as it may, glass became at an early period an important product of Egypt. Glass-works were in operation at Sidon and Alexandria in the times of Strabo and Pliny. Theophrastus records that not only was glass-making understood and carried on 370 years B. C., but also the processes of grinding, cutting and gilding the same. The Egyptians carried the art to a high degree of perfection, and their wares soon became famous. Articles of the most elaborate workmanship and of great cost were produced to adorn the tables and palaces of the affluent. Vases and cups of the most ingenious design and superb finish, some wrought with raised figures with others brilliant in color, were furnished to the Romans. It is said that the Roman Emperor Aurelian required the Egyptian tribute to be paid in these elegant articles of glass ware.

An interesting relic, illustrating at once the luxurious splendor of the period and the perfection to which the art had been carried, is the celebrated Barberini or Portland vase. This vase was found about 300 years ago in the tomb of Alexander Severus, who died A. D., 235, and was buried in the environs of Rome. It is composed of two layers of glass, the lower one of a deep blue color, the upper of opaque white, carved in figures. For more than two centuries this unique vase was the chief ornament in the gallery of the Princess Barberini in Rome. Finally sold at auction it was purchased by the duchess of Portland for a sum little short of $10.000. This lady presented it to the British Museum, where its surpassing beauty rendered it an object of universal admiration.

This story of the vase has a curious sequel. Some years ago a madman named Lloyd was one day wandering through the British Museum. The beautiful vase attracting his attention he approached and ruthlessly struck it with his cane. It fell shivered into fragments. The loss seemed at first beyond repair, but the pieces being carefully collected and placed in the hands of an ingenious artist, were cemented together by him in so skillful a manner that the closest scrutiny fails to discover that the glass was ever broken. The apparent calamity only resulted in giving to the vase an increased value, and it still stands in the Museum—a monument now of modern no less than of ancient art.

V.

THE NEWS.

A dispatch from Halifax, June 1st, announces the death of the Governor of Nova Scotia, the Hon. Joseph Howe.

In a late speech before the Spanish Cortez, President Figueras advocated the separation of Church and State, and promised to abolish slavery in Cuba.

An official dispatch to the War Department from San Francisco, June 3d, announces the capture of Captain Jack and the last of the Modocs.

Mansfield Tracy Walworth, author, was shot and killed by his son Frank at the Sturtevant House, New York, on Tuesday. The murder was deliberate, the son having left Saratoga for the purpose.

The Shah of Persia has arrived in Berlin. He was received at the railway-station by the Emperor William, several Imperial princes, and Prince Bismarck, and escorted to the palace assigned him by a large body of troops.

Thirty thousand Asiatics were massacred by the Chinese troops at the capture of Tahi Fu, a large Mohammedan city in South Western China. Sultan Suleiman, chief of the Province, poisoned himself, choosing death by his own hand rather than fall into the hands of his victorious enemies.

The movement among the farmers of the West against railroad monopolies and high tariffs, is assuming formidable proportions, and gives no little cause for anxiety among party leaders. An official statement of the granges organized previous to May 19, gives 3,377 granges in the United States, with an aggregate membership of over 2,000,000.

On Monday, May 26, the United States Government filed at Hartford, Conn., a bill of indictment against the Union Pacific Railroad Co., the Credit Mobilier, the Atlantic and Pacific Telegraph Co., the Pullman Palace Car Co., and a long list of prominent bankers and business men of New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and other cities who were, or are now in any way connected with the Union Pacific Railroad. The bill is thus summarized by the *Tribune:* The total liabilities of the Union Pacific Railroad Company, Jan. 1st, 1873, for U. S. bonds issued to the company, principal and interest, were $33, 435, 221. This amount is secured by a lien on the property of the corporation; the company is insolvent; the actual cost of the road was about one-half the amount of stock issued and other outstanding liabilities; stock was largely issued to enrich the managers; many of the contracts were fraudulent, and the nature of them concealed from the Government.

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SPECIAL NOTICE.

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

ADMISSIONS.

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

MAN CONQUERS NATURE.

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

WHAT is the ground of distinction between mankind and brutes? One comprehensive difference evidently is, that whereas the brutes remain stationary in relation to nature, man is continually changing his relation to it—is progressively rising into new supremacy over it. Let us mark well this distinction. Brutes were designed to be the *slaves of nature;* hence their standard of development is a limited one; and such as it was at the beginning, so it is now: there has been no advance, no change. The foxes that Nimrod hunted, says some one, were just as fleet and cunning and voracious of poultry as those trapped by Davy Crocket. But on the other hand, man is continually progressive in his development and mastery over nature; and hence Crocket is immensely advanced, or, as he would say, "ahead" of Nimrod in his facilities for hunting, and in his general relations to outward things. The human species alone of all the animated tribes, makes a continuous improvement in its condition; and this fact is a promise that ultimately it shall overtake nature, and extend a perfect dominion over the whole department of created things. Man has not yet fully subjugated nature, but he is gaining upon it—is progressing constantly in that direction; and though generation after generation falls in the battle, the process continues, and must end at last in perfect victory. The forces of nature—the obstructions to be overcome—are a fixed quantity, and if man has in him an indefinite progressive force, however weak it may be at any given time in comparison with nature, it must at last accumulate so as to overpower nature and assert a complete dominion in the creation.

From this central ascertained principle, that man is superior to nature and destined to subdue and possess it, there are certain direct conclusions leading out, which are worth studying for their practical bearing upon life and society.

First, it belongs to man's destiny to get full possession of *himself*. If it is important that he should understand his powers and advance in a progressive victory over nature external to himself, much more is it important that he should understand and conquer nature within his own body; since it is with this that he is to act upon all the outward domain. His body with its various faculties and functions is the set of tools with which he enters nature's workshop; and to get control of the vast enginery that surrounds him he must first have the mastery of those tools. The power of a man's will over his own body, is a circle of power interior to, and therefore more important than, his power over external nature. The soul in proceeding outward to the conquest of universal nature, has to pass through the body, and hence, as an initial act, the getting control of the body is equivalent to a victory over nature.

There is already an abundance of familiar facts showing the influence of education and direct discipline in developing the powers of the body. We see men every day, who, by attention and painstaking investigation and practice in some mechanical art, have gained a power over their muscles for certain purposes, which to the mere natural man would be impossible or miraculous. In music, the great violinists and pianists are an example. All the voluntary faculties, in fact, are known to come under the power of education, and the human will is found able to express itself in the motions of the body to an extent and perfection that is in proportion to the painstaking and discipline that are applied. So far as the department of voluntary outward habits is concerned, the influence of will and education to control the body is universally admitted.

But there is a step further than this which our general theory requires us to take. We believe that investigation and experience are now ready to demonstrate the power of the will over what have been considered and called the *involuntary* processes of the body. The mind can take control of them certainly to a great extent, and while it is not yet shown to what extent, neither is it apparent that there are any limits whatever in this direction. We have no right to say but that, by due attention, all the involuntary operations of the body may be brought under the power of the will. It must stand as an open question, unless the contrary is proved, since all the later discoveries point to the conclusion, that there are strictly no *involuntary* departments in the human system, but that every part falls appropriately and in fact within the dominion of mind, spirit and will.

We know, for instance, that in the whole class of half voluntary functions, such as those concerned in coughing, sneezing, breathing, etc., the involuntary impulse can be suppressed by an effort of the will. Our readers will recollect the case related in the CIRCULAR, of a man who was saved from the consumption by being persuaded to stop coughing. He found that the tendency, however inveterate, could be controlled, and he accordingly put it down with his will. We have had a striking accumulation of evidence in our Community, during a course of years, showing that the stomach and bowels are subject to the same control, and that such operations as vomiting and bilious disorder may be suppressed. Sea-sickness has been met and conquered on the one hand, and cholera symptoms on the other.

The instances illustrating this principle in our Community alone, would swell into a volume of facts. Finally it is shown that propagation and the sexual passion are matters fully within the province of the will—subject to enlightened control.

These facts, while they are but a legitimate conclusion from the general truth that man is the destined master of nature, yet form in their development, a new era in human progress; and, it will be readily seen, lay the foundation for great social, moral and scientific changes. When the principle of the mind's control over the body is seen to include all the interior processes, as well as the superficial ones, there is the basis evidently for an entirely new system of medicine. Drugs and washings, and such mechanical appliances, must give place to faith and power of will. Then, the discovery of the scientific fact that propagation is within the limits of spiritual and moral control, affords the solution to the whole problem of political economy, and makes a new and improved state of society possible. It is the key to socialism, without which there is no satisfactory solution or prospect of success.

We may observe in conclusion that the whole plan of salvation by Jesus Christ is based on this principle, and involves this view of the rightful control of the soul over the body. It is in the belief and establishment of that fact within us, that we are saved from sin. It was the glory of Jesus Christ that his soul was in a complete sense master of his body. He made himself a eunuch for the Kingdom of Heaven's sake, and offered his body on the cross. His body was in his hand, so that like the bullock in the hands of the Jewish priest he could bring it to the altar, and offer it a sweet smelling sacrifice to God. Such was the standard of control which Christ established, and which is the type of the victory over nature which he offers to the world. The whole theory of salvation, therefore, and our hopes in all directions, turn on our understanding and belief in regard to the power of the spirit over the flesh—the right issue of that conflict in which the human body is the battle-field.

REVIVALS IN NEW YORK CITY.

I

"HUSBAND, dear, will you go with me to the old Chatham-st. Theater this evening? It is converted into a church, you know," said the wife of Henry Gray as her husband was about leaving the tea-table to return to his place of business. "Ada Williams called here to-day," continued Mrs. Gray, and told me all about the protracted meetings that are holding there. She says it is as good as going to a theater to hear that new preacher. He doesn't preach at all like other ministers, but looks straight at you, as though he said, 'My business is with *you* and I want your whole attention!' Ada said she really thought the man knew just what her own feelings and thoughts were, and she expected every moment he would call out her name. Such a terrible criticism as he gave the church members, those who professed religion and then disgraced it, you never heard in all your life. Then Ada said she would feel like laughing at the funny things he would say; and again she would feel like crying, he was so sympathetic and tender-hearted toward those whom he wanted to have become religious. I told Ada that I should like very much to hear him and judge for myself. There is so much said about these revivals, that I thought you too would like to go and judge for yourself. Wouldn't you?

"Well," said Mr. Gray, "I have no great objection to hearing these new lights in the religious world out of curiosity, with the understanding that you won't ask me to accompany you a second time. Besides," he jokingly remarked, "it is barely possible that should you venture to repeat your visit to this sanctum you might, with all your gayety, catch this religious mania too; and should that happen, I might as well be without a wife, for you would be running to all these meetings day and night. But, seriously," continued he changing his tone, "the whole city, I should judge from what I see and hear, is becoming frightfully pious this winter. Indeed, I am told that the carrying on of so many religious operations during the week is having a very damaging effect upon business of all sorts, and the theaters and other places of amusement are much affected by the state of things. Some of the managers of theaters say that their bills draw such slim houses that they might as well close their doors or rent their play-houses to the religious actors who are getting the inside track of them."

"Well, Henry," replied Mrs. G., "that may be so; but you must look at the other side of this question. The defenders of the revivals affirm that the meetings are doing much good in the way of reforming folks, making them more honest, more industrious, peaceable, and orderly; that the police find fewer drunkards, theives and unruly persons to be taken care of. There is something about these meetings which I confess I do not understand; and perhaps by attending one of them I may regard them in the same unfavorable light that you do."

The foregoing colloquy between Mr. and Mrs. Gray occurred in the city of New York in the winter of 1832–3, a period when religious revivals took a new departure, and were more universal than before or since.

Rev. Charles G. Finney was then in the zenith of his power as an evangelist, and his labors as a religious propagandist were crowned with marked success. Under his lead new methods of presenting gospel truths to the mind were freely adopted. There was, too, a degree of earnestness and enthusiasm on the part of the lay and clerical forces never before witnessed, and it actually seemed to many, at that time, that orders from heaven had been given for an advance in *faith and righteousness* along the whole line of the religious army. Ministers, elders and deacons gave up their false hopes and were re-converted, receiving a new baptism of love for the work of saving souls; and as persons have power over others in proportion to their own sincerity and faith in the doctrines and truths they propagate, the preaching and praying laborers had no difficulty in drawing crowded houses. Hundreds who attended religious gatherings from mere curiosity, left them with feelings of quite an opposite character. Others, again, would take offense at what they heard, declaring, as they left the church, that on no condition would they hear those babblers again. Yet they could not stay away: there was something, no one could explain what, which fascinated them in spite of all opposition, so that the spirit of attraction was stronger in them than that of opposition, and go they must, in spite of everything, to hear what the revivalists had to say, listen to the songs of praise, and see who among their acquaintances would next enlist in the ranks of the converted.

Mr. and Mrs. Gray were present on the evening in question. The old Chatham-st. Theater was a theater still in appearance. The galleries or tiers remained as before, and the alterations which had been made for the purpose of converting the play-house into one of worship, were very slight indeed. The building was brilliantly lighted with gas, and at an early hour the entire edifice was filled to its utmost capacity.

Although no orator, in the common acceptation of the term, Mr. Finney was at that time a mighty man in the moral world, for he fully *believed* that God was with him in his work, and that belief carried conviction to the hearts of others. The preacher took the main thread of his discourse from the following text in John's gospel: "For God so loved the world that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish but have everlasting life." The text alone was a powerful sermon without a word of comment, for one can scarcely have a thought upon God's love for mankind and the sacrifices he made for their redemption, without expressing deep, penitential feelings. Mr. Finney held up to view in concrete form God's parental love for the human race as exhibited on the cross saying, "Is not our Heavenly Father's love infinitely more tender and compassionate, more truly maternal toward every soul in this assembly than that of any earthly mother for her darling child? Again," said the preacher, "God loved man while in a state of alienation and rebellion. Read the simple story in the Bible which tells how cruelly and wickedly man, under the instigation of the devil, treated the Son of God; how that Son returned good for evil, blessing for cursing, life for death; and look at him, as he hangs on the cross, the innocent suffering for the guilty, and listen to those tender loving words, 'Father forgive them for they know not what they do.' Was there ever love like this?"

Mrs. Gray was the mother of two children. Could she sacrifice either of them for the good of others? Conviction like a barbed arrow pierced her heart. She was a sinner before God and justly merited his displeasure. Her life had been one of mere pleasure seeking. How hateful it looked to her now in the light of eternal truth! The whole discourse, to her mind, was summed up in the words: "God's infinite love and man's infinite wickedness." She bowed her head on the slip before her and suppressed sobs were heard by those who sat near her. Her husband, looking daggers at the preacher, was heard to say, "Don't make

a fool of yourself!" She heeded him not. The discourse was short, and when the invitation was given for those to rise who wished to be regarded as subjects of prayer, nearly the whole assembly arose and among them Mrs. Gray, but not her husband. Mr. Finney could tell at a glance who had been giving him their undivided attention, and as Mrs. Gray arose he said, mentally, "There is one woman who has made up her mind to give herself to God." He read that decision in the woman's countenance. She possessed great firmness of mind, and firmness she needed, as we shall see.

PRECISION IN THE SPIRIT OF LIFE.

RHETORICIANS in treating of style make precision one of the principal properties. The placing of the right word in the right place adds to clearness and prevents ambiguity. The right action in the right way at the right time is the master-stroke of wisdom and the triumph of inspiration. Effort toward precision in any department is commendable. The instincts of the age seem to tend toward precision. The desire to improve, to invent, to discover, to explore, to get at the bottom of things, may be traced in its origin to a spirit of precision. Likewise the general awakening of the nations and the present political and social throbs of society may be attributed to this spirit. This spirit of precision is wide-awake, active, elastic. It is opposed to laziness, which does its work at loose ends, and mixes things in a confused manner. The spirit of precision traced to its fountain-head will be found to spring from the heart of God. It is the forerunner of progress, of the awakening of life, the bursting of the bonds of ignorance and the precursor of the destruction of physical, mental, and spiritual slavery. In one sense it may be said to be the voice of God crying unto all creation—"Awake! arise! and be filled with light!"

All the activity of the age indicates a spirit that reaches out and seeks deliverance from uncertainty and insecurity. Thus far, with the masses and society at large, the direction of this spirit has been mainly toward material things, confining itself to the *letter of life.* "Scientists," particularly, seem to exert every nerve in the direction of the mere letter of life in their almost frantic efforts at solving the numerous problems of life's phenomena presenting themselves on all sides. The pleasure-seekers, which may include all who are seeking merely the ends of material wealth, comfort and natural life, essay in vain to find a truly satisfactory security. Precisionists in the letter may apply themselves with ever-increasing assiduity in the sphere of the letter of life, but they will not find an end to their labor or rest to their spirit. The wealth-accumulating precisionist and the "scientist" precisionist ever striving, never ceasing, will search in vain for true success and victory, so long as they do not reach out to the *spirit of life* and get into communication with God. Looking at the material heavens with an ever so powerful a telescope, or prying into matter with all the sharpness possible to the natural intellect will not settle the real truths of the universe. The inverted order, more poetical than truthful, given by the poet to

"Look through nature up to nature's God,"

will prove to be a fallacy, so far as learning thereby the truths of creation. As sure as God exists and Paul's declaration echoed the voice of truth that "In whom [Christ] are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge," so surely will all have to learn that only by getting into communication with God and winning his favor can they get at the true solution of life's great problems either in matter or spirit, and discover and establish a universal standard of science that will endure for eternity. Paul's declaration that "the natural man receiveth not the things of God, for they are foolishness unto him; neither can he know them, because they are *spiritually* discerned;" shows the only true way into the inner court of all real science. Hence while all efforts toward precision in the letter of life may be made relatively useful in the education and growth of the race, they will not result in peace to the heart of man nor rest to his spirit. On the contrary, gravitating in the letter of life will ever be productive of uncertainty and insecurity.

Precision in the *spirit of life*, or, in other words, apprehending and confessing Christ an indwelling spirit and whole Savior in perfect abandon, will be found to be the only perfect precision worth one's greatest study and endeavor. For Christ is the spirit of life; which is *love:* which is God, for "God is love." And growth in and complete attainment of love will ally one to God, open to him all the mysteries of the universe, secure him all desirable blessings, give perfect peace to his heart, perfect rest to his spirit, and immortality and heaven in the summation.

In view of this truth, we can well afford to make progress in the letter of life entirely subordinate to growth in the spirit of life, or love. Subordinating the letter to the spirit will avoid harshness, irritation, friction, and clashing of spirits. It will promote brotherly love. It will in due time and in its own way secure precision even in all things comprised in the letter of life. More than this, it will please God and make us all *one.*

M. L. B.

BLUE LIGHT.

THE remarkable property of the chemical rays of sunlight to stimulate vegetation is attracting considerable attention at the present time in England and in other countries. In the year 1800, Sir William Herschel first noticed the fact that the heating properties of sunlight reside principally in the red portion of the solar spectrum; and in the early part of the century Ritter and Scheele observed the peculiar power possessed by the blue, violet and ultra violet rays to blacken silver salts. It is now well known that the heating, luminous and chemically active rays vary in intensity in different parts of the solar spectrum; the rays of the most intense heating power are found to be invisible to the eye and to reside beyond the red end of the solar spectrum; the rays of the greatest chemical activity, also invisible to the eye, exist beyond the violet at the opposite end of the spectrum; while the point of greatest luminous intensity is in the yellow between the heat and chemical rays.

Tyndall said in his fifth lecture in New York on "Light:" "Beyond the violet are the actinic rays, which produce chemical effects—rays which produce the decomposition of carbonic acid in plants and which have so great a power in all the processes of vegetable and animal life. By the use of violet glass in cutting off the great mass of luminous rays we obtain a light rich in these invisible rays." It is with these rays which so remarkably affect vegetation that General A. I. Pleasanton, of Philadelphia, has been experimenting for a number of years. Some of the results of his experiments were noticed briefly in the CIRCULAR, vol. 9, p. 87. By substituting blue for colorless glass in every eighth row of his grapery, he succeeded in producing a six years' growth in his vines in the space of two years; and year after year realized extraordinary crops of grapes by exposing his vines to this mixture of blue and colorless light in his grapery. The following is a reply to a letter of inquiry written to him concerning the effect of starting vegetables under blue and colorless glass:

Philadelphia, April 25, 1873.

MR. HERRICK:—

DEAR SIR:—In answer to your questions regarding the effect of starting under blue and white glass plants like tomatoes, melons, etc., and of afterward transplanting them into the open garden, I have to state that I have made experiments with the seeds of various vegetables including those you have mentioned, and have found that the plants thus started and transplanted have not only retained the development of growth they have made while under the associated glass, but that also their maturity has been greatly quickened by that process. I have now nearly all the vegetables that are in common use so far advanced by that treatment that they will be fit for the table at least two weeks and probably three weeks earlier than other plants of like varieties will be under the usual treatment.

It is computed by intelligent cultivators of plants that my discovery of this wonderful influence of blue and sunlight conjoined upon vegetable life will extend the area of possible cultivation fully eight or ten degrees of latitude farther north than would be possible by any other means. I expect to have sugar-corn fit for use by the middle of June next. Cotton can be profitably cultivated in Pennsylvania, New York, New Jersey, and in many localities of New England, and in like latitudes westward to the Rocky Mountains.

Nor is this wonderful influence confined in its effects to the vegetable kingdom. The animal kingdom is equally subject to it; and in regard to the restoration and preservation of human health, I anticipate from it the most wide-spread and beneficial results. In some cases of human patients, whose maladies had baffled for months all the efforts of the most skillful medical treatment, the application of conjoined blue and sunlight alone, without medicine on them, has restored the patients to their normal condition of health.

I shall be glad to learn from you the results of any experiments you may make; and I may suggest, that it is the combined action of sunlight and blue or violet light which produces the wonderful effects that are exciting so much interest in Europe as well as in this country. Your experiments, therefore, should be made with such associated lights, and you may vary their proportions till you shall ascertain which are the most efficacious. You can cover plants in the open garden with light frames of blue and colorless glass with success. The blue glass which I have used is of French manufacture colored with cobalt. I am not aware of its being made in this country. It can be procured here of French, Richards & Co., at 1001 and 1003 Market street, north-east corner

of 10th and Market streets ; and also of Shoemaker & Co., glass dealers, at the north-west corner of 4th and Race streets, and possibly at other places here. The cost is about four times the price of American colorless glass of similar qualities and dimensions. The color of the blue is what is commonly called "Mazarine Blue." I have no doubt it can be procured in New York.

Respectfully yours, A. I. PLEASONTON.

ONEIDA CIRCULAR.

TIRZAH C. MILLER, EDITOR.

MONDAY, JUNE 16, 1873.

People who think evil things of Complex Marriage should remember that Bible Communism cultivates the sensibilities not less, perhaps, than other schools. If promiscuity, as they are pleased to call it, offends them, then we must say that, in the light of Male Continence, the sexual routine of ordinary married life seems to us to be unspeakably unworthy of human beings. The men who have received their sexual education in the Oneida Community would be ashamed to do the things which marriage ownership allows. To burden a woman with the bearing and rearing of a child, without her free choice, is in their eyes a thing wholly unwarrantable, not to say base. To constantly and uselessly rob themselves of a prepotent vitality would seem to them to be not less pitifully ignoble. So long as Complex Marriage, with Male Continence for its scientific basis, makes woman free, and man vigorous, it would seem to have a good hold on the long end of the lever.

Under the heading, "The Period of Greed," the New York *Tribune* of June 7 has an able editorial demonstrating the truth of Paul's assertion that "the love of money is the root of all evil." This truth, asserts the writer, "grows to be truer, indeed, more easily demonstrable, almost axiomatic ;" and he proceeds to show how the "greed of money-getting prolonged the war ; coiled around the great philanthropic crusade of the age ;" how it has contaminated not only politics and Christian statesmen, but the church, the pulpit and reformatory and educational enterprises. He closes with the following suggestive paragraph :

The passion for money never burns itself out, but grows by what it feeds on. And yet there come times, as history informs us and all experience teaches, when, however busily they may be plying their vocation, the men with muck rakes stop short and lift their eyes. The material money-making cycle ends, and God's Providence rattling men's card-houses in pieces over their heads, upsetting their schemes, and overturning their inventions, thunders into their dulled consciousness the sense of larger responsibilities and nobler duties, the call to a better life. There was such a call in 1837, such another in 1857, and with the completion of the money-getting period each time came what was called a religious awakening, which, whatever else it accomplished, had certainly the good effect, which no one will deny, of turning men's thoughts a little out of the grosser forms of selfishness to a broader and more generous humanity, so that the world was the better for it. 1837—1857. Shall we write 1877 and wait? Does the world swing on so in cycles ?

If this twenty-year cycle may be taken as a rule, our cycle comes round a little in advance of that predicted for the world generally. The revival which gave birth to our movement took place in 1834. In the winter of 1854-5 occurred among us the first revival which touched all classes ; and there are now unmistakable signs that our present cycle will terminate with a grand revival in 1874. If this "comes true" we ought to find ourselves anchored safely in harbor when the impending storm, which the *Tribune* prophecies, wrecks the financial world.

ILLUSTRATED POSITIVISM.

"I say unto you, that every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment."—JESUS CHRIST.

THE *Daily Graphic* is manifestly quite successful in its pictures and its literary entertainments, and doubtless is getting a large list of subscribers and making money. But we are sorry to say that, by its own confession, it is *not* the pioneer of that new and wholesome journalism which so many are hoping for and which is surely coming. Not long since it copied the following scrap of poetry from the CIRCULAR (without credit), placing it under the significant title, "Too True" :

Somebody robbed, somebody killed,
Somebody sent to jail,
This is the way the papers are filled
Coming by every mail.

All that devils and bad men do
Faithfully gathered in ;
The press has become a horrible ghoul
Feeding on filth and sin.

Shame on the din, vaunting of hell,
Telling of death and strife ;
Crowding away from aching hearts
Glad news of love and life !

In a later issue (of June 10) the *Graphic* confesses explicitly that this picture is "too true" of itself. "Printed Wickedness" is the title of this editorial confession. The first paragraph describes the general condition of the great Dailies as follows :

"The daily journals usually deal with events that are exceptional, startling, and strange. Their columns teem with accounts of murders, fires, shipwrecks, tornados, collisions, brutal assaults, robberies, and convictions. They represent the lowest and worst phases of human society. They portray the most degraded specimens of human nature. They convey an impression that the world is given over to wickedness, and that mankind is hopelessly sunk in diabolism. The good deeds recorded, the splendid acts of generosity and self-sacrifice, shine like lamps in the midnight, and only serve to make the darkness more palpable and the gloom more appalling. Read the papers this morning, and their recitals of murder, violence, arson, accident, and conflagrations are quite enough to make the heart sick."

Then follow the usual excuses for newspaper revelings in miseries and murders ; principal among which are the following :

* * * "The public taste craves the strange, the exciting, the startling, and refuses to be satisfied with things intrinsically important which fall in with the general order of things, and are undemonstrative in their circumstances and undramatic in their denouement. * * * * The great body of the people are not cultivated enough to take a special interest in things that are intrinsically important, but which make no noise." * * *

After these preparations comes the confession of the *Graphic*, that it is, with the rest of the Dailies, waiting on the morbid taste of the times. This confession is rounded off with a decent homily on what every paper *should* do, and what "the paper of the future" will do, but which for the present cannot be done by the *Graphic* or any other paper that hopes to "live a month." Read the confession and the homily :

"The journalism of to-day is addressed to the average culture and taste of the great public. It gives what the public interest demands. No newspaper could live a month that should omit to give the details of murders and catastrophes and crimes of all kinds. Even illustrated journalism must necessarily portray scenes of violence and deeds that disgust. But while we admit the necessity of reporting so much that shocks our taste and sends a shiver through the heart, it should be the steady aim of every paper to educate an interest in better and nobler things, by reporting generous acts, commenting on events that possess the most intrinsic importance, regardless of sensational accompaniments. Illustrated journalism should picture the beauty and order of the world and the nobility of human life, as well as the deformity and disorder of the one and the degradation of the other. The paper of the future will hold the mirror up to the good side of the world as well as its bad side, and dwell more and more upon the development of the great industries which are the basis of prosperity and the impetus of progress, the arts that embellish and ennoble human life, the sciences that unlock ward after ward in the palace of nature, and the charities that make the earth lovely and life a joy."

We said at the beginning of the *Graphic's* career that the "Daily for the Eye has come ; but the Daily for the Heart is yet to come." And now with the above confession and with what we know of the actual sensationalism of the *Graphic*, it is safe to say that the "Daily for the Eye," instead of leading off in an improved style of journalism, such as good men are waiting for, and such as the new era promises, has only intensified the bad elements of the old style by adding pictorial horrors to the gloating of reporters. Every murder and hanging now is propagated not only in daily print but in daily cartoons.

And what shall we say of the argument and excuse of the *Graphic?* How would it sound if a man, standing behind a counter, selling whiskey, should make it a part of his business to deliver moral discourses on the necessity of catering to the public taste for intoxication, acknowledging withal the duty of "educating an interest in better and nobler things !"

Public taste and the newspapers are mutual reactives. While public taste craves sensationalism, sensationalism creates and inflames public taste. Every paper that works under the excuse of the *Graphic* will be held responsible in the day of judgment for the horror-craving that is making a hell of the newspaper world. The only way to "educate an interest in better and nobler things" is to stop gloating over evil, and find a way to stir the hearts of men with things that are good.

The *Graphic* will never be the beautiful paper which it predicts for the future, without a radical conversion. Thus far it is simply the old sensational Daily *gone to seed.* It should be called *Illustrated Negativism ;* and in propagating no-religion by the usual devices of wit and inuendo, it bears seed after its kind. If this is all that French and English Positivism can do for us, it is very probable, after all, that the bud of the good "paper of the future" will be found on the old stock of Christianity.

COMMUNITY JOURNAL.

ONEIDA.

—Bobolinks lead the morning choruses.

—Weeds are plenty and hoes are lively.

—The Tartarian honeysuckle enlivens the lawn in every direction, with its pink and white blossoms.

—A handsome, wide-awake colt was foaled on Tuesday last. In three hours after his entrance into the world, he was capering over the field as lively as if he had lived in it a year or two. *Query.*—How does it happen that the young of the brute species get the use of their faculties so much quicker than the young of the human species ?

—Dr. A. D. Head, of Eaton in this State, called on us last Friday, and after looking over our collection of stuffed birds, insects, etc., offered to send us some specimens which he had in his office, that were sent to him by a friend in Panama. We received them on Tuesday, the 10th, all in good order. Most of them are preserved in alcohol

There were two whip-snakes; one scorpion scorpio; one tarantula (*lycosa tarantula*); one whale louse; one grasshopper (*gryllus vividosus*); one large moth, and a large spider. He also sent a cone hat made by the natives of Panama. Altogether this donation is quite an addition not only to our cabinet of curiosities, but to the collection of animals and insects we already had. Many of the specimens sent by Dr. Head are remarkable for their size. The grasshopper with its wings spread measures ten inches or more from tip to tip.

—Charming weather; the walkers are reveling. Wild flowers are not now abundant, but the earthy scents and the nimbus of the woods are enticing. Tender, pungent winter-greens are just sprouting: and upon these aromatic brakes you can mumble that time-worn doggerel, as the Catholic maid counts her rosary,

"Rich man, poor man, beggar-man, thief."

Or, if you fancy the words are musty with age and belong to a dispensation which is passing away, you can substitute a distich more appropriate to the times. *Vide:*

"Communism, Shakerism, Mormonism, Duo-ism,
Octagon, concrete, adobe, brick,"

and then see how the fates will hit you.

—Who is "Solomon Wise Acre," pray tell? Here is what he says of us—but when and where we do not know. Some one picked up the scrap and posted it on the bulletin, and we will copy it without credit, as we found it:

WHO IS DUMB DRIZZLES?

BY SOLOMON Y. ZAKER.

Thee own Ida come you Nettie apart ov who mar inn wall Ingford arm aching egg rate men is damps. Eye dough nose their gun choose em Frenny Benny fit.

Key.—A person blindfold holds the ears of the reader, who reads rapidly without attempting to emphasize or understand it. The blind man is the interpreter. An expert will need no such help.

—Our music has been in a quiescent state for some time past. "A good time," says the musical committee, "to purchase a metronome." So now we have that long-felt want supplied. "People who practice alone," says our orchestra-man, "fall into wretched habits in regard to time, hurrying the easy passages and dragging those that are more difficult. Nothing like this little instrument for a corrector; and pianists, every body knows——" here he ended with a significant shake of the head. If you are learning a part to play with several other instruments which is full of runs in sextuples, triplets and broken arpeggios, place this pyramidal mentor before you on the piano and you will find yourself goaded onward by a power even more inexorable than the baton of a conductor, so persistently, so unvaryingly it pursues its emphatic "tick, tick;" but if you can at last match your playing with those measured beats you get a sense of the fitness of things which is worth knowing.

—We are glad to see that the path-committee is mending its ways, for there was great need of reform. The walk between O. C. and W. P. is much improved. A single plank, lying now on the east then on the west and again on the east of the road, connects the two Communes. The cross-pieces project beyond the planks, showing that the original intention had been to make a double walk; but a financial stricture nipped the plan in the bud and shop-men and loiterers alike are compelled to file along in the most unsociable manner. Journalist felt glad the other day that she is not a Sioux or a Modoc, to always walk like this. In an ordinary foot-path through the grass you can wend your way with only an occasional glance at the ground; but make you the transit upon this plank-walk and you will find you have serious business in hand. If you are alone or lead the line, your situation is a comparatively easy one; but if you are a follower, you must mind your feet with fidelity or you will trip on a splinter, or make a misstep which will precipitate you into the ditch. But, after all, Journalist reflected, this unromantic walk profiteth us something; for it is a reminder of the "strait and narrow way" which leads unto life eternal, and suggests the earnest and wary attention which is needed to escape the pitfalls of Satan.

—In "old times," before we could purchase cotton and woolen hose so nicely woven, or blue-mixed Shaker socks, so carefully pressed, we did all our own knitting. Some ingenious damsel who required a stimulus to help her on with the monotonous round, conceived the happy notion of getting a friend to indite her an epistle and bury it at the center of the ball where it remained until an industrious plying of her needles uncovered the mystery and allowed an honorable perusal. The following "Lines" written in the knitting interest of those days were handed to us just now:

A mantle of peace, my sweetheart doth wear,
Which suiteth her well, I ween,
Her step is so gentle, her face so fair,—
Ah! nothing on earth, can at all compare,
With her wondrous beauty, and virtue rare,
My dear, adorable queen!

No further seek I, fair ladie to win,
Joy lieth in wait t' surprise,
Prove I true to my blessed heroine.
Then welcome the test and the discipline;
Beseem her, can I? Oh! now I'll begin,
A daily self-sacrifice.

She suffereth long and still she is kind,
Not eas'ly provoked is she,
She envieth not, and is not inclined,
To think any evil, or have her own mind,
For in Christ's great heart is sweetly enshrined
This angel named Charity.

U.

SCENE ON THE LAWN. [*Mr. Noyes sitting on a rustic seat near the reservoir; two well-dressed gentlemen approach, one of whom is smoking a meerschaum. After a few words of salutation, gentleman with the meerschaum opens conversation.*]

Gent.—I've just taken dinner, and I feel as if I should never want to eat any more. [*After a slight pause.*] So your people eat no meat?

Mr. N.—Not much. We have it on the table two or three times a week.

Gent.—Well, I like that, and I believe I shall reform about the use of meat in my own family.

Mr. N.—I should think you would do well to quit the use of tobacco at the same time.

Gent.—[*taken aback.*] Well, I don't know about that. I have smoked ever since I was six years old. I don't think tobacco hurts me.

Mr. N.—We found that the use of meat, tea, coffee, tobacco and whiskey all went together, and about twenty years ago we got sick of them and hove them all overboard. We have got along very well without them.

[*Here a pause ensues in which the gentleman with the meerschaum puffs wreaths of blue smoke with an air of abstraction. Presently Mr. DeLatre passes by at a distance.*]

Gent. [*eagerly.*]—Who is that old gentleman?

Mr. N.—That is Mr. DeLatre.

Gent.—I didn't know but it might be Mr. Noyes.

[*Mr. Noyes finds an excuse to leave.*]

—The hay crop in this vicinity will be quite meager. The season thus far is just the opposite of last year. Then, there was abundance of rain, but now, showers are few and far between. Corn planted the latter part of May, and lightly covered, has failed in many hills to make its appearance above ground. Pastures, too, are beginning to look a little dry for so early in the season. The short crop of hay last year, and the severe winter following, necessitated many farmers to turn out their stock to grass earlier than usual. The strawberry crop has blossomed well, but the dryness of the season will greatly diminish the size of the berry and materially reduce the yield. It is during droughts that the great value of high tillage is duly appreciated. On those parts of our domain where we have manured liberally in years past, the crops look as though they were snapping their fingers at the dry weather and saying, "We have moisture which barren soils know not of." The Scripture adage, "He that soweth sparingly shall reap also sparingly, and he which soweth bountifully shall reap also bountifully," is as applicable to the use of fertilizers in dealing with the soil as to the use of moral or spiritual fertilizers in dealing with the affections of human nature. A farmer who deals largely in manures for the benefit of his lands, and largely in gospel truths for the benefit of the soil of his own heart, cannot fail of being rich in the good things of this world as well as in the good things of the world to come.

—*Later.*—Since the above paragraph was written we have been blessed with copious showers of rain. All nature is sparkling.

—One of the young girls who helps look after the smaller children, tells the story of the day's routine in these lines:

Eight little babies all snugly in bed,
Dreams playing softly through each little head,
Dimpled arms clasping each soft little pillow
Like snowy wreath encircling a billow.

Eight little eyes will ope with the dawning,
Eight little forms to dress in the morning,
Eight little mouths then wait to be fed
With "tatoe" and sauce and nice toasted bread.

Eight rosy faces to wash all so clean,
Now must read stories 'bout Dick and Irene,
Look at the pictures of horses and cows,
Lions and kitties and barking "bow-wows."

Eight little children we bundle in frocks,
Caps, sacks and tippets, hoods, rubbers and socks,
Each little one we take by the hand
And out doors we go to play in the sand.

Tumbling and frolicking, having such fun,
Dinner time comes when in they all run;
Sacks and bonnets come off in a trice,
For now, think they, we'll have something nice.

So they play on through all the long day,
Till the night comes, when to bed they 're away,
With faces so smiling and hearts full of glee,
Yes, yes—they 're happy as happy can be.

—We are all the time learning something about prayer and the true attitude we should take in regard to it. The following remarks made at a late evening meeting help in this direction:

"The next best thing you can do after praying for the spirit of prayer for yourself, is to pray that others may have it. It is the best prayer you can make for your dearest friends. There is no danger in making this prayer—no danger that God's treasury will be robbed. Instead of making prayer a forced, sentimental, or fanatical act, this makes it a simple and practical affair, for it puts it entirely under the direction of God. The spirit of prayer which he gives us, directs us how to pray as we ought, so that we can make no selfish or egotistical prayer, but only such as is pleasing and according to the will of God; and of course if this is so God's treasury cannot be robbed. If we pray for the spirit of prayer for ourselves or for others, we are also praying that we and they may have all the discipline necessary to attain this spirit; in fact, that we may all be converted and have a soft heart."

—At the close of an interesting meeting Monday evening Mr. N. made the following remarks:

"I wish it might be impressed upon all of us that good, pleasant surroundings never can give us

peace of mind, nor a good religious experience. On the contrary they may divert and tempt us away from these, and if they do, instead of making us happy they will make us miserable. You may be in an outward Paradise, and if your heart is not at rest, your outward circumstances will only make you miserable. Every beautiful thing you see will condemn you. You will feel a reproach coming upon you from the heavens and the earth, the birds and the flowers and everything else; and the more beautiful your surroundings are the more miserable you will be. If you study the matter in that way you will see we have a certain safeguard against being diverted and distracted from God by outward things. I never can forget that these outward things only increase my misery if my heart doesn't feel good, and I may say that in one sense I am not at all tempted to rest in outward things. I must have God or else I cannot have any comfort. It is perfect nonsense to me to think of being satisfied with anything that money can buy. Money cannot buy religion, money cannot buy good religious experience, money cannot buy love; and without these we cannot have any real comfort."

—The reader will see in the following scraps of correspondence, signs that the revival is progressing in the Community; and also that it is not a mere local excitement but is working far and near among those who are in communication with us. Here is a letter from one of our students who was not long since expecting to go on the northwestern expedition. He is evidently in better business.

Ypsilanti, Mich., June 7th, 1873.

"DEAR MR. NOYES:—I will improve this hour by opening my heart to you, as by so doing I know I shall open my heart to the heavenly world and invite the presence of Christ. Ever since my late sickness at Wallingford I have felt that God was drawing near to me; and on returning to Oneida I had a prayer that I might form a union with Christ and you in a way that I never had done before. My experience since my return to Oneida has given me ample proof that God has heard my prayer, and though in ways that I did not expect, is continuing the good work in my heart. At times I have been exposed to temptations from the devil, but in the end my faith has been strengthened by the trial, and unbelief has given way to a feeling of faith and victory.

"Since leaving home I have found it especially easy to turn to God, and many times after retiring to my room and turning away from the whirl of business and the outside world, and preparing my heart for impressions from the inner world, I have felt a full flow of thankfulness and prayer—thankfulness that God had called me to be a helper in the glorious work of establishing his kingdom, prayer that I might be kept earnest and faithful.

"I feel ambitious to show my appreciation of your efforts in my behalf and to make good returns for the labor and expense bestowed upon me by you and the Community. Still I feel and know that no direct external effort or outward show of enthusiasm will be pleasing to you, or to God. The work must be done in my heart. 'The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit.' I feel that God is purifying my heart, and I am made glad by the consciousness that I am learning to walk by faith. I think I have felt the spirit of prayer you spoke of since I have been gone, for I continually find myself turning to God for advice in my business and in my daily life. Repeatedly after retiring, I have felt my heart overflowing with a sense of nearness to God, and I involuntarily exclaim, It is a beautiful thing to serve God!

"I am thankful for my success in business thus far. I shall return home with renewed enthusiasm, to help you in the revival which I know is working with us, and which is, I hope, but the beginning of a much greater revival.

"I am your son, C. A. BURT."

[Here is a letter from a man who was a few years ago a leader in the Berlin Heights movement. He too is evidently in better business.]

"I had a little experience while absent which was profitable and I will relate it. When I reached Elkhart, where a change of cars had to be made, for the first time in my life I missed a train. The one I should have taken went off right before my eyes, and the result was that I was delayed twelve hours; time which I intended to spend at my father's before going to Grand Rapids to do my business. I spent most of those twelve hours in trying to find out what God meant by my being left, and I was made to see very clearly that I was going too fast; was too much under the business spirit and not giving attention enough to testimony for the truth. I was also made to see that if I had not been delayed I should have gone to see my relatives and should have merely touched them in a superficial way on the worldly side without leaving good testimony with them, which thing, thank God! I was prevented from doing. I think those twelve hours were very well spent in waiting on the Lord.

"Your account of the increase of the spirit of prayer and of desire to know God, their Heavenly Father, on the part of the young people, is very cheering. We have all caught the spirit which loves the 'hour of prayer.'"

[Here is a letter from the man who was criticised in the CIRCULAR of June 2d. He too is bestirring himself to get into better business:]

"Your letter has come, and my heart and lips have pronounced it good. I accept the criticism you sent with thankfulness, and recognize in it the truth spoken in kindness—a spirit that wounds but to heal. You may be sure I read it with a thrilling sense of its sharpness, but truly with a soft and grateful heart. Many things are brought out with distinctness that before were but dimly outlined in my consciousness at times. I shall seek to digest it fully, and pray that it may effect a radical change for the better in my character. The work to be done seems great indeed, but I look to Christ who is mighty to save, and will, I believe, complete what he has begun in me. My heart goes out to Mr. P—— and Mr. B——, and I would have them know that I love them the better for their thorough criticism. It has not discouraged me at all, but rather kindled a brighter hope and faith in the strong arm. I shall proceed at once to walk out upon their suggestions. I will throw aside my botanical studies, and seek communion with God more faithfully. I will turn my back upon the family spirit and leave my relatives in God's hands, and I will "strike a bee line" for the Community. And now I will say that I desire to come to the Community for such service as I may be able to perform, if they see fit to accept me. I cast my fears, my pride, and all external claims aside, and will leave it with God to adjust all things. Should the Community think best to defer this, however, for the present, I shall be content to await their time."

PERSONAL.

—T. L. P. is in Canada.

—A. B. is out on his Western trip.

—W. A. H. is foreman on the farm.

—F. W. S. is studying law at New Haven.

—W. H. W. is "father" at the Children's House.

—C. A. C. is about completing his last term in Yale.

—H. H. S. continues enthusiastic in her work at the lathe.

—H. G. A., besides waiting on visitors who call, has the chore of keeping all the business here and at the Villa in running order, by supplying help when it is required.

—C. S. J. is general manager of the W. C. job-printing-office.

—E., who wrote "Threads from my Life Ball," has charge of the dairy.

—A. E. H. lives at the Villa, and is at present engaged in scientific pursuits.

—H. J. S. is at the head of a smart working corps who are waging deadly war on "weeds."

—G. C. looks after the incidental expenses of the family, and is contributor to the CIRCULAR.

—E. H. H. is at W. C., and since building the dam has interested himself in the printing business.

—D. E. S. is kitchen man; and in the new photographic establishment lately built is the principal artist.

—"Woodcraft" superintends making trap-chains and assists every day in trundling the little ones out on the lawn.

—G. lives at the Villa. He is the responsible member of the family there and also assists in the trap-shop.

—G. E. C. assists in managing the silk-box business, contributes to the columns of the CIRCULAR, and acts as the family physician when needed.

—"Old Mansion-House Memories" contributes weekly to the columns of the Community *Journal*, and also tries her hand an hour or two each day at hoeing in the strawberry-field.

THE VILLA.

An organ grinder has been our way,
A thing unknown for many a day,
And with him, his wife and babies three,
From Genoa in Italy;
He calls it Gen'-o-*ah*, I see.
The children all, blackeyed and brown,
Were rogues and romps from toe to crown.
The woman patient like her kind,
Would still some place for laughter find.
The man alone was sad and still,
As though life seemed a toilsome hill
Up which he bore a weary load
And piped where he would sorrow bode.
His tunes were glad, as sport is glad,
And then were sad, as moans are sad,
But even he did smile to see
The feast we spread beneath a tree,
And eating there so free from fear
They went their way with better cheer;
One little maid with winsome pranks
Threw kisses back to show her thanks.

WHAT SHALL WE EAT?

SHALL it be dainty slices cut from the whitest of new-baked loaves, and spread with the sweetest of fresh-churned butter, or golden hued sponge-cake, its richness dissolving on the tongue, or raised biscuit overlaid with honey, or delicious ginger-bread light and fragrant, or doughnuts curled twisted and crisp from their native element, or lovely-brown griddle-cakes afloat in liquid sweetness?

Alas! no diet like the above can possibly be recommended by the students of chemistry and hygiene. It may be pleasant to the palate, but falls far short of the requirements of the scientific eater. Brain, nerve and muscle demand quite other aliment than this. They require those elements of which they themselves are composed, to preserve their structure and increase their growth. Unbolted wheat flour, barley, oatmeal, beans, peas, cheese and apples, well digested, carry into the blood those essential cell-forming particles which are distributed throughout the body, supplying the place of those consumed—giving to the brain, to the nervous system and to the bones the requisite phosphorus, to the muscles the nitrogenous compounds, to the teeth and nails the silex, and to the body in

general the heat-furnishing carbon. The brain and muscle of children can be developed in the dining-room not less effectually than in the school-room and play-ground. To accomplish this it is necessary that the constituents of the body which are daily consumed, should be regularly supplied and in the right proportions. The best development cannot be reached where the essential elements are wanting in the diet or imperfectly represented. Wheat could be grown in a soil destitute of lime, phosphorus and nitrogen, but the kernel would not be half-filled, and not worth eating if gathered.

Considerations of temperature bear directly on the subject of bodily supply. In warm weather it is the part of wisdom to cut off from our bill of fare the animal and vegetable oils, buckwheat, corn meal, and the highly saccharine dishes which furnish much heat but little sustentation.

Vocation should influence to some extent our choice of food; the brain-worker requiring more of the phosphatic element, while he of the manual-labor school should see to it that the nitrates are not lacking in his diet.

J.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

[Looking over the old files of the CIRCULAR, we find under date of Sept. 17, 1853, many unique advertisements which were prepared by different members of the editorial corps at Brooklyn. Here are a few of them:]

ROOMS TO LET, In the "Many Mansions" that Christ has prepared for those that love him.

GRAND FIRE ANNIHILATOR!—AN INvention for overcoming Evil with Good.
MEEK & LOWLY.

TO JEWELERS.—A SINGLE PEARL OF GREAT PRICE! This inestimable Jewel may be obtained by application to Jesus Christ, at the extremely low price of "all that a man hath!"

TO BROKERS.

WANTED.—Any amount of SHARES OF SECOND COMING STOCK, bearing date A. D. 70, or thereabouts, will find a ready market and command a high premium at this office.

ATTENTION!

SOLDIERS who claim to have "fought the fight of faith," will find it for their advantage to have their claims investigated. All who can establish said claim are entitled to a bounty land-warrant in the kingdom of Heaven, and a pension for eternity.

DIRECTIONS for cultivating the fruits of the Spirit may be obtained *gratis*, at
MEEK & LOWLY'S,
No 1. Grace Court.

Practical Reflections on CHRIST'S SERMON ON THE MOUNT may be had also as above.

TO THE AFFLICTED!—WINE and MILK for the hungry, REST for the weary and heavy laden, CONSOLATION and BALM for the wounded and invalids of every description—may be had *gratis*, on application to the storehouse of the Son of God.

LEGAL NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given, that all claims issued by the old firm of Moses and Law, were cancelled 1800 years ago. Any requirement, therefore, to observe as a means of righteousness, legal enactments bearing date prior to A. D. 70, is pronounced by us, on the authority of the New Testament, a fraud and imposition.

THE EYES! THE EYES!!—It is known that many persons with two eyes habitually "see double." To prevent stumbling and worse liabilities, in such circumstances, an ingenious contrivance has been invented, by which the WHOLE BODY is filled with light. It is called the "SINGLE EYE," and may be obtained by applying to Jesus Christ.

WATER-CURE ESTABLISHMENT.—I WILL sprinkle clean water upon you, and ye shall be clean: from all your filthiness, and from all your idols, will I cleanse you. A new heart also will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you: and I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh, and I will give you an heart of flesh. Ezekiel 36: 25, 26.

PATENT SIEVES.—The series of Sieves for CRITICISM having been thoroughly tested, are now offered to the public for general use. They are warranted to sift the tares from the wheat, and in all cases to discriminate between good and evil. A person, after having passed through this series, comes out free from the incumbrances of egotism, pride, &c., &c. All persons are invited to test them gratuitously.

MAGNIFICENT RESTAURANT!—In Mount Zion will the Lord of hosts make unto all people a feast of fat things, a feast of wines on the lees; of fat things full of marrow, of wines on the lees well refined. And he will destroy in this mountain the face of the covering cast over all people, and the veil that is spread over all nations. He will swallow up death in victory; and the Lord God, will wipe away tears from all faces; and the rebuke of his people shall he take away from off all the earth: for the Lord hath spoken it. Isaiah 25: 6-8.

PATENT SALAMANDER SAFES,—LAY NOT up for yourselves treasures on earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal: but lay up for yourselves treasures in Heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal. Matt. 6: 19-20. This safe, having been submitted for 1800 years to the hottest fire of judgment, and having been, through that time, subject to constant attacks from the fiery shafts of the devil, is now offered to the public, with full confidence that it will meet with general approbation. Articles inclosed in this safe are warranted free from danger, under any circumstances.

MOTHER'S BOYS.

Yes, I know there are stains on my carpet,
The traces of small, muddy boots;
And I see your fair tapestry, glowing
All spotless with blossoms and fruits!

And I know that my walls are disfigured
With prints of small fingers and hands;
And I see that your own household whiteness
All fresh in its purity stands.

Yes, I know my "black walnut" is battered,
And dented by many small heels;
While your own polished stairway, all perfect,
Its smooth, shining surface reveals!

And I know that my parlor is littered
With many odd treasures and toys;
While your own is in daintiest order,
Unharmed by the presence of boys!

And I know that my room is invaded
Quite boldly all hours of the day;
While you sit in your own unmolested,
And dream the soft quiet away!

Yes, I know I have jackets that wear out,
And buttons that never will stay;
While you can embroider at leisure,
And learn pretty arts of "crochet."

And I know there are lessons of spelling,
Which I must be patient to hear;
While you may sit down to your novel,
Or turn the last magazine near!

Yes, I know there are four little bedsides
Where I must stand watchful, each night;
While you may go out in your carriage,
And flash in your dresses so bright!

Now, I think I'm a neat little woman;
I like my house orderly, too;
And I'm fond of all dainty belongings;
Yet I would not change places with you!

No!—keep your fair home, with its order,
Its freedom from trouble and noise;
And keep your own fanciful leisure;
But give me my four splendid boys!

[*N. Y. Observer.*

LIFE ON THE LAWN.

We need not think to keep our lawn entirely to ourselves. No indeed, by no means. Not humanity alone (and that's a story of itself), but the very "beast of the field and fowl of the air" seem to lay claim to it. Squirrels nestle in the thatch of the summer-house; weasels prowl about in the night watches. The birds of the air lodge there, free to come and go, whether you will or no. Nay, they sport there and make a home of it. The robin and his mate (on dalliance bent) may be seen bandying the poor little captive butterfly vainly seeking to escape. The catbird, too, full-charged with others' wares, deals them out to the astonished ear. And then the oriole's glad pipe, the brilliant rattle of the finches, the merry twitter of the sparrow and the martin, all, seem to have taken a life-long lease of the retreat afforded them by the shrubberies of our lawn. And who, pray, shall exclude the insect world? The humble-bee, the honey-bee, the butterfly, are busy the day long, and the moth and the bat sally forth in the shades of evening. And so,

From dawn to dawn
Is life on the lawn.

R. S. D.

FRAGMENTS.

—Let simply the spirit and principle that makes home delightful, be extended, and the result would be universal Communism.

—If a man has not the greatness of heart necessary to practically begin the millennium, he is not qualified to foresee what it will be, or to live in it when it comes.

—What we are, is more important than what we do, because being is the foundation of doing: being is a permanent substance, while doing is an intermittent accident.

—However much in earnest persons may be for salvation, it is certain that they are only on the *threshold* of true religious experience so long as they remain in a maze of doubt.

—Follow your inward instincts. Do things, not with reference to the expectations of those around you, neither from the apparent demands of your circumstances, but from your inward inspiration. What you have a hearty appetite for, that do and say. Be sincere.

—Faith is not a capricious thing which comes and goes at pleasure—a "will o' the wisp"—something we must watch for, and seize when it comes. It is one of the cultivable secrets—a study. If we perseveringly give our attention to it, it will grow in us.

—It is an axiom worthy of all acceptation, that *we never tire in the service of God;* and if we find ourselves burdened, and cannot go about our work in a good, genial spirit, and make sport of it, it is time to inquire if we are not trying to take upon ourselves something that God does not want us to do.

—The wisdom of God is at work around us, upon us, and in us, and co-operates with external inducements; and God only requires that we submit to him, with the understanding that the influences of his Spirit shall be the *controlling* inducement with us in all things, and that we shall always stand in the consulting spirit towards him—always in the attitude of prayer.

—Forasmuch as we are living in a world that God has made, and forasmuch as God has filled the world with good things that he has made, and forasmuch as he himself is exceedingly and abundantly good—it follows that good is the natural condition of things; that good is at home in this world; that it is to be expected as a matter of course: and that evil is to be considered as a strange thing, a foreign element, entirely supernatural.

—True love is cheerful: false love is full of torment. True love is patient: false love is ready to commit suicide if it cannot attain its object at once True love is serene and self-possessed, and at the same time ardent and strong—it is a combination of passion with reason. False love is partly insane. True love is like the sun in a May morning—it illuminates and cheers the face of every thing: false love, like a fire in a brush-heap, makes a loud, crackling noise, but is of very short duration. True love is *believing* love: it has faith in the generosity and wisdom of God. Such love can not but be cheerful and patient. It cannot be disappointed, and cannot be made self-willed. It cannot feel poor, for it recognizes its inheritance in all things, and is therefore sure of prosperity, both now and forevermore.

THE NEWS.

Edward S. Stokes is to have a new trial.

Capt. Jack and his companions are to be tried by a military commission.

The Alexandra Palace in London has been destroyed by fire.

The loss sustained by the last great fire at Boston was about $1,700,000. The destruction spread over three and a half acres.

At a late meeting of the directors of the American Bible Society it was decided to print several thousand copies of the Gospel of St. John in parallel columns of Japanese and English.

The Japanese Government has es tablished a college of civil and mechanical engineering at Yeddo. The chief of the college is Prof. Henry Dyer, late of the University of Glasgow, Scotland.

The firm of Rogers and Birchfield, Pittsburg, Pa., are shipping Russia sheet-iron to Liverpool, Eng. They can manufacture this iron and sell it to the English consumers cheaper than it can be imported into England from Russia.

The library of Perkins, the great London brewer, is to be sold at auction. Although containing but seven or eight thousand volumes, the library is valued at $400,000. Among other rare books is a copy of the Mazarine Bible, the first book, it is thought, which was printed with metal types. This copy is valued at $10,000.

On Saturday, June 9th, a formal re-organization of the New York and Oswego Midland Railroad Company was effected at the offices of the Company III Liberty-st., New York, by the election of George Opdyke as President, D. C. Littlejohn, Vice President, and a new board of directors. It is claimed that the main line will be opened to New York in July.

The Navy Dept. is investigating the Polaris disaster at the Washington Navy Yard. Capt. Tyson and the 18 men who were rescued from the ice are undergoing a rigid examination on board the supply ship Tallapoosa by a Board of investigation consisting of the Secretary of the Navy, Commodore Reynolds and Prof. Baird. The result of this examination will be published soon.

A committee appointed by the Franklin Institute has been investigating the advantages of the automatic system of braking railroad trains, including the Westinghouse air brake and others. The experimental train contained seven cars. The experiments made showed conclusively that an ordinary train running at a speed of 35 miles an hour can be stopped within 500 feet. When running at forty-five miles per hour the locomotive was severed from the train; the result was the stoppage of the train in ten seconds after passing over three hundred and eighty feet of track.

The Indiana State Board of Agriculture have issued a proclamation of Independence, beginning, "When in the course of human events," etc., and, after giving a long list of wrongs endured by the farmers of the west under the heavy burdens of railroad monopoly, closes with the following declaration:

We, therefore, the producers of this State in our several counties assembled, on this, the anniversary of that day that gave birth to a nation of freemen and to a Government of which, despite the corruption of its officers, we are still so justly proud, appealing to the Supreme Judge of the world for the rectitude of our intentions, do solemnly declare that we will use all lawful and peaceable means to free ourselves from the tyranny of monopoly, and that we will never cease our efforts for reform until every department of our government gives token that the reign of licentious extravagance is over, and something of the purity, honesty and frugality with which our fathers inaugurated it has taken its place.

That to this end we hereby declare ourselves absolutely free and independent of all past political connections; and that we will give our suffrage only to such men for office, from the lowest officer in the State to the President of the United States, as we have good reason to believe will use their best endeavors to the promotion of these ends; and for the support of this declaration with a firm reliance on Divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor.

A SPELLING LESSON.—The following list of twenty words was used for the examination of applicants for admission to the junior class of one of the St. Louis high schools this summer. There were 449 applicants. We print the numbers who failed to spell each word correctly: Indelible, 184; lattice, 38; millinery, 151; eligible, 171; sibylline, 415; oxygen, 37; adjacent, 51; business, 56; hyena, 139; weasel, 104; massacre, 36; sulphur, 83; syllable, 17; vermilion, 382; familiar, 96; chimney, 13; vengeance, 215; rhinoceros, 121; valuing, 242; guarantee, 125.

[*Phreno. Journal.*

FRUITS, VEGETABLES & JELLIES

PACKED BY

ONEIDA CCMMUNITY,

Oneida, N. Y.

Price-List for 1873.

VEGETABLES IN CANS.

Per Dozen Quarts.

TOMATOES	$2 75
SWEET CORN	3 75
YELLOW PUMPKIN	3 50
SUCCOTASH	4 50
WHITE KIDNEY BEANS	5 00
GREEN PEAS	5 00
STRING BEANS	3 50
LIMA BEANS	5 50
TOMATOES in 8lb. Fruit Cans (per doz.)	6 50
TOMATO CATSUP in Pint Bottles, " "	2 50

FRUITS IN CANS AND BOTTLES.

Per Dozen Quarts.

	CANS.	GLASS.
PEARS	$5 50	$7 00
PLUMS, Damson	5 50	7 00
" Lombard	5 50	7 00
" Gage	5 50	7 00
CHERRIES, Black Tartarian	6 00	7 50
" Yellow Spanish	6 00	7 50
" Other Varieties	6 00	7 50
QUINCES		7 00
PEACHES	5 50	7 00
" whole (pared)	5 00	
RASPBERRIES, Philadelphia (red)	5 50	7 00
" Hornet (red)		8 00
" Doolittle (black)	5 50	7 00
STRAWBERRIES	5 50	7 00
PINE-APPLES	9 00	10 50
CURRANTS		7 00

SWEET PICKLES IN GLASS.

Per Dozen Quarts.

PEARS	$7 00
PEACHES	7 00
CRAB-APPLES	7 00

JELLIES IN 8oz. TUMBLERS.

Per Dozen.

CURRANT	5 00
CRAB-APPLE	4 00
QUINCE	4 00
RED RASPBERRY	4 50

CURRANT JELLY in Crocks to order.

N. B—The foregoing will be subject to such alterations as the changes in prices of fresh fruits may make necessary.

The Vegetables put up by the O. C. are all raised in the immediate vicinity of the Preserving Factory, and great care is taken to have them harvested at the best moment and canned while they are fresh.

The Fruits are preserved in heavy syrup made of the best white sugar, and are ready for table use without further attention. The aim has been to put them up in the best manner.

Our packing-cases hold two dozen cans, or one dozen bottles; and parties are requested to order full cases. Jellies are packed in cases of one or two dozen, as desired.

Shipping directions will be strictly followed, and goods will be delivered at the nearest railroad station in good order without extra charge; *but the Community will not be held responsible for any breakage which may take place after the goods are shipped.*

Orders from persons unknown to us must be accompanied by the cash or suitable reference.

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ANNOUNCEMENTS.

SILK GOODS.

Machine-Twist and Sewing-Silk of their own manufacture for sale by the Oneida Community.

Address, [K] ONEIDA COMMUNITY, *Oneida, N. Y.*

PRESERVED FRUITS AND VEGETABLES

Put up for sale by the Oneida Community in tin and glass. Price list sent on application.

Address, [F] ONEIDA COMMUNITY, *Oneida, N. Y.*

STEEL TRAPS.

Eight sizes and kinds, suitable for the House-rat, Musk-rat, Mink, Marten, Fisher, Fox, Otter, Beaver, the Black and Grizzly Bears, are made by the Oneida Community Descriptive price-list sent on application.

Address, [T] ONEIDA COMMUNITY, *Oneida, N. Y.*

MACHINE-SHOP AND FOUNDRY.

Improved Lathe-Chucks, Blinn's Patent Gate-Hinges, Machines for Measuring the Length and Testing the Strength of Manufactured Silks, Bobbin-Winders for Sewing-Machines, etc. Agricultural, Machine and Light Castings, on hand or made to order. Descriptive price-list sent on application.

Address, [M] ONEIDA COMMUNITY, *Oneida, N. Y.*

THE WALLINGFORD PRINTING COMPANY.

All kinds of Book and Job Printing executed: Manufacturers' Illustrated Catalogues made a speciality: also Bronze and Color Work, and the finer kinds of Card, Circular and Bill-head Printing. Having enlarged its works and added new motive power, this Company is in renewed condition to meet the wants its patrons with promptness and accuracy.

P. O. Address, *Wallingford, Conn.*

PUBLICATIONS.

(Sent from the Office of the Oneida Circular by mail, post-paid, on receipt of price.)

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

The Trapper's Guide; a Manual of Instructions for Capturing Fur-bearing Animals. By S. Newhouse. Third edition: with New Narratives and Illustrations. 215 pp. 8vo. Price, bound in cloth, $1.50.

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

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

Scientific Propagation. By John Humphrey Noyes. Large octavo pamphlet of 32 pages. Price 25 cts.

Male Continence. By John Humphrey Noyes. An octavo pamphlet of 24 pages. Price 25 cts.

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

The five pamphlets—"Salvation from Sin," "Dixon and his Copyists," "Hand-Book of the Oneida Community," "Scientific Propagation," and "Male Continence," will be sent to a single address on the receipt of $1.00.

Back Volumes of the Circular, Unbound. Price $2.00 per volume.

MESSRS. TRUBNER & COMPANY, Book-sellers, Paternoster Row, London, have the "History of American Socialisms," the "Trapper's Guide," and the "Hand-Book of the O. C.," for sale. They will receive subscriptions for our other publications.

PHOTOGRAPHIC PICTURES

Of the Oneida Community Buildings and Grounds, made by a first-class artist and finely mounted, can be had on application at the Office of the Oneida Circular.

LARGE VIEWS.

Bird's-eye View, looking West, of Community Buildings and Grounds, 12 by 14 inches, on fine enameled board 16 by 20, price $1.75. Quadrangle and Group, 12 by 14, mounted like the above price $1.75. South and East Fronts of the Community Dwellings, giving a good view of the New Wing occupied by the Children—8 by 10, on tinted board 10 by 12, with an ornamental border price $1.00.

STEREOGRAPHS.

No. 2, East and North Lawns. No. 3, East Lawn and Portico. No. 4, East Front. No. 5, North Front and Lawn. No. 6, Bird's Eye View of Buildings looking West. No. 7, Lawn and Summer House. No. 8, West View, toward Railroad. No. 11, Quadrangle. No. 12, Lawn View. No. 15, South and East Fronts. Price of Stereographs $3.00 per doz. Sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of price.

Oneida Circular.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF HOME, SCIENCE AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

Published by the Oneida & Wallingford Communities.

ONEIDA COMMUNITY, JUNE 23, 1873.

New Series, Vol. X, No. 26
Whole No. 1464.

POST-OFFICE ADDRESS:

ONEIDA CIRCULAR, ONEIDA, N. Y.

TERMS:

The CIRCULAR is sent to all applicants, whether they pay or not. It costs and is worth at least two dollars per volume. Those who want it and ought to have it are divisible into three classes, viz., 1, those who cannot afford to pay two dollars; 2, those who can afford to pay *only* two dollars; and 3, those who can afford to pay *more* than two dollars. The first ought to have it free; the second ought to pay the cost of it; and the third ought to pay enough more than the cost to make up the deficiencies of the first. This is the law of Communism. We have no means of enforcing it, and no wish to do so, except by stating it and leaving it to the good sense of those concerned. We take the risk of offering the CIRCULAR to all without price; but free subscriptions will be received only from persons making application for themselves, either directly or by giving express authority to those who apply for them.

Foreign subscribers, excepting those residing in Canada, must remit with their subscriptions money to prepay the postage.

THE UNITED COMMUNITIES.

ONEIDA COMMUNITY

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

WILLOW-PLACE COMMUNITY.

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

WALLINGFORD COMMUNITY.

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

SPECIAL NOTICE.

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

ADMISSIONS.

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

LEGAL STATUS OF MARRIED WOMEN —PAST AND PRESENT.

IV.

HAVING defined in general terms the legal status of marriage, and discussed at considerable length the basis of the English common law, the peculiarities of the legal status of married women may now be more particularly pointed out. We have already seen that the legal status of the wife is a very different thing from that of the husband. It has also been stated that the assumption of that status brings about great and important changes in the legal capacities, rights and obligations of a woman, or, rather, subjects her to deprivations of them, and places her under disabilities; and that to describe and set forth those changes will best and most accurately define that status. This will now be attempted.

Notwithstanding, as has been shown, marriage had the same origin as slavery, and notwithstanding woman in the primitive ages, even as daughter and maiden, had no will of her own, but was an article of property to be disposed of to him who would purchase her for a wife, in modern times, as has been stated, marriage is formed by contract; not by contract of sale between her owner and him who seeks her for a wife, but by contract of union or affinity in which woman is one of the negotiating and contracting parties, equal before the law in respect to capacity and power to contract or to refuse to contract, with him with whom she deals. And until she enters into this contract and it is executed in a marriage valid in the eye of the law, she has the same civil capacities and rights, and is under the same legal obligations, as man. It is true she is without political capacities and rights, with a few slight exceptions; and at the same time notwithstanding her political disabilities, such as being deprived of the right of voting, holding office, etc., she is under many political obligations, such as paying taxes, etc. It is not proposed in these papers to discuss the justice or injustice of such matters, but to limit their scope to statements of law and fact. Woman's civil capacities and rights may be so hedged about by fashion and custom, as to render the exercise of them in many respects difficult, and in some special cases well nigh impossible; but nevertheless she possesses within herself those capacities and rights. A *feme sole* [unmarried woman] can at common law acquire by purchase or descent, possess, own, hold and dispose of as she pleases, property of all kinds, both real and personal, the same as man. No principle or rule of law limits or restrains her in any manner or degree in respect to acquisition, ownership or disposition of property of whatever name or nature. The same is true as to her rights of person. On reaching the age of majority she is as free from personal control as man, standing before the law his equal in right to life and liberty and to have her person protected by all the appliances of law from injury or restraint. Having the same rights of person and property, the same means and measures of redress for injuries to either her person or property are open to her. The law through its courts can be invoked by her with the same ease and effect as can be done by man. True, as the old author before quoted said, "women make no laws; they consent to none; they abrogate none." They can take no part in executing them; they can be neither magistrates, jurors, nor attorneys. But a *feme sole* can appear at will in any court of law by attorney, as a party, and demand at the hands of judges and juries the same measure of justice, whether it be in the way of protection against injury threatened or of recompense for injury done, that any other person can have or ask. She can, so far as the law is concerned, pursue almost any vocation, or engage in almost any business for which she has capacity and strength, and in her chosen pursuit can make any contract which any one can make, and her contracts are binding both upon herself and the other contracting party (if not an idiot, insane person, infant, or *married* woman) to the same extent and in the same sense as the contracts of others. A *feme sole's* capacity to contract cannot be called in question. Her rights under her contracts are as broad and as full as those of any one, and her obligations in respect thereto no less deep, sacred and binding. It is true that in the annals of jurisprudence few *femes sole* appear as parties to actions at law or suits in equity, but there are cases scattered along in the reports of the decision of courts from the earliest times of judicial records being made, in which this is the case—enough of them to show what has been stated above respecting their legal capacities and rights, with often a spice of gallantry intermixed in the administration of justice to them—enough to show that no question as to the capacities, rights and obligations of a *feme sole* being less important or sacred in the eye of the law than those of man, was ever raised requiring decision. Even her right to dispose of herself by contract of marriage, when it once came to be recognized by the law, was the same as man's before the law, whatever it might have been in the past or may be now at the bar of public opinion or in the courts of fashion. Woman must be, equally with man, not only able but *willing* to contract in order to make a valid marriage. She must be perfectly free to give her consent or her contract will not be binding, and the marriage, if personally entered into without it, may be avoided. A marriage contracted by her under compulsion is void, because *consent* is the essence of this as of all contracts, and where there is compulsion there is no consent. A contract of marriage forced upon a woman by actual violence or threats, producing fear of injury to her person or property, may be avoided on the ground of *duress*, which the law always abhors. Since her right to contract her own marriage was recognized, the law has carefully watched over this as it has over other contracts and will not recognize any as valid and binding unless made by those perfectly free and at full liberty to make or refuse such contracts; free not only with respect to personal restraint, but also from fear as to injury to person or property. In a very early reported case noticed by Hale, an old common law writer, where an heiress had consented to marriage, but the consent was obtained by precedent menaces, the marriage was held a nullity and the defendant had judgment to die—vigorous dealing, surely. Again, her contract to marry is no contract if the consent she passes in form is induced and obtained by fraud. *Fraudulent* contract has ever been recognized as a ground of nullity of

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marriage. In all cases where the will of a woman is overpowered by the arts of cunning or other means of fraud, by suppression of truth or suggestions of falsehood, and she contracts and marries under the deception, her consent is held to be no consent; the contract is void and the law will declare the marriage to be so. One other thing which a *feme sole* may do, and which has been before briefly referred to, deserves further notice at this point. She may secure to herself or have secured to her an estate in both real and personal property, to her separate use as a married woman. This estate may be created by a *feme sole* herself of her own property, or it may be created by her intended husband or even by a stranger. It may be done with or without the intervention of trustees, though for convenience the latter are commonly employed. But by ante-nuptial agreement her entire fortune may be vested for her own use, so as to deprive her intended husband of any share in it or control over it. She may make such a settlement of it as to enable her to carry on business with her own money and to preserve it and the produce of it from any liability for the debts of her husband, provided it be done with the knowledge of her intended husband and without any deception practiced on him. If there are no conditions or limitations annexed to her power of disposition over the estate so settled to her separate use, she takes it, or if it were her own property before, retains it, with all the privileges and incidents pertaining to property, and may do with it what she pleases while she lives, and may devise and bequeath it by will as any other person may do. If there are such conditions or limitations, her power is so far restrained, and she must act accordingly. But in equity, so far as a married woman's separate estate is concerned, she has the capacities and rights of a *feme sole*, and contrary to the general rule of law, she may even deal with her husband in regard to it; in short, may by contract before marriage preserve her own separate legal existence and all the rights above enumerated in respect to property. If no contract of this sort is made, if no "settlement" is entered into, then the law fixes the status as to property.

The capacities, rights, etc., of a *feme sole* have now been fully stated; and this statement seemed necessary in order that by contrast it may be more clearly seen what she loses in those respects by becoming a married woman, and at last, how much modern legislation has, as we may say, given back to her. When a *feme sole* enters into the status of marriage she is called in legal phrase a *feme covert*, and her condition during her marriage is called her *coverture*. She is so called, Blackstone says, because "she performs every thing under the wing, protection or *cover* of her husband, and she is said to be *covert baron*, or under the protection and influence of her husband, baron or lord, and the older lawyers and law-writers, called the law of husband and wife the law of *baron and feme*." The disabilities of coverture will next be stated.

T.

A WORD IN SEASON.

"WHAT now, D——? you look as though you had made up your mind to go in for a fight with somebody? In trouble, eh?"

D.—"No not exactly, but I am *trying* to be thankful for my circumstances.

E.—"Well, well, don't make such hard work of it. One does not purchase thankfulness, by working for it as though it were a commodity that could be bought and sold and held as private property. Thankfulness is a response of the heart for unmerited favors bestowed. One of the fruits of the Spirit of God in the soul is thankfulness; and the more we become acquainted with God, as a loving father and friend, the more we shall be filled with his thankfulness. Thankfulness may be compared to a mighty river ever flowing to the ocean, whence it rises in vapor; then condenses, and again descends to bless the earth with all manner of fruitfulness. That we may be blessed with God's thankfulness, which is ever flowing, it is necessary to keep our hearts soft and porous. So, stop trying to lift yourself out of trouble by your own will: but give up and die to self, and let God dispose of you. He can bury your *old man* so deep in the darkness of the inane that its ghost can never rise again to torment you."

G. C.

HEALTH, AND INFLUX.

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

AN article published in the *Free Church Circular*, entitled "*Excitement and Influx*," contains the germ of much interesting philosophy. The position taken is, that good and evil are pervading substances like insensible fluids in the atmosphere, emanating from opposite sources; and that they are the subjects of invitation or influx into our consciousness, responding to the voluntary excitement of ourselves with reference to one or the other. The idea is illustrated by the case of the electrical machine which by means of frictional excitement is charged at any time with the subtile element which otherwise is present only in an insensible degree. The practical result of the article is to show the importance of voluntary self-excitement, with reference to this law of influx; and in the following paragraph is brought to view its connection with the subject of health, and the overcoming of disease.

"Christ healed diseases on this principle. If a man was sick, he did not neglect excitements. His direction was, 'Take up thy bed and walk'—as if he had said, 'The power of life is present, superficially pressing upon you; now excite yourself into healthy action, such action as is appropriate to health, and the spirit of health will flow into you. The influx will respond to the excitement."

The experience of all practitioners of the faith-cure, must confirm this exposition of the philosophy of Christ's healing. The miracles which he wrought of this kind, seem to have consisted more in the first step—putting the conception of healthy action into the diseased person's mind, and enabling him to make the effort toward self-excitement, than in the mere work of mechanical restoration. The latter came of itself—it was as we may say, a natural law, after the mind and spirit had been strengthened, and put into an attitude of action, attractive to the spirit of health. We have seen this operation so often in our own case, and in that of others, that it stands as the first, and fundamental principle of the faith practice. In the case of sickness we look to God for a healthy excitement of the will, and good sensations immediately begin to flow through every channel of the system. Strength attracts strength, and it is down-hill work to get well of disease after the spirit has been touched by Christ and purged of the lethargy of evil and put on the track of faith-exercise.

TAKE UP THY BED AND WALK! This word was not given, we believe, merely for the benefit of the paralytic man 1800 years ago, but is sounding forth now to all who can see Christ and hear his word in their hearts. "Take up your bed and walk!" you who are groaning at some fancied mountain of evil, and lying down under it in despair. Take it up! You don't know the strength there is in you, hidden under this seeming paralysis. A spark of true effort at the center, in the name of Christ, will kindle the whole atmosphere about you into a living flame of victorious energy, so that you will breathe in omnipotence. Wherever the believer is tempted to feel bound in spiritual impotence, whether of body or soul, there Christ's word comes to him, "Take up thy bed and walk!" and the attractions of life, which are everywhere watching and waiting for the exercise, will flow in and work a cure.

REVIVALS IN NEW YORK CITY.

II.

ON their way home from the meeting in Chatham-street Theater Mr. Gray tried every art he could devise to divert the mind of Mrs. Gray from the subject of the discourse. He called the whole affair mere acting for effect, etc.; but all to no purpose, for Mrs. Gray knew with absolute certainty that through the agency of that acting God had spoken to her inner life as never before, and the ridicule of her husband only strengthened her purpose to be obedient to the voice within. Before proceeding further with our narrative a brief sketch of the previous history of Mr. Gray and his wife may render their subsequent experience more intelligible to the reader.

Mr. Gray was a man of about thirty, with a powerful frame, comely features, and pleasing address. Owing to his physical prowess he became a leader and a favorite among the athletes of the Bowery and Chatham-street, in which vicinity he conducted a prosperous business in the grocery line. Being the son of skeptical parents—a fact of which he boasted—he was naturally classed among infidels. Some six years previous to the date of our story Mr. Gray married the beautiful Fanny Steele, the only daughter of Jonathan Steele, a merchant well known among philanthopists and reformers, and highly appreciated for his unwavering love of the right and true. Although the owner of the house he occupied, Mr. Steele's benevolence did not allow him to hoard up worldly riches. The mother, too, of Fanny was a woman greatly beloved for her benevolence, intelligence, and sterling piety. But when death robbed her of her partner in life, Mrs. Steele felt that she was deprived of the most valuable assistance in the training of their only child. In the Sunday-school little Fanny was a great favorite. Of her rare beauty she was constantly reminded by teachers, pupils and friends, greatly to the annoyance of the child's mother who had many troubled thoughts touching the effect of such thoughtless and unwise flattery

upon her daughter's future. What could the mother do? Could she isolate her darling from society around her? The cloister came to her mind. Would that veiled, mysterious institution shield a beautiful, innocent girl from social dangers? The past record of the Romish priesthood forebade the thought. A bright, cheering idea came to her. Mrs. Steele believed in the efficacy of prayer, and in spirit she carried her little one to her Savior and asked him in child-like simplicity, to help her to train this immortal, God-given treasure for his kingdom. As one good thought is often the harbinger of many more, she remembered those beautiful words of humanity's great teacher, "Are not five sparrows sold for two farthings, and not one of them is forgotten before God? But even the very hairs of your head are all numbered. Fear not, therefore; ye are of more value than many sparrows." These were truly comforting words, lifting her anxious soul at once into the atmosphere of faith and love. From that time Mrs. Steele did what she could to instill into the mind of her daughter such gospel truths and principles as she could simplify to the comprehension of her youthful mind. To plant the seeds of obedience was her present duty; the taking root and bearing fruit to the glory of God, she could safely trust to the care of her Savior.

At the age of sixteen Fanny Steele entered society, and by common consent was acknowledged the belle of the circle in which she moved. Notwithstanding her limited means, Mrs. Steele kept her daughter at school till she graduated with honors at Mrs. ——'s popular Female Seminary. Although a warm friend of education, Mrs. Steele had occasion to look with a jealous eye upon schools exclusively for girls. She believed them to be the nurseries of many social evils. It was therefore with much sorrow of heart that the watchful mother of Fanny noticed the hardening effects of horizontal fellowships upon her daughter's impressible nature. It was the mother's purpose and the daughter's wish that the latter should become a teacher; but before a situation could be found a matrimonial partnership was offered her by the handsome, dashing young grocer, Henry Gray. Fanny had now attained her eighteenth year, and some offers of marriage had already been refused. Conscious of the high regard in which he was held by a pair of bewitching black eyes, the owner of which Mr. Gray had long coveted, he felt sure of success in winning the prize and causing discomfiture to his competitors. The most serious objection to the bans on the part of Mrs. Steele, was the fact that Mr. Gray was notoriously irreligious. So was also her daughter; still the mother found it a trial to consent to place her only child in the keeping of a man who was not only irreligious, but a positive hater of religion—a man utterly destitute of faith in God; and, more shocking still, inclined to glory in his infidelity. Under the circumstances, however, it was out of the question that the daughter should share the mother's feelings. Being a young woman of strong and well developed mental powers, she claimed the privilege of judging for herself in a matter in which she of all others was most concerned. If her choice proved in the end an unwise one, she promised to exculpate her mother from all blame and bear the consequences uncomplainingly.

"I cannot argue with you, Fanny," said the patient mother; "you are too near the object we are discussing to reason calmly and truthfully respecting him. Neither will I quarrel with you. I gave you to God in your infancy, and even before your birth I prayed that you might be God's child; and if you truly belong to him, he has the power to claim his own in his own good time. So with this explanation or protest you have my consent to accept the offer."

Fanny bounded into her mother's arms and wept for joy, saying,

"Dearest mother, I should not have been happy had I married without some justification from you. Although I have no religion myself I have wished a great many times that I had, and that Henry had too. But he says religious people generally are no better, if as good as those who are not, and I cannot deny wholly what he says, although I always resist his wholesale slander of church members. You know yourself, dear mother, that you have n't any confidence in some of the members of your church."

"True, my daughter," said Mrs. Steele, "there are some bad men and women in the nominal church; but they are wolves in sheep's clothing, devouring the flock. Christ compares the kingdom of God to a net cast in the sea to gather fishes of every kind. When brought to shore, a process of separating the good from the bad takes place. A corresponding ordeal will certainly occur sometime in the churches professing Christ's name. I will say no more now except to warn you against the infidel, scoffing spirit which I am afraid possesses the mind of Henry."

Fanny was too much absorbed in the impending change of circumstances to lay to heart with any degree of seriousness, the earnest homily and warning given her by a devoted mother. In due time the marriage was celebrated, and Fanny Steele publicly and legally placed her person in the keeping of Henry Gray for better or for worse.

FRUIT.

DEAR CIRCULAR:—We have entered upon the season of fruit. From foreign climes and home regions far and near, fruit is coming into the city in great quantities.

All awry must be the spirit of one who has no appetite for delicious fruit. Increased use of fruit is one of the indications of progress. Subjective growth induces and brings about corresponding objective changes. Hence as man develops in his spirit, and interior refinement characterizes his tastes, he adopts a diet answering to his improved state. May we not attribute to this fact the remarkable general use of fruit of late years, and the constantly growing demand for it by all classes? It is undoubtedly a true instinct in society that leads its members to use fruit more plentifully and during all seasons of the year. May not this attraction to fruit be one of the spiritual forces in man that is bringing him back to an Eden diet? Be this as it may, the free and universal use of fruit will certainly be beneficial. Partaken in a right state in proper quantities at suitable times, it will forestall many physical maladies, purify and cool the blood, and give elasticity to the spirit. It is nature's medicine, the gift of God. It may yet be found superior to all the remedies prescribed by the various schools of medicine. Science has yet to unfold many of the virtues and medicinal uses of fruit, and its true hygienic and sanitary value. In our wanderings from simplicity we have been until recently blind to its value and proper use.

Not many years ago a great prejudice existed almost universally, and does even now with a large class, against using fruit in sickness, especially in the period of epidemics. Because some in their folly had eaten a little fruit after having gorged themselves with a variety of indigestible dishes and been taken sick, and in some instances died, the cause was erroneously attributed to the fruit. Hence the prohibition of its use. The writer well remembers a cholera period in the city, occurring in the season of peaches, when multitudes of people were carried off and grass grew in many of the streets. Fruit was prohibited by the physicians, and the people at large avoided it as they would poison. The writer had no such opinion of the use of fruit. He ate it freely, satisfied that it was good and healthy. He passed through the epidemic exempt from its attack and in excellent health and buoyant spirits. It was not the peaches, but primarily an unbelieving coarse spirit that blinded people and led them to indulge in the undue use of meat, the eating of boiled lobsters, lobster-salad, rich spiced dishes, the drinking of wine, brandy and strong liquors, and the intemperate use of ice-water, which opened the door to the attacks of cholera. People must learn that after eating in such a spirit and taking such mixtures into the stomach, the addition of fruit, particularly when the stomach has already been gorged with a fever-breeding compound, only makes matters worse. How often is it the case in the summer when hearty meat-eaters and users of ardent spirits have eaten a little fruit and become lax that they get frightened, think they will be attacked with the cholera, and hastily resort to medicine, thereafter eschewing all fruit. The simple truth is, that laxativeness in most of such cases is the effect of nature's action in cleansing the system. Letting nature alone and allowing a chaste spirit to rectify and preside over the table, using and not abusing nature's purifier, would in a few days restore a healthy action. Very little meat in summer, and abundance of good fruit as a part of each meal, will be found productive of good results. In fact, cereal and vegetable substitutes for meat in hot weather are better. Nature is very kind and readily adapts herself to changes. Observation and experience united with a modicum of common sense, will enable every one to learn the proper regimen in his individual case. Happily, prejudices against the use of fruit in periods of epidemic and in times of sickness are yielding to the experimental knowledge and greater enlightenment of the masses, whose common sense and healthy instincts are overcoming all the false notions about the use of fruit. Progress in hygienic knowledge and growth in healthy gustatory instincts will certainly lead to the universal demand for fruit as a necessity and be regarded just as requisite as bread-and-butter.

These thoughts are suggested by the appearance of the delicious and ever welcome strawberry, which fruit is now in the market in great abundance. "Strawberries!" cries the musical voice of a woman with her basket on her arm, smilingly looking in at the windows as she goes trudging along. "Strawberries! only ten cents a quart box!" shouts a deep-voiced vender as he slowly

moves along in his wagon, jerking his head right and left, looking forward and then behind him in readiness to catch the call of a buyer. Strawberries for sale at the groceries. Strawberries coming in on the steamboats and other water craft. Strawberries arriving by rail. Strawberries here, there, everywhere. "Strawberry short-cake," too, printed in large letters and illustrated in temptingly colored pictures, meets the eye at the entrance of many of the dining rooms. Strawberry short-cake! strawberries and cream! strawberry ice-cream! Ah! how the mouth waters, how the tongue thrills with delight, how the eye brightens, how the face takes on a most pleased and amiable expression and a gustatory smile turns up the corners of the mouth as the imagination pictures the delightful sensations experienced in eating these delicious fruit-viands! Young and old, little and tall, big and slim, and prattling baby too—all are enjoying the strawberries. Ah! how those young lovers, George Augustus and Angelina Araminta, in that cozy corner in the "Quaker Diary," are luxuriating in love and strawberries!

Thank God for the strawberry and all the good and delight flowing from it! M. L. B.

New York, June 9th, 1873.

ONEIDA CIRCULAR.

TIRZAH C MILLER, EDITOR.

MONDAY, JUNE 23, 1873.

God is well; therefore the universe is sound at the core. Here is a fact, if well looked at, that shall heal your maladies. Hang it up in your memory where it will keep green like a sprig of live-forever that is stuck in the crack of a ceiling.

Iterate, reiterate,
Snatch it from the hells;
Circulate and meditate
That God is well.

Get the singers to sing it,
Put it in the mouths of bells,
Pay the ringers to ring it,
That God is well. A. B.

WILL COMMUNISM PREVAIL?

THE question is often asked by those who have but little faith in our principles, "Do you expect that the world will ever become Communists?" Our ready answer is, "Yes, we have no doubt of it." The world is keen-eyed to discover its own interests, and we believe that the advantages of Communism over isolation—of love over selfishness—will become so manifest that the most stupid cannot fail to see it.

All men are in fact in pursuit of the same thing—of happiness—though they take widely different ways to attain it. When they find that devotion to *money-making* and each one seeking his own doesn't pay, but fails entirely to secure their happiness, they will naturally turn their attention to an *opposite* state of society—to *Communism*. If they find there a better state of society—one which secures to men what their natures crave, as we most assuredly believe they will—a state of society with less of the cares and burdens of life, and with more of its enjoyments—then we expect that their own *self-love*, if nothing else, will make them Communists.

When any new invention is offered to the public, and claims its patronage, though for the time all men may be faithless, and though it may even meet with decided opposition—if it is really an *improvement*, and the inventor only has patience to wait for the "second sober thought" of the public, he will certainly be rewarded. To know whether a new invention will meet with success or not, the only question which need be asked is, "*Is it an improvement?*" By this we mean, Will it better secure the interests which men seek?

The same is true of Communism. We expect it will stand on its own real merits, and will succeed only as it is proved to be better than the existing state of society. In the money market, railroad-stocks, bank-stocks, etc., may for a time keep up a fictitious value; but it will soon be known which *pays best*, and every thing will, like water, find its level. So of the different forms of society, Communism with the rest. We are perfectly willing to risk it in the market with other stocks, and let its value be determined by its dividends.

We are heartily sick of *shams*, and we trust the world is getting sick of shams; and therefore we are glad to have Communism stand or fall on its own merits. When asked if we expect it will succeed, we answer unhesitatingly in the affirmative, because we believe beyond a doubt that it will prove to be a great advance on the present state of society, or anything which the world has ever seen, and that this will become manifest to all. We are willing to "bide our time," and wait the sure verdict of the world. J. R. M.

A MILLENNIAL DISCOVERY.

THE physiological principle of MALE CONTINENCE as applied to the relation of the sexes, is destined as it spreads to work a great revolution in society.

It solves in the first place, the population question, and extinguishes Malthus and Restell, and all other professors of the "dismal science," by placing propagation under full and natural control.

It opens the way for improvement of the race by scientific procreation.

With a due amount of religion, it makes association practicable.

It reconciles the sexes, and promotes in the highest degree, true fellowship and union between them.

It removes the curse from women, and beautifies instead of blasting them.

It is healthful for man.

It gives to woman her original position as a help to man, thereby diminishing his cares and burdens, and doubling his resources and happiness.

It was discovered in connection with Communism, and belongs appropriately to it; but so far as adopted, it will also tend to relieve and elevate marriage.

Its recipe for the poor man is, "If you wish to thrive, stop having children and take your wife into partnership."

Let society adopt this principle in connection with Communism, and then,

No more broken-down women, worn out by overbreeding and excessive family care;

No more neglected and half-bred children growing up in vice and want from the inability of parents to look after them;

No more neglected and forlorn old maids;

No more over-worked men toiling alone for the support of an undesired but ever-coming family increase;

No more reaction and disgust between the sexes growing out of uncontrolled passion. On the other hand,

Children, born by choice, and under the best conditions attainable, with the care and interest of the whole Community exercised on their culture and welfare; and

Such a limitation of propagation as will not exhaust society, but will be consistent with its highest vigor and beauty; and

Boundless, ever-improving respect and love between men and women as exponents to each other of the life and love of God.

G. W. N.

COMMUNITY JOURNAL.

ONEIDA.

—We have lately received twelve beautiful stereoscopic views from Mr. M. L. Bloom of New York.

—We are having days of burning sunshine. The strawberries are ripening rapidly. Our first picking took place on the 18th.

—On Wednesday (11th inst.) the evening mail brought us an order from "Crathern & Caverhill," Montreal, Canada, for five hundred dozen traps, the largest order save one ever received from Canada.

—Every tree and green thing is perfect in loveliness. The tulip and locust trees are in blossom and wafting their fragrance far and near; the fields are white with daisies; clover, red and white, is everywhere seen; buttercups glisten by the roadside; white peonies are in their prime; roses are bursting into bloom; syringas enliven lawn and parterre; myriads of bright-faced pansies are smiling on the radiant scene, and the birds are singing from daylight till sundown of

"The beauties—the beauties of June."

—The dairy department has just added to its conveniences an improved fixture for cooling milk. This cooler consists of a vat or box fourteen feet long, three feet wide and two feet deep. It is kept full of running water at a temperature of sixty degrees, by means of pipes at either end. The milk is put in pails or cans eight inches in diameter and twenty-one inches deep. The vat will hold forty-five cans. Each can contains eighteen quarts of milk. By this invention milk which ordinarily sours in twelve hours, in warm weather, can be kept sweet thirty-six hours.

—Years ago when C. and W. were in the flower of youth, indulging in many air-built castles for the future, C. used to descant on the charms and fascinations of a life in the city, while W. would dwell on the beauties of pastoral life. Now that W. has received the appointment of manager on the farm, C. sends the following note of congratulation, which has been handed round among the friends of both as a good joke:

Wallingford, Conn., June 8, 1873.

WM. A. HINDS, SUP'T OF O. C. FARM:

DEAR SIR:—Allow an old acquaintance to congratulate you on having at last reached the goal of your ambition! You are indeed one of the fortunate among men, as it is not often permitted to mankind to enter into rest thus early in life! Although the writer hopes and believes the same beneficent destiny may attend him at some period of his existence, the logic of events is fast removing from before his eyes the prospect of such a consummation in the present earthly sphere; notwithstanding which, he can sincerely and without envy rejoice whenever he beholds a former comrade attain to such beatitude, however long it may be withheld from himself. Very respectfully,

Your o'b'd't servant, C.

—A casual observer would hardly suspect that the vanities of fashion had any allurements for us; but, though we dress so plainly, and have in a great measure overcome the feminine temptations to outward adornment, there generally comes, with the purchasing of new garments in the spring, a wave of dress-distraction. The following note, from one who is remarkable for the simplicity of her attire, was read in a recent meeting:

"I have had a new desire this spring for a right spirit about dress, and this thought has come to me; that we can please the revival spirit and we can *grieve* the revival spirit in our manner of dress. It seems to me that a *great variety* grieves the revival spirit in this way: it not only takes up the

person's attention but it takes up the attention of all around, who are distracted by the continual appearance of something new. It may seem like an innocent thing to get up a new style of collar, or a new style of trimming to your dress which will make every body when they see it think and say, 'How pretty that looks! I must have a collar like that, or a dress trimmed like that;' but it is not innocent if it is a distraction from the spirit of prayer. It is sure to start a wave which will vibrate through all the younger part of the Community at least, contrary to the revival spirit and internal adornment. I wish we could come into our meetings without being diverted by something new and striking in this one and that one's dress. It should certainly be a rule of spiritual etiquette not to attract attention in our evening meetings by frequent change of dress, or by new and striking styles. Our singularity as a people gives us perfect liberty to ignore fashion; and let us keep our freedom.

"Since writing the foregoing I have come across a few words of Mrs. Cragin, penned June 29, 1851, not quite a month before she was drowned, almost her last entry in her note-book on this subject of dress, which I will copy:

"'Beware!' of the seductions of dress. They bring *darkness* and nightmare. When tempted, fall back on seeking a handsome body.'

"Let us all find out what Paul means by *modest apparel*. H."

OUR YOUNGEST.

—There are certain hearsays about the Community which are as inexpugnable as the Canada thistle. You may root them out year by year, but they reäppear with the visiting season as persistently as the white daisies in the meadow. One of these is that we take the babies away from their mothers at a frightfully early age, and after that the poor little things never know their mothers from the rest of womankind. Heretofore we have been able to repel this odious impeachment *in toto*. We could say that our babies were left in the entire care of their mothers till their fifteenth or twentieth month, according to their comparative development. But the era of scientific propagation is leading us into new courses, and now we shall have to own up to the first half of that immemorial hearsay. We have four babies under a year—from seven to eleven months—and we are trying the experiment of putting them together through the day. Instead of each mother taking care of her own child in her own room, we put the four into one room, and under the care of two women *not* their mothers. Perhaps if we tell more about it, and the mothers themselves are heard on the subject, this will not appear such an "awful disclosure."

Of course our reasons for this move connect with our Community principles and our Community circumstances. First as to our circumstances: if mothers are to have the chief care of their own babies, the Community is not so good a place on some accounts as the isolated family. The mother in a private household has a round of cares and duties which force her to turn off her child and make it learn to take care of itself. She is compelled to be wife and housekeeper as well as mother. Then her second child soon crowds out the first, and she cannot stop to dote. But the young mother in the Community is under no such necessities. Her housekeeping is all done for her. She has no cooking nor washing nor ironing to do—no imperious calls of any kind. These are circumstances of temptation. A baby soon finds out how much care it can have, and exacts more and more. Let a fond mother have no compelling cares, and there is great danger that her child will enslave her and get spoiled itself for want of wholesome neglect.

Then on the other hand Community circumstances are always teaching us new economies and better ways of doing things. We have found that children a year and a half old can be brought up together to a great advantage. They can have the best kind of care at a vast reduction of cost—better, far better care than a weak and over-burdened mother could give them; better care than a mother under any conditions could give them. A child that has been in the way of teazing its mother half to death and making itself sick with its innocent restlessness, will go into our nursery and soon become well and happy. Here is philosophy, as every one knows that has studied the habits of children. In a department on purpose they can have selected guardians—the most gifted infant-culturists we can find among us—and so the best kind of training is insured. Well, why not begin earlier—as soon as the baby is weaned, at least? (By the way the nursing period is somewhat shortened with us, not often exceeding nine months. We have no occasion to protract it to avoid undesired increase, and the health of mother and child, moral and physical, is conserved according to our experience, and we believe according to the best science of the day, by this practice.) We resolved to have the benefits of the gregarious system as soon as possible.

Our Community principles in regard to "Woman's Sphere" have governed in this movement. We do not believe with Rev. Dr. Todd that motherhood is the chief end of woman's life; that she was made for the children she can bear. She was made for God and herself. She has a spiritual nature which lifts her up to God, and there is her highest sphere, where there is "neither male nor female." Then in association with man she was not made first of all to be the mother of his children, but to be his companion and lover—to be what she is in courtship rather than what she is in marriage. Set aside sentimentalism and exceptional cases, and woman's sphere under marriage is well characterized by Mr. Noyes in his Bible Argument, as that of a "propagative drudge." She is not that in the Community. She has children only by choice, and her drudgery as a mother is to be reduced to the minimum. And here we will introduce a paper we have received from a sister on this subject:

"We have only modified and adapted to Community principles a custom that has from time out of mind prevailed in the very highest and most enlightened circles. Queens and princesses by universal consent are considered of too much value in themselves, too necessary as leaders and ornaments of society, to be allowed to surrender their time and attention day and night for months to the care of their infants. Women of rank and wealth are accorded the same privilege everywhere Especially is it claimed by women of genius and women devoted to art or literature. The mother herself, her health, her faculties, her own well-being as a member of society receives the first consideration, and her function as nurse is subordinate. This is undoubtedly the law of nature and justice, which, as the world becomes enlightened and women rise to their true place, will be more and more observed. As this law is observed in worldly society and even in the highest, it has many drawbacks. The Princess of Wales to purchase her own personal freedom must resign her new-born child to the bosom of a hireling and an inferior. This is true of all women who do not nurse their children. This state is indeed unnatural, and must give a true mother many a pang. We have said we modify this custom here, and most assuredly we do in a way that relieves it of all that mothers dread. The mother nurses and cares for her baby with undivided attention for the first few months of its novitiate in this strange world, and then when it is nicely weaned, no stranger or alien comes between her and her child."

Now as to the details of the change: The babies are all weaned—the last within a week, its mother choosing to wean it at seven months rather than wait as she would have to do till cold weather. They continue to sleep with their mothers, who dress them and give them their breakfast and keep them till half-past seven. At that hour they are carried into the drawing-room, where their foster mothers are waiting to receive them. The "drawing-room" is in the children's wing, and was used through the winter to take our next youngest into for a change, but their play-yard serves a much better purpose at present. It is a large, airy room, twenty-eight by twelve, four windows to the east; is carpeted and furnished with cribs, a low bed, etc. The two in charge are relieved by other motherly women at meal times and fixed hours, and with the fathers to take the babies to ride and little girls to amuse them and kind hands on every side, they are not over-taxed. The mothers take their babies at six again.

Further particulars will be gleaned from the following papers which were solicited for this story, and which will make it long enough. We think we have shown the art of a true story-teller in keeping them for the close. The first is from one of the foster mothers, and shows how the movement was precipitated, though it has long been remotely considered, and had been the subject of conversation in Mr. Noyes's room the day before the incident she mentions:

"The way I happened to offer to take care of little Theodore for a few weeks was by my rooming next door to his mother. He had not been very well for a number of nights, and she had been broken of her rest so much that I knew she must be nearly worn out. One night about one o' clock I was awakened by her trying to sing him to sleep. I suppose it was owing to my being aroused out of a sound slumber, and that her voice was subdued for fear of disturbing the occupants of the adjoining rooms; but it sounded so plaintive to me that I thought I never could go to sleep while I knew she was there so much in need of rest; so I left the three little boys who sleep in my room and went and told her to go away and I would be glad to take care of little T. He soon became quiet, and as I watched his precious face I felt such a warm love for him that I thought I would willingly do anything for him. I could hardly wait till morning to tell his mother how glad I should be to take care of him until she could recruit. When I proposed it to her she said that she should be glad to have me take him awhile, and presumed that he would do better with some one who felt strong and well. In the evening I was in Father Noyes's room and I told him I was going to take care of little Theodore; he said, "Why don't you take four? Such a strong woman as you ought to be able to manage as many as that." I replied that I would take all he gave me. I did not know but he was jesting at first, but as I had often thought of the subject of simplifying the rearing of small children, when I found he thought seriously of the plan and others were enthusiastic in making arrangements for securing helpers and putting it into execution, I did not feel like retreating. My only hope of success from the first was in the revival spirit. I knew that would give us enthusiasm and loving hearts for our work, and insure good results. And now after two weeks' trial, I can truly say that I never enjoyed any business as I have my work in the nursery. It is very plain to me that the move has the approval of the heavens. E. E. O."

[The writer of the foregoing has had one child born in the Community in circumstances of comparative luxury. She is an enthusiast in all progress—has great strength of character—is strong in tenderness and strong in common sense. The writer of the following, Mrs. B., had five children in

marriage outside, in somewhat straitened circumstances, which gives her some very desirable qualifications. She knows how to make the babies take care of themselves all they should. She has displayed in our other infant department a remarkable faculty for making the little ones happy by making them good.]

"When the new way was proposed by Mr. Noyes I felt very enthusiastic in regard to it, not dreaming, however, that I should have anything to do with it except to look on. It was with some fear and trembling that I began to help in this work. The first morning I went down to the drawing-room expecting only Theodore and Allan would be there, when the door opened and Alice came in bringing Corinna, and placed her in my arms saying to her, "Here is your mamma B——." I do not know how *she* felt, but my own heart was full and I had hard work to keep back the tears. It seemed to me that the spirit and presence of Christ came in with that baby and her mother, and it has staid with us. I said to myself, If God has given Alice grace and strength to give up her babe into our care he will give us grace and strength to do the right thing by it, and I had a new baptism of faith and love. The feeling that the mothers are in full sympathy with us gives us good heart, and the babies do not suffer from the separation as they would if their mother's hearts were bleeding. I have never felt so interested and given up to any work that I have ever been in as this, and it was never so easy for me to ask God for help in any work as this. Little Allan who cried for his mother and would hardly be comforted for the first two days, is now very happy and lets her come in and go out without any perturbation. The babies are all well. We spread an old quilt on the carpet and they sit on it with their playthings a good share of the time, and seem to think it is the nicest place in the house. Their fathers come in often and give them a tossing, and baby-lovers all through the Community find a new source of enjoyment. The four are getting into the habit of taking their naps at about the same time, which gives us a chance to rest.

M. B."

[The four letters that follow are from the four "bereaved" mothers:]

Sunday, June 15, 1873.

"DEAR AUNT H.:—You asked me to tell you my feelings and experience since giving up the care of my baby, and I am glad to do so, as you knew so well my trials and temptations when the move was first proposed. My troubles were of short duration, and I gave her up at last with the others, heartily, feeling that she would have every want supplied, and that I should be a better and happier woman for doing so. Corinna has now been in the nursery two weeks, and as my room is near by I have had a chance to observe the working of the new plan, and am convinced that she is happier, and has as good if not better care than when I had entire charge of her myself; and when I go every evening at six to get her she is always delighted to see me, and I, feeling rested and fresh instead of tired and often impatient, take more real comfort than before. The love I have had for my baby has never given me the happiness that I expected to realize, for with it has been a feeling of anxiety and worry lest she should be sick, and perhaps taken from me, or that some accident or other might come to her; but since I gave her up that trouble has been taken from me, and in its place I have a feeling of rest and thankfulness. I now realize as I did not before, that the old way of each mother caring exclusively for her own child, begets selfishness and idolatry, and in many ways tends to degrade woman. The new system works well in every respect, but particularly do I appreciate the opportunity it affords me of not only joining in public work but of self-improvement and "going home" to God every day.

"Yours for giving up every thing that stands in the way of improvement and the revival,

A. M. A."

"The proposition to have the babies cared for together during the day, by others than their respective mothers, seemed to me, after the first flutter of motherly feeling had subsided a little, a really wise and beneficial one—good for both mothers and children. I was better prepared to accept it perhaps because I had not been strong enough to take the entire care of my child myself, and had previously become accustomed to leave him with others. But the advantages of this new method are much greater than I anticipated. The love between me and my boy is not lessened but rather enhanced by standing a little aloof from him. I do not suffer about him but truly enjoy my liberty; he never cries when I leave him. When I take him in the evening, instead of being tired and worn, and he sympathetically nervous, I feel strong and fresh, and he is full of glee and baby joy. He is happier during the day to be with his mates than when alone with me. Before putting him in with the others he was a difficult child to manage about his naps—often tiring me completely out before going to sleep. I might rock him, walk with him, swing him, or draw him in his basket, it was all the same—always a struggle. Now I have only to lay him on the bed and in a few moments he is sound asleep, with seldom any resistance. The benefit to me is very great: it relieves me of a care that was too great for my strength; it gives me time and opportunity for other occupation; it chastens my affections and frees me from absorbing distractions.

A. S. H."

"DEAR AUNT H.:—I am glad to respond to your invitation to tell you some of my experience about putting little Stephen into the nursery department. When the plan was first proposed it took me somewhat by surprise, and I hardly need tell you that I had some conflicts with my motherly nature for a few days; but I resolved that my *feelings* should not govern me; that I would be obedient to the Community inspiration and trust God to take care of my feelings. And sure enough he has. After two weeks' trial of the new plan I can assure you that *I like it.* I like it for my own sake and I like it for my baby's sake. It commends itself to me as a wise move, and as a blessing to both mothers and children. I am perfectly sure that it is better for both of us in many ways. It relieves me from a long confinement and puts me again into the family current and public service, where I am always happy, while I know that my babe is just as well cared for and is happier even than when I had him all to myself. His necessary wants are all supplied, but he does not have that special exclusive attention which so often spoils a child. I enjoy my work during the day and enjoy taking my baby at six o'clock. He is always tickled to see me, and when I take him back the next morning he is glad to see his mothers there and the other babies again. I am not afraid that the love between me and my child will be diminished at all, but it will be chastened by a higher love—a love for serving God and the Community—and that is just what I want. I am thankful for anything that will save me from idolatrous philoprogenitiveness, which is the degradation of so many women. I attribute my good experience to the revival spirit in the family. I should have been weak by myself, but I am strong in the strength of the whole Community.

"I have weaned my little one the last week and he has scarcely known it—thanks to the new system. I do not believe a baby was ever weaned easier.

C. M. L."

"When the proposal came to us mothers to give up the care of our infants during the day I had many conflicting feelings about it. Although my heart ached at the thought of separation, I had a secret feeling that it would prove a relief in the end. My own experience had taught me that the care and confinement from morning till night entailed on a mother is very wearing. As the child grows older it learns to claim the greatest share of attention and the mother is never free. I could not but feel that a change would be best for both mothers and babies. At the day appointed, I dressed my babe (a boy of eleven months), and gave him his breakfast and carried him into the drawing-room and left him to the care of his new mothers. The first day or two he seemed quite homesick, pining and worrying and watching the door whenever it was opened. I took him every evening at 6 o'clock, gave him his supper, put him to bed and slept with him. I concluded it was best to keep entirely away from him for a week, and invited his Aunt A. to sleep with him. This produced a wonderful change. Before the week was out he was as happy a child as you could wish to see, and when I again saw him I took real comfort with him. Since that time I have left him every morning at half past 7 o'clock with the assurance that he would be as well cared for as any mother could ask, and with a sense of rest, knowing that he would enjoy himself better than when staying with me all day. At night when I take him he is delighted to see me, but the old claiming, sticky spirit (which made us both miserable), is gone, and I have more enjoyment of him than all the time before of his life. As my baby was several months older than any of the others, and took the change so much more to heart, I am convinced that the sooner children learn to love a great many beside their mothers, the surer they are of health and happiness.

M. J. H."

WALLINGFORD.

—The lake has been drawn down in order to carry on the work of building the wing walls for the purpose of preventing the washing of the banks by the water. This afternoon a very thin sheet of water was running over the dam. It was clear as crystal, and the wind which was blowing quite a gale played the most fantastic pranks, making it look like fairy work. Ever and anon it would send the sheet of water back against the wall, and then a thousand mimic waterfalls would appear, looking as though they were starting out from crevices between the stones. Amidst the foam and spray and molten silver, beautiful rainbows appeared at every point.

June 10.—The water in the lake has fallen so low that it no longer runs over the dam. Mr. K., who works for us and lives near the bridge, has had the fever and ague, and one day did not come to work. The next day Mr. H. asked how he got along and he said, "Oh! he could not sleep the night before, the dam made such a noise; he got up and fastened his windows, but still he could not sleep." On the following day the water was drawn down and no water ran over the dam. When Mr. K. came the next morning Mr. H. said, "You slept well last night, didn't you?" "Oh no," Mr. K. said, "he didn't. It was so still he could not sleep at all, and one of his neighbors could not get a wink of sleep all night, on account of the unusual stillness; he heard the rats and all the other small noises about."

—C. S. J. tells of an amusing adventure which he had with a "lightning-rod man." One of those interesting specimens of human nature came into the office, armed to the teeth with books and documents. He first inquired whether there had been a man around lately with an iron lightning-rod. Yes, there had. Well, *he* did not believe in iron

rods; *he* had a copper lightning-rod, which he could *prove* to be the *very best* of every thing. See! here were documents all ready to show the relative conducting power of various metals. Would Mr. J. look at them? he would see that copper was excellent. Mr. J. took one of the documents, and running it over observed that the despised iron ranked thus and so, copper still higher. "You see," said the man, "you want the very best, don't you?" "Certainly," said Mr. J., "but I perceive here that silver is better than any of the metals. Now as we want the best we prefer to wait until we can afford to put up a good silver lightning-rod." He of the copper rod was unable to resist the force of this argument, and, laughing in spite of himself, gathered up his documents and marched off.

THE JOHNS OF THE O. C.

ONE OF WHOM I AM.

WE number eleven all told. Placed in a line our heads would form an irregular flight of steps; the first man being 5 feet 2½ inches high, and last 5 feet 11½ inches. The senior of the tribe has reached the ripe age of 70 years, while the junior is a youth of 28. Our heaviest man weighs 189 pounds, our lightest 121. We are mostly New England men. Maine contributes 1: New Hampshire 1: Vermont 4: Massachusetts 1: Connecticut 1: New York 2: and New Jersey 1.

Only three of us can be said to have mastered a trade. Mr. S—— is a skillful machinist: Mr. L—— can turn off a rare piece of cabinet-work on occasion, while Mr. N—— is a trained thinker and accomplished writer. Another Mr. L—— is a successful salesman and business agent. Mr. H—— is deeply versed in the art of hunting and the secrets of woodcraft. C—— is an enterprising young farmer. A second Mr. N——, who seems to have been sent into the world replete with an extraordinary amount of physical energy, pursues with great vigor and singleness of purpose any mechanical or other business that falls to his lot to do. Mr. S—— is a man of studious habits and has been something of a printer and schoolmaster. Mr. C—— No. 2, is a not unuseful factotum in plain work. Mr. F., a former school-teacher, has now an important place in our silk industry. Mr. A—— is our glazier and statistician. The John who last joined has been here seven years. The John who first joined was the original nucleus around which all the other Johns have gathered.

All enjoy good health and ability to work. A little manipulation of the figures of the family statistic book, kept by a John, gives as the average John a man whose age is 43 years and 8 months, hight 5 feet 6 inches, and weight 144 pounds. There are no John Smiths among us, for which we are devoutly thankful.

On the whole we are satisfied with our name. It is short and easily pronounced. It has some good historical and scriptural associations, and is a common name, I had almost said noun, in many languages.

THE HARRIETS OF THE O C.

ONE OF WHOM I AM NOT.

THERE are twelve of them, a good round dozen. Before joining the O. C. there was but one in a family, but the consolidation has resulted in bringing into one household this number of the same name. Let a man who has many children, name twelve of his girls Harriet, and he would be able to feel for us. In a family so large as ours you may say it would not be so troublesome. True, but a part of the last year it so happened that six of them were living at W. C., thus making in that family every eighth person you met a Harriet. Call Harriet, and you would be pretty sure to elicit from two to five responses. One day some one inquired for a missing article and was told that Harriet had it. He didn't consider the information sufficiently explicit. A package left on the sitting-room table for Harriet was likely to find more than one claimant. A—— sent up word from the factory to Harriet that she was in need of her help! Which of her should go? Some one laughingly declared the message as bad as Mrs. B.'s notice, "John may come in."

Two of these Harriets are called by their given names only by a few immediate family connections; one more is called Miss M; two others are known as Mrs; but the Harriet must be put on to distinguish her from another Mrs. of the same surname. This leaves seven who can be designated only by giving the entire name. Even then confusion is apt to ensue.

It was one of these Harriets who sent money to Mr. Noyes to pay the printers of the *Witness* before the O. C. ever was thought of. She linked her fortunes with his to help him preach the gospel by giving the world a free paper, and has never wavered nor faltered. Another Harriet is a sister of J. H. N. who has been with him from the first. She has worked on the paper; she has mothered the children; she has led the women into wider fields of usefulness: always cheering and helping, both by word and example. It was a Harriet, too, who in the infancy of Communism was so miraculously healed; for eight years an invalid, given up by her friends and physicians, but by the power of God made able to rise from her bed and ride for several miles in the open sunlight without pain or discomfort. The writer of the "Old Mansion House Memories," is also so named. She at present writes for the paper. Dixon introduced her to all the world as one of the "singing girls" of the O. C. Another of our Harriets is the daughter of "E.," late writer of the "Threads from my Life Ball." She has but recently come from W. C. to superintend the spooling of silk in our factory.

Five Harriets have dark hair and eyes. Three have light hair and blue eyes, while the remaining four have brown hair and blue eyes. They vary in hight and weight from Mrs. Harriet K——, superintendent of our laundry, who is 5 feet and 7 inches and weighs 166 pounds—to little Harriet M. whose story was told in the CIRCULAR a few months ago, she being the orphan adopted and brought to us by Mrs. M. She measures but 4 feet, 9½ inches, and weighs 98 lbs. The youngest is 21 years of age; the eldest 64 years.

While we write of them, and think of their warm hearts and helpful hands, we are certain that with all the perplexity over names, we should much rather have graver trials than fewer Harriets.

GLASS AND GLASS-MAKING.

II.

GLASS manufacture was established in Rome in the time of Cicero, and articles made of it were in general use in the third century. Window glass must have been invented at a much earlier period than this, as is proved by discoveries in the buried cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii; but the demand for it in warm latitudes was not great then, nor has it been since, the inhabitants of the "sunny south" not feeling the need of a protection of this sort as do we denizens of a less kinder clime. The ancient Romans either dispensed altogether with any such barrier to free circulation, or found a serviceable substitute in thin sheets of mica. Windows of mica may have had a softening effect upon the garish light of day, but we fear it was the softness of twilight. Can you imagine yourself, dear reader, in this age of crystal palaces and plate-glass windows, living in a house where your only daylight was filtered through a kind of stone?

Window glass was introduced into England in the year 674 A. D., but made its way so slowly that not till the end of the tenth century did its use become common. The windows of houses had previously been covered with cloths of fine linen, and even Cathedral churches with all their magnificence, must have owed, up to this time, their

"—dim religious light."

not to the rich, subduing effects of stained glass, but to windows of the same humble material. Even as late as the twelfth century country-houses in England furnished with glass were considered palatial.

Stained glass was first used for the adornment of churches in the latter part of the eighth century. The opening of this new field for artistic enterprise gave a fresh impetus to glass-painting, and it was soon carried to great perfection, culminating in those matchless productions, the richly stained windows which decorate the gothic cathedrals of Europe. Unfortunately for their posterity the secret processes of the medieval artists are lost, with possibly somewhat of the necessary genius and skill. The modern painter admires but cannot imitate the gorgeous creations of the middle ages.

VENETIAN ART.

Glass-making like some other arts seems to have had a death and resurrection. Obscurity, at least, rests upon its history from about the fifth century until the time of the crusades, when it was brought home from the East and established at Venice. A new era now dawned upon glass and glass-making. Under the fostering and very jealous care of the Venetian republic the business grew rapidly in importance. The glass-makers were placed upon the little island of Murano, and subjected to the strictest surveillance. The workmen were invested with peculiar privileges, but in return were prohibited under the severest penalties from carrying their art abroad. So rigorous were the laws in this respect that two workmen who, allured by tempting offers from Germany, succeeded, despite the vigilance of the police, in escaping to that country, were pursued and actually put to death by the emissaries of the republic. "Protection" of this radical character, added to the great skill of her artisans, was not without its natural result. Not only did the Venetian glass-ware attain thereby a world-wide celebrity, eclipsing everything of former date, but it enabled the city to monopolize the business, and thus she first created a demand for the wonders of her art, and then supplied that demand at fabulous profit to herself. However much we may deprecate the self-aggrandizing policy of the Venetian State, it certainly resulted in a twofold effect for good. On the one hand it operated as a powerful incentive to other nations to throw off the yoke of the Venetian monopoly by starting the manufacture of glass for themselves; and on the other it acted as an unceasing stimulant to Venice herself to maintain her supremacy by carrying the art to still greater perfection, and by the invention of articles not only for ornament but for use. To the genius of her artisans the world owes the invention of the glass mirror, which gradually but surely supplanted throughout Europe the mirror of polished metal previously used. Articles combining both use and beauty, such as vases, bottles and wine-glasses of exquisite workmanship, and loaded with ornamentation, were among the products of these palmy days of Venetian art. Glass manufacture reached its best estate in Venice during the seventeenth century. The decay of the republic in the eighteenth brought stagnation to her arts, and perhaps none of them suffered more in this respect than her glass interest. She had, however, already lost her exclusive possession of the art, which no doubt aided its decline.

One interesting result of the opening of the

Suez Canal and Mont Cenis tunnel is the turning of the currents of trade, thereby occasioned, through their old Venetian channels, and the consequent restoration to the city of some of her old prosperity and power. Whether this re-habilitation of the ancient "Queen of the Adriatic" will sometime result in the restoration of her former genius and skill in the arts, and more especially in glass-making, is of course an open question. In the meantime though we may claim for modern art a higher standard of workmanship, and more skill in combining utility with elegance, we must still admit that, with all its resources it has produced nothing which surpasses the Venetian wares of two hundred years ago, either in elaborate ornamentation, or true, artistic beauty. V.

Orthography on its Travels.

Mr. H. O. Houghton, of the prosperous Riverside press, tells how, nearly fifty years ago, a little pale-faced man came into a Vermont printing-office where he was learning his trade, and handing him a printed slip said, "My lad, when you use these words spell them as here, *theater*, *center*," etc. It was Noah Webster, traveling on foot and visiting country printing-offices to persuade people to spell as he did. The apprentice little thought at that time that he should ever be the head of an establishment which would manufacture a thousand tons of Webster's dictionaries. —*Exchange.*

THE NEWS.

The Shah of Persia has reached London.

The peach crop on the railroad lines of the state of Delaware is estimated at 2,183.000 baskets.

Susan B. Anthony has been convicted of illegal voting by the U. S. Circuit Court sitting at Canandaigua, and sentenced to pay $100 and costs, without detention.

Maps made by the Oriental expedition around Jerusalem lead to the belief that the exact site of Golgotha and of Calvary has been discovered.

An engineering party in the Hart River valley, Dakota Territory, was on June 17th attacked by 150 mounted Sioux. After a sharp fight the Indians were driven off by the cavalry escort.

No less than ten college crews have already entered for the annual race which takes place July 15 at Springfield, Mass. The Yale crew has adopted the English style of rowing.

The Admiralty Court of Cadiz has completed its investigation of the sinking of the Northfleet by the Spanish steamer Murillo. The captain of the Murillo is severely censured, and his certificate suspended for nine months.

Prof. Marsh and the Yale College exploring party left Fort McPherson on June 18th for the Niobrara river, Nebraska, where they will spend five weeks in geological explorations. They are escorted by two companies of the 3d Cavalry under Col. Mills.

About 100 men are now employed on the Hell-Gate improvements. The Diamond drill has superseded the Burleigh air drill, six of which are at work day and night. At the present rate of progress about 950 cubic yards of rock are removed every month.

At the late sale of the Perkins Library near London, a copy of the Mazarin Bible printed on vellum was sold for £3.400, the highest price ever paid for a single printed book. The entire sale realized $136.000 for 865 lots.

The loss of life in India from the ravages of tigers, cobras and other wild and venomous animals, is getting to be perfectly enormous. In a single year, 1871, there were no less than 18,078 human beings destroyed by these animals. What makes the matter still worse is the fact that tigers, snakes, and the like, are constantly increasing and are rendered more and more fierce by the approach of civilization.

The news from the Khivan Expedition up to June 1st, gives the details of the capture of the two important strongholds Khojaili and Mangit by the Russian troops. The last named place was taken by an assault after a most desperate resistance on the part of the Khivan forces. The two Russian columns are slowly but steadily forcing their way through the deserts and morasses of Central Turkestan and are now about investing the Capital. The Eastern column has crossed the Amu-Daria River at a point within twenty-five miles of Khiva and will soon unite with the victorious troops in the valley of the Oxus.

The following is the full text of the Civil Damages bill which has become the law of New York:

AN ACT to Suppress Intemperance, Pauperism and Crime.

SECTION 1. Every husband, wife, child, parent, guardian, employer, or other person who shall be injured in person, or property, or means of support, by any intoxicated persons, or in consequence of the intoxication, habitual or otherwise, of any person, shall have a right of action in his or her name against any person or persons who shall, by selling or giving away intoxicating liquors, cause the intoxication in whole or part of such person or persons; and any person or persons owning, or renting, or permitting the occupation of any building or premises, or having knowledge that intoxicating liquors are to be sold therein, shall be liable, severally or jointly, with the person or persons selling or giving away intoxicating liquors aforesaid, for all damages sustained, and for exemplary damages; and all damages recovered by a minor under this act shall be paid either to such minor or to his or her parent, guardian or next friend, as the Court shall direct; and the unlawful sale or giving away of intoxicating liquors shall work a forfeiture of all rights of the lessee or tenant under any lease or contract of rent upon the premises.

SEC. 2. In any action arising for violation of the provisions of this act, any justice of the peace in the county where the offense is committed shall have jurisdiction to try and determine the same, providing the amount of damages claimed does not exceed $200, in which case, aud when the damages claimed do not exceed $500, the justice of the peace before whom the action is commenced shall associate with himself any other two justices of the peace in the same county, who shall have jurisdiction to try and determine the same.

THE PETRIFIED FERN.

In a valley, centuries ago,
Grew a little fern leaf, green and slender,
Veining delicate, and fibers tender—
Waving when the wind crept down so low;
Bushes tall, and grass, and moss grew round it;
Playful sunbeams darted in and found it.
But no foot of man e'er came that way;
Earth was young and keeping holiday.
Useless? Lost? There came a thoughtful man,
Searching nature's secrets far and deep.
From a fissure in a rocky steep
He withdrew a stone o'er which there ran
Fairy pencilings, a quaint design—
Leafage, veining, flowers, clear and fine;
And the fern's life lay in every line
So, I think, God hides some lives away,
Sweetly to surprise us, the last day.

[*Selected.*

HOW TO TREAT GROWING TOMATOES.—Speaking of his mode of treating the tomato, Prof. Mapes says that forty per cent. of the fruit always sets within eighteen inches of the main stock, and his way is to pinch off the vine at about this distance. The result is that his tomatoes are eight days earlier, of a finer quality, and each vine produces more in weight, than if left without such pruning.

The agility and strength of muscle of some insects is truly wonderful, and among them are the greatest gymnasts in the world. The leap of a flea is as great, in proportion to size of muscle, as if a man should jump over the Atlantic ocean, from Boston to London; and a beetle, not weighing a scruple, will lift and move a junk bottle, with contents, weighing nearly a pound—a weight more than one hundred times as great, in proportion, as Dr. Windship could lift (and the beetle wears no yoke). Being wanted for scientific purposes, a beetle was placed for safe keeping under a bottle partly filled with liquid, in the inverted cup formed in the bottom. Immediately the plucky little insect was seen walking off with the bottle on its back,—as if the strong doctor, being shut up in his own office in the basement of Park street church, with a steeple two hundred feet high, should hoist the thing, steeple and all, over into the cemetery.

[*Philosophy of Eating.*

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

SILK GOODS.

Machine-Twist and Sewing-Silk of their own manufacture for sale by the Oneida Community.

Address, [K] ONEIDA COMMUNITY, *Oneida, N. Y.*

PRESERVED FRUITS AND VEGETABLES

Put up for sale by the Oneida Community in tin and glass. Price list sent on application.

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STEEL TRAPS.

Eight sizes and kinds, suitable for the House-rat, Musk-rat, Mink, Marten, Fisher, Fox, Otter, Beaver, the Black and Grizzly Bears, are made by the Oneida Community Descriptive price-list sent on application.

Address, [T] ONEIDA COMMUNITY, *Oneida, N. Y.*

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Improved Lathe-Chucks, Blinn's Patent Gate-Hinges, Machines for Measuring the Length and Testing the Strength of Manufactured Silks, Bobbin-Winders for Sewing-Machines, etc. Agricultural, Machine and Light Castings, on hand or made to order. Descriptive price-list sent on application.

Address, [M] ONEIDA COMMUNITY, *Oneida, N. Y.*

THE WALLINGFORD PRINTING COMPANY.

All kinds of Book and Job Printing executed: Manufacturers' Illustrated Catalogues made a speciality: also Bronze and Color Work, and the finer kinds of Card, Circular and Bill-head Printing. Having enlarged its works and added new motive power, this Company is in renewed condition to meet the wants its patrons with promptness and accuracy.

P. O. Address, *Wallingford, Conn.*

PUBLICATIONS.

(Sent from the Office of the Oneida Circular by mail, post-paid, on receipt of price.)

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

The Trapper's Guide; a Manual of Instructions for Capturing Fur-bearing Animals. By S. Newhouse. Third edition: with New Narratives and Illustrations. 215 pp. 8vo. Price, bound in cloth, $1.50.

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

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

Scientific Propagation. By John Humphrey Noyes. Large octavo pamphlet of 32 pages. Price 25 cts.

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Back Volumes of the Circular, Unbound. Price $2.00 per volume.

MESSRS. TRUBNER & COMPANY, Book-sellers, Paternoster Row, London, have the "History of American Socialisms," the "Trapper's Guide," and the "Hand-Book of the O. C.," for sale. They will receive subscriptions for our other publications.

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Of the Oneida Community Buildings and Grounds, made by a first-class artist and finely mounted, can be had on application at the Office of the Oneida Circular.

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Bird's-eye View, looking West, of Community Buildings and Grounds, 12 by 14 inches, on fine enameled board 16 by 20; price $1.75. Quadrangle and Group, 12 by 14, mounted like the above price $1.75. South and East Fronts of the Community Dwellings, giving a good view of the New Wing occupied by the Children—8 by 10, on tinted board 10 by 12, with an ornamental border price $1.00.

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Oneida Circular.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF HOME, SCIENCE AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

Published by the Oneida & Wallingford Communities.

ONEIDA COMMUNITY, JUNE 30, 1873.

New Series, Vol. X, No. 27
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ONEIDA CIRCULAR, ONEIDA, N. Y.

TERMS:

The CIRCULAR is sent to all applicants, whether they pay or not. It costs and is worth at least two dollars per volume. Those who want it and ought to have it are divisible into three classes, viz., 1, those who cannot afford to pay two dollars; 2, those who can afford to pay *only* two dollars; and 3, those who can afford to pay *more* than two dollars. The first ought to have it free; the second ought to pay the cost of it; and the third ought to pay enough more than the cost to make up the deficiencies of the first. This is the law of Communism. We have no means of enforcing it, and no wish to do so, except by stating it and leaving it to the good sense of those concerned. We take the risk of offering the CIRCULAR to all without price; but free subscriptions will be received only from persons making application for themselves, either directly or by giving express authority to those who apply for them.

Foreign subscribers, excepting those residing in Canada, must remit with their subscriptions money to prepay the postage.

THE UNITED COMMUNITIES.

ONEIDA COMMUNITY

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

WILLOW-PLACE COMMUNITY.

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

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

SPECIAL NOTICE.

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

ADMISSIONS.

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

THEORY OF ADVERTISING.

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

THE system of advertising proceeds on the fundamental principle of treating mankind as they are; i. e., as beings of impulse, impressions, and feelings; governed by their senses rather than by strict rules of logic. This view of human nature, though humiliating to a certain kind of pride, is, in reality, not a degrading view, but may be found to be the best that can be taken. At any rate, it is the basis of the advertising system; and on this basis, there are two practical principles which constitute the method of operation.

One is, to labor to *catch the eye* and so to secure the attention to your advertisement. Great pains are taken by successful advertisers in this first appeal to the senses. There are various tricks employed for catching the eye, as the unusual shape, size or color in which the notice is printed. Lyon, the bug-killer, comes out every day in the daily papers, with a cunning little ditty, which is sure to catch and fascinate the eye, from its dissimilarity to the mass of advertisements around it. On the other hand, the board fences in the city are covered with mammoth posters, of all colors, and in every device, announcing the different amusements of the evening. There is no end to the ingenuity that is bestowed on this object of catching the eye. And it is evident that the ground of the thing is in human nature—there is a legitimate demand for some reference to the outward sense of sight. "JULLIEN, EVERY NIGHT," in small type, would be overlooked; but painted in red letters, a foot high, all through the city, it persuades every body right away, of the existence of the renowned concert-giver, and probably adds much to his nightly receipts.

The other principle involved in successful advertising, is that of making a *continuous impression*. Assuming merely the high and dignified view of human nature, it would seem that a single announcement of a thing would be enough. Any other supposition, you think, tends to impeach man's rationality and is so far degrading—especially the idea of being influenced by mere repetition. Of course, as a strictly logical being, this should be the case. We find, however, that the world is not governed by logic, but *by magnetic power*: and magnetic power depends on *continuity of manipulation*. This was the gist of Mesmerism. The advice to practitioners was to keep the "passes" going, and pursue it day after day; and so they generally overcame their subjects by perseverance of the will. The same fact is illustrated in the business of advertising. Barnum and Genin advertise themselves into successful relations with the public, more by force of will and perseverance of manipulation than by any superiority of merit in other things.

The secret of success lies in not being so high but that you can appreciate the childishness of human nature, and give a rattle to amuse it, as well as a lesson to instruct. The Bible is constructed with scientific reference to this quality of human nature, and is in fact a store-house of the most consummate advertising. It abounds in figures for catching the attention, and ingenious appeals to the medium of the senses. "Ho! every one that thirsteth; come ye to the waters," &c. Christ, in all his talk about the Second Coming, was dealing out the advertising element to a large extent. It was his only course; as the matter could not be presented or explained to the disciples in any other way. He no wise exaggerated the importance of the subject, but his language by the necessity of the case was but a picture to the senses of what was to be fulfilled in an entirely different way. So too, the ordinances and external ceremonies of the church, were introduced not for any intrinsic value in themselves, but as oft-recurring advertisements, calling the attention to something better.

This view of the childish vein in human nature that is affected by such things as advertisements, gives one a more hopeful insight respecting it than anything else. It shows how wonderfully docile men are to representations of a certain kind; and, hence, that under the operation of God and the truth, they may easily be led, through the same quality into all good. It shows how great a store there is, of the true material of faith in the world. There is something really miraculous in this advertisement-following tendency of the times. It would seem, after all, that the mass of the people, the real heart of mankind, has nothing of the "touch-me-not," "I-wont-believe-what-I-can't-see" assertion, about it, but that it is like clay in the hands of the potter, ready, waiting, wanting to be moulded. It is discovered more and more that men have a great faculty of swallowing; the world is found to be so docile, that any one who is shrewd enough to take advantage of it, can establish himself in its confidence and make his fortune. This is evidently a condition which the Spirit of Truth can take advantage of as well as the rest—a condition exactly adapted to the contagion of faith. We therefore find the best kind of a moral in the advertising mania that is so prominent a feature of the times.

—True contentment will suffer others to bear the palm without grudging, and trust God to enable us to fill with honor the place designed for us, however small—content and glad if God is glorified.

—*M. E. Cragin.*

BACKWARD GLANCINGS.

XVI.

MY last chapter gave some description of the interesting events that occurred during J.'s visit at home in the winter of 1836—7. I will add that it was in the latter part of this winter that we became acquainted with Miss Harriet A. Holton. Miss Holton had been a believer for two years, and during that time her spiritual progress had been rapid and joyful; but her outward circumstances at home were confining and somewhat depressing. An orphan at an early age, she had been adopted by her grandparents. They were now aged and infirm and she was the nurse and companion of their declining years. J. had preached in Westminster once or twice, and on one occasion after meeting he was introduced to Miss Holton at the house of her friend Miss Clark. It was now a time of spiritual need with Harriet, and her heart instinctively turned for help toward J. as an inspired teacher and the one from whom she had first heard the precious words of faith. Hearing that J. was in Putney she came down and stopped a day or two with a friend. This lady invited J. and his sisters to spend an evening at her house while Miss Holton was there, and afterward we all met again at an evening gathering at our house. Miss Holton was extremely modest and retiring, and said but little of herself, but she was an earnest listener, receiving the "word into an honest and good heart and bringing forth fruit with patience." She returned home much strengthened and refreshed by this visit.

The sister I have before alluded to as opposed to J.'s views and jealous of his influence on the younger members of the family, spent the winter with another married sister living in a town a few miles distant. J. visited these sisters early in the spring, as he was about leaving home. From the eldest he met no opposition, and nothing occurred to interrupt the friendly and peaceful relations existing between them. But the other sister was too independent, too proud and self-confident to conceal or suppress her displeasure at J.'s course. A battle royal ensued between him and her—not a vulgar contention in words about external trifles, but a life and death struggle for mastery between Bible religion and worldly religion—between the favor of God and the praise of this world—between faith and unbelief. The result was a glorious victory for faith. My sister broke entirely down. Her pride and love of the world gave way. After a few days of deep repentance and heartfelt searching for God, she came forth exceedingly happy and overflowing with the love of God. Her testimony to a full salvation from sin was now as strong and decided as her opposition had been. Seeing with the clear light of inspiration her union with Christ and his righteousness hers, she exclaimed to mother, "You cannot think how I love myself!" The conversion of this beloved sister was a joyful surprise to us, and brought no less wonder and dismay to the church in Putney of which she was a member, and to a large circle of worldly friends.

In March J. left home, not suddenly as before, or without a somewhat definite programme for his course, as will be seen by the following letter which we received about the first of April, 1837:

Newark, N. J., March 30, 1837.

DEAR M:—The course and end of my journey were according to my expectations. I went to Lowell, Andover, Boston, Providence and New York, remaining a day or two in each and returned to my old resting place in Newark. At Andover I called on O. F., examined the library, found some valuable matter, attended a meeting where I had an opportunity of looking on the professors and students, and having made some reflections, I passed on. At Boston I called at the anti-slavery office, found Garrison, Stanton, Whittier and other choice spirits warmly engaged in a dispute about political matters. I heard them quietly, and when the meeting broke up I introduced myself to Garrison. He spoke with great interest of *The Perfectionist*, said his mind was heaving on those subjects and he would devote himself to them as soon as he could get anti-slavery off his hands. I spoke to him on the subject of government and found him as I expected, ripe for the loyalty of heaven. I have since written him in full on the same subject. In my passage from Providence to New York God gave me a view of his wonders in the mighty ocean. We started in a storm, which became so furious that we were forced to lie still at Newport six hours. Again we put to sea with a strong gale in our teeth. The waves rolled and foamed gloriously. Our boat one hundred and fifty feet long, jammed full of boxes with two or three hundred human beings in the crevices, reared and pitched like an unruly horse, till it cracked as though its backbone were breaking. The people staggered about like drunken men. I had a fine opportunity of proving the power of faith in God, although it was a new and appalling scene. I was neither sick nor fearful, not because I trusted in the strength of the vessel or in the skill of its managers, but because I said in my heart, "The winds and the waves, the steam and the helm are in my Father's hands. I am exposed, not to the fury of the elements, but to the mercy of God." After two days' contention with the waters we arrived safely at New York. Next day I came to this place, and directly found myself again exposed to the mercy of God in a new way. A malignant attack of scarlet-fever, which is at work in this place, threatened to prostrate me. The fiery poison burned around me for two days. My palate and throat were frightfully inflamed and swollen, my strength passed away, red blotches appeared on all parts of my body, and I was nigh falling into the hands of old women and doctors. If I had been anywhere else this might have been my fate. But Mr. Smith helped me against the old women and so I escaped both. They said I must drink "sage tea" and "sweet fern tea" and "slippery elm tea," etc., etc., etc., etc. I told them I was in no hurry to get well, and if they pleased I would take care of myself and eat and drink what I pleased. While my throat was sore I took nothing but cold water in my mouth. By the faithful application of this I soon put the fire out in that quarter; then I drank milk and ate oranges and oysters, as I had an appetite. When the fever burned I soaked my feet in cold water, and when it was hottest I stripped myself and washed my whole body in cold water; so the fire was soon extinguished, and thank God, I am now at the end of a week better than I was before. I walked the streets every day though I was thin as a shadow, and pursued my studies as usual. I am very glad I was not at home on this occasion, as I have reason to believe that you would have been frightened and nervous. But I shall teach you in due time to laugh at diseases and so conquer them. The same God who cured me of the pestilence shall be honored in my recovery from every blow of him that hath the power of death, or I will die. The dead and dying are not fit to be physicians. I must have a deathless doctor or none at all.

Mr. Smith is about removing his family up the North River. I shall remain with him a day or two longer and then go where the door opens. Probably I shall remain in this region till after the May anniversaries. I am sweetly exposed to the mercy of God in respect to money matters and shall be till the spirit of the day of Pentecost reigns in the world. "They that wait on the Lord shall not be confounded world without end." Finney, who has been corresponding with some of the brethren here, sent for and received the whole of *The Perfectionist*. He and Leavitt thought at first they would write against it, but concluded to let it alone. New York is heaving on the subject of holiness and of money. As money goes down holiness goes up. This great people among whom I circulate is full of the elements of heaven and hell. Those elements cannot long remain together. Heaven must begin on earth soon, or hell will. Thanks be to God the event is not doubtful. Write, if you please, to this place.

Yours, J. H. NOYES.

A BOOK SWEET IN THE MOUTH AND SWEET IN THE BELLY.

IT seems a worthy thing in these days, when the literature of Science is so hopeless and faithless, and the literature of sentiment is so lifeless and unbelieving, to have written a book, be it never so small, that teaches without ostentation, teaches without cant, teaches with the simplicity and assurance of truth that *God is an ever-present never-forgetting helper in all the straits of existence.* To us who have long discerned perverse things in literature; to us who have handled the books and magazines and newspapers of the day as we would handle poisons more or less deadly, the little book called "The Hoosier Schoolmaster" has seemed like a revelation of better things. Surely, despite the appalling wickedness of the times, there is still faith on the earth, for here is a story that is touched and flecked and gilded with the revival spirit. It has the love of God in it, and holds up in that clear serene atmosphere which exists far above the fogs and doubts and tests and gauges of the Scientists, the victory of prayer, the old, sweet assurance that God does not forget those who call upon him. In the midst of the floods of pernicious reading that are ready to swallow up the simple-minded, this little book, unpretentious, and, perhaps, insignificant in scope, is a sign of hope. We cannot but think it outweighs, in real value, tons of tomes of Scientific Research which, subtly or openly, hide the Light of the World. It is like a little jet of water springing up in hot sands; it is like a vein of gold in a crumbling shale; it is as when one shouts "Courage!" in the ears of a man who is sinking into a deathly lethargy.

It is with the animus of belief in this book that we are concerning ourselves, so that we shall not speak of it as a literary production, except to say that it is highly entertaining, that its descriptions of character and phraseology have a humor and originality not unlike Widow Bedott, and that an ingenious plot is happily unraveled. To show what is emphatically pleasing to us in this story we must explain a little before we extract. Ralph Hartsook, a young man of good training, has undertaken the difficult task of teaching school in the uncivilized backwoods district of "Flat Creek, Hoopole Co., Indiana. The two previous masters have been driven from this school by the roughness of the scholars, and the one before them "licked like

blazes." His most prominent pupil, and the hero of Flat Creek, is a young Hercules who goes by the name of Bud Means. He is rough and coarse and ready to fight, but has developed in him that sweet susceptibility to conversion which when touched makes him as gentle as a woman. Ralph, by the strategy of frankness and kindness, wins Bud's friendship. About the same time Ralph, by some happily told circumstances, has his love for woman awakened by Hannah Thompson, a girl who is bound to serve in the family of Bud's father, "old Jack Means, the School Trustee." Mirandy Means, Bud's sister, a coarse, frivolous girl who is anxious to capture Ralph, tells him that Bud's heart is set on Hannah. Ralph's thoughts and feelings on hearing this are thus described in a chapter entitled "The Struggle in the Dark:"

And as the image of Hannah came up to him it seemed to Ralph that his very life depended upon his securing her love. He would shut his teeth like the jaws of a bull-dog, and all Bud's muscles should not prevail over his resolution and his stratagems.

It was easy to persuade himself that this was right. Hannah ought not to throw herself away on Bud Means. Reasoning thus, Ralph had fixed his resolution, and if the night had been shorter, or sleep possible, the color of his life might have been changed.

But sometime along in the tedious hours came the memory of his childhood, the words of his mother, the old Bible stories, the aspiration after nobility of spirit, the solemn resolutions to be true to his conscience. These angels of the memory came flocking back before the animal, the bull-doggedness, had "set," as workers in plaster say. He remembered the story of David and Nathan, and it seemed to him that he, with all his abilities and ambitions and prospects, was about to rob Bud of the one ewe-lamb, the only thing he had to rejoice in in his life. In getting Hannah, he would make himself unworthy of Hannah. And then there came to him a vision of the supreme value of a true character; how it was better than success, better than to be loved, better than heaven. And how near he had been to missing it! And how certain he was, when these thoughts should fade, to miss it! He was as one fighting for a great prize who feels his strength failing and is sure of defeat.

This was the real, awful "Struggle in the Dark." A human soul fighting with heaven in sight, but certain of slipping inevitably into hell! It was the same old battle. The Image of God fought with the Image of the Devil. It was the same fight that Paul described so dramatically when he represented the Spirit as contending with the Flesh. Paul also called this dreadful something the Old Adam, and I suppose Darwin would call it the remains of the Wild Beast. But call it what you will, it is the battle that every well-endowed soul must fight at some point And to Ralph it seemed that the final victory of the Evil, the Old Adam, the, Flesh, the Wild Beast, the Devil, was certain. For, was not the pure, unconscious face of Hannah on the Devil's side? And so the battle had just as well be given up at once, for it must be lost in the end.

But to Ralph, lying there in the still darkness, with his conscience as wide-awake as if it were the Day of Doom, there seemed something so terrible in this overthrow of the better nature which he knew to be inevitable as soon as the voice of conscience became blunted, that he looked about for help. He did not at first think of God; but there came into his thoughts the memory of a travel-worn Galilean peasant, hungry, sleepy, weary tempted, tried like other men, but having a strange, divine Victory in him by which everything evil was vanquished at his coming. He remembered how He had reached out a Hand to every helpless one, how he was the Helper of every weak one. And out of the depths of his soul he cried to the Helper, and found comfort. Not victory, but, what is better, strength. And so, without a thought of the niceties of theological distinctions, without dreaming that it was the beginning of a religious experience, he found what he needed, help. And the Helper gave his beloved sleep.

Another of Ralph's scholars is "Shocky," Hannah's little brother, whose oppressed mother is in the poor-house. His talk about the forgetting of God is quaint and touching. Here is a scene between him and the schoolmaster:

Ralph sat still at his desk. The school had gone. All at once he became conscious that Shocky sat yet in his accustomed place upon the hard, backless bench.

"Why, Shocky, havn't you gone yet?"

"No—sir—I was waitin' to see if you warn't a-goin' too—I—"

"Well?"

"I thought it would make me feel as if God warn't quite so fur away to talk to you. It did the other day."

The master rose and put his hand on Shocky's head. Was it the brotherhood in affliction that made Shocky's words choke him so? Or, was it the weird thoughts that he expressed? Or, was it the recollection that Shocky was Hannah's brother? Hannah—so far, far away from him now! At any rate, Shocky, looking up for the smile on which he fed, saw the relaxing of the master's face, that had been hard as stone, and felt just one hot tear on his hand.

"P'r'aps God's forgot you, too," said Shocky in a sort of half soliloquy. "Better get away from Flat Creek. You see God forgets everybody down here. 'Cause 'most everybody forgets God, 'cept Mr. Bosaw, and I 'low God don't no ways keer to be remembered by sich as him. Leastways I wouldn't if I was God, you know. I wonder what becomes of folks when God forgets 'em?" And Shocky seeing that the master had resumed his seat and was looking absently into the fire, moved slowly out the door.

"Shocky!" called the master.

The little poet came back and stood before him.

"Shocky, you musn't think God has forgotten you. God brings things out right at last." But Ralph's own faith was weak, and his words sounded hollow and hypocritical to himself. Would God indeed bring things out right?

He sat musing a good while, trying to convince himself of the truth of what he had just been saying to Shocky—that God would indeed bring things out right at last. Would it all come out right if Bud married Hannah? Would it all come out right if he were driven from Flat Creek with a dark suspicion upon his character? Did God concern himself with these things? Was there any God? It was the same old struggle between Doubt and Faith. And when Ralph looked up, Shocky had departed.

In the next hour Ralph fought the old battle of Armageddon. I shall not describe it. You will fight it in your own way. No two alike. The important thing is the End. If you come out as he did, with the doubt gone and the trust in God victorious, it matters little just what shape the battle may take. Since Jacob became Israel there have never been two such struggles alike, save in that they all end either in victory or defeat.

After Ralph's "Struggle in the Dark" he changes his boarding-place to Squire Hawkins' upon whose daughter, Miss Martha Hawkins, the heart of the awkward, bashful Bud is really placed. Ralph, in his ignorance, and as a matter of courtesy, is incidentally attentive to Miss Martha. This makes Bud "hoppin' mad," and he calls on the slender young schoolmaster at the school-house to "give him a thrashing." The scene between the two men who have stripped for a fight, is earnest and thrilling, but in the hot words between them the misunderstanding is revealed. They put on their coats and shake hands, and Bud, in a dazed kind of way, goes out, but after a moment comes back. Here is what follows:

"I wanted to say something," he stammered, "but you know it's hard to say it. I ha'n't no book-larnin' to speak of, and some things is hard to say when a man ha'n't got book-words to say 'em with. And they's some things a man can't hardly ever say any how to anybody."

Here Bud stopped. But Ralph spoke in such a matter-of-course way in reply that he felt encouraged to go on.

"You gin up Hanner kase you thought she belonged to me. That's more'n I'd a done by a long shot. Now, arter I left here jest now, I says to myself, a man what can gin up his gal on account of sech a feeling fer the rights of a Flat Cricker like me, why, dog on it, says I, sech a man is the man as can help me do better. I don't know whether you're a Hardshell or a Saftshell, or a Methodist, or a Campbellite, or a New Light, or a United Brother, or a Millerite, or what not. But I says, the man what can do the clean thing by a ugly feller like me, and stick to it, when I was jest ready to eat him up, he is a kind of a man to tie to."

Here Bud stopped in a fright at his own volubility, for he had run his words off like a piece learned by heart, as though afraid that if he stopped he would not have courage to go on.

Ralph said that he did not yet belong to any church, and he was afraid he couldn't do Bud much good. But his tone was full of sympathy, and, what is better than sympathy, a yearning for sympathy.

"You see," said Bud, "I wanted to git out of this low-lived, Flat Crick way of livin'. We're a hard set down here, Mr. Hartsook. And I'm gittin' to be one of the hardest of 'em. But I never could git no good out of Bosaw with his whisky and meanness. And I went to the Mount Tabor church oncet. I heard a man discussin' baptism, and regeneration, and so on. That didn't seem no cure for me. I went to a revival over at Clifty. Well, 'twarnt no use. First night they was a man that spoke about Jesus Christ in sech a way that I wanted to foller him everywhere. But I didn't feel fit. Next night I come back with my mind made up that I'd try Jesus Christ, and see ef he'd have me. But laws! they was a big man that night that preached hell. Not that I don't believe they's a hell. They's plenty not a thousand miles away as deserves it, and I don't know as I'm too good for it myself. But he pitched it at us, and stuck it in our faces in sech a way that I got mad. And I says, Well, ef God sends me to hell he can't make me holler' 'nough no how. You see my dander was up. And when my dander's up, I wouldn't gin up fer the devil hisself. The preacher was so insultin' with his way of doin' it. He seemed to be kind of glad that we was to be damned, and he preached somethin' like somefolks swears. It didn't sound a bit like the Christ the little man preached about the night afore. So what does me and a lot of fellers do but slip out and cut off the big preacher's stirrups, and hang them on to the rider of the fence, and then set his hoss loose! And from that day, sometimes I did, and sometimes I didn't want to be better. And to-day it seemed to me that you must know somethin' as would help me."

Nothing is worse than a religious experience kept ready to be exposed to the gaze of everybody, whether the time is appropriate or not. But never was a religious experience more appropriate than the account which Ralph gave to Bud of his Struggle in the Dark. The confession of his weakness and wicked selfishness was a great comfort to Bud.

"Do you think that Jesus Christ would—would—well, do you think he'd help a poor, unlarnt Flat Cricker like me?"

"I think he was a sort of Flat Cricker himself," said Ralph, slowly and very earnestly.

"You don't say?" said Bud, almost getting off his seat.

"Why, you see the town he lived in was a rough place. It was called Nazareth, which meant 'Bush-town.'"

"You don't say?"

"And he was called a Nazarene, which was about the same as 'backwoodsman.'"

And Ralph read the different passages which he had studied at Sunday-school, illustrating the condescension of Jesus, the stories of the publicans, the harlots, the poor, who came to him. And he read about Nathaniel, who lived only six miles away, saying "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?"

"Just what Clifty folks says about Flat Crick," broke in Bud.

"Do you think I could begin without being baptized?" he added presently.

"Why not? Let's begin now to do the best we can, by his help."

"You mean, then, that I'm to begin now to put in my best licks for Jesus Christ, and that he'll help me?"

This shocked Ralph's veneration a little. But it was the sincere utterance of an earnest soul. It may not have been an orthodox start, but it was the one start for Bud. And there be those who have repeated with the finest æsthetic appreciation the old English liturgies who

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have never known religious aspirations so sincere as that of this ignorant young Hercules, whose best confession was that he meant hereafter "to put in his best licks for Jesus Christ." And there be those who can define repentance and faith to the turning of a hair who never made so genuine a start for the kingdom of heaven as Bud Means did.

Ralph said yes, that he thought that was just it. At least, he guessed if there was something more, the man that was putting in his best licks would be sure to find it out.

"Do you think he would help a feller? Seems to me it would be number one to have God help you. Not to help you fight other folks, but to help you when it comes to fighting the devil inside. But you see I don't belong to no church."

"Well, let's you and me have one right off. Two people that help one another to serve God make a church."

The happy close of the story justifies Isaiah's assertion that though "a woman forget her sucking child yet God does not forget," but "brings out things right." The author, though he get no other recompense, may remember that "whatsoever good thing any man doeth, the same shall he receive of the Lord." G.

ONEIDA CIRCULAR.

TIRZAH C. MILLER, EDITOR.

MONDAY, JUNE 30, 1873.

☞Subscribers wishing to obtain photographs of Mr. J. H. Noyes can now be accommodated. Price 25 cts.

THE EVIL DAY.

FOUR CHARACTERISTICS OF THE TIME.

1. *Atheism in Literature.* All scientific works are full of it. Most of the novels are full of it. Most of the Magazines are full of it. Most of the newspapers are full of it. It is generally disguised, showing itself in hints and sneers. Thus the mass of popular reading is not only poisonous, but dishonest; and its artistic attractions make it all the more poisonous and dishonest. Art is the bait; atheism the hook.

2. *Journalism devoted to reporting and gloating over evil.* Murders, fires, shipwrecks, collisions, brutal assaults, robberies, criminal trials, hangings, etc., are the staples of newspaper reading.

3. *Rapid growth and ripening of wickedness.* The "rings" of the great sharpers, the corruptions of judges and legislatures, the daily murders in high life and in low, supply plenty of facts for the sensational press. It is noticeable that murder has reached its highest power in the late epidemic of parricides. The crisis recalls what was said of the "filling up of the measure" of iniquity before the destruction of Jerusalem. (See Matt. 22: 32, and 1 Thess. 3: 16; also Rev. 14: 14—20; all of which passages are probably derivatives of Joel 3: 12—14.)

4. *Terrible disclosures*, indicating that as the harvest of wickedness is manifestly ripening, so the Day of Judgment is coming upon it.

HARD TO HARMONIZE.

IT is self-evident that Spiritualism and common Infidelity are irreconcilable opposites. The immortality of the soul is the special doctrine of the one and the special scorn of the other. We have always considered Spiritualism as the pre-ordained check on Infidelity, raising a barrier against unbelief as to immortality right among those who are most predisposed to materialism, thus dividing the camp of the anti-Bible men and helping Christianity. Nevertheless the Spiritualists and Infidels have many things in common, and especially sympathize in hostility to old Orthodoxy. In the late conflicts in which Mrs. Woodhull has been leader, there has been much mingling of the two parties. The partnership of Woodhull and Train was a league of Spiritualism with the lowest form of blatant Infidelity; and in many other cases we have seen the new Spiritualism in New York allied with Positivism. Lately some significant articles have appeared in the Woodhull Weekly showing that there has been an actual attempt in Massachusetts to consolidate the Spiritualist and Infidel parties on a common platform; but with poor results, as might be expected. It is found impossible to construct a satisfactory creed that shall both affirm and deny the immortality of the soul, which must be done in order to harmonize the parties. So they have to fall back upon the very loose compact of allowing each other free discussion; and under this compact are evidently preparing to fight it out with each other to the bitter end, which of course must be the suppression or conversion of one or the other of them, unless fire and water can live together in "free discussion" *ad infinitum.* We quote a few specimens of the natural discontent that is rising among the Spiritualists. Mr. J. A Spaulding says:

I fear the marriage consummated between the Spiritualists and Liberalists of Worcester, by A. A. Wheelock, will be under the necessity of applying to the courts of Indiana for a divorce, for Mrs. Spiritualism has learned to her sorrow that she cannot affinitize with Mr. Infidelity, and the consequences are a deal of hard pulling to determine which will be master.

Mr. John Brown Smith says:

In advocating the unity of Spiritualists upon a common platform, I do not wish to be understood as leaving the materalists standing out in the cold, because I recognize the fact that they have souls—even if they do not themselves; yes, and many of them have noble, vigorous and grand souls too! The fact that I insist upon Spiritualists recognizing individual freedom in the press and on the rostrum, gives the assurance that the Materialists, and Christians too for that matter, shall have equal opportunity to present their views before the bars of reason as the Spiritualist. If the objection is raised that I advocate a single article of creed, or expression of a faith or knowledge in a future life which the Materialist does not believe in and consequently cannot unite with Spiritual societies, I reply that the primary point to secure is freedom of speech in the press and on the rostrum, so that those who differ from us may have an opportunity to present their views, as the truth has nothing to fear in freedom—only error and bigotry fears to be exposed to a free discussion of all sides of questions.

If Spiritualists and Materialists desire to unite upon a common platform without any expressed creed I shall not raise a single objection, because my knowledge of the truths of spirit communion are so convincing to my soul that I have not a single doubt as to the final result of a free investigation by the Materialists. But at the present time the great mass of Spiritualists are not inclined to ignore the fact that the creed of Spiritualism is very different from the creed of any other religion in existence, because they are based upon faith, and Spirtualism alone is based upon the laws of nature, as it has tangible phenomena, which places it at once beyond the realm of faith upon the demonstrable basis of a science. Materialists have no right to ask us to ignore our knowledge of the science of organic chemistry, because it has a basis in natural phenomena, which can be reproduced. It is equally absurd for them to ask us to ignore the spiritual phenomena which underlie and form the basis for the demonstrable science of spirit life, because they may not happen to have a knowledge of or have investigated the phenomenal basis upon which it rests. When scientific minds of recognized ability and standing acknowledge that there is an intelligent power or force which produces these phenomena, outside of the physical organism, which they cannot explain upon any other theory than that of Spiritualism, it is useless to talk of Spiritualists ignoring their science of life; when thousands of the most obdurate of Materialists have been convinced that Spiritualism has a phenomenal and scientific basis, it is of no use to talk of unity upon a common platform other than that of free discussion.

If Materialists will examine candidly the claims which Spiritualism presents for its recognition as the science of all religion, and not as a religion of faith, they will not be many years in coming upon the only ground which ought to form the common platform of unity of all religions, and that is expressed in few words, viz., the honest truth! I recognize all as brothers and sisters who have equal rights to express their views and opinions, and that those opinions are entitled to the same respect and reverence as mine. Reason, common sense, love and charity are the final standards of truth. I freely accord to Materialists a free platform for discussion; but my creed and my faith are my own individual property or right; and I stand ready to defend my principles and opinions against the combined world if necessary, until they are shown to be erroneous. Upon this broad platform of unity I can cordially meet Materialists and acknowledge them to be worthy brothers and sisters in the great cause of human emancipation."

The forces that are thus confronting each other with mutterings, are apparently both of them irresistible. Positivism is sure, and Spiritualism is, if possible, surer. Before the final shock they seem to be very evenly balanced. Positivism has the prestige of old Europe; Spiritualism is the champion of New America. Positivism is mighty in arguments; Spiritualism bristles with facts. Neither of them shows any signs of giving way. We do not see how they can avoid a conflict. Their common hostility to Orthodoxy can only delay the battle. We await the issue with interest.

TO ARMS!

THERE are signs that the time has come for a new American Revolution.

One hundred years ago the colonies revolted against the oppressions of England, declared their independence, and fought out the war of political separation. But this was only half the battle, and the least important half. The major part of the contest has come down to our day and has now to be decided. The revolution of '76 was fought through to victory, and political independence was gained, but the spiritual, or religious, and literary subjection of this country to England and Europe continued. A hundred years ago this may have seemed a small matter. It was then deemed that political independence was the main thing, and if this were secured religion, morals and literature would take care of themselves. Material questions overshadowed spiritual; and while the Americans would fight the British to the death on battlefield or ocean, they would still when the war was over talk about our common blood, religion, language and literature. Shakespeare and Milton, Bacon and Jeremy Taylor, John Knox and Wesley, Scott and Carlyle, Wordsworth and Tennyson belonged to us as much as to England. And so we have gone on receiving our religious teaching, our poetry and fiction, our art and science, mainly from England, contenting ourselves with growing a secondary crop of these things of our own. This at least has been the popular drift of things. The great names of Mother England were our household gods. America has bowed down and worshiped them.

In the old days, when the dominant spirit in England on the whole turned Bible-ward and in some way, however rude and formalistic, honored God, there was perhaps not a threatening degree of harm in all this. But the spirit of England in this matter has changed. Of later years the English mind has had a new opening to the influences of the rest of Europe, and there has been a spiritual conjunction between England, Germany and France. German rationalism and speculative science, and French Positivism and infidelity, have drifted into England and become dominant there. The En-

glish mind has become pervaded by their spirit, and the great function leading English literary men and scientists are performing now is the propagation of Rationalism, Positivism, practical atheism and materialism. Germany, France and England have become the breeding places of these things and the whole civilized world is flooded with them. And England, as the mother and representative of the English-speaking nations, is the head and front of this offending. Nearly all the bad stuff that has come upon us from Germany and France has come through English channels. Carlyle introduced the sensual Göethe and his literary school to the English-reading world, and helped turn attention to Germany as the great Mecca of original thought and philosophy. Other Englishmen have followed his example and popularized the unbelief and materialistic atheism of the European continent. And to-day the chief apostle of the whole great drift of mind away from all faith in the Bible, in God and in spiritual life and immortality, is Herbert Spencer, an Englishman. He stands on high as the supreme formulator and annunciator of a new philosophy, which banishes God from the universe as unknown and unknowable, and makes human life and all its action and experience the mere irresponsible play of material elements and forces. Man in its teaching is only a higher brute, and heaven and the world to come the

"Baseless fabric of a dream."

This great spirit of unbelief and materialism which England, Europe, and the East generally are breeding, as an unclean and stagnant pool breeds miasma, is constantly sweeping in upon this country like a great flood. It pervades nearly all the popular literature of the time. Books are full of it; magazines and newspapers are full of it. It seizes every possible channel of propagation. Novels are made the medium of its subtile teachings, scientific facts are twisted into its service, and half-facts are made the basis of its dogmatism. It tones down the religious culture of the age: belief in inspiration becomes vague and the sense of moral accountability and of the supernatural are dying out. Practically it makes men say, "Let us eat and drink," let us get all the money we can, and all the physical enjoyment which money can buy, "for to-morrow we die" and are not.

Now against this tide of old-world wickedness and unbelief, this rush of materialism and atheism, this revival from Gehenna, which is coming in upon us from England and Europe, the time has come to set up a standard of revolt. It is a devilish oppression, ten thousand times worse than the stamp acts and extortions of British tyranny a hundred years ago. It must be stopped or all that is distinctively valuable in American life will be destroyed. Under its influence the nation is losing its spiritual and moral manhood. It is sapping all our educational systems and institutions. It is fascinating and capturing the youth of the nation, our brightest and best. It has taken possession of the newspaper press; statistics show that nearly all the leading secular journalists of the country are its servants and mediums. It is in the atmosphere, pressing into all the channels of thought and action. It is at the bottom of political and financial corruption.

The time has come for a crisis and a change. The hopes of the planet for all coming time are centered here in the New World, among the children of the Pilgrims. Here is where the stand for God, faith, inspiration, and moral and spiritual accountability must be made. Here is where the final judgment between righteousness and iniquity, the last great battle with Satan and his hosts must begin. Now is the time to begin it. As the first act in the struggle, let us have a new declaration of independence of England and Europe. Let us take up the standard of revolt and push on to the end the struggle for separation from Old World corruption, atheism and spiritual death. Till this is done we are still the slaves of England and Europe, and Herbert Spencer is our spiritual George III.

The revolution of '76 was fought with material weapons; the present struggle is of a higher order and must be fought with other weapons. This tide of European influence must be met by the *revival spirit* with its clearest demonstrations of the power of prayer, and of the existence and accessibility of God. This continent was consecrated for all time to that spirit by the Pilgrim Fathers and by Jonathan Edwards; for two hundred years and more it has been the home of revivals, of new inspirations, and advancing life. Let us now turn to Revivalism as our stronghold and to prayer as our "weapons of war" and surelier than cometh the morning will come deliverance from this vast oppression of unbelief and the worship of sensualism and death—freedom for all to know and worship God.

T. L. P.

We received last week from the publishers of the *American Agriculturist* and *Hearth and Home*, two beautiful chromos, "The Strawberry Girl," and "Mischief Brewing." The flushed face of the little maiden, resting and tasting after her walk, and the rogue with the pumpkin with which he will certainly surprise somebody ere long, are charming conceits that the children will not fail to appreciate. A word as to the *Agriculturist*. From long acquaintance with it, we can recommend it as excellent reading, not only to those specially interested, but to many others besides. The boys and girls' department is unqualifiedly good. The stories are short, interesting and instructive. Puzzles, enigmas and illustrated rebuses abound. The engravings, comic or otherwise, scattered through the paper are uniformly excellent. The literary work is always carefully done, and the contributions brief and pithy, cover the whole range of farm, garden and horticultural topics, not excluding even matters of interest in natural history. Two leading contributors on farm and dairy subjects, are perhaps the highest authorities in the country in their special lines. We predict for the *Agriculturist* a long career of increasing popularity and usefulness.

I tell you I don't believe that this universe is an old dog-eared arithmetic full of "hard sums" that I must "do," or else die. I used to think it was. I believe it is God's home, and my heart is saying "God, God, God," all the time as I go around this part of it. If I can find him often enough I shall be strong and satisfied and there won't be any problems left worth speaking of.

COMMUNITY JOURNAL.

ONEIDA.

—A picnic of four hundred and fifty from Fulton and Sandy Creek, came on Thursday (26th). The day was fine and everything conspired to make the occasion agreeable.

—In the list of theses read by the graduating class of the Yale Scientific School, printed in the *N. Y. Tribune* of June 25th, we notice one by an O. C. man, "Charles Adams Cragin, on the Silk Manufactures of the United States."

—It isn't often that our visitors show so much gratitude on being shown over our premises as was expressed a few days since by a very gentlemanly person from Syracuse. He not only went into ecstacies over the beauty of our grounds, the picturesqueness of the scenery, etc., but he said it really troubled his conscience to accept so much courtesy without paying for it.

—Through the kindness of Dr. Wallace of Baldwinsville, an autograph letter of John Brown has been added to our cabinet of curiosities. It is dated West Troy, N. Y., February 18th, 1851, and is addressed to J. Whipple Jenkins, Esq., formerly a legal acquaintance of the O. C., now dead. The document concerns only matters of law, but has this characteristic ending: "We do not give up the ship." It is signed Perkins & Brown.

—A member thus addresses the family in a note read at a late evening meeting:

"I feel that the stones will cry out against me if I do not give expression to the love, joy and peace that fill my soul. I am sometimes so filled with the love of God and so happy, that I think if I had any more, I could not contain it. I here offer myself to God, a living sacrifice to his will. I thank him for all I have ever suffered. I am ten thousand times repaid. M. P. B."

—It is pleasant after supper to stroll through the woods round by the creek where the men are making the new dam. The work is progressing finely this beautiful weather, though the amount of digging and "filling in" required, before the great plank-floor or apron can be laid on which to build the abutments and dam, is considerable. Huge logs, water-soaked and somewhat decayed with age, which supported the former structure for fifty years, have been drawn from their embedment, to be replaced by other and better foundations. Sheet piling has been driven down, and the timbers placed above to receive the planking on which the stone-work is to be built. Twenty workmen, under the superintendence of Mr. A. L. Burt, may be seen shoveling, carting and wheeling dirt from six till six: Mr. Kinsley and Mr. J. Burt, who engineered the work on the dam at W. C., also interest themselves in this job, aiding the work with their counsel in many necessary details.

—We have often heard the simile, "slow as a snail," but hardly realized the import of the words until a few days since, when we came across three fresh-water clams making a tedious pilgrimage through the mud in a shallow pool. If the speed of a snail be less than that of these clams, deplorable is the lot of a snail! The clams with their sharp edges plowing the sand, succeeded in moving forward, once in every minute, the distance of a quarter of an inch! Watching them closely, we discovered how they did it. From the fore end of the shell protruded a short white finger in a horizontal direction. At the proper time this finger was stretched at its full length, and then hooked into the mud so as to pull the shell the stated distance. Tne short interval between each movement was employed in adjusting the finger for another pull. They made some progress, as the many irregular tracks, crossing and intercrossing from one bank of the brook to the other, gave evidence. But goodness! who would want to be a clam incased in windowless walls, and tugging through life at the rate of a quarter of an inch per minute! "Happy as a clam," says the proverb; but who can tell of what this happiness consists; and who believes anybody or anything could be happy thus imprisoned for life?

—We notice that some people don polished manners as you would fine apparel on state occasions. As if good behavior were a thing to be used at discretion, they keep it in reserve until some fitting opportunity, when they bring it forth in all the brilliancy that suavity and elegance can lend. The tone of voice, the motion of the head, the expression of the face, the gestures of the hands, are all changed. The stranger is dazzled, mayhap; but old friends are disgusted, and pronounce the verdict —"affectation." We must bear in mind that naturalness is beauty; and seek that grace of motion and culture of voice at all times, that we would best like to present to strangers, and we shall be fitted to ornament circles the most *select*. Make

your every day life a pattern of politeness and refinement, and no emergency need embarrass you. We had these reflections one day when K. dressed in disguise and sat down in the parlor. Y. was sent to find out the wishes of the supposed stranger. Entering the parlor, Y., with sweetest smile and most fascinating grace, politely bowed, and in foreign silvery voice asked, "What did you wish, ma'am?" The acting of Y. was so well done, and the air she assumed so unexpected, that K. burst into a laugh and betrayed herself. K. being well acquainted with Y.'s usual address, which though respectful was generally off-hand, found something very amusing in the amount of courtesy and suavity here suddenly displayed.

—A contribution to our museum received this week from a subscriber, J. Sagar, of Naples, N. Y. Here is what he says:

"Seeing by the CIRCULAR that you are occasionally the recipients of curiosities and relics of one kind and another, reminds me that I have a small piece of the old war ship Constitution, which I can spare you as an additional item for your cabinet. A particular friend of mine in whom I have the utmost confidence, being in Philadelphia a year ago and visiting the Navy Yard, learned that the old hero was on the stock for repairs. By a little shrewd management he got on board of her, the orders being not to allow visitors. The watchman in charge was a cheerful and talkative person, and my friend happening to think of me, asked if it would be possible to get a piece to retain as a relic. The man cheerfully acquiesced, and broke off two pieces, one of which I send to you. The dark color of the wood is caused by what is termed the bilge-water; and you will perceive two points where iron bolts have passed through. This vessel is the most noted in history for its contest with the English Frigate Guerriere, during the war of 1812, while under command of Isaac Hull, which she took after a sanguinary fight of thirty minutes' duration. It was the opening naval action of the war."

—The Spirit of Truth has been present in unusual measure at our evening gatherings of late helping us to subjects full of edification. The following remarks on the Bible were made last Sunday:

"We are safe in dealing with the Bible if we know God for ourselves. If we really learn to pray and get answers, we shall obtain wisdom which will enable us to discriminate and handle the Bible safely. We shall not make an idol of its form and look upon it as infallibly accurate and inspired in every external particular. God will teach us to keep our eye on the substance as Christ did when he gave the Golden Rule. The whole sum and substance of the Old and New Testaments is that there is a God who superintends and governs all things, and who rewards those who diligently seek him. This we know is true by our own experience if we have made ourselves acquainted with God and receive answers from him. If we know this to be the sum and substance of the Bible, then we know it is the best book in the world. However much earth there may be in it, there is more gold in that earth than in any other literature in the world; more that teaches us to know God and seek the spiritual world than we can find anywhere else. We need not fear to dig in it, and pray God to give us wisdom to discover the gold and make the most of it, and not be all the time quarreling with the earth we find."

—A physician writing to us says that an extensive practice has revealed to him a sad prevalence of female complaints, and his theory is that they are mainly to be ascribed to marriage excesses. Another physician of our acquaintance states that his calls in that line have doubled within two or three years, and that his conviction is that the present style of woman's dress, bustles and *panniers*, loaded on the hips and small of the back, is the cause in the vast majority of cases. Now whether it is because of the marriage continence fashionable in the O. C., or of the difference in the women's dress, or for both reasons together, there is certainly no such state of things here. The tendency is to the total disappearance of all female weaknesses. There is absolutely nothing of the kind under treatment here. It is true we do not doctor so much as other folks do, but there is very little disease of this nature among us that would come under treatment in any *regime*. Indeed, we think there is none. At the same time one of our conditions in a Commune is very trying to woman. We have twenty times as much running up and down stairs as other women have. Our visitors always speak of this, and if they stay two or three days are apt to find it inconvenient. Our sitting-rooms are mostly on the second story. Our Hall for evening meetings and other family gatherings is there. There is our children's dressing-room. There are our baths, our sewing-machines, and various other centers of business and interest not easy to mention. Our kitchen is in the basement of the Tontine, and our printing office and box-making room are two stories above. The sleeping-rooms on our first and second floors are occupied by elderly persons and by women with babies and very young children; so that not only our girls but our most active business women are obliged to room in the third story. Altogether, most of us have to climb the steeple of Trinity church once a day at least. We have mentioned this condition as making our comparative exemption from female weaknesses the more striking; but perhaps this condition has really cultivated our strength. We do not know but we are the better for it. We used to think that stairs were one of the few drawbacks to a large family; but a longer experience has not proved them to be really injurious to health; at least not so with the short dress and the social habits of the O. C.

THE NORTHERN LIGHTS.

—Seldom have we beheld a night scene of more magnificence than met our eyes as we stepped forth on the lawn about nine o'clock on Thursday evening. The slender, crescent moon hung low in the north-west, dipping toward the wooded outline of the hills. In the west the planet Jupiter in his glory was leading the van of the starry host, being almost in conjunction with a bright fixed star of the second magnitude. In the south, red Mars, which shines with unusual splendor this year, was the center of attraction. While high up on either side the zenith were Arcturus and Lyra. Jupiter, Mars and Arcturus formed a vast isosceles triangle, with the apex at Jupiter. But these are on exhibition every clear night now. The special feature on this occasion was a wonderful auroral display. The northern horizon was spanned with an arc of light, such as is often seen. But far south of this—a little south of the zenith—stretched a band of silver light from about twenty degrees above the eastern horizon far over to the west. It was from one and a-half to three degrees in width, and in some parts very bright. The eastern end dipped a little below the Milky Way, the western end seeming to rest on Jupiter, the whole forming a brilliant train for that monarch of the night. When first seen the band was nearly perfect. Soon, however, it separated into two parts a little west of the zenith, and the western end of the eastern and longest part began very slowly to drift southward. The western part was left stretching upward in almost a right line from Jupiter, and in connection with the planet presented something of the appearance of a vast comet.

Now began a series of wonderful operations in the eastern section of the band. A little south-east of the zenith a wave-like motion started, flowing upward. When first seen this was just perceptible, and seemed like the rolling motion in an ascending column of smoke. Quickly it grew more distinct and the waves more definite, with their longest axis north and south. The motion extended over ten or twelve degrees of space; and about midway of this space there seemed to be a peculiar focus of influence toward which the upper end of the waves would incline a little, making them seem like rays moving along one side of an invisible crown. Gradually this wave operation seemed to draw up and absorb the lower end of the band, until finally the whole was reärranged just south of the zenith in a double row of wavy pendants, something in the form of a vast, long and narrow horse-shoe magnet. Then the wave motion gradually died away and a broad patch of light was left which moved southward, all the time undergoing curious transformations, till it at last vanished just above the bow of Sagittarius. The western part of the band continued to cling for a long time with a comet-like pertinacity to Jupiter. Once there was an attempt to unite its fortunes with the eastern part, and a ribbon of light hung itself between the two severed points, but this soon vanished. Finally the whole western part drifted away southerly from Jupiter and was lost among the stars. The display in the north continued far on through the night; and in the morning we thought we discerned a little different electrical tone in the atmosphere from that of the previous day. As the astronomers detect a subtile connection between our auroral displays and certain disturbances in the photosphere of the sun, we presume the grand operations of this night were an indication that our planet was entering into some new magnetic relation with that ancient luminary.

T. L. P.

NOTES OF AN EVENING MEETING.

June 20, 1873.—*W. H. W.*—I was interested in the call to improve our meetings. That is a good object to pray for. I have been conscious many times that it is here we meet God more sensibly than anywhere else, and get comfort and refreshment.

N.—Prayer, as it is described in that passage we quote so often from Romans about the intercession of the Spirit, is evidently an exercise that is not a formal expression of thoughts and ideas in words; but it is a struggle of spirit which is often inexpressible. Paul speaks of making intercession for the saints "with groanings that cannot be uttered." Now we must not in our hour of prayer expect to make formal speeches, but we must look to God for inspired desires that cannot perhaps be expressed in words at all, and let the Spirit work prayer in us that has no words whatever for expression. It is good for us to be always studying the ways of God in prayer. Just as he leads us in other things he can lead us by true instincts in prayer.

Our meetings ought to be considered a standing subject of prayer. It seems to me that it would be always in order to ask and struggle in spirit for the power of God to attend our meetings and quicken all hearts. This desire will naturally take a still more specific form. It is important that the conductor should be full of the Spirit, a man of power and faith. We cannot then do better at the present time than to pray, all of us, that Mr. W—— may have more power of spirit, that God will inspire him and make him wise and enable him to lead the rest into true subjects of thought and expression. If we wish to improve our meetings we can do nothing which will be more effectual than to pray that the leaders may be better and wiser men, better able to instruct and lead in all good things. By this course whatever good things are going will find their true channel.

We must not think in reference to our prayers that they are formal petitions for something that is to come

outside of ourselves. True prayer is like sucking. We get our answers in the life we draw from God; we become the mediums of the blessings we ask for. If one person prays for another, he sucks from God the life that is to be communicated to the other. We don't ask God to give something to others in a distinct way entirely independent of ourselves; we ask God to give us the graces we want to see in others. The way to do one another good in prayer is to become mediums of the very spirit and power that do the work and give the blessing. Christ was himself a medium of the power that performed all the miracles he did. When he healed a man the power which healed passed through him. We must keep this method of procedure in mind. If we ask in prayer and receive a response, we must expect to be mediums of what is given.

I have found it an excellent exercise to pray for those who do not use me exactly right. If there is chafing between me and any person, I can get into a good state of feeling by praying for him. That is what Christ meant when he said, "Pray for your enemies." He had a good deal to say about that as a method of blessing ourselves. In praying for our enemies, or those who don't deal fairly by us, we are putting ourselves into a true attitude to suck and draw into ourselves the spirit of God, which is patient and kind and merciful and endures forever. We thus become true children of our Father in heaven, "who sendeth his rain on the evil and on the good, and his sunshine on the just and unjust." We can pray for our enemies, or those the devil tempts us to think are our enemies, and so draw into ourselves and pass on to them the mercy and love and forgiveness of God; and so make peace.

An Episode at the Villa.

DONE O' PURPOSE.

June 22d, 1873.

Ten o'clock, P. M.—Darkness and stillness. No one stirring.

Eleven o'clock.—A light. A single step about the house. Nothing more.

One o'clock.—A man called from his slumbers. Fires built. More lights and more steps.

Three o'clock.—"Old Whitefoot" prancing toward O. C. in the darkness. Waiting and watching.

Four o'clock.—Return of "Old Whitefoot" with Dr. Cragin and an "experienced woman." Consultation.

Five o'clock.—Waiting. Endurance. Expectation.

Seven o'clock.—Joy! Bring the scales! *Nine pounds and fifteen ounces!*

Inspiration is the soul of the intellect; the eloquence of speech; the power and melody of the voice; the charm of singing; the life of writing. A writer may compose with elegance and literary perfection; but without inspiration his productions will be those of the tree of knowledge, and not of the tree of life.

From the advanced sheets of an illustrated work entitled the "Undeveloped West, or Five Years in the Territories," we get this sober view of the Great West:

"Of all those who go West, nine out of ten go just far enough to form an erroneous idea of all beyond. They visit eastern Kansas and Nebraska, and traverse the fertile strip which extends from one to two hundred miles west of the Missouri—the only part of the entire West which answers to the rosy views of the expectant pilgrim. There they find the rich bottom lands, the green rolling prairies and fertile vales of political romance; and it is that region, perhaps two hundred by twelve hundred miles in extent intermediate between the Missouri line and the high plains, which is taken as the basis of comparison by the hopeful visitor, who imagines that with the exception of a few mountain chains it is much the same all the way to the Pacific. It is difficult to convince such that in the West are regions of utter desert so vast that a New England State might be hidden in them, and only pass for a respectable oasis.

"Any route across the continent must traverse a complete desert from five hundred to a thousand miles wide. The Union Pacific enters upon it about Laramie, and with the exception of Salt Lake Valley, and perhaps two or three others, continues in it all the way to the Sierras. The Northern Pacific strikes it at the *Mauvaises Terres* of Dakota, and thence barrenness is the rule and fertility the exception to the entering in of Washington Territory. The Southern and thirty-fifth parallel roads strike it in western Texas or at the Rio Grande, and traverse it to Southern California.

"Draw a line on longitude 100° from British America to Texas; then go 800 miles westward, and draw another from British America to Mexico, and all the area between these two lines—800 by 1200 miles in extent; or in round numbers a million square miles—is the "American Desert:" a region of varying mountain, desert and rock; of prevailing drought or complete sterility, broken rarely by fertile valleys; of dead volcanoes and sandy wastes; of excessive chemicals, dust, gravel and other inorganic matter. Only the lower valleys, bordering perennial streams, or more rarely some plateau on which water can be brought from the mountains for irrigation, or still more rarely a green plat in some corner of the mountains where there is an unusual amount of rain, or percolation of moisture from above, constitute the cultivable lands; all the rest is rugged mountain, rocky, flat, gravel bed, barren ridge scantily clothed with sage brush, greasewood or bunch grass, or complete desert—the last covering at least one-third of the entire region."

—There is no such thing as real submission to the will of God in a sad, sorrowful spirit. The will of God is not a thing to be sad about, or to feel oppressed under—but to rejoice in, in every particular in which it is brought to bear upon us. Full submission to the will of God does not merely endure it—it delights in it.

NOSE-GAY.

OF all our five senses, that of smelling has been most neglected. If there is a field of enjoyment for mankind persistently uncultivated, here we may certainly find it. The ear revels in the homage which has been paid to its requirements, for thousands of musicians have devoted their time and talents to pleasing this exacting sense. There is no dearth of words to express its delights, and its manifold sensations were long since classified. Numberless cooks, the world over, administer to the sense of taste; while decorators and artists of of every description, from the milliner to the sculptor, vie with each other in pleasing the eye: but the poor nose, like Cinderella, sits neglected by the lonely, smoky fire-place, while her sisters have gone to the ball. Her modesty and patience are enough to provoke all the good godmothers in fairy-land to do their best for her, and indeed nature has given her some charms which all her proud sisters lack.

If a face is ridiculed, the nose is sure to get Benjamin's portion. A dash of pink is harmless on the ear, if not exactly a shell-like tint; it is rosy and blooming on the cheek; but let it move an inch and a-half from the cheek to the nose, and the same innocent pink is denounced as shocking red. The eyes may have a merry squint, the corners of the mouth may have a contagious gleeful quirk, and the ear may attain considerable size without provoking much satirical observation; but any peculiarity in the form of the nose is simply a standing joke.

I saw a man on the big steamboat
With such a funny nose, ho! ho!
It hadn't any bridge, but stuck out from his face
Just like a toe, ho! ho!

Besides the ridicule which has been heaped upon the nose, it has received positive abuse from tobacco. Its inability to resist an outrage, except by a resonant sneeze, left it for generations open to the assaults of snuff, and now tobacco-smoke, at least among men, threatens to paralyze if not altogether eliminate the sense. The question has been seriously debated whether mankind derives most pleasure or pain from the sense of smell, and the conclusion arrived at was, that those who live in the city derive more pain than pleasure; that those who reside in suburban districts are in an equipoised condition between pain and pleasure, while only among continuous country-dwellers does pleasure outweigh pain.

Among some of the lower animals the sense of smell seems to be the principal channel for the inlet of ideas. The dog distinguishes his master among a crowd, follows the path of the fleeing game, or finds his mate under difficulties and through obstructions where no other faculty could secure him success. That the latent capacity for the education of this sense exists in man, is proved by the experience of Laura Bridgeman, the deaf mute, who was able, owing to her sensitive olfactories, to sort the clothes of a large institution after they had passed through the laundry.

Odors have a more telegraphic effect on the memory than sight or touch or hearing. It must be that the mind takes cognizance of subtile perfumes without knowing it, for it often happens that when we are preöccupied and least expect anything of the kind, a passing fragrance will suddenly transport us to scenes long since past, bringing to mind incidents which have not been recalled from the time of occurring till now a rose or violet, which had unconsciously linked itself with the events, delicately reminds us:

"The jessamine clambers and flowers o'er the thatch."

It is this potency of odors to affect the mind by the association of ideas that stirs the sailor boy's recollection of home till he feels he is there. The very poverty of the language in terms to express the delights of the nose as contrasted with its richness in optical and auricular words, shows that music and the fine arts (so called) have received undue attention to the neglect of a sense which is more nearly related to intellect and spirit than any of the others. This sense has no word to correspond with sour, blue or harmony, and its sensations are mainly expressed by means of comparisons.

Physiologists tell us that the nose was made to guard the passage of improper food into the mouth. Yes; but has it no other function? Ask him who has smelled the fresh upturned sod in the spring, the flowers of summer and the fruits of autumn, if the pleasure of that sense has not, more than any other external one, kindled gratitude in his heart. An important function of the sense of smell is to minister to human love. The incentive to love among the flowers, botanists tell us, is the nectar they contain and the perfume they exhale. Is it reasonable that the sense of smell shall stand as high priest to the affections of all lower animals until, in the upward scale of being, we reach man and then suddenly turn door-keeper, only to warn improper food from his mouth?

We know of but one book which is simple and brave enough to tell the truth about this sense and recognize its higher function, and that is the Bible.

"His cheeks are as a bed of spices,
As sweet flowers;
His lips like lilies, dropping sweet smelling myrrh."

This is both poetry and truth. Men saturated with beer and tobacco may deny it, and senses blunted by highly seasoned food or strong artificial perfumes may doubt it; but it is the doubt of death. Pure, simple, innocent life knows and enjoys, and with grateful recognition thanks and praises God.

J. & T.

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SEEINGS.

Have you seen the wind play on a field of grain?

Have you seen the rhododendron and the wild azalea?

Have you seen a spray of oak-leaves pictured against the sky?

Have you seen a blonde maiden with fairest hair and dark eyes?

Have you seen her plucking strawberries on northern hillsides among the gowans and clover?

Have you seen a tamarack swamp in June?

Have you seen the half-opened Cericette rose?

Have you seen Gu-Gu, the baby?

Have you seen the wondrous depths of loving eyes?

Have you seen the swelling curve of the acorn?

Have you seen the tired woman asleep in the car?

Have you seen a green lawn in the sunlight flecked with dandelions?

Have you seen a field of golden-rod in autumn?

Have you seen the ginseng berries, the fringed gentian and the cardinal flower?

Have you seen the far-off, serene stars at midnight?

Have you seen the summer shower falling on the woods and meadows after great heat?

Have you seen the lightning play among the western clouds in the stillness and mystery of the summer night?

Have you seen the delicate tassel of the Indian corn with its pollen, and the sweet-smelling silk hanging from the young ear beneath?

Have you seen the Scarlet Tanager and the Oriole among the apple blossoms?

Have you seen the Veery by its nest among the tufts of the swamp, and the Wood Thrush brooding its young?

Have you seen the young mother, pale and soft-eyed, with a brown babe lying beside her in the bed?

Have you seen a healthy, sweet, strong man who loved God with his whole heart?

Have you seen two such men, who loved each other with a love passing the love of women?

Have you seen two such men, or many such men, loving the same woman or any number of women with strong, true, sympathetic love?

If you have beheld these, or any one of these, you have seen that which is very beautiful.

T. L. P.

A FESTIVAL.

This afternoon (Friday, 27th) while we are preparing the CIRCULAR for the press the merry clatter of voices, the pleasant chinking of dishes and the hurrying of footsteps to and fro continually distract our attention to the windows. In the green Quadrangle below a festival is preparing for our hired people, to whom we sent cards of invitation to supper. All the tables in both dining-rooms, besides several extemporaneous structures, all the crockery and cutlery we can command, and all the chairs which can be conveniently mustered, are brought into requisition, for we must make room for full three hundred. Many hands work wonders. How fast the scene grows! When we looked out half an hour ago many of the tables were bare, but now all are loaded with the crimson luxury of the season and appropriate accompaniments. Promptly at six o'clock, the throng, bright-eyed and smiling, are led forward by the marshal of the occasion, and quickly and quietly seated. Mr. Herrick makes a short speech welcoming the guests to our hospitality, and now begins lively work for the waiters. Our singers who have stationed themselves in the shade near by, give a few songs, and now that the supper is over, Miss Kitty Dwan, who works in the silk-factory and has a beautiful voice, sings, in her clear timbre, a charming ballad. The day has been sunny and very warm, but while the tables were setting the sky became overclouded, causing some apprehension lest a shower should spoil the whole affair. Had it not been for the grateful drawing of this curtain, we should have had some trouble in providing all our guests with a seat in the shade. The rain held off till the last table was returned to the Tontine, where an effective bee rapidly put things to rights. Judging from appearances, the occasion was an enjoyable one all round. This festival was given to our employeés as a prelude to a vacation of two weeks.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

The posters of the Midland R. R. mention the Oneida Community among the pleasant places which "Excursionists and Pleasure-Seekers" may visit on that route. We find no fault with most of what they say of us, except that it may be too flattering. But conscience requires us to correct one of their promises on our behalf. They say, "*A fine Musical Entertainment by an orchestra consisting of seventeen pieces is given every day* FREE *to visitors.*" This was true last year, but is not true now. Changes required by education, business, etc., have displaced so many of our leading musicians, that our old orchestra has been disbanded, and we are unable to give musical entertainments this summer. We have notified pic-nics and parties applying for the use of our grounds that they must not expect concerts; but to effectually prevent disappointment, the agents of the Midland ought to strike a pen through the above item in their posters. ONEIDA COMMUNITY.

The *Utica Herald* says: "The Oneida Community has no John Smith. This is an oversight which should be remedied." We used to have a John Smith, and one of our "Johns" has Smith for his middle name. Won't that do?

THE NEWS.

Dry weather everywhere.

The cholera is decreasing at Nashville and vicinity.

The Walworth trial opened in New York on Wednesday of this week.

Up to noon Sunday, June 21, 1055 miles of the new Atlantic Cable had been laid.

The United States Government has dispatched two vessels in search of the lost Polaris.

The reconstruction of the Vendome Column has begun and is expected to take three months.

A late dispatch from Tashkend announces the capture and occupation of Khiva by the Russian troops.

Lewis Tappan, one of the foremost workers in the anti-slavery movement, died at the age of 85 at his residence in Brooklyn on Saturday, June 20th.

Barnum spends $700.000 this season in advertising his mammoth circus and menagerie. It takes three engines and eighty-two cars to transport the entire troupe from place to place.

The Chinese Government have recently been reorganizing their army, which now numbers 300,000, men and arming them with the Enfield, Remmington and Colt rifles, and with a full complement of rifled cannon.

Horace F. Clark, son-in-law of Commodore Vanderbilt, died at his residence in New York on the 17th inst. of rheumatism of the heart. He was in the fifty-eighth year of his age, and President of the Union Pacific and Lake Shore roads.

The people of San Francisco are greatly excited over the prospect of a still further increase of Chinese immigration. Statistics given in the California papers show that since 1851 there have arrived in San Francisco 167,497 Chinese, of whom 70,464 have returned to China. This makes the excess of arrivals over departures 97,033. There are now between 60,000 and 70,000 Chinese in the state of California. From January 1st to the 8th of June 1873 the arrivals were 9,453, which would indicate a total immigration for the year of about 20,000.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

SILK GOODS.

Machine-Twist and Sewing-Silk of their own manufacture for sale by the Oneida Community.

Address, [K] ONEIDA COMMUNITY, *Oneida, N. Y.*

PRESERVED FRUITS AND VEGETABLES

Put up for sale by the Oneida Community in tin and glass. Price list sent on application.

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Eight sizes and kinds, suitable for the House-rat, Musk-rat, Mink, Marten, Fisher, Fox, Otter, Beaver, the Black and Grizzly Bears, are made by the Oneida Community Descriptive price-list sent on application.

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Improved Lathe-Chucks, Blinn's Patent Gate-Hinges, Machines for Measuring the Length and Testing the Strength of Manufactured Silks, Bobbin-Winders for Sewing-Machines, etc. Agricultural, Machine and Light Castings, on hand or made to order. Descriptive price-list sent on application.

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All kinds of Book and Job Printing executed: Manufacturers' Illustrated Catalogues made a specialty: also Bronze and Color Work, and the finer kinds of Card, Circular and Bill-head Printing. Having enlarged its works and added new motive power, this Company is in renewed condition to meet the wants its patrons with promptness and accuracy.

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PUBLICATIONS.

(Sent from the Office of the Oneida Circular by mail, post-paid, on receipt of price.)

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

The Trapper's Guide; a Manual of Instructions for Capturing Fur-bearing Animals. By S. Newhouse. Third edition with New Narratives and Illustrations. 215 pp. 8vo. Price, bound in cloth, $1.50.

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

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

Scientific Propagation. By John Humphrey Noyes. Large octavo pamphlet of 32 pages. Price 25 cts.

Male Continence. By John Humphrey Noyes. An octavo pamphlet of 24 pages. Price 25 cts.

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

The five pamphlets—"Salvation from Sin," "Dixon and his Copyists," "Hand-Book of the Oneida Community," "Scientific Propagation," and "Male Continence," will be sent to a single address on the receipt of $1.00.

Back Volumes of the Circular, Unbound. Price $2.00 per volume.

MESSRS. TRUBNER & COMPANY, Book-sellers, Paternoster Row, London, have the "History of American Socialisms," the "Trapper's Guide," and the "Hand-Book of the O. C.," for sale. They will receive subscriptions for our other publications.

PHOTOGRAPHIC PICTURES

Of the Oneida Community Buildings and Grounds, made by a first-class artist and finely mounted, can be had on application at the Office of the Oneida Circular.

LARGE VIEWS.

Bird's-eye View, looking West, of Community Buildings and Grounds, 12 by 14 inches, on fine enameled board 16 by 20 inches, price $1.75. Quadrangle and Group, 12 by 14, mounted like the above price $1.75. South and East Fronts of the Community Dwellings, giving a good view of the New Wing occupied by the Children—8 by 10, on tinted board 10 by 12, with an ornamental border price $1.00.

STEREOGRAPHS.

No. 2, East and North Lawns. No. 3, East Lawn and Portico. No. 4, East Front. No. 5, North Front and Lawn. No. 6, Bird's-Eye View of Buildings looking West. No. 7, Lawn and Summer-House. No. 8, West View, toward Railroad. No. 11, Quadrangle. No. 12, Lawn View. No. 15, South and East Fronts. Price of Stereographs $3.00 per doz. Sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of price.

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TERMS:

The CIRCULAR is sent to all applicants, whether they pay or not. It costs and is worth at least two dollars per volume. Those who want it and ought to have it are divisible into three classes, viz., 1, those who cannot afford to pay two dollars; 2, those who can afford to pay *only* two dollars; and 3, those who can afford to pay *more* than two dollars. The first ought to have it free; the second ought to pay the cost of it; and the third ought to pay enough more than the cost to make up the deficiencies of the first. This is the law of Communism. We have no means of enforcing it, and no wish to do so, except by stating it and leaving it to the good sense of those concerned. We take the risk of offering the CIRCULAR to all without price; but free subscriptions will be received only from persons making application for themselves, either directly or by giving express authority to those who apply for them.

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THE UNITED COMMUNITIES.

ONEIDA COMMUNITY

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

WILLOW-PLACE COMMUNITY.

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

WALLINGFORD COMMUNITY.

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

SPECIAL NOTICE.

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

ADMISSIONS.

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

LEGAL STATUS OF MARRIED WOMEN —PAST AND PRESENT.

v.

"BY marriage," says Blackstone, "the husband and wife are one person in law; that is, the very being and legal existence of the woman is suspended during the marriage, or at least is incorporated and consolidated into that of the husband." —"Upon this principle of a union of person in husband and wife depend almost all the legal rights, duties and disabilities that either of them acquires by the marriage." What are the disabilities acquired by a woman when she passes from the status of a *feme sole* to that of a *feme covert*, is the object of our present inquiry. As may be inferred from the above extract, there are some disabilities which do not depend upon the principle of a union of person in husband and wife. The law is plastic and accommodating in some respects, and if one reason will not answer to support that which is held to be lawful in a given case, another can be furnished, even though it may be inconsistent with the former, which however may be good enough for another case. The first disability of married women which will be stated, is an exception to Blackstone's principle of union, etc., and arises from the principle which has been illustrated at length in former articles, namely, that the wife is property, and though in some sense a person, is at most an inferior person belonging to the husband and acting under his compulsion. Thus it is that at common law she is disabled while in the company or presence of her husband from committing crime. A few exceptions to this rule exist, which will be named in their proper place.

The reason of this was, and still is (for the principle exists and is fully recognized in criminal jurisprudence to this day), that she is supposed to be under his coërcion, acting by his command—a command which the law required her to obey. Strictly speaking it may not be true that marriage takes from the woman any legal capacity for crime that as a *feme sole* she possessed. "It places her toward her husband," says Bishop, a writer on criminal law, "under certain obligations of obedience, affection and confidence, and in consideration and return for which it allows her this indulgence, that if through constraint of his will she carries her duty of obedience to the extent of doing unlawful acts, she shall not suffer for them criminally." So, in the first place, actual constraint imposed by the husband on his wife will relieve her from the legal guilt of whatever crime committed in his presence. Before the time of Elizabeth no exception can be found to this rule that coërcion of the husband excuses the act of the wife. After that time, treason and murder were held to be exceptions, as was said, "on account of their enormity." Bacon, in his "Law Maxims," says that "the wife can neither be principal nor accessory by joining with her husband in a felony, because the law intends her to have no will;" but again, "if the husband and wife join in committing treason, the necessity of obedience does not excuse the wife's offense as it does in felony." The distinction arose from the consideration that her allegiance to her king was higher than her allegiance to her husband.

And again, whatever of a criminal nature the wife does in the presence of her husband is *presumed* to be compelled by him and she will be excused on proof of that presence, unless evidence be given to rebut the presumption of coërcion, as that though present he was a cripple or demented and incapable of coërcing her, or that she was, notwithstanding his presence, the only active party, and did in fact act from her own free and uncontrolled will. And if the act be commenced in his presence, though the beginning of it was in his absence, it is within the excuse of compulsion. On this principle in the time of George II, a woman had been convicted for carrying an implement of escape to her husband in prison, and the judges deeming the conviction unwarranted, recommended her to a pardon as having acted under his legal coërcion, though the fact was, that she had only procured the instrument by his direction. In another early case, a wife went from house to house uttering and passing base coin, and her husband accompanied her but remained outside, and it was held by the court, that her acts must be presumed to have proceeded from his coërcion. In another case felons came to the house of a man and his wife; and she knew them to be felons but he did not; both of them received and harbored them contrary to law, but it was held that she was not guilty, coërcion being presumed. But, as stated, the proposition that coërcion is presumed from the presence of her husband, does not apply to certain crimes by reason of their peculiar nature; such are treason, murder, and perhaps robbery, though the last exception is not well settled, and also certain offenses said in the law books to be "peculiar to the female sex," such as keeping brothels and other disorderly houses. In treason, etc., it is considered that their enormity overrides the duty of obedience and affection which the wife owes to her husband. In the keeping of brothels, etc., no especial reason is given why coërcion should not be presumed from the presence of her husband, except, as above stated, that those offenses are "*peculiar* to the female sex." It is hard to tell what is meant by that (inasmuch as a brothel could not well be kept without men to frequent it), unless the old lawyers forgot their gallantry and meant to intimate that in other cases the moral power of woman would keep her from crime unless coërced; but in this class of cases it should be presumed she was ready and willing to commit them, and no theory of coërcion was necessary to account for her obliquity. With these exceptions the legal rule wherever English law prevails, is that the command of her husband excuses in a *feme covert* what would be a crime in a *feme sole*.

From another point of view the peculiar relation subsisting between husband and wife makes it impossible for her to commit some particular offenses. For example, in England where the carrying on of a trade without certain qualifications, is an indictable offense, she cannot be indicted either alone or jointly with her husband for "exercising a trade not being qualified;" for the exercise of it is his in law. If she were qualified as a *feme sole* the qualification passes to him by marriage and the exercise of the trade thereafter, is his, though she does the act. So, she cannot commit the offense of receiving and harboring a felon, by receiving and harboring her husband, though she knows he has committed a felony and is escaping justice, because

she has no legal right to separate herself from her husband, a thing which she does when she refuses to receive him, and being legally bound to receive him she cannot commit the crime by receiving him.

Other minor matters of this sort might be enumerated, but the above sufficiently illustrate the principle of law referred to. Another disability of coverture wherein the wife is considered to be an inferior person, and acting by his compulsion, relates to the execution and acknowledgment of deeds conveying lands. At common law in the earliest times she could not make a deed, and deeds shown to be made by a wife were declared void because she was supposed to be under her husband's coërcion. Afterward, a mode of conveying lands was invented by *levying a fine*, so called, which was, by prosecuting between the parties who wished to pass the title to lands, a fictitious suit in court, by which the title was taken by judgment of court from one party and given to the other: and if the party from whom the title passed had a wife, she was made a party to the suit, and an examination was had of her separate and apart from her husband by the court, to learn if her act was voluntary and without compulsion from him, and this being so certified and entered of record, the conveyance was good against her. In process of time in England, and at last in most of the United States, by statute, married women were empowered to convey any dower or other interest they may have in lands, by joining with their husbands in the deed; but at the same time it is necessary that the officer taking the acknowledgment required by law, shall not only certify that the signing and sealing was acknowledged by the wife to be her free act and deed, but also that he examined her separate and apart from her husband and made known to her the contents of the instrument, and that upon that examination she declared that she did voluntarily sign, seal and acknowledge the same without fear or compulsion of her husband, and that she is still satisfied therewith. Deeds not so acknowledged and certified are void as to the wife. In some States this whole theory of compulsion as to deeds, is abolished; but in most of them it is still the law.

For the same reason of being supposed to be under the compulsion of her husband, a married woman could not at common law, unless under special circumstances, devise lands, of which she was the owner, by will. Even if her husband gave his consent in form she could not make a devise of lands so as to be effectual against her heirs, and if her husband died before she did, her will made before his death was not rendered valid unless she republished it afterwards. These observations are not applicable to a married woman's power over lands settled to her separate use. As to such lands she could act as a *feme sole* unless restrained by the terms of the settlement.

Before enumerating the disabilities of coverture which depend upon the legal principle of *union of person* in husband and wife, one may be noticed that is mutual to them; that is, they are not allowed to give evidence for or against each other. Blackstone says this was "partly because it is impossible their testimony should be indifferent, but principally because of this union of person. One maxim of law is that no one shall be allowed to be a witness in his own cause, and if husband or wife should testify for the other it would contradict this maxim because they are one person; and another maxim is, nobody is bound or required to accuse himself, and if they testify against each other it would contradict this," for being one person in law the testimony of the wife against the husband would be but himself against himself. Other writers and judges have found the reason of the exclusion in the confidence of the marriage relation, but it is plain that this could only apply to evidence of facts learned in confidence. To the honor of the law one exception may be stated. If the husband committed an offense directly against the person of the wife, no one else being present, she was not remediless on account of this disability. In such cases the common law allowed her to testify against him, that another maxim might not be violated, that "no man shall take advantage of his own wrong."

T.

WORSHIP.

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

WHAT is it? Is it prayer, vocal or silent? Is it church service? Is it singing and praise? Is it penance and self-torture? Is it solitude and contemplation? What is worship? The answer is important, for, in deciding its meaning we decide that which expresses the highest act of which we are capable, that which relates us to the infinite.

Worship, then, as we would define it, is the incense, the fragrance arising continually from a happy soul. It is the heat of our enthusiasm for God—the vibration of his life in our hearts. By this we mean that something actual, like the perfume of a flower, or like the heat of a flame, or like the tone of an instrument, emanates from the activities of a good life, in a manner that is grateful and pleasing to God. This is a continual process, is not dependent on seasons or ceremonies, but is the constant law of our being. "Not in this mountain, nor yet at Jerusalem, but in spirit and in truth," is the real act of worship.

By this definition *work* is worship, or the immediate occasion of it. The work of enthusiasm--the work of inspiration, which calls out all our soul-and-body energy in deeds of truth and love, sends up the noblest flame of incense to heaven. Exercise of the body, in harmony with true heart-purpose, is no drawback to worship, but is its helper. Sitting on seats in church, is but half worship at best. The mind may be devout; but where is the remainder of the man—the body, the passions, the susceptibilities? These ought all to join in the hosanna of happy adoration. The Shaker method of securing the coöperation of the body by dancing in their worship, has a glance at truth in it. But whatever the ordinance may be, there is no worship without enthusiasm; and there will not be any sustained enthusiasm in a mode of worship from which the body is excluded.

If enthusiasm is necessary to worship, then also its greatest accessory is union. One stick will hardly make a fire. Pile on the sticks if you want the surging flames to ascend. The spirit of worship, whether in labor, in meetings or in private meditations, leads to social unity. If the coöperation of the body with the soul is necessary to complete the worship of the individual, the joining of two souls and bodies again doubles its power. Man is a dual being, is not complete of himself. Hence sexual fellowship is simply the rounded and integral ordinance by which the heart can best express its highest devotion and worship to God. The unity of all men and women in work, in play, in joy and love, must be the final chorus that will blend the worship of earth and heaven.

BACKWARD GLANCINGS.

XVIII.

SOON after the receipt of the letter from J. published in our last chapter, the sister whose conversion we mentioned returned home. She wrote to J. while he remained in New York, and enclosed in her letter a substantial love-token. During the few weeks of her stay with us she gave evidence of a genuine change of spirit. She met in the circle of believers in Putney a lady who had formerly been haughty and ambitious like herself. As leaders and rivals in society there had been something like jealousy and coldness between them. The power of truth had swept away their pride, and love and humility had taken its place. One of the first things my sister did was, by confession of her fault, to seek and obtain reconciliation with this lady. In less than a month she sailed for Trinidad in the West Indies, with her husband. Her departure was somewhat sudden, and the change from the loved associations of her youth to a foreign home and a dangerous climate made her look to God for direction. As she opened her Bible the morning she left, the first text her eye fell upon was, "If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea; even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me." "This," said she, "is my promise!"

Before she left Putney she received the following letter from J:

New York, May 4th, 1837.

DEAR SISTER J:—Your letter came to hand this morning, and I assure you it was more valuable to me than the money it contained, although I had just spent my last sixpence. I am persuaded that your reconciliation to the gospel of Salvation from Sin will finally reconcile you to my conduct; and I commend you most hopefully to God and to the word of his grace for a knowledge of the way of truth, without the least concern for your views of my character. I doubt not that I am as great a wonder to myself as I am to you, and the time has been when I was ready to murmur at the Lord's dealings with me, because I understood them not. It seemed as if he had determined to make me as hateful as possible in the eyes of the world! My best apology for the offense I have given you and others is this: During the past three years I have not been my own master. The God whose I am and whom I serve is the proper respondent to every accusation against me. *To me* he has fully justified himself in respect to my works, and in due time I know he will satisfy every honest mind. I cannot now attempt a vindication of myself, for a big book would not suffice for such an undertaking. I will only say that in my own consciousness I am the reverse of a false prophet—viz., *a sheep in wolf's clothing*.

J., I love your masculine, independent temperament; only give it full scope, by setting the whole world at naught for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ, and you and I will yet be happy together. But Oh, beware of pride, self-will, independence in respect to God. Be a giant against the world, but be a new-born babe toward God. If you would find a secure resting-place, *seek a personal and familiar acquaintance with God*; not such an acquaintance as you attain with great men by history, but such as you have with your husband by daily intercourse. To *know* God is eternal life. Jesus Christ has so reconciled the world unto God, by assuming our nature, that we may draw nigh to him, not as serfs to an emperor, but as children to a

father. We approach him by a voluntary movement of our hearts, and we find him where we leave the world. If you would be the bride of Christ, *you must take the lover's leap*—a leap from the hights of the haughtiness of this world into the ocean of the love of God. If such a leap seems too formidable, take the testimony of one who has tried it. I tell you, there is no danger and no difficulty. When the deed is done you will wonder that you made yourself so much trouble about it. To receive and confess Christ boldly before men, seems like a Sam Patch exploit; but who would not choose it rather than be driven over the Niagara of death unwillingly and in the dark?

I have been in this city about four weeks. Soon after I wrote home last I sent a line to Finney and received a friendly answer, requesting me to visit him. I spent a day with him, and was much pleased with his spirit and conversation. He roundly asserted that I was not crazy; so you see I have one heavy endorser. Soon after, Mr Green, an elder of the Tabernacle, and a minister by the name of Beman, visited me, and invited me to this city. I boarded at Mr. Green's until about a week since, when he left the city. Since then I have boarded at the corner of Clark and Spring streets. As bank-stocks sink, my stock rises. I am now in better business than I have been in for three years, finding new customers and friends almost daily, and increasing my joy in the Lord. I shall stay here till after the anniversaries, and how much longer the Lord knows. I love to live at the center of business, and I think New York will be my home for the present.

I see Leavitt calls mother a "godly mother in Israel." I have seen Leavitt, Burchard, Latourette and others.

Yours truly, J. H. NOYES.

TORONTO.

TORONTO AND ITS RELATIONS TO CANADA—DIGRESSION ABOUT TREES AND THEIR PLANTING—TORONTO UNIVERSITY—GOLDWIN SMITH.

TORONTO, pleasantly situated on the north-west shore of Lake Ontario, is the chief city of the Province of Ontario in the new Dominion of Canada. It is the commercial distributing center for a large territory, and is fast extending its lines of railroad communication with the Canadian interior. It is on the line of the famous Grand Trunk Railway, running from Sarnia on Lake Huron, to Quebec and Portland. It is the eastern terminus of the Great Western Railway, communicating with Niagara Falls and Detroit. A railroad runs northwest to Collingwood. Another having its final objective point at Lake Nipissing, is penetrating the vast lumber regions beyond Simcoe and Muskoka and on the "far Ottawa." By a branch of the Grand Trunk, Toronto also has railroad communication with Goderich up the eastern shore of Lake Huron, and by the Toronto and Lake Nipissing road with Beaverton, Lindsay and Peterborough in the interior lake regions.

The population of Toronto, say residents, numbers over 70,000. There is much wealth. Few are over-burdened with it, but there is a large class who are well-to-do. There are some handsome buildings in the business part of the city, and in the newer sections and suburbs there are many tasteful residences and home grounds. I admired the good taste of the Torontonians in choosing the horse-chestnut rather than the maple as a shade-tree. When I was there in June the trees were in their glory of blossom and foliage, and the air was full of their pleasant Syringa-like perfume. We Americans have over done the maple planting business. Whenever we have wanted trees in our front yard, or by our roadsides, or along our city streets, we have planted maples, until the constant repetition of maples, maples, maples, hard maples, soft maples, black maples and silver leaved maples, has become a monotonous bore. The maple is a good shade-tree if used in subordination to others. As a leading tree it is quite out of place. It is a rapid-growing tree, and this is perhaps a main reason why it has been so extensively and persistently planted—of handsome foliage, dark green in summer and brilliant in autumn. But the tree as a whole lacks that strength and individuality of structure and branching, which makes a lawn- or shade-tree, which is to be our constant companion, perfectly satisfactory. It is too apt to be simply a straight trunk with a characterless mop or jumble of leaves at the top. Occasionally a grand specimen occurs in some fertile location where living water can feed its roots. The trunk becomes vast and sturdy, the branches take on strength, and the great tree is a treasure and a joy. One such well-developed maple in its true place, is worth a thousand of the roadside, door-yard and lawn effeminacies which are so common. Let us plant first of all trees which speak to us of strength, loftiness and grandeur. Then let us have trees of positive character and beauty, and remand the maple somewhat to the background, to be used only in places of artistic fitness.

But I am digressing. Toronto, in addition to its commercial importance in Canada West, is the headquarters of Protestantism and Protestant education in Canada. The Wesleyans have a stronghold here, and until recently the famous pulpit-orator Rev. Wm. Morley Punshon, has been a sort of Wesley and Beecher among them. Here is located also Trinity College, an Episcopal institution. Then the most important of all the educational institutions of Canada, Toronto University, is here. The buildings of this University are the finest in Canada after the Government buildings at Ottawa. Located in a natural park which has been laid out with winding carriage-roads and walks, with broad green lawns in front, the vast structure rises in massive grandeur, overlooking the city and the broad blue lake. The University is governed by a Senate of thirty-eight members, one of whom is Prof. Goldwin Smith, of Cornell University at Ithaca, N. Y., and lately of Oxford University, England. Mr. Thomas Moss, an eminent lawyer of Toronto and Queen's Counsel, is also a leading member of the Senate, and was made chairman at its recent Convocation.

The annual Convocation or Commencement of the University took place on the 10th of June. Happening in Toronto on business that day, through the kindness of a thoughtful, esteemed friend, I had the privilege of attending the Commencement exercises. These were varied and enhanced in interest this year, by the presence of Goldwin Smith, and of Prof. Catherwood, of Edinburg. Goldwin Smith received from the University the degree of M. A., and afterward on the invitation of Mr. Moss, made a short address. Prof. Smith is a tall, slender man, with dark hair and complexion, and an air of culture and intellectual self-possession. He is said to be an interesting conversationist, and is very popular in society at Toronto. The finest part of his address was that in which he announced himself in favor of the connection and pursuit of religion with education, and was substantially as follows (I quote from the report in the *Toronto Globe*):

He frankly said that he was sorry they could not have a religious university; he did not mean dogmatic, but one whose motives were the deepest to which they could appeal, whether to encourage industry or to stimulate effort of any kind, and those motives he took to be religious motives. But in the present state of things they could not have a religious university. They should therefore have a system of religious training within their own walls, and combine together to build up a really great institution, and at the same time to produce that atmosphere of learning and science without which intellect could hardly grow. The greatest university would be the best university. A great university alone would be a good university, and those who seceded from the universities on religious grounds would be consigned to irreligion. But if it was well that the nation should leave them free to do their own proper work unimpeded by any political or party interference, it was right also that they should study to meet the needs and religious requirements of the nation. They must remember that they lived in the nineteenth century, not in the middle ages; that this was the age of science, and that this was the country of practical science. The human mind had opened up new fields of inquiry, and once more new-comers sought admission among the scientific studies. Let them welcome these heartily into the university. Let them not seat them at the gate and put them off with a dole of inferior honors, but invite them into the hall and seat them at the hospitable board. But let them not, on the other hand, seek to eject the ancient denizens. The antagonism was merely transitory. Men would find out in time that one study was the study of physical nature, and the other the study of humanity, and they must not forget while they studied physical nature that the proper study of mankind is man.

It was to me an interesting event in this age of antagonism between scientists and religion, and of drift toward materialism, to hear a man so prominently connected with educational institutions in this country and Canada, declare against that antagonism and popular drift, and in favor of religious training and a religious university. I think he is wise in his time so to think and so to speak.

T. L. P.

KEEP THE SPIRIT.

BY ADA ROWENA CARNAHAN.

Through a garden I went straying,
When the Sabbath bells were ringing;
And I heard the sweet chimes playing,
And I heard the wild birds singing.

Joyously the sun was shining,
Roses all were budding, blowing;
And the mole was undermining,
And the bee was coming, going.

Heavy laden with his treasure;
Flying hither, flying thither,
Filling up his waxen measure
Ere the rose should droop and wither.

Through the garden I went straying,
Gathering in my hands the roses—
Gathering in my heart, and laying
Up, some lessons earth discloses.

But I felt an inward stinging,
Of my conscience, that I wandered
While the Sabbath bells were ringing,
From God's temple, and I pondered.

Am I sinning, am I sinning?
Then the mole for his replying
Labored on; his treasure winning
Back and forth the bee kept flying.

And I heard the Mighty Preacher,
And grew happier and better
As He taught me through each creature,
Keep the spirit, not the letter.

[*Hearth and Home.*

If you sacrifice your life to Christ, it brings you into rapport with him, and admits into your life the flow of his spirit; not merely to dictate your acts, but to modify and direct your passions, and harmonize your desires with his. He sets before you his demands, and sways your desires into accordance with them, and so harmonizes your wishes with your duties. You cannot do this yourself, neither can the world do it for you; and no power but Christ can harmonize your wishes with what is demanded of you. You may stand where you please, and be as independent as you please, but still you are in a world where you have duties to

perform. There is a demand for action—for labor to an end. It is demanded and *com*manded, and no one can escape it. The laws of nature will compel you to do something; and it is Christ alone that can harmonize your wishes, desires and tastes, with what you are required to do. It is Christ alone that can enable you to do *as you please.*

ONEIDA CIRCULAR.

TIRZAH C. MILLER, EDITOR.

MONDAY, JULY 7, 1873.

The question may be asked, how Christ can be in us, and how it is legitimate for us to confess the fact, without the evidence of direct consciousness. We reply, There are facts in physiology, connected with every motion of our bodies, that are as transcendental and mysterious as the fact of an indwelling Christ. In moving our arm, we do not *feel* the muscle that contracts and causes the motion. We cannot believe and confess its existence on the ground of *feelings;* we have to believe and confess it on the ground of *science*, because anatomists have ascertained and described the fact. On similar grounds we can believe and confess that Christ is in us. "The life is the light of men," though they do not know it. The Bible is a surer witness of what is true in our hearts, than any self-inspection can be. Unbelief stubbornly persists in taking the testimony of ignorant feelings, instead of being instructed by the God who made man, and knows all about him.

FATHER NASH'S DOCTRINE.

IN the great revival of the last generation "Father Nash" was distinguished as the praying medium, while Mr. Finney was the principal preacher. In all revivals these two functions—praying and preaching—go together; and it is obvious that praying, though less demonstrative, is the more radical of the two. We may therefore consider "Father Nash" as the soul of the revival of his time. As such, his character and doctrine are worth remembrance and study. In his last years, when he was sinking to his rest, worn out with revival work, he eked out the labors of his life by writing for the religious papers. The files of the *New York Evangelist* for 1830—32 contain more than forty of his articles; and at least thirty of these were on the subject of the "*Prayer of Faith.*" We give below a specimen of his doctrine. The reader may call it his *hobby.* It was certainly the burden of all his writings, and the "one idea" for which he lived. He wore himself out in devotion to it, and the popular tradition is that he died upon his knees:

THE PRAYER OF FAITH.

God has promised all kinds of blessings in answer to prayer. This will appear from the following Scriptures: "All things whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive." Matt. 21: 22. "Therefore, I say unto you, what things soever ye desire when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them." Mark 11: 24. "And whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son. If ye shall ask anything in my name, I will do it." John 14: 13. 14. "Again I say unto you, that if two of you shall agree on earth, as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father which is in heaven." Matt. 13: 19. "If ye abide in me and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will and it shall be done unto you." John 15: 7. "Verily, verily I say unto you, whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in my name he will give it you." John 16: 23.

If these Scriptures do not prove that God will give all kinds of blessings to such as ask him, and in answer to their prayer, it is not possible in the use of the English language, to prove anything. *Anything, all things, whatsoever we shall ask*, certainly embraces each individual thing, and all the innumerable things that men can need—all that they can righteously wish or ask for—all that God can give. If there be meaning in language—in the language of Scripture; if God can speak to men in such a manner as to make them understand him, these things are so. Without calling every man by name, specifying everything that each and all can want; without naming every individual thing that God is willing to give, no promises, no declarations, could be made more plain. Nothing can be more sure. Jesus Christ preached these things—he died in confirmation of his doctrine, and sealed the truth of it with his blood. When he was dead, the Father confirmed the testimony of the Son by stretching out his hand and raising his dead Son to life—by receiving him into heaven, placing him at his own right hand, and saying to the Son, "Thy throne, O God, is for ever and ever. Let all the angels of God worship him." When this was done the "Holy Ghost came down from heaven," to confirm the truth which Christ had spoken by teaching the same things, and by granting success to the doctrine. He came down to help and to teach the children of God how to pray, what to pray for, and to pray in them; helping their infirmities "with groanings which cannot be uttered." These things continue to this day; and while many have doubted, and even denied these things, laboring to prove them untrue, others, under every circumstance in life, in sickness and in health, in prosperity and adversity, in peace and in persecution, at liberty and in prison, in life and in death, have found them literally true, and that in every age. They have known, and they still know by blessed experience, that these things are so.

Prayer which will receive an answer from God, must be offered in the name of Jesus. This implies faith in him—faith in the word of God; for no person can pray in the name of Christ without believing in him—without believing the word, the truth, the promise of God. Besides, we are expressly taught that if we would so ask as to receive, we must believe. We must believe not only that God is, but "that he is the rewarder of them that diligently seek him." Jesus requires that we should believe that we receive, or shall receive, the things we ask—the very things—the particular, the individual, the identical, the same things that we ask or pray for; *that* and *it.* It is only to believe that God will give the very things we ask for, to ask them in the name or spirit of Jesus, and he says ye shall have them. I know that some pretend that this is making faith to rest on nothing, and that it is presumption so to believe; but this is a false alarm—a dust that is raised to blind the eyes—an attempt to unbalance the mind—to divert the attention—to excite unnecessary fear or jealousy, lest people in the exercise of common sense should come to the knowledge of the truth—take God at his word, and pray, and receive the very things that they pray for, as some actually do, as many used to do, when the apostles lived and taught the people how to pray.

All that is necessary, at this time, to show that such faith is not presumptuous, that it rests on the promise of Jesus Christ, is to re-state the case. Jesus says, "Whatsoever ye shall ask in my name that will I do; if ye shall ask *anything* in my name *I will do it.*" The first thing to be done, is to believe that he speaks the truth—that he means precisely what he says—that he means to be understood literally—that he will do just as he says: this is the first thing to be done. But this is not making faith to rest on nothing: it is simply believing the promise of Jesus Christ. This is building faith on the unchangeable word of the Son of God: and we do not need a better foundation for all the faith which we can exercise. The strongest faith—the utmost confidence of all holy creatures in the whole empire of God, rests on no better or surer foundation, than the plain promise of Jesus Christ.

The second thing to be done, is to ask in the exercise of this faith. It is to pray, believing that the very thing or things which we ask will be done, given, granted. "Believe that ye receive them and ye shall have them—ye shall receive them—that will I do—I will do it" saith "the Son of God."

The third thing to be done, is for Jesus to make good his word—to keep his promise—to do as he says he will. This he will not fail to do. He has kept his promise hitherto, and he may be safely trusted. But, by way of objection, it will be said, many when praying for particular things, have had this faith, these raised expectations, and have been disappointed—their expectations have never been realized. But I answer, to say this and not to prove it, is saying nothing to the purpose—is begging the question—which is a very common thing in these unbelieving days, and often much easier than to prove it. To make this objection weigh anything, he who brings it must first prove that the persons to whom he refers, did fully and without "wavering," believe that they should certainly receive the thing or things for which they prayed. This is not easily done. Secondly, the objector must prove that those persons did pray for such and such things in the *name* of Jesus Christ. This cannot be done. If they failed in either of those particulars, fullness of faith, and prayer in the name of Jesus, no wonder they received no answer; for they did not comply with the only terms on which Jesus has promised to answer prayer.

Mr. Editor, absurd as it is, and strange as it may seem, such flimsy things as these are brought as weighty objections to the truth of the positive and oft-repeated promises of Jesus Christ, as though the men of this genertaion were wiser than he. But let us look at this. There have been many false Christs; does this prove that Jesus is not the true Messiah? In the days of Paul there were false apostles—does this prove that Paul and Peter, James and John, were not true apostles? Or did the existence of false prophets prove that Moses and Samuel and David, and a multitude of others, were not true prophets? Many false gospels have been written, and some of them are now extant—do they prove that the gospel which we have received is not true? There have been many false professors—does this prove that there have been no true Christians? So also, if many have exercised false faith and have believed a lie, does this prove that nobody ever believed the truth?—that no person has any true faith? Many have prayed without faith (it is to be feared that many do now pray without faith), many have prayed and did not pray in the name of Jesus: they did not receive the things they asked, *because they asked amiss:* but does this prove that no man prays "in faith"—that nobody prays in the name of Jesus—that nobody receives the very thing he asks? And shall the watchman cease to proclaim the doctrine of the prayer of faith on the house tops, because many have abused it? or for fear that others will abuse it? Sir, I do think this doctrine should be studied, practiced, written, preached, till there is no more *jog* about it.

WHERE FATHER NASH FAILED.

Undoubtedly the doctrine of prayer set forth in the foregoing discourse is the doctrine of Paul and of Christ, the doctrine of the Old Testament and the New, the faith delivered to the saints of all ages, the back-bone of the Bible! But the astonishing thing in Father Nash's case is, that with this doctrine, clear as it was in his mind, and proved as it was in his experience, he never used it where he needed the benefit of it most, i. e., in the way of asking for a thorough cleansing of his heart, but lived and died in abject confession of sin. We have before us letters written by him to his children not long before his death, in which he doubles and redoubles and piles up his accusations of himself, making out that he was a sinner of the deepest dye, scarcely out of reprobation, deserving nothing but hell. After reading his eloquence on the prayer of faith, one wants to ask him such questions as these:

Why did you not first of all ask God to save you from sin? Was not this what you needed most? Was not this the very thing that the Holy Spirit was most likely and ready to help you to pray for? Is it possible that you were so engaged in praying for the conversion of others, that you never thought of the great blessing of salvation from sin for yourself? Or were you so taken up with external gifts, asking for utterance and wisdom to win souls, that you had no time nor thought for the gift of a pure heart and a good conscience? Did you imagine it impossible for God to purify you here in the body at once and forever?

What answer Father Nash might give to these questions from his present standpoint in the world of spirits, we cannot say. All we can answer for him is, that the churches and the revivals which he represented evidently were too deeply imbedded in the old doctrine of the inexpugnability of sin, to allow of his seeing the true aim and end of his doc-

trine of the prayer of faith. So he died confessing himself the slave of sin, and the revival of which he was the praying center failed and came short of the millennium which it promised.

Let Mrs. Grundy die; let my big neighbor go West; let Greeley die; let Washington die; let Shakespeare die; let all the bards and sages die; let them all go if they must—God is our underpinning, and I guess we can stand awhile. A. B.

CONVERSATION WITH A SHAKER.

[During the visit of a Shaker friend who recently called on us, the following dialogue occurred:]

Shaker.—I have read some of your publications and through them have become deeply interested in your society.

C.—How long have you been connected with the Shaker Community?

Shaker.— Twenty-four years.

C.—Are you in good and regular standing in their church?

Shaker.—Yea.

C.—Do you hold any office under the administration of the ministry?

Shaker.—Nay, not at present, but have been an Elder.

C—And, pray, allow me to inquire, why are not you an Elder still? I judge you are not much beyond your prime.

Shaker.—Nay, I am only forty-three.

C.—How long is it since you were deprived of your Eldership?

Shaker.—A little more than a year.

C.—May I ask what was the nature of your offense?

Shaker (hesitating a little).—You will understand that the Shakers are very strict as regards the relation between the sexes. Well, some of the members of our society look upon our rules respecting social matters as quite too rigid, believing that the more laws the more *wrath* and the greater the temptation to violate them. And I, as an Elder, had considerable sympathy with the weaker ones on this point, and so ventured one day to broach the subject, for the purpose of discussion, to one of the Eldresses associated with me. In all candor I said—"Sister Martha, what harm would there be if we permitted a little more social freedom between the brethren and sisters, such, for instance, as a kiss, an embrace, an expression of mutual affection, such as are allowable between brothers and sisters in a well regulated family?" But sister Martha was so terribly shocked at the bare suggestion of the slightest departure from the Shaker code of morals, that she forthwith reported me to the ministry.

C.—And what followed?

Shaker.—The ministry were very indignant and deposed me at once, allowing me no opportunity of explaining my motives or of making a defense.

C.—And did you submit to the humiliation of being turned out of office without a protest?

Shaker.—Yea, I thought that the better way.

C.—Has there been no apology on the part of the ministry for their hasty action in cashiering a man who had served their cause so long and so faithfully?

Shaker.—Yea, and from sister Martha too, who has confessed that she might have misunderstood my motives.

C.—Does not your church allow any personal contact whatever between the sexes?

Shaker.—Nay.

C.—What! not the innocent practice of handshaking?

Shaker.—Nay, indeed. St Paul says, "It is good for a man not to *touch* a woman."

C.—Yes, but he says also, "Greet one another with a holy kiss." Why don't you follow Paul in that also?

Shaker.—The Shakers claim the privilege of interpreting the Bible according to their own views of things.

C.—That is to say, they take as much of Scripture as suits them, and no more.

Shaker.—Yea I suppose it amounts to that.

C.—Did I understand you to say that it was the life-long work of the Shakers to conquer the flesh?

Shaker.—Yea, that is the fight we are engaged in.

C.—But your method of doing it don't seem to work well, according to your own confession. We have found that "grace and truth," the confession of Christ and criticism, can accomplish what the law cannot. Christ says, "Whosoever looketh on a woman to lust after her hath committed adultery already with her in his heart." How do you get by that? Is there not a good deal of adultery of this kind among the Shakers?

Shaker.—Yea, you have hit us there. The Elders not unfrequently are obliged to rebuke persons sharply while at their meals for allowing their eyes to wander flesh-ward.

C.—Now according to apostolic reasoning, "He who offends in one point is guilty of all;" so that as long as you fail in conquering the eye, which can do a great amount of mischief in the service of the flesh, I cannot see how your victories over the flesh are to be gained.

Shaker.—Some of our people are beginning to see that we make but little progress toward victory over our carnal nature.

C.—Of how many members does your Society consist? and are they increasing or decreasing?

Shaker.—We have about two hundred in our four families. During the late war we took in about one hundred and twenty, consisting chiefly of women and children, who joined for the sake of a home.

C.—Are they still with you?

Shaker.—Not one in twenty remained with us five years.

C.—Does not the future of Shakerism look rather discouraging to you?

Shaker.—Yea, and it causes us some anxiety of mind.

COMMUNITY JOURNAL.

ONEIDA.

—*Monday, June 30th.*—The farmers got in their first considerable lot of hay to-day. The crop is not more than half as heavy as usual, owing to the cold spring and drought.

—The busy fruit season is upon us. Hulling berries for the fruit department, hulling berries for company dinners, and hulling berries for family consumption, give occupation all through the day. The hired berry-pickers having become somewhat tired, we all turned out and had three regular old-fashioned strawberry bees, as we used to do of old when we did all our berry picking. There were 1,018 quarts picked from our vines one day last week.

—Our friend H. A. Warne of Chicago sends us two large boxes of specimens for the herbarium, and all nicely mounted. Among the three hundred and fifty specimens of flowering plants which grew east of the Mississippi, are nineteen species of poplar and willow, and thirty-six species of sedge. The California plants, of which there are nearly a hundred, are particularly charming and make that State seem more interesting than ever. Of the sixty-eight species of moss sent, thirty are kinds which we have not yet seen in this region In the collection are one hundred and thirty or more species of fungi, which were collected by Mr. Warne himself, in the neighborhood of Chicago, as were also the mosses.

—One day last week, while hundreds of visitors were entertaining themselves about our house and grounds, a gentleman stepped into the office with a troubled expression on his face and said that a friend of his had lost her bracelet. Its value in money was fifty dollars, but it was the gift of a dear friend and so of course was priceless. We immediately put up a placard announcing the loss and offering in the name of the owner, a reward of ten dollars to the finder; but evening came without any news of the missing article, and the lady went away with a heavy heart. The next morning Mr. C. O. Kellogg, practical man that he is, bethought himself to look where the lady made her toilet, and sure enough, there on the floor beside her chair lay the golden coil. We were all very glad and telegraphed the good news to the lady adding that we made no charge. We received by return mail a letter of grateful acknowledgment.

—Seven volumes of "Smithsonian Reports" and five volumes of the "Smithsonian Miscellaneous Collections" have been lately sent us from Washington. The "Collections" are valuable for their catalogues of American insects. The most interesting book we have bought lately is a "Key to North American Birds, containing a Concise Account of Every Species of Living and Fossil Bird at Present Known from the Continent North of the Mexican and United States Boundary. Illustrated by six steel plates, and upwards of two hundred and fifty wood cuts. By Elliott Coues, Assistant Surgeon United States Army." This book meets a want we have long felt. To the student who wishes to name the birds that visit his neighborhood it is as invaluable as Dr. Gray's "Manual of Botany" is to the young botanist. The works of Audubon and others have been too large and costly, while nearly everything else on birds has been painfully inadequate. We hope to get better acquainted with our birds now that we have such a promising helper. The book can be had at the "Naturalists' Agency, Salem, Mass."

—Our friend E, abhors straight lines as much as "nature abhors a vacuum," and he insists that in his aversion in this respect nature has been his example and teacher. His fidelity to nature has been displayed quite conspicuously in creations of rustic-work seats, arbors, etc., and his genius finds in this field ample gratification. He had combined rustic crooks from the cedar swamps with such consummate art, or absence of art, that the country folk who have examined specimens of work fresh from his hands have inquired with wonder and admiration if such a seat, for instance, did really grow. He is so zealous for his art, and that nature's laws in architecture and ornamentation shall not be violated, that he instinctively keeps a sharp outlook to counteract any tendency in the Community to matter-of-fact straight lines and utilitarian plainness. The erection of a play-house for the children in their new yard devolved upon the writer, and was progressing quite successfully, we thought, according to "square rule," and a good degree of reference to economy of time and labor, when E. appeared and expostulated mildly but firmly against our straight-line conformity. He could not be reconciled to the thought that we should make such a house and saw off the eaves to a straight line. They might be scalloped with but little more work, he insisted, and then the effect would be so much better—so much more in harmony with nature and the line of beauty. This was a damper on our straightforward plans, and a check that we had not anticipated; but we were unprofessional, and probably for that reason all the more yielding. At any rate, after consulting with one who had assisted in the building, and who has had much to do in conforming character in the Community to the line of beauty—it was agreed that E. should have the privilege of superintending the details and have them executed

in accordance with his ideal. The eaves were scalloped, and the cornice ditto; and the slats which were to go on in a regular perpendicular order, were disposed of diagonally, and by crossing, made diamond lattice-work. With open-work battlements, and an ornamental spire surmounting the front gable, the play-house, under E.'s modification has developed into a pleasing accessory of the children's play ground.

J. H. N.'S STORY ABOUT THE PRAYER OF FAITH.

"In the summer of 1833, the third year of my theological studies at New Haven, I became deeply interested in the doctrine of the prayer of faith, and adopted with full conviction the theory that true prayer is wrought in us by the Holy Spirit, and is therefore sure of specific answers; in a word, I mounted Father Nash's "hobby," which indeed was Jesus Christ's "hobby." It was by working in the faith of this doctrine that I first found the truth about the Second Coming, and afterward pushed on to Salvation from Sin. In fact, at the point where Father Nash stopped, I went forward and made bold to ask for what I wanted most—a pure heart; and *I got it.* But this is not my story. Some months before this culmination I labored with much zeal in the seminary and college on the subject of the prayer of faith, and my views of it were so well known and notable, that when I came to be examined before the Association of ministers for my license to preach, Dr. Bacon, the distinguished New Haven divine, took me in hand and undertook by question and argument to corner me on the point of specific answers, he defending the common views of the church, and I maintaining Father Nash's doctrine. The debate was long and strenuous; indeed, I think more time was spent on my examination than on that of all the rest of the students. There was no irritation on either side, and I got my license; but you may be sure that tug with Dr. Bacon was a memorable thing with me. Well, some years afterward (in 1851 I think), Dr. Bacon was traveling with his son and a missionary in Persia, and fell into the hands of a tribe of robber barbarians, called Kurds. After being roughly handled and robbed, they were, on some pretense, sentenced to death, and led forth to a place where they momentarily expected execution. At this critical point, *they united in prayer;* and lo! the invisible angel of peace descended on the scene. The robbers suddenly changed their minds; the Doctor escaped, and came back to tell the story of his wonderful deliverance. My thought about him was that he went far and fared hard in learning the lesson which I tried to teach him on that examination day."

WALLINGFORD.

—Haying goes on with no fear of interruption from showers. Seeing some clouds gathering the other morning, Carrie said she wondered if we were going to have another "dry rain."

—The measles with which we were threatened a while ago seem to have been indefinitely postponed. At any rate we hear nothing further from them and no one seems to have any fear of an attack.

—We are trying an experiment for lessening the roar of the dam, which is likely to prove a success. At regular intervals along the dam have been nailed narrow boards which project some inches over the edge. These break up the sheet, and perceptibly diminish the noise. The factory windows no longer vibrate, and the fall is much prettier than before.

—The four little boys and several of the grown-up children attended a menagerie in town this afternoon. There was a fine collection of animals; one of the most interesting was an Eland, mentioned so often by Stanley. In form and size it resembled the dromedary, horse and cow. It was of a beautiful fawn color, and its eyes—one would never think to see an animal with such eyes, they were so large and dark and soft and lustrous!

—The children were criticised this evening. They are inclined to be somewhat immodest and disrespectful and need to think less highly of themselves. Their tongues lead them into a bad spirit. The whole family should be responsible to make the children obedient. People ought to respect themselves too much to allow disobedience or disrepect from them. The truth can work through every person and make itself felt in the children.

—Our strawberries have been large and quite plentiful, but they begin to show the effect of the dry weather. Last night we picked a hundred and twenty quarts from four rows, and were surprised at the size of the berries. The chickweed grows so thick among the vines that some philosophical minds choose to assert that as a reason for the berries being so fine. "It keeps them moist and cool." Perhaps this will strike H. J. S. as a fact to be made a note of.

—Our meeting this evening was very interesting indeed. Mr. O—— related experience he had while away from home lately. He found his heart melted and broken, and felt as though he were carried back to the same love and nearness to God which he had in his first religious experience. Mr. B—— told of good experience he had in New York city, which was quite new and unusual in that place. He felt that in that city, wicked and worldly as it is, that God had manifested himself in his power. Mr. H—— too had faith experience to tell, showing that he is becoming victorious over his bodily temptations.

ILLUSIVE.

"This is a strange repose!"—*Tempest, Act 2: Scene 1.*

DID you ever stroll in the woods of a summer's afternoon, taking with you a book—or if you be a woman, your sewing—thinking to have a season of unalloyed comfort? If not, try it. While in your warm room nearly sweltering with heat, there is something bewitching in the thought of sitting with your work under the "cool shade of a sycamore." The idea is romantic. The hope of finding a place of thorough repose for mind and body is enticing. Ideally the woods are all you fancy them—trees luxuriant with greenest foliage, and shade ample to protect you from the burning sunshine; practically, they are full of torments. But you must try it.

While the sun is sending forth a scorching heat, you start from the house, direct your course to the meadow, cross the sheep-pasture, and after a tedious walk reach the woods. O, how cool, how refreshing is the shade! You make haste to find a seat beneath some hospitable tree, where you may read or write or sew at pleasure. A handsome maple at the left, and a green bank cushioned with moss at its trunk, allure you. This will be so comfortable! Here you will spend the remaining hours of day sheltered from the heat and "secluded from the gaze of men." You have nothing to do but enjoy yourself.

A few moments of torture, however, suffice to prove your choice most unfortunate. The bank you have selected for a seat, though soft as bed of down, slopes just the wrong way, and you have the disagreeable sensation of sitting without support in any direction.

The hemlock at the right looks more promising, and you go to it with the assurance that you will find the perfect ease for which you are in search. But how excruciating! numberless knobs and ridges lying in ambush now give you a painful sense of their presence and you are glad to regain your feet.

A few rods beyond, you notice a little rise of ground under a small elm, that looks all that you desire, and you hasten to the spot. Here you will find rest. But alas! no; the sun finds you now, and you are obliged to lean so far back that you can neither read nor sew. This is misery. What is to be done?

There are trees enough, many of which invite your presence; but you have tried them and found them wanting in that one desirable thing—comfort. After sundry failures, you find a good seat under a beech-tree—shady, comfortable and cozy. Here you tarry, thankful at last to have found a situation so pleasant. You are now thoroughly sheltered from the sun; your seat is rounded and curved sofa-fashion, and the trunk of the tree inclines just as it should to make a good back. This is splendid. You are going to enjoy yourself after all.

You open a book to read. Just here your troubles begin. A persistent, wicked fly, who no doubt watched you till you were fairly settled, is first on the field. He flies in front of you, behind you and over you—buzzing fiercely in your ears, ever and anon bouncing against your head and face with most malicious intent. Soon after your ears are greeted with a prolonged violin-tone at your right, which announces the advance of a small band of mosquitoes just at hand. You are soon besieged at every available point. Still you pursue your reading. You find sorry comfort, however, and are in danger of losing the thread of the story, for at the end of every two lines you stop to brush away the fly or swing your hat at the mosquitoes, which mind no more about your mode of defense than they do for the wind whistling through the trees.

You bravely resolve not to retreat. You become somewhat inured to the discomforts around you, and begin to admire the "beauties of nature." The little birds are making the woods ring with their merry voices, and the air is filled with delightful sounds, so peculiar to summer. For a time you sit entranced, forgetful of your book; forgetful of the sallies made by the big buzzing fly; forgetful of the singing mosquitoes, and forgetful of everything but the wondrous charm that is over you. A nervous, crawling sensation down your back reminds you that you are yet human, and you spring from your seat with unusual celerity. You soon make the agreeable discovery that one or two ants have started on an expedition in the direction of your right side. Their incursion is even more unendurable than the attack of the fly or the mosquitoes, and you exterminate them in a twinkling. When you find out that the trunk of the tree against which you had so confidingly leaned, is the abode of a vast tribe of ants, your illusions respecting the pleasure of taking your sewing, reading or writing with you into the woods, vanish like the mist. The woods are a fine place to ramble on a summer's day, but beware how you tarry too long!

GITANO.

GLASS AND GLASS-MAKING.

III.

VENETIAN monopoly in glass-making came to an end, as we have intimated, in the latter part of the seventeenth century. France was the nation that resolved, to use a familiar expression, to "steal" Venice's pet trade, and having once resolved, neither the rigors of the Venetian law nor her system of jealous seclusion availed against the cool audacity of French intrigue. The catastrophe, as the story runs, happened on this wise.

Colbert, Comptroller-General of France under Louis XIV, had long been restive under the enormous tribute his country was paying Venice for her wares, and more especially for her mirrors, and he it was who finally determined to put a stop to it by establishing the business on French soil. Accordingly he sent word to the French embassador at Venice to secure, by hook or by crook, the secret

of mirror-making and with it some experienced workmen, and to send them to France. The embassador, well aware of the danger of such an undertaking, replied that in attempting it he should run the risk of being thrown into the sea. The minister's only answer to this was to intimate that he expected obedience to instructions. The poor envoy seems to have concluded that the frown of the minister was more to be feared than the wrath of the Venetians, for within a year from that time, despite the strict laws and unceasing vigilance of the republic, eighteen artisans arrived in France. Mirror-making was started at once, and flourished so well that in a few years France was able to prohibit the importation of the Venetian article. A national furor for mirrors now ensued. The members of the gay and volatile court of the French kings vied with each other in obtaining the finest specimens which the art could afford. A relic of this period of national extravagance has been preserved (or had been before the late French war) in the museum of the Louvre. It is a mirror that belonged to Marie de Medici, and its frame at least is certainly a wonder of art, being composed entirely of precious stones, enriched with gold, glittering with diamonds, and worth alone a modern fortune.

Up to this time—the middle of the seventeenth century—the value of the best mirrors lay of course in their frames, as the utmost ingenuity had as yet failed to produce mirrors free from air-bubbles and striæ that would render unsaleable a very unpretending article to-day. Glass mirrors, which had not yet entirely superseded those of metal and stone, were still the product of the blow-pipe. Their size was consequently limited by the capacity of a single pair of lungs. But in 1688 came a change. An ingenious Frenchman, some say DeNehou others Thevart, invented a process by which mirrors could be cast. This invention revolutionized mirror-making, and has resulted in the modern pier-glass, flawless as to workmanship, and almost unlimited as to size. The success of the new process gave a fresh impetus to the business in France, which became prosperous and eventually very successful. French glass-ware ranks now among the best in the world.

France was not the only nation that at this time developed genius and taste in the crystal art. Bohemia soon engaged in it. Her success, owing in part to the purity of her materials, and in part to the skill of her workmen, was immediate, and the reputation she then acquired continues to the present day.

Glass factories were established in England about the middle of the sixteenth century, and by means of careful protection the business grew rapidly in importance. The Government was at length unwisely led to impose upon it heavy imposts, and also to establish a system of surveillance over the works. These proceedings not only checked the progress of the art, but soon materially lessened the production. The Government finally awoke to the suicidal effect of its restrictive policy, and removed the odious duties. The business has in consequence more than regained its former importance. The amount of glass manufactured and exported by England, at the present day, is simply immense. She yields the palm of preëminence in this respect, we judge, only to Belgium. In the manufacture of crown or fine window glass England is without a rival.

The manufacture of glass was introduced into this country soon after its first settlement, glass having been one of the products of the Jamestown colony in 1615. The first glass-factory of which we have certain information was established in New Hampshire in 1780. It was soon however destroyed by fire. Several attempts were subsequently made to renew the business, but they for the most part failed till the beginning of the present century, when works were started in Boston which proved successful, and have so continued.

The production of the nicer kinds of glass has never been very large in America. The manufacture of window-glass is common enough, and has grown to be a business both lucrative and important, but what may be called "glass-making as a fine art," has not as yet, had the development here that obtains in Europe. This can not be owing to any lack of the requisite genius and skill, as the European States are already finding out that in many branches of manufacture, both useful and ornamental, they have in America no mean competitor. Possibly the cheapness of foreign labor as compared with our own has been the great obstacle. But no such obstruction can long endure. Everything indicates that in the years that are coming, glass will become more and more indispensable—more and more adapted to the multifarious wants of man. As a harbinger of what is before us, look at its present architectural usefulness. Palaces of crystal are the only fitting structures, as they are perhaps the only practical ones, for the holding of World Fairs. Under glass only can the flowers and fruits of the tropics be made to gladden the eye and appeal to the taste of the inhabitants of Northern lands. Yes, glass-making is certain, we think, to be a great interest in the coming dispensation; and why should not this country take a leading position in its manufacture? She has the materials; for the alkaline deserts of the far West will furnish most of the essentials in unlimited quantity. She has the taste and ingenuity, evidenced by her productions on every hand. It is not likely that she will lack the necessary capital. So from every point of view we see no reason why the United States should not be one of the great glass-producing countries of the future. V.

CORRESPONDENCE FROM SHORTSVILLE.

[Here is a good-natured, suggestive letter from a clergyman (as we judge from internal evidence.) We leave out some of his most ticklish points, as being rather too ticklish for the taste of the times. His criticisms are too easily answered to require an answer:]

DEAR CIRCULAR:—That you often give us ideas deeply worthy of consideration, is readily admitted. That you also give us now and then, things rather new and startling, is equally true. I do not wish to imply that because things appear new and startling they should not be received as true. If "truth lies at the bottom of a well," we may be excused for not perceiving it at the first look.

Not many months since the CIRCULAR expressed the opinion that the love between Jesus and Mary was, in kind, precisely the same as that between lovers of the present day, and brought forward many circumstances to show that this was evidently true. This idea was somewhat startling from the fact that most persons had looked upon it as a love that had nothing to do with the bodily passions, but as simply a soul-love. To attribute such a love to a perfectly holy being might seem at first rather degrading; but if he was a man with all the human attributes, such an idea is not to be scouted as one of the idiosyncracies of J. H. N.

Another idea from the same source is, that the joys of heaven, in part, are to consist of sexual intercourse. This idea is again held out in a *very sensible* article under the heading "Heaven" in your issue of June 9th. A delightful idea, truly! And what a strong and happy contrast between this doctrine and that of the old divines, Emmons, Edwards, and others, that the joys of heaven will consist in part in witnessing the torments of the damned in hell. Thank God I never believed such a doctrine, and of course never preached it.

In another article in the No. for June 16th on the subject of Complex Marriage and Male Continence, you are very severe on what you are pleased to call "the sexual routine of ordinary married life," as something "unspeakably unworthy of human beings." But cannot male continence be practiced in "ordinary married life" as well as out of it? You may reply, "Yes, but it never is." You cannot know this any farther than your own personal experience goes. You think it "*base*" to burden a woman with offspring without her free choice. Be it so. But *is it* without her free choice? Every woman knows what "the routine of married life" is, and yet she courts it and desires it, and when she enters into wedlock assents to it and gives her free choice. I admit with you that the evils connected with legal marriage are very great. Would to God I could do something to lessen them!

You have very much to say on the subject of sexual intercourse and male continence. It would be very strange if there should be no heart-longings and desires unsatisfied in the Community. If none, so much the better for you all. J. H. N., who is very frank and open in communicating, tells us that there are two kinds of sexual intercourse in the Community—one for pleasure simply, the other for both pleasure and propagation. Whenever it is for pleasure only, which it is for the most part, the rule of male continence is put in force. It is admitted that it is attended with some self-denial on the part of the man, as he has pledged his honor that he will stop short at a certain point in the intercourse; and as an effort of the will must be made to accomplish this, it must act as a drawback on the pleasure of the intercourse. On the other hand the woman seems to have all the advantage over the man. She can give herself up to the pleasure without restraint, without fear, without limitation. Does not this militate a little against your boasted liberty and equality of the sexes? Is not the liberty wholly on the part of the woman?

* * * * * *

Allow me to ask, are you not a little too sweeping in your opposition to, and denunciation of, legal marriage? I have lived with a wife more than forty years, and have never once heard her complain of any want of freedom in what you call "the sexual routine of married life." And this I think is the general rule, and whatever we find contrary to it are the exceptions.

Now my dear Miss Editor, as you are bound to take no offense at criticism in the Community, you will accept of a little plain talk outside with equal good nature. Yours, etc., J. H. W.

Shortsville, N. Y., June 25, 1873.

WIT AND HUMOR COMPARED.—Humor is describing the ludicrous as it is in itself; wit is the exposing it, by comparing or contrasting it with something else. Humor is the growth of nature and accident, wit is the product of art and fancy. Humor as it is shown in books is an imitation of the natural or acquired absurdities of mankind, or of the ludicrous in accident, situation and character; wit is the illustrating and heightening the sense of that absurdity by some sudden and unexpected likeness or opposition of one thing to another, which sets off the quality we laugh at or despise in a still more contemptible or striking point of view. Wit, as *distinguished from poetry*, is the imagination or fancy inverted, and so applied to given objects as to make the little look less, the mean more light and worthless; or to divert our admiration or wean our affections from that which is lofty and impressive, instead of producing a more intense admiration and exalted passion, as poetry does. Wit hovers round the borders of the light and trifling, whether in matters of pleasure or pain; for as soon as it describes the serious seriously, it ceases to be wit and passes into a different form. The favorite employment of wit is to add littleness to littleness, and heap contempt on insignificance by all the arts of petty

and incessant warfare; or if it ever affects to aggrandize and use the language of hyperbole, it is only to betray into derision by a fatal comparison, as in the mock-heroic; or if it treats of serious passion, it must do it so as to lower the tone of intense and high-wrought sentiment by the introduction of burlesque and familiar circumstances. —*Hazlitt.*

It is very important for us to understand that we can confess Christ, and receive him, and avail ourselves of the good element of his life, without any preparation, without waiting for any improvement in our characters. Satan would have persons imagine that they must first get well, and then receive Christ. But the true way is to receive Christ, and get well afterwards.

ERRATA.—In Art. 4th of "Legal Status of Married Women," in CIRCULAR of June 23d, on first page, second column, and 25th line from bottom, for "*personally*" read *formally*.

In the CIRCULAR, Vol. 10, No. 27, p. 212, first column, article "Evil Day," read Matt. 23: 32, instead of Matt. 22: 32; also 1 Thess. 2: 16, instead of 1 Thess. 3: 16.

CONVERSATION MINUS THE WEATHER.

[It is fearful to contemplate the dearth of talking material that would ensue were the weather-topic suddenly tabooed. It is astonishing what an amount of wear and tear this theme has been able to bear. It is like the staples in diet. But if "variety is the spice of life" somebody ought to add a sprinkling of cloves or nutmeg or cinnamon to our meager batch of initiatory conversation. An exchange makes the following valiant effort for the relief of mankind:]

As the subject of the weather has been almost wholly monopolized by "Old Probabilities," *Hearth and Home* suggests a substitute to be used in conversation. Why should not arithmetical observations be used in place of those of a meteorological nature, so as to render unnecessary such time-worn and utterly useless remarks as these:

"It is very hot this evening, miss."

"Yes, sir. *I think* it is hotter than it was this morning."

"I really believe it is; but it's not as hot as it was last night."

"If it is as hot to-morrow, I don't know what I shall do."

"But I don't think it is possible for it to be hotter than it was yesterday."

We have here something both novel and instructive to the mind. For instance, people of ordinary culture might thus converse:

"Good morning, miss. Nine and eight make seventeen."

"Yes, sir, they do; and three from seventeen leaves fourteen."

"And one more will make fifteen."

"Yes, sir, but seven into fifty-three is very difficult."

Or if the parties have attained a higher grade of mathematical knowledge, we might have something like this:

"How do you do, madame? Six and seven-eighths added to four and a quarter make eleven and one-eighth."

"Yes, indeed, Mr. Jones; and three and a ninth will not go evenly into fifteen."

"Certainly not; and eleven-twelfths of six will come within two and a half of being eight."

Now, would not such conversation be an improvement in every way upon the successions of weather platitudes which have been so long in vogue? And shall we not be thankful to the Weather Bureau if it brings about the change?

Professor Blank has just married a fourth wife, and his friends are wondering why he couldn't get women that had stronger constitutions. Our doctor says their constitutions were good enough; the trouble with the Professor is, that he is a tough old parasite, and feeds on women.

THE NEWS.

Young Walworth has been convicted of murder in the second degree.

A Japan paper states that three hundred and eighty Japanese students are now studying in Europe.

The Hon. Jesse R. Grant, father of President Grant, died at his residence at Covington, Ky., June 29.

4000 men of the Province of Biscay, have declared against the Republican Government of Spain, in favor of Don Carlos.

Mr. A. B. Stockwell, late President of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, has brought suit against that Company to recover $1,000,000.

The Russian Government has received from Gen. Kaufman, Governor General of Turkestan, an official announcement of the fall of Khiva.

Plymouth Church has appointed a large committee to investigate the charges preferred against the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher by Henry C. Bowen and Theodore Tilton.

The new Atlantic Cable has been buoyed within 80 miles of Heart's Content, where the shore end will be attached. The Great Eastern will soon make an attempt to resuscitate the cable of 1865.

The country north of Venice was shaken by a severe earthquake shock on June 29th. Many churches and hundreds of houses were leveled to the ground. The loss of life in some villages was considerable and the terror-stricken inhabitants fled in thousands to the open country.

At a late meeting of the Directors of the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Railroad, Cornelius Vanderbilt and W. H. Vanderbilt were elected directors, and the Commodore was elected President in place of Horace F. Clark, deceased.

The Supreme Court of Ohio has decided that the School Board of Cincinnati has the right to exclude from the public schools not only the Bible but singing, and all religious exercises, and that the lower courts had no authority to interfere with the Board, or limit its power.

Complete anarchy prevails in the Turkish province of Bosnia, caused by Mohammedan persecution of the Christians. The foreign representatives at Constantinople are demanding an investigation of the outrages, and call upon the authorities to protect the Christian inhabitants.

The Shah of Persia has received a most brilliant reception in England. A fleet of iron-clads formed the naval escort from Ostend, stopping in mid-channel to exhibit the sea-going qualities, and fighting capabilities of the huge "Devastation," a monster iron-clad of the "Monitor" type.

The project for building a railroad bridge over the Hudson at Poughkeepsie, seems likely to succeed. Of the capital stock of $2,000,000, $1,200,000 were subscribed in a single day; A. P. Dennis and J. Edgar Thomson each taking 5,500 shares of $100, and paying 10 per ct. down. The bridge will be 3,400 feet in length, and 130 feet above the river.

An ocean race between an American and an English clipper ship has been heard from. The American clipper Young America and the English La Escocesa sailed from San Francisco for Liverpool on the 27th of Feb. last, laden with wheat. The Young America made the passage in 106 days, and her antagonist followed with a passage of 117 days. Both vessels had light winds most of the way.

The new explosive compound known as "Dualin" or "Giant Powder," is proving to be, to say the least, very uncertain stuff to handle, and likely to explode when least expected. A terrific explosion in the Hoosac tunnel killing five men, and another in Virginia City, Nevada, destroying two large buildings and a dozen men indicate either great ignorance of the properties of the new compound, or great carelessness in handling it.

The great expedition to the Yellowstone Region has finally started under a heavy military escort of nearly 2,000 men and 250 wagons, the whole under command of Gen. Stanley. The object of the Expedition is twofold: to protect the surveying parties of the Northern Pacific Railroad, and to make a thorough scientific exploration of the valley of the Yellowstone and Central Montana. The scientific department is under J. A. Allen of the Cambridge Museum, with an able corps of assistants.

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

ADMISSIONS.

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

RESTFUL FAITH.

BY MARIECHEN.

I have a precious faith in God above,
Which takes from outward things all power to move,
And puts within this restless weary breast,
A sense of peace, and love, and perfect rest.

My will is often crossed in every way,
The bitter cup I hold through many a day,
But still there fills this weary, aching breast,
That sense of peace, of trust, and perfect rest.

For years I've prayed that if it were God's will
This cup might pass. I hold it still,
And yet there's growing in my baffl'd breast,
That sense of peace, and hope, and trustful rest.

This unknown path seems long from day to day,
To feet which fain had gone another way.
Faith whispers, "God has found this way the best,"
And then there comes such peace, such perfect rest.

O, wondrous power which makes my path seem bright
When really it is hung with clouds of night;
And makes the stones and thorns seem soft and sweet
When most they wound my tired and bleeding feet.

God walks by heavenly light above my head;
I walk in earthly dark beneath his tread;
But down this guiding line of faith I hold,
Come messages of rest and peace untold.

HOW TO HONOR THE BIBLE.

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

AS the Bible has caused Communism, the effect of Communism will be to restore respect to the Bible by presenting anew its living spirit to the consciousness of mankind. The Bible under the manipulation of the formalists has come to be too much regarded as a mere ritual and book of service. Something is needed to bring out again afresh to the people its divinity, by showing it as a power in society and life. This Communism does. If stationary churches and stereotyped forms and imperfect society were to continue as they are, and these were all that could be presented as setting forth Bible religion, the world would become infidel, and with reason. But happily it is the glory of the Bible that it is not a mere ritual, but is a living, progressive institution that inspires continually improved forms and keeps pace with mankind, or rather leads the foremost van of progress.

Men cling to what they suppose is the Bible, when in fact they are hugging only dead formulas from which the Bible long ago escaped. If you want to find the Bible, do not go to any backward-looking box-trap institution, for it will never be there; but go to the very foremost, freshest, newest burst of improvement, social, moral and spiritual, and there you will find the Bible rejoicing in its work. No lazy man can believe the Bible or keep company with it. It is only for the wide-awake, the irrepressible, the victorious. Infidels, who suppose that the Bible is an old book holding back mankind; and the churches, who think it is a good book of stationary forms with no motion in it, are equally out of the way. Both of them are dealing with the covers of the book only—neither of them with its substance and spirit. For the Bible is in reality a book of power, a mighty on-moving inspiration which will never let mankind rest until the millennium of heaven drives all sin and suffering from the earth.

To honor and represent the Bible, then, we must not be caught in the letter of it, which Jew and Christian have successively outworn, but must keep near its *spirit*. Find out that class and that cause which embody the life of the Bible which is set forth in the saying, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and thy neighbor as thyself," and however heretical and unpopular they may be in the eyes of men, they alone are the exponents of the best of books, and theirs will be the honor of exalting it, and by giving expression to its spirit, of saving the world from infidelity.

BACKWARD GLANCINGS.

XIX.

WE heard no more from J. till about the 20th of the following August when our hearts were gladdened by the receipt of a new paper published by him at Ithaca, N. Y., called *The Witness*. The story of his foot-journey, in company with two friends, to Ithaca, of his purpose to establish a paper in central New York devoted to holiness, of the promised co-operation of the Perfectionists in that region, of his hiring a printer and publishing *The Witness* at Ithaca, and of the stoppage of the paper after issuing the third number in consequence of the panic produced by the Battle Ax letter, has already been told in the *History of Community Literature*, [vol. 8 no. 18 of the CIRCULAR] and need not be repeated.

The friends in Putney and vicinity rejoiced at the appearance of the paper and a number of names were forwarded as subscribers to it. Some received it "without money and without price" according to its terms; some who had but little money to give were active in circulating and procuring subscribers for it, while still others who had more of worldly goods contributed freely, believing "the laborer worthy of his hire." Of this class was Miss Holton. The money which she had been in the habit of giving to ministers and missions she now gladly appropriated to the support of *The Witness*. Her liberality was most timely. When the publication of the Battle Ax letter had caused a sudden falling off in subscriptions, and a debt of eighty dollars had accumulated with no perceptible means of paying it, a letter to J. enclosing just the sum of eighty dollars was received from Miss Holton. With this money

J. paid his board bill and, taking his subscription-list with him for future use, retired from Ithaca till the storm should blow over.

J. passed the winter with a friend in Kingston, N. Y., waiting for an opening and watching the indications of Providence. In April he returned to Ithaca and remained a short time. While there he sent the following letter to two friends who had been among the first to believe in New Haven. It shows the reflections which had occupied his mind during the winter, and also his faithfulness to all who had been influenced by him :

Ithaca, April 7th, 1838.

DEAR FRIENDS:—I have just returned to my station as a witness, and hasten to salute you and answer the letter you sent me last fall. I suppose some think I have made a long parenthesis in my story. But what are six months? According to the reckoning of the prophets they are half a day. Shall the children of immortality watch the clock as though they belonged to this fleeting world? Four score years are but their infancy. Old age and death are the portion of their enemies. For one, I will not be hurried in my purposes and conduct by the thoughts of those who expect to die.

Your letter makes occasion for me to say several things which I have long wished to say in the hearing of those who have been connected with me in the profession of Perfectionism. You know that I seek no dominion over your faith, and I know I should fail if I did. What I have to say must therefore stand as the testimony of a friend and brother, who seeks to clear his own conscience by telling the plain truth. If Boyle's spirit of rebellious independence still has so much influence among you that I am forbidden to give my advice as one who has obtained mercy to be faithful, under pain of being accused of legality, I have but one thing to say, viz: that I shall find a way in God's time to get out of the company of those whose ways I can neither approve nor control. On the other hand, if you have learned the difference between reproof and condemnation, and can receive the word of God by the mouth of man, without that skittish jealousy which makes it of none effect, I doubt not, you will find peace and profit in what I write. I shall say nothing against either of you personally; for to this day I remember you only with affection.

First, I pray you call to mind the days when we first believed and mark what was then the most weighty subject of our thoughts and testimony. Was it not salvation from sin? Holiness to the Lord? I see many who seem to have forgotten these things, and gone away after another gospel, which proclaims good tidings rather to the head than to the heart. You have seen many wonderful things, and doubtless know more than at the beginning; but how far has your heart advanced in the lesson of love? I declare unto you, the longer I live with the Lord, the more I despise all knowledge which does not transform my spirit into the likeness of Jesus Christ. If your gospel does not lead you into the practical, self-sacrificing benevolence which carried him to the cross, if it does not cause you to delight in "whatsoever is pure and lovely and of good report," if it does not make you meek, submissive, tender-hearted, forbearing and forgiving; it is not the gospel which saves me.

Holiness is not head-work or tongue-work, but love. The love of God will show itself, and that without law, in obedience to the spirit of his word and in jealousy for his glory. Wheresoever God dwells, a fire is kindled, which many waters cannot quench; which needs not the fuel of legality; which flames out at every opening, spreading in every direction, burning up all evil in its course, shedding glory over the righteous and making hell for the wicked. Was not this the fire which warmed and lighted us four years ago? The same fire burns in my heart still God has taught me to abide in my first love. If you despise the days of our childhood, and have grown wise in your own conceit, you have left me. If loving and hungry simplicity is the mark of a babe, let who will grow old and get experience, I desire I may always be a babe—yea, a new-born babe—ever desiring the milk I had at first.

Further: I see that the same persons who forget that holiness is love, and rest in reasonings, visions, swelling words, etc., are much given to needless singularity, boasting assumption, and hasty, overbearing judgment. I am not accused of these things before the Father, and shall not be by any who know his judgment. Therefore I am bold to reprove them. I *know* that these things are from beneath, however they may assume the form of heavenly wisdom. Holiness as a warrior in contact with sin, is a lion; but as a lover, a savior, a brother, a citizen of heaven, it is a lamb. Meekness is the sweetness of its savor. I beseech you to seek meekness as you would be hid in the day of the Lord's fierce anger. By meekness I mean modesty of judgment. For lack of this many are carried away by divers and strange doctrines, giving heed to seducing spirits, thinking them to be of God. If you will prove all things and hold fast only that which is good, you must (at least for the present, till your senses are exercised to discover good and evil) be very patient and modest, swift to hear, slow to speak; ready to retract, willing to change if the truth requires it. I will tell you one thing in respect to which I know you will all be obliged to change your minds. I refer to the comparative hight of your attainments. Boyle's views of the Second Coming have set many, in their own opinions, far in advance of the Primitive Church. I grant that our privileges are greater and our race may be shorter, but I deny that the race has been run by any yet. I shall take the liberty to regard you and all believers now on earth as babes in Christ, and as such, shall reprove, exhort, instruct, etc., as God gives me wisdom, whether you will hear or forbear. I pray God may give you grace to love me for this word. Your brother,

J. H. NOYES.

Soon becoming convinced that the friends in New York were too weak or too lukewarm to start *The Witness* again, J. once more, and, as it proved, for the decisive time, returned to Putney. In a few weeks after his arrival Miss Holton, hearing that he was at home, came down with a lady friend to see him. She had been strengthened by his counsel on a former visit and again she applied to him for help and advice. His prescription for her spiritual oppression was short but comprehensive: "You need pure air and exercise." The prospect of pure air and exercise dawned upon her when a few days after she received a letter from J. proposing marriage. Her reply "accepting gladly," and the correspondence between them during their brief courtship, have been already published. Their marriage took place June 28, 1838—Victoria's coronation day. Thus my "backward glancings" close at last in the good old-fashioned way—with a wedding!

[THE END.]

☞ "*When in suffering*, remember to wait on God—to feel after him—to believe that he overlooks all things, and will not permit us "to be tempted above that we are able; but will with the temptation also make a way of escape, that we may be able to bear it."

BEING AND DOING.

SEEING the end from the beginning in respect to all things, the Almighty must be as it were, always in the present. He depends neither on the past nor future for his happiness. Hence, with Him, being is of more account than doing: "Thus shalt thou say unto the children of Israel, I AM hath sent me unto you." We might form some conception of the sublimity of this attribute as it exists in Him, by calling to mind, for instance, the fact that from all eternity he must have contemplated without the slightest perturbation of mind, the episode of woe that has been transacting in our world—involving as it did an event so great as the sacrifice of his only Son. It strikes me as something stupendous. Then again, from our knowledge of the duration of the geological ages, we are assisted in our efforts to conceive of this lofty estate—of the patient waiting and long suffering that are involved in the same attribute—of the consummate mastery of the situation that makes it conceivable that amid the infinitude of interests that claim his attention, it is not only possible but even easy and habitual with him to give heed to the meanest of them, as though none other existed—so that literally not a sparrow falls to the ground without his notice.

In some sense, however, the very being of God implies doing. We can hardly imagine so attractive a principle of life to be other than a continuous manifestation of some kind; but it comes from superabundance of being, and therefore it comes as easily as the overflowing of a fountain. R. S. D.

REVIVALS IN NEW YORK CITY.

III.

TO return. On arriving home from the meeting in Chatham-street, Mrs. Gray had some serious talk with her husband relative to the change that had so suddenly taken place in her feelings and views of life. She told him that at one time when attending Sunday-school in the days of her childhood, she remembered having her heart drawn out in love toward God, and praying to him that she might grow up a good woman like her mother. She felt now as though God were calling her again to seek him and be his child forever: a call which she could not neglect without imperiling her soul. With tears she begged her husband to join her; but she soon felt that her words rebounded without making any apparent impression on the heart or mind of Mr. Gray. Yet she did not despair, but believed that he would soon awake from his spiritual lethargy and see things in the new world which she was entering, just as she saw them.

The following evening Mrs. Gray accompanied by her young friend Ada Williams was at the Old Theater, now christened "Chatham street Chapel." The house was densely packed with attentive listeners, who were largely composed of a class too rarely seen inside a church. Breathless silence prevailed. At the close of the discourse an invitation was given to those indulging a hope, together

with all others who were in any degree anxious to save their souls, to repair to the inquiry-room. Mrs. Gray was among the first who responded to the call. The large room, furnished with plain hard benches, was soon filled with the anxious, the hopeful and the curious. Mr. Finney, with a few of his lay associates, was promptly on hand for the work of dispensing needed advice to those seeking it. A few words were said to each one in order to learn as accurately as circumstances would permit, his spiritual status with a view to a more discriminating classification, in order that Mr. Finney might deal with the more difficult cases. It was not long before the attention of all in the room was directed to the case of Mrs. Gray whom Mr. Finney had in hand. Having been invited to briefly relate her recent experience, she complied without hesitation, and in a spirit so manifestly in earnest that she was quite oblivious of a situation which would naturally have been an embarassing one. To his numerous questions Mrs. Gray replied:

"I am the daughter of a pious mother who did what she could to bring me up in the fear of the Lord; but as I advanced toward womanhood I was fascinated by the spirit of the world, became gay, thoughtless, and very fond of dress, and I often attended balls and theaters. At the age of eighteen I was married to a man equally devoted to the pleasures of this world." Here Mr. Finney gave something like a groan. She continued. "We have two children. My husband, by my invitation, came with me the other evening to hear you preach. He has a great dislike to religion." Another groan. "I soon came under conviction, feeling for the first time in my life that I was a great sinner, that I had abused God and thoughtlessly spurned his love."

"I am amazed," said Mr. Finney, "that you and your husband are to-night out of hell."

Choked with emotion Mrs. Gray could only say in broken accents, "I am very sorry for my past life, and I do, I do love God now, with all my heart. Pray for me, Mr. Finney, that I may be kept from sinning any more."

This simple, artless confession was too much for the equanimity even of Mr. Finney, for he, too, found that his feelings were getting the better of his ministerial dignity. But controlling his emotion he said, "Poor child! you may thank God that you have a praying mother, for no doubt she has been offering prayers these many long years for the conversion of your soul."

The meeting closed. Near the entrance to the inquiry-room a group of the curious and the "roughs" of the city had stationed themselves to watch for opportunities of mischief. Among them stood Mr. Gray, who had heard nearly every word of his wife's story; and had not his heart been hard as adamant it could not have withstood the touching eloquence of a soul and mind just raised from the dead by the power of God's eternal love. On returning home Mr. Gray's reflections on what he had witnessed increased his hardness of heart, and he seemed more determined than ever to recover his slave from what seemed to him a terrible epidemic of fanaticism, more to be dreaded than the cholera. His wife, on the other hand, was equally determined to use every means to secure her husband's conversion to Christ. But the gulf between them only grew wider and deeper as the battle progressed.

The conversion of Mrs. Gray was manifestly a genuine one, and was made much of by the members of the church, who surrounded her at once with their warmest sympathies. Meantime Mr. Gray received condolence from his sporting associates of the Bowery, for the loss of his wife's idolatrous love; and they pledged him their aid over bumpers of wine. He had previously been congratulated for his good luck in winning so choice a prize in the matrimonial lottery; and should he now fail to recover his property he would feel himself disgraced in the eyes of his comrades. Somebody, he declared, had robbed him, but in every attempt to discover who that somebody was he had been completely baffled. Believing as he madly did that his domestic rights had been invaded by some person as selfish as himself, he accepted the proffered aid of his sympathizers. Every evening that Mrs. Gray attended a religious meeting he stationed sentinels at various points to watch her movements. A woman still so attractive in form and feature, the jealous husband argued, was likely to be admired by ministers as well as laymen. But Gray and his confederates watched in vain.

Every attempt which Mrs. Gray had made to win her husband to the cause she loved had been equally futile. She was very frank with him respecting the change God had wrought in her spirit and affections. "I do not," said the affectionate wife one morning to her husband, "love you less, Henry, than before my conversion to Christ, but with a purer, truer love, a love more like God's love for all mankind. I love everybody now, especially those who have given their hearts to Christ. But that passion or affection that I once called love, looks very hateful to me."

"Well," replied Mr. Gray, "I was entirely satisfied with that old love which you have now thrown away. I don't want any other. I had much rather have a love all to myself, however selfish it may be, than to share with any other man the purest love heaven itself could bestow."

Not having the slightest conception of the nature of true, unselfish love, Mr. Gray still persisted in deceiving himself as to the cause of so remarkable a change in his wife, and continued harping upon the old theme that "somebody had supplanted him." "And now," he soliloquized, "I will play my trump card and win."

EXPERIENCE IN POSITIVISM.

DEAR CIRCULAR:—My attention has been fixed by the article in the issue of June 30th entitled "Hard to Harmonize;" and also by that headed with the ringing call, "To Arms." Evidently there is a mighty conflict of the forces of truth and error impending. And it is clear to me that, as T. L. P. says in the last-named article, "This old-world wickedness and unbelief, this rush of materialism and atheism * * * must be stopped, or all that is distinctive and valuable in American life will be destroyed."

And this may not only be said, in general, of whatever characterizes the thought and life of the New World as compared with the Old, but also and more especially may it be said of Socialism, and of Communism. Positivism and unbelief are, demonstrably, like the Upas to these in whatever form. For these to live, there must be "faith which works by love and purifies the heart."

I think an interior history of American Socialisms would show, that, in all the experiments that have been made, materialism and unbelief have ever operated as a disintegrating and destroying influence; while faith and religion, on the other hand, have been a uniting and upbuilding power. As an example of this, one with which I am most acquainted, I will refer to the "Berlin Movement," which made quite a sensation throughout the country a few years ago, and had its center at Berlin Heights, Ohio. The leaders and pioneers of that movement at its beginning in 1856, though "spiritualists and liberalists" in religion, with one or perhaps two exceptions, were men of faith, faith in the immortality of the soul and in God; in short, faith in the doctrine that the powers of the spirit world, that "the heavens, do rule."

But somehow what little faith there was declined; this Old World enemy—unbelief—crept in. The apostles of Positivism and Atheism came up to Berlin from various quarters, and we all became tinctured more or less with zeal for positive science, the science of the five senses, and began to ignore the inner and spiritual sense. Joseph Treat, Francis Barry and others threw God out of the calculation, saying there was no use for him; J. Stahl Patterson, editor of the *Social Revolutionist*, the ablest and most practical man of all, took up Buckle, Spencer and Huxley, and followed them and others of that school in England and on the continent, and lost his faith in God and immortality, and with it faith in Socialism, except perhaps as a far-off ideal of the future. And to-day in Berlin in place of bright hopes of a social heaven, with most of the leading minds of that movement the indifference and darkness of Atheism prevails.

I confess, I, too, was for a time bewitched with the arguments and theories of the Positivist school, but with a few others interested in the Berlin movement, I found they could not satisfy the heart. We found by dear experience that we had social natures and relations to be cared for; in short, souls to be saved from selfishness and sin; to do which, there was felt to be need of faith in God. So, having our eyes opened to the truth by reading J. H. N.'s writings, we turned back to God through faith in Christ, and thereby saved the ideal of our early life and now behold it more than realized in Christian Communism. And now in these times of unbelief, of corruption and selfishness, when the hosts of the Satanic world seem to be marshaling for a grand battle against the truth, and the devil is apparently successful in seducing from the faith, if it be possible, some even of the elect, I heartily renew my covenant with God and the truth, and say with Paul, "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ?" I have had enough of materialism and atheism. It is poison to the springs of social life and will surely bring darkness and hell. It is egotism and selfishness gone to seed. Oh! that those who have not drunk of its bitterness, nor tasted its doubt and despair, might have the vail lifted before it is too late!

Let it not be supposed I would decry or belittle science; it is only this half-science which claims to be the all, that is to be deprecated. Give us the light of science, the more the better, but with that of physical science give us the light of spiritual science also, the light of the science of the inner world, the world of aspiration and of immortal

heart yearnings. Without this our Positivism will be positive darkness and will end in heart despair.

J. H. N. speaks to us of the true relation between science and religion. I am going with him to find it. And as said above, I want to renew my vows to the truth and venture to express the hope that the remnant saved to faith from the wrecks of the "Berlin Movement," in the coming war for spiritual independence, may become good soldiers in the army of the Lord. They have been in the enemy's country, have been delivered from his snares and can testify what they have seen. For one, I am determined to "put on the whole armor of God—above all taking the shield of faith." J. W. T.

ONEIDA CIRCULAR.

TIRZAH C. MILLER, EDITOR.

MONDAY, JULY 14, 1873.

Victoria C. Woodhull affirms that Henry Ward Beecher, at an interview with her in Theodore Tilton's front parlor bed-room, said with great unction, "*Mrs. Woodhull, we shall never have a better state of society until children are born on the scientific plan. What we want is Stirpiculture.*" We call that a sensible remark; and we should not think strange if it should turn out, on a showing of hands all round, that that is public opinion.

PHENOMENAL BASIS.

MR. John Brown Smith claims that "the creed of Spiritualism is different from that of any other religion in existence, inasmuch as it has tangible phenomena for its basis, while other religions are founded on faith." What his definition of *faith* may be we cannot say, but according to our understanding of it, faith, instead of being something in contrast with or adverse to tangible phenomena, is simply a faithful recognition of the higher phenomena of life, tangible and intangible, and thus is part of the intelligence which is building science out of facts.

But however this may be, we take exception to Mr. Smith's evident meaning, viz.: that all other religions except Spiritualism are based on abstractions and not on tangible phenomena. Christianity certainly is based on a mass of tangible phenomena, far more magnificent than those of Spiritualism. The miracles of Christ and the apostles lie at its foundation, and they are tangible phenomena, of which the wonders of Spiritualism are but faint echoes.

If Mr. Smith should say that the phenomena of original Christianity *were* tangible to those who saw them, but are only historical to us, the same must be said of the basis of Spiritualism; the great mass of its phenomena have not been, and cannot be, witnessed by any considerable number even of the present generation; much less by the generations to come. It is safe to assume that Mr. Smith and his fellow-believers do make considerable account of historical testimony as a means of getting at their phenomenal basis; and we venture to say that they have not a witness whose character for honesty and ability is better than that of Paul, or whose writings are more surely authentic. This witness was a first-hand reporter of all his own miracles, and had all possible facilities for obtaining first-hand reports of all Christ's miracles. We may as well believe him as to believe Mr. John Brown Smith or Miss Emma Hardinge. The facts he reports are only a little further off in time than those of Spiritualism, while they are quite as credible and in general more creditable to the invisible powers.

If Mr. Smith should say that a historico-phenomenal basis *alone* is not sufficient, and that Spiritualists have something more, inasmuch as their manifestations are continuous and they always have personal access to *some* of the tangible phenomena which constitute the basis of their religion, we accept the amendment and demand the benefit of it for our religion. Modern Christianity has its continuous manifestations. There are millions in Christendom who know by sure facts that God answers prayer. These people have a phenomenal basis for their religion which is independent of historical testimony. They have the same access to the invisible powers that men of faith had before the Bible was made.

Revivals are masses of tangible phenomena, as real and reliable to say the least as the portents of Spiritualism. They have been working in this country for more than a hundred years and are still at work. There are millions of living men and women who have witnessed and taken part in these manifestations, and who need no Bible to assure them of the reality of the power of God.

Providences are tangible phenomena, on which multitudes of rational men legitimately base their belief in God. By observation and induction as truly scientific as that of the chemist or the geologist, they see and know in daily facts the overruling Infinite.

It must be admitted that modern Christianity at large has not abounded in wonders of the rapping sort or even of the healing sort. The facility of imposture that attends such physical phenomena has created a prejudice against them which, in connection with unbelief, has ruled them out of many of the more conservative sects, and has given place to the foolish dogma that the age of miracles is past. A preference for miracles of conversion and salvation from sin over those of bodily healing and mere curiosity, is indeed legitimate, and was manifest in the times of the Primitive Church. But none of the original foundations of Christianity are forgotten either in heaven or on earth. The same people who have had faith in the miracle of salvation from sin, have always believed also in the continuance of miraculous power for the body; and facts have responded to their faith. They have a phenomenal basis which makes them certain that Tyndall's challenge to test the power of prayer against disease will sooner or later be successfully accepted by Christendom. Tangible facts of healing can be produced from the history of this people which will compare favorably with any to be found in the annals of Spiritualism, and which in respect to proof of genuineness are as sure as those of the Primitive Church. And yet they consider the moral miracles which have built the Community as the signs and wonders that are most effectually authenticating Christianity.

And here in conclusion we will state briefly what we regard as Christ's own plan for the phenomenal basis of his system. We have no idea that he intended, after giving the first generation of the church a basis of tangible facts, to leave subsequent generations dependent on a book. But on the other hand we have no idea that he relied on physical signs and wonders as the main proof of his system. He tells us expressly in John 17: 20-21, what he regarded as THE MIRACLE which is sooner or later to authenticate his mission. "I pray not for these [disciples] alone, but for them also which shall believe on me through their word, *that they all may be one;* as thou Father art in me and I in thee, *that they also may be one in us; that the world may believe that thou hast sent me.*" He showed what he meant by this, partly at least, on the day of Pentecost, when tangible Communism, in his name and spirit, took possession of three thousand men and women. We have no doubt that he will wait in the patience of ages till this wonder of unselfish unity shall establish itself in the entire church that is called by his name. Around this as the essential nucleus of Christianity will cluster all other needed signs and wonders.

If you want to put in your best licks you must find a way to get saved from sin. A man can't hall work if remorse is eating his belly like an old wolf under his clothes. No wonder that your needles cut in the eye, and your calico does n't wash, and your love does n't satisfy. I know why Christ always beats; it is because he is thoroughly justified. Sin takes down a man's power; it makes your books feeble; it makes your speech cringing like that of a beggar after cold victuals.

A. E.

COMMUNITY JOURNAL.

ONEIDA.

—The "Coming Woman" at the Villa has been named Esther. *Our* last is Irene.

—They are canning peas and bottling cherries at the packing-house. They put up from four to five hundred quarts of cherries per day.

—The lilies, the lilies! the pure white lilies! you must come soon if you would see the lilies. They are out in all their splendor. The gardens, upper and lower, are white with them, and the air is full of their sweetness.

—Mr. Martin Kinsley, who is manager of the farm at W. C., came here last week with a view to improving his own herd. He returned on Tuesday morning with 66 sheep—mixed Southdown, Lincolnshire, Leicester, Cotswold, etc.—126 lambs and 16 veals.

—An army of bugs fell upon the rose-bushes one day last week and though womanfully resisted, nearly every rose was either mortally wounded or entirely demolished. It gave us a lively idea of parasitic power to observe how completely even the little buds were covered by these savage marauders. It is sad now to see the desolate bushes so lately breathing and burning in beauty.

—Our sales during the month of June were as follows:

Silk,	$16,033.87
Weaving,	335.73
Traps,	1,448.02
Chucks,	390.13
Machine,	107.98
Foundry,	350.69
Blinn's Hinges,	49.50
Fruit,	205.14
Total,	$18,921.06

—Our florists and boquet-makers were very busy one day last week picking and arranging flowers for the wreaths and boquets which had been ordered by a party from Vernon. A dozen handsome nosegays and two gorgeous wreaths were made, and pronounced "perfectly lovely" by all good judges. We did not learn what parlor they were to grace, nor the occasion that required such a display of flowers—but we surmised a wedding!

—We had an unusually quiet Fourth. The weather being rainy during the early part of the day, visitors did not arrive until the noon train. About a hundred took dinner. In consideration of the disagreeable state of our grounds, and the length of time the people would have to be here before the evening train, we gave an impromptu concert—the first one of the season. For the entertainment of those interested in such things, the farmers made an exhibition of stock confined in hurdles near the lawn. The two finest specimens were a Holstein cow and an Ayrshire bull.

—On the day after the Fourth, Mr. Woolworth gave each of the little boys a bunch of fire-crackers and they had a fine time under the butternut-tree firing them off. After meeting they went to the to

of the north tower and sent up sky-rockets and Roman candles. The grown folks were on the lawn below and enjoyed the sport almost as well as the children.

—We have had many hair-breadth escapes from accidents, first and last, but none more grateful than those from fire. Only last week the "Old Mill" came within one of becoming a pile of ashes. One of our men happened to be walking in that direction the other night at 10 o'clock, when his attention was arrested by a flash of light near the laundry—a brick wing joining the mill. Hastening to the spot he found two barrels of wood-ashes which were in flames, the blaze reaching nearly to the cornice. With the assistance of Mr. M., who lives near by, he succeeded in putting out the fire. Had he not discovered it as he did, there is little doubt that the whole pile of buildings would have been burned. When the matter came before the meeting, there was a united recognition of God's watchful care over us in regard to fire, and a desire expressed to learn from this hint to be more careful. The resolve was finally made *that the practice of putting ashes in barrels should be forbidden, now, henceforth and forever.*

—*Thursday, July* 10.—Smaller and smaller grow the strawberries, daily set before us, as the season speeds on. We have nearly surmounted the highest gustatorial wave of the year and now calmly await the lesser delights of cherries, raspberries, currants, etc. Ere the pleasures of the palate which the strawberry yields fade quite out of memory, let us sound a note in its praise—for a royal tonic it is to fruit-famished mortals in the heats of early summer. Its sterling virtues put to shame all the flaunting nostrums in print. And how delightful a medication it is, too! No faces awry when sitting down to the daily dose—a saucer piled with the tempting fruit, red, ripe and luscious, creamed and sugared. No vaunted blood-purifyer does its work half so well as the tart juices of the strawberry. Each little seed, which so thickly dots its surface, conveys its minute quantity of phosphorus, the best of nutriment, and the large per-centage of pure water which the crimson cone contains makes it convertible into a healthful and cooling drink.

—We copy a paragraph from remarks made at a late criticism:

"There are a great many gifts people may have, but if they have not charity they are nothing. You may have all the knowledge imaginable, but if you have not charity you are nothing. Well, what is charity? 'Charity suffereth long and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil; rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things. Charity never faileth.' It is all summed up in the expression, 'It neither gives nor takes offense.' If persons have not charity they are nothing. That is the truth, and we must just hold ourselves right to that truth, that charity is a great gift from God. We need not think we have got to work it out for ourselves; it is Christ in us, and there must be prayer and faith to receive it. 'Ask and ye shall receive, seek and ye shall find, knock and it shall be opened unto you.' All those promises must be brought to bear right on this point. We will have the charity that neither gives offense nor takes offense. Every man and every woman shall have it. Let us pray for ourselves and for one another that we may have that. We cannot do without charity, but we can do without everything else. We can live on brown bread and cold water with charity. Let us all pray that the Community as a whole may have that great gift."

—A lady visitor from the city, on seeing our boys and girls in a lively romp on the lawn, expressed approval of their freedom. She said it was such a luxury to see children dressed plainly, untrammeled by fashion and etiquette. She remarked on the absence of simplicity in little girls of the present time. "Ah!" said she, "it is a great pity, but too true, that there are no children in society. Little girls at an early age are sent to dancing-school, not merely to learn the steps—for that I think right and innocent—but to display their elegant costumes. It is appalling to see the folly of some mothers in dressing their children. A little girl six years old was lately conspicuously dressed in all the elegance that modern taste could suggest. She was loaded down with heavy bracelets and necklaces, and affected all the airs of a Miss of seventeen. It is painful to see little children taught to love display, but most of all to see them contemptuous to a little mate that happens to be dressed plainer than themselves. I have heard it said that many poor children have been kept from sabbath-school on account of the difference in dress; and in some churches a rule has been made that all children shall dress plainly who attend the services. But it is no wonder that there are so many thousand young women ruined, when you reflect how early they are taught to seek admiration. It is not uncommon to hear girls of eight or ten years talk about their beaux with all the seriousness of young women; and the little boys in turn swell with importance as they act the gallant, and rightly merit the title of Young America. It is indeed a sad state of things. I don't know what we can expect of the next generation. Children are so housed and effiminate that they are sure to make delicate men and women."

And another lady of the same party said, "I have been thankful a great many times that I was a little girl a long time ago, because children are not children now-a-days."

It is indeed deplorable, if true, but we trust this state of things does not exist everywhere, in fact, we know it does not.

—One who left us eighteen years ago, now returns to visit the home of his youth. But time has wrought great changes in his early home. He instinctively looks for the old brown mansion that has lived in his memory all these years, but not a vestige of it remains. In its place stands a large structure of brick. Then the "white house" and the "children's house"—where are they? He is shown a small brown cottage below the vineyard, which he vainly tries to make seem like the "white house" of old; and the Seminary, a neat white building standing across the road, hasn't the least semblance to the "children's house" of boyish memories. The old horse-barn is transformed into a respectable edifice, containing a silk packing-room, a shoe-shop, a tailor's-shop, a dress-making-room, and a convenient business-office. The tool-house still remains, but has been moved and painted, so that he scarcely recognizes it. The Tontine, the long wood-shed and the ice-house, are all new to him. The grounds about the buildings are as much altered as the rest. Where once was the vegetable garden and grape-arbor, now is a handsome lawn covered with evergreens, a flower-garden and croquet ground. What was once the children's play yard, is now the quadrangle and the building site of the Tontine and other houses. Our orchards and meadows south and west, are bisected by the Midland railroad. Trees and hedges have so much grown, that the landscape is wholly new. But amid all these changes, the old butternut tree still stands and looks quite as it did twenty years ago.

He meets with the friends and companions of former days. They are all so fresh and young and enthusiastic—time has changed them for the better. His father, mother, sisters and brothers, are all here, and would not change places with him for a fortune. He feels the difference between himself and them. He inwardly regrets the impulse that led him to separate himself from them—but he is a man of the world, tied down to his wife and children, and it is useless to think of living in any other way. He feels that the Community has made a great advance in twenty years, and it has a higher standard than the world in which he lives. But he has now no part in Communism. He has business interests outside. He respects those who had the courage and perseverance to stick to, in the days when matters were less prosperous than at present, and he is conscious that they are receiving their hundred-fold in this life. He knows that his brothers and sisters are better off than he is. But his visit is very enjoyable and he leaves after two days, with the best of feelings toward all.

WALLINGFORD.

—The *New Haven Evening Register* announced the interesting fact that the new dam of the Wallingford Printing Co. has had a beneficial effect on the wells on the Plain by causing the water to rise eight or ten feet.

—This has been a very quiet and happy day. Had it not been for the ringing of the bells over in town waking us at four o'clock this morning, we should hardly have thought of this as the "Glorious Fourth." We are not generally troubled with visitors on the Fourth, but there were several parties here, and we took in $15, to say nothing of a bouquet which Miss Minerva sold, the proceeds of which handed in at the office amounted to—*five* cents! Some of the girls suggest that it may have been for a wedding.

—The last of the strawberries picked this morning, July 5th.

SHAKER NUTS.

[The following correspondence, though somewhat old, will not be found dull. Our apology for publishing it at this time (if any apology is needed) is that we have lately learned that Elder Lomas thought J. H. N's. answer to his questions a 'neat thing," and was even so much pleased with it that he read it for the entertainment of the members of his society. We thought if it was a 'neat thing" for them it might be for our folks and the public.]

QUERIES AWAITING ANSWERS.

Shakers, Albany, March 15, 1869.

1. We would like to know how J. H. N. deals with the philosophy contained in, and contended for, by Christianity concerning virginity.

2. Is the departure from virgin lives as per O. C., an advance upon the Christianity of Jesus and Paul?

3. Where is the man or woman who does not feel that they have suffered an irreparable loss after the departure from a life of innocent virginity?

4. What did Jesus mean by regeneration?

5. Do the angels, "who neither marry nor are given in marriage," engage in the sexuality as per the O. C.?

6. Can those who spiritually become eunuchs for heaven's sake, glory in the practices of pantogamy?

7. Wherein lies the cross of Christ, if not in crucifying the flesh with its affections and lusts?

8. Do the Communists of Oneida engage in their sexuality for God's sake, or for their personal gratification?

9. How long would Jesus and Paul have continued their virginity, ere they would have progressed (?) to what generally appears a looseness of morals—pantogamy?

10. Does sexuality have any effect on the soul? If so, does it tend to its elevation or degradation?

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11. If elevation, why did not Jesus advocate it? and if degradation, where is there any progress at O. C.?

12. When Paul enunciated, "It is good for a man not to touch a woman," did he have in his mind's eye the time coming when "Male Continence" would be a Christian practice?

We too, are bound "to follow Jesus and Paul withersoever they lead," and find these and many other obstacles to our uniting with the creeds of O. C., while maintaining our determination. Will you crack these nuts for us, that we may secure the kernel? Respectfully yours,

G. A. LOMAS.

THE NUTS CRACKED.

Oneida Community, March 21, 1869.

FRIEND LOMAS:—You are aware, I presume, that it is easy to ask a question in two lines, that a wise man cannot adequately answer in two pages. Nevertheless I will try to make my answers in this case as short as your questions, and leave the amplification of them to your good sense. My numbers respond to yours.

1. I deal with the philosophy of Christianity concerning virginity, exactly as I deal with its philosophy concerning temperance in eating and drinking, and the chastity of all the passions.

2. The departure of the O. C. from the Shaker theory of virginity (which is the worldly theory sublimated) is an advance not *upon*, but OF, the Christianity of Jesus and Paul, made under their present orders and approbation.

3. Here at O. C. we have many who feel and *know* that sexual intercourse, conducted rightly, produces incalculable benefit, instead of irreparable loss.

4. Jesus meant by regeneration Salvation from Sin.

5. I do not know the details of social life among the angels. The fact that they do not marry, agrees with our pratice, so far as it goes.

6. The very object for which Christ and Paul made themselves spiritually eunuchs, i. e., abstained from marriage, was to introduce the kingdom of universal unity.

7. The cross of Christ lies in crucifying *all* the lusts of the flesh—the lust for farms and barns and good victuals, as well as for women.

8. I will indicate my answer to the eighth question by asking another: Do the Shakers engage in eating and drinking for God's sake, or for their personal gratification?

9. Jesus and Paul doubtless continued their self-denial in regard to women and all the other comforts of life, till they got through the war of spiritual independence.

10. Sexuality, as created by God and directed by his Spirit, tends most decidedly to the elevation of body and soul.

11. Jesus did advocate the enormous expansion of *all* enjoyments, when he said that whoever forsakes the good things of this world for his sake "shall receive a hundred-fold."

12. It is difficult to say whether Paul anticipated the theory of "Male Continence" while he was in the flesh. Probably not. Physiology was not much studied in his times, and the world was not ready for such an innovation. We are confident, however, that the same good sense that saw it was best for a man, under certain circumstances, "not to touch a woman," would have appreciated the further discovery, that it is good for a man, if he does touch a woman, not to impregnate her without her consent, or without good reason. The self-denial and prudence in the two cases is entirely similar.

Thus I have cracked each of your nuts as well as I could with a single blow. I think you will be able to get the kernels out, if you try.

And now, for apples and cider to go with the nuts, let me make a practical suggestion for the improvement of Shakerism.

If your theory of virginity is correct, it seems to me that you ought to carry it further than you do. If I were a Shaker, I think I should castrate myself at once. According to your principle of interpretation, this would be strictly Scriptural. Christ's saying that "Some have made themselves eunuchs for the kingdom of heaven's sake," taken literally means actual castration. How do we know that Christ did not make himself a eunuch in this way? He says again, "If thine eye offend thee, pluck it out and cast it from thee." What is more likely than that he here referred by modest analogy to the seminal organs? They are in a very special sense the offending members, according to your theory. His way to get out of temptation was to strike at the root of the matter without mercy. You refer to his saying about "taking up the cross." Would not actual castration be a far more effectual "cross" than your half-way suppression of amativeness? Why don't you take that direct way to make yourselves like the angels? Origen, one of the greatest of the Fathers, sometimes called the "Angelic Doctor," a famous champion of your sort of virginity, actually castrated himself in obedience to the Scriptural views I have presented, and found great advantage in it. You consider yourselves as set apart for higher business than propagation. According to the practical common sense of the world, then, you ought to be castrated. In the case of other animals, such as horses and cattle, we castrate all the males that are intended exclusively for human service, leaving only those that are kept for seed in the natural state. And there is a great advantage in this practice. The removal of the seminal organs settles the mind of the animal, and makes him steady and sober, by extinguishing temptation; while at the same time it turns his strength into channels of useful business. For these reasons and many others, it seems to me that Shakerism, if it means to be progressive, will finally advance to the high angelic state of "Male Castration." Yours respectfully,

J. H. NOYES.

AN ESSAY ON WHITTLING.

THE average Yankee is silent and inventive; he paints his house white and finds a way to get on in the world. The average Southern man is garrulous and not given to discovery; if he is a Marylander, he paints his block-house with a coat of white-wash; but he is never wholly prosperous. The one is not afraid to take the Constitution to pieces, for he knows that he can either put it together again or else make something better to take its place. The other goes about his work of "reconstruction" with groans and cursing. And why all this difference? We answer: The Yankee whittles; the Southerner doesn't.

Why the young Puritan should have gone to whittling while the young cavalier went about something else, is more than we can tell. There are many things that we cannot explain. We cannot for example, explain how it happens that a man is developed from an embryo, which at one stage of its growth, has no appreciable difference from an embryo that becomes a chimpanzee. However, our persuasion is that God gave the young Puritan a better jack-knife than he did the little cavalier. And now the Carolinians laugh at us for whittling; and we smile at our own selves on account of the same thing, then look up another piece of soft pine and go back to our litter and meditation.

But leaving causes behind us, the fact remains that our Yankee begins to whittle at a very early age. This fact is notable, and it deserves to be pondered as carefully as we study the tooth of a mastodon.

If any Yankee reading this, should take time to review the employments of his youth, he would, we venture to say, be surprised to see how considerable and how important in all its consequences was that period of his life which he spent in whittling. If he looks about him he will see that his boys and his neighbors' boys are this very day educating themselves by a constant use of their jack-knives. He will see their wind-mills on the barns, their water-wheels in the ditches, and their whip-stocks everywhere. Every boy is an architect, a wheel-wright, a mill-wright, a bridge-builder, a ship-carpenter, a sculptor, whose only tool is a pocket-knife. Later in life the boy goes to work with the men who whittle iron, oak, sand-stone, granite and marble. He then finds it expedient to adopt some one of those tities which he earned in boyhood.

There is truly a class of boys who never seem to get into the higher departments of whittling. They never put away their knives and bits of pine, but whittle on, growing apparently more purposeless every year, and producing nothing but shavings. But let us think well of them. These are the men who nurse their thoughts. Hiram ——, the village money-lender, whittles in the country-store, and considers his investments. Doctor —— gets out his knife and billet of pine, and whittles while he prepares to deliver an opinion and make a prescription. In these cases whittling has become a sort of tonic-sedative, cheaper than tobacco, more handy than tea, and more innnocent than rum. In this way, restless natures reduce their activity to the smallest degree possible, and thereby come as near to repose and inspiration as they ever do.

I, too, whittled when a boy, and had the good of it. My maternal grandfather, who was an old whittler, predicted that I would be a mechanic: just what that was I could not tell, but I had a vision of something ineffable and glorious. I even thought of being a cooper, a notion that I did not abandon until I imagined that my wind was not strong enough to enable me to prove the tightness of my work by blowing into the vent-hole of a barrel. The inventor of the Oneida Community—if I may be allowed to say that institution was ever invented—affirms that he laid the foundation of his education by whittling.

Its efficiency in training our youth may be seen at once: It teaches a boy the use of tools; it instructs him in the properties of all kinds of timber; it teaches him caution, for does not his mentor worry him with the old maxim, "Whittle from you and you won't cut ye?" it schools him to the endurance of pain—a no small lesson, as may be seen by counting the scars on a Yankee's forefinger. Indeed, if we were in a foreign land and wished to prove the veracity of a stranger who professed to be a New Englander, we should not begin to talk to him about cattle in order to see how he would pronounce the word *cow*; we should examine his forefingers. To go back to our whittling: It gives a boy a knowledge of mechanics; and, in the end, lures him on to the invention of machinery.

These are grave considerations and have a practical application. The men of science and the patrons of the ancient classics, are already disputing about the mode of education best adapted to the growing mind. The former tell us that children ought to be made familiar with things, not words. Our children, they say, are chiefly anxious to become acquainted with the nature and relations of objects around them. We doubt this. Children are not so intellectual and feminine as all that; they are active, practical, and masculine; they desire to *do* things and *make* things. They want to whittle: and they must whittle. For this reason our educators ought to consider the importance of having a Professor of Whittling in their primary schools, and of furnishing their children with jack-knives and shingles.

A. E.

A ROMANCE OF YOUTH.

DEAR CIRCULAR:—Knowing of a scheme for a little socialistic experiment that was adventured here in New York about twenty-five years ago, whose history has not yet appeared in print, the writer elects himself historian and presents you a story whose moral may readily be discerned by all who see a practical and truthful way out of dual marriage into complex union.

At the time to which I refer there lived in this city three youths whom we shall designate Charles, Edwin and Lewis, all of whom were about eighteen years of age. Charles had been reared in the country, and trained by his parents to observe a strict rectitude in all things. At the age of seventeen, his parents being poor, he left home, came to the city, and entered as clerk in a grocery, in which he soon gained the confidence of the firm. Edwin was a native of the city, whose parents were wealthy. He was a student in a city commercial college. Lewis was the younger of two sons of a widow who had been left with a competence. He had just finished his academical course. Lewis and Charles became acquainted through a little incident, the novelty of which may be sufficient reason for relating it. Lewis one day called at the store in which Charles was clerk, and seeing some beautiful tomatoes displayed in a basket for sale, instead of helping himself to one as others were doing, without paying for it, or receiving permission, he asked Charles if he might have one, when Charles pleased with Lewis's simple honesty and good manners, selected one of the finest in the basket for him. The action of both in the matter touched a chord in the heart of each that evoked a natural warmth of feeling and led to an acquaintance which grew into esteem and soon ripened into love. Shortly thereafter Lewis became acquainted with Edwin. A simplicity of nature and similarity of tastes added to a high moral ideal in each, drew them together and made them warm and loving friends. Edwin was in due time introduced to Charles and the three soon united in a bond of strong friendship. They were all of a religious bent of mind and attendants at church. Lewis had been noted in his family and among his circle of friends as an oddity, who was never satisfied unless he was making some new discovery, or starting a reform in household practices. He was a great reader. At an early age having become wearied with works of fiction, he had taken to useful and eminently practical reading, studying works on spiritual, mental, moral and physical improvement, in connection with research in the Bible. He became familiar with the writings of Bunyan, Swedenborg, Fourier, Graham, Alcott, Hitchcock, Fowler, Shew, etc. A few years prior he had left the Presbyterian church in which he had been a steady Sunday-school attendant. The contrast between the New Covenant teachings and the preaching and practice of the churches was so great that he had become dissatisfied and was like many others, afloat, longing in his heart for a higher realization of the gospel of love as enunciated by Christ. He sympathized with all the reforms that were now rousing the best hearts and minds of the day, but could not see in any or all of them a medium of union with God and one another, which was the aspiration of his heart. Already he had made such practical reforms in dietetic and other habits and departed so much from the conventional ways of society as to become the subject of remarks by all who moved in his sphere. Many and various were the psychological experiences through which he passed. Strange as he appeared still all respected him and many liked him.

About this time the subject of Association was broached in the city, and a course of lectures on the topic was given. Among the lecturers were Brisbane, Greeley, Dana, Ripley, Godwin, and others. Lewis read the *Tribune*, attended these lectures and became enthusiastic over the possibilities of Socialism. At one of the lectures a grand painting was displayed exhibiting the phalanstery and illustrating the economies, esthetics, and social advantages and ethics of Association. Reference was made to Fourier. In fact, the scheme of Association presented was Fourierism modified, revised and shorn of some of its objectionable features. But Lewis saw in it what he thought might be available in organizing a Christian Association in which *love* might be made to govern in all the varied relations and a perpetual worship of God be instituted in a heavenly life on earth. Of so religious a character by nature, he could not divorce religion from any form of life. Hence, while most who heard these lectures saw only the material and moral aspects and advantages of Association, he saw them more in the light of a revelation, suggestive of a way by which to embody the spirit of Christ and do away with selfishness and all the evils therefrom. The perusal now of a pamphlet by a Rev. Mr. Van Amrige entitled "Christianity and Association," in which was advocated the organization of believers in Association as the only true form of a Christian church, convinced Lewis that in Christ was to be found the true key to Association. He rejoiced in his heart at this discovery and in his youthful enthusiasm saw no barrier in the way of a successful experiment.

In the fervor of his enthusiasm Lewis talked frequently and cogently on the subject to his two friends, Charles and Edwin, who gave a favorable hearing to his views. Finally he proposed initiatory steps toward a complete union of their spiritual and temporal interests, to which Charles and Edwin assented. They agreed to be known among themselves as "The Three United Brothers," and elected Lewis their leader. Their hearts burned toward one another in love. Many sweet and holy communions did they have at their meetings. They shared with one another in their joys and sorrows. One's lack in anything was made up by the others' abundance. God looked gracious in their eyes and existence seemed to them a blissful gift, while earth appeared to teem with choice blessings. Their youthful vision created a halo which gave to all things a brilliant coloring of peace, love, joy. Without changing their external situations they acted in concert in buying and selling merchandise on a small scale, and accumulating a common capital. They looked forward to an external union in business and a common home in which they could be fully united and enjoy one another's society. Meetings were held, plans were discussed and prospects looked bright. To be one in love, have one common home and improve and grow in the beautiful, the true and the good, was the acme of their ideal. Animated by such sentiments as these they could not be otherwise than joyful.

But the shadow of coming events fell upon them. One day as Lewis was reflecting on their prospects he was struck with the thought that one or all of them might get in love with woman, which would eventuate in marriage. Would the wives, he asked himself, join them in their bond of agreement? Would such a thing be possible? and if possible, could they—husbands and wives—be all one in love and exempt from exclusiveness and selfishness? Then how could they surmount the matter of the sexual relation? Of course the sanctity of the marital tie must be observed. This would surely be a barrier to the attainment of their ideal. These thoughts staggered Lewis, and over their future there seemed to be gathering dark clouds presaging tribulation and discomfiture. Woman stood in the way. How could the problem be solved? Exclusive marriage and exclusive sexual relations would certainly interfere with perfect unity and be the means of crushing out the spirit of oneness, and then would follow perplexity and contention and finally disruption. He pondered long on this matter but could see no way of remedying the difficulty.

This subject was now the all-absorbing topic of discussion in their meetings. All saw the possibilities and probabilities of the future, all acknowledged that they would get in love with woman and want to get married, and it was very questionable whether their wives would agree with their ideas of Association. In fact, young as they were, they came to the conclusion that their prospective wives would not unite with them in any form of Communism. Further consideration of the matter only made things look more dubious; and now what had been foreseen was swiftly approaching. In a few months the compact of "The Three United Brothers" was dissolved, the three young men remaining simply friends.

Charles soon got married and at this present time is cashier in a large manufactory in the city. Edwin having still a lingering desire for associative life, sought its realization in Hopedale. So heroic was he that he left a wealthy home, sacrificed a position in a celebrated house in the city, and at Hopedale even sawed and split wood for support, but found no chance to maintain himself even in this humble manner. He learned that Association with separate interests breeds and perpetuates selfishness, and can not secure true brotherly love and union. He returned to New York and entered the ministry; but finding that too contracted a sphere he went into business, and is now married and settled with a family of no small size. Lewis after a long series of experiences finally found a solution to the problem on which "The Three United Brothers" had broken. The ideal of his youth had never been fully relinquished by him. The providence of God made him acquainted with the doctrine of Salvation from Sin through Christ and by acquaintance with the Oneida Community he learned how the ideal of his youth could be actualized. He is now, as you are aware, a convert to the doctrines of the said Community recognizing its leader, Mr. John H. Noyes, as a man inspired by God to establish the kingdom of God on earth.

New York, July 3, 1873. M. L. B.

PLANTS AS DOCTORS.—In addition to the pleasure that may be derived from floriculture, the sanitary value of flowers and plants is a feature of the subject so important as to call for special mention. It was known many years ago that ozone is one of the forms in which oxygen exists in the air and that it possesses extraordinary powers as an oxidant, disinfectant, and deodorizer. Now, one of the most important of late discoveries in chemistry is that made by Professor Mantegazza, of Pavia, to the effect that ozone is generated in immense quantities by all plants and flowers possessing green leaves and aromatic odors. Hyacinths, mignonette, heliotrope, lemon, mint, lavender, narcissus, cherry, laurel, and the like all throw off ozone largely on exposure to the sun's rays; and so powerful is this great atmospheric purifier that it is the belief of chemists that whole districts can be redeemed from the deadly malaria which now infests them by simply covering them with aromatic vegetation. The bearing of this upon flower culture in our large cities is also very important. Experiments have proved that the air of cities contains less ozone than that of the surrounding country, and the thickly inhabited parts of cities less than the more sparsely built or than the parks and open squares. Plants and flowers and green trees can alone restore the balance; so that every little flower-pot is not merely a thing of beauty, while it lasts, but has a direct and beneficial influence upon the health of the neighborhood in which it is found. Surely, it is a beautiful provision of Nature that something which is at once the most dainty of occupations and the most delightful of amusements should be intimately bound up with the solution of problems so important as the health of our

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cities and the redemption of fever-infected districts in the country.—*Appleton's Journal.*

ABDALLAH'S BLESSING.

AN ORIENTAL LEGEND.

Abdallah sat in the city gate,
Ragged, hungry and desolate;
His heart was sad, and his limbs were sore;
For thrice twelve weary months, and more,
Spurned by man, and accursed by fate,
He had begged his bread from door to door.

Without the walls of the gray old town,
The sands of the desert were hot and brown.
League after league they stretched away,
Arid and parched in the bright noonday,
While far-off mountains, with snowy crown,
Dim and blue in the distance lay.

Abdallah gazed on the barren plain,
And his bosom throbbed with a ceaseless pain;
The golden hours crept idly by,
The sun dropped low in the western sky,
The night breeze swayed the rusty vane,
Unheeded all, by his vacant eye.

The busy throng in the narrow way,
Ebbed to and fro all the livelong day;
From early morn till the call to prayer
Floated down on the balmy air,
And the faithful, kneeling in bowed array,
Cast on Allah their burdens of hope and care.

Standing, the pillared walls between,
A stranger lingered, of noble mien;
His lofty port and benignant face,
Gave to his presence a wondrous grace;
And a subtle effluence, all unseen,
Proclaimed him one of a lordly race.

Something there was in the manly glance,
Something of strength, or of succor, perchance,—
Something which wrought in the wanderer's breast,—
Heavily fraught with a deep unrest,—
A dim, vague hope of deliverance,
From a lot so lonely and unblest.

Prone on his face in the dusty street,
Abdallah fell at the stranger's feet:
"Have mercy, Master," he could but cry—
"Look down on me with a pitying eye:—
A homeless wretch, I do fain entreat,
Leave me not here in my want to die."

"Oh, weary heart," thus the stranger said,
"With pain and misery sore bestead,
Know thou that Allah, by wise decree,
Hath granted this travail of soul to thee;
Thy rugged pathway and thorny bed,
Are the rarest blessings, couldst thou but see.

"Lift up thy head, then, and sigh no more:
The gifts of heaven are no niggard store;
Rejoice always, and in everything,
Give thanks to the mighty and gracious king,
Who adds to his mercies, so many score,
The crowning mercy of suffering."

Abdallah lifted his eager eyes,
Filled with a wistful and glad surprise;
All, all in vain was his quick survey,
No stranger stood in the narrow way;
But he knew by the instinct which never lies,
That an angel had spoken with him that day.

* *

THE NEWS.

The revolution in Yucatan is extending.

Earthquake shocks at Buffalo on the 6th and 7th inst.

The Khan of Khiva has surrendered himself to the Russians.

Commodore Vanderbilt has accepted the Presidency of the Lake Shore Railroad.

Frank H. Walworth the parricide has been sentenced to hard labor for life at Sing Sing.

The connecting-link of the New York and Oswego Midland Railroad was laid July 9th, near Hancock, Delaware Co.

Nashville is now reported entirely free from cholera. No cases have occurred for two days.

The Anderson school of Natural History at Penikese Island was opened on July 8th, by an address from Prof. Agassiz.

About forty cases of injury from the careless handling of gunpowder and fire arms occurred in New York and Brooklyn on the Fourth.

William H. Bell the colored boy who defended Seward from the assassin Payne has lately graduated at Lincoln University.

A special dispatch from Vienna to the *London Standard* says that an attempt was made on July 8th, by an incendiary to fire the Exhibition Building.

Dr. Peters, of Hamilton College, announces his observation of the comet discovered in Vienna last week. Dr. Peters places it in the Constellation Cetus.

The City of Washington, of the Inman Line, was wrecked on the coast of Nova Scotia Saturday afternoon, July 5th. Although a dense fog prevailed at the time, the sea was calm, and the passengers and crew were safely landed. From the time the steamer left Liverpool on the 24th of June until she struck, near Port Lebear on the western coast, neither sun nor star had been seen, so that it was impossible to obtain an observation during the passage.

According to the latest official compilation there had been constructed in the United States up to Jan. 1st, 1873, 67,112 miles of railroad the total cost of which has been $3,159,423,057; made up of $1,647,844,113 capital stock and $1,511,578,944 of bonds maturing at distant periods. The cost of these roads per mile was $55,116. The gross earnings for the past year were $473,241,055. The operating expenses were $307,486,682 or 65 per cent. of the gross receipts leaving $165,754,373 or 35 per cent. as net earnings.

Late dispatches from Sir. Samuel Baker dated at Khartoom, May 29, announce the complete success of his mission. The country as far south as the Equator has been annexed to Egypt, adding some 400,000 square miles of territory, including the great Central African Lakes Albert and Victoria Nyanza. The slave trade has been suppressed and rebellious movements checked. The local government is well organized and internal improvements are rapidly pushing forward. A road to Zanzibar has been opened and is free from interrupti on.

Dr. Anderson, President of the Rochester University, in his address to the class of '73 thus describes American characteristics: "There is something," he said. "Asiatic and gigantesque in the American mind. It demands great fortunes, sudden reputation. It shrinks from no moral or physical danger. It despises slow processes of intellectual growth and the old methods of accumulating wealth by the slow processes of self-denial. It would leap to the goal of its desires at a single bound. Our rest is but a change of excitement, our amusements are pursued with the energy of despair. In reforms, in benevolence, in missions, we are not content unless we transcend all past experience, and 'a nation is born in a day.'"

Prof. LaMountain the celebrated aeronaut was killed on the 4th of July, at Ionia Mich., by a fall from his "Mammoth" air ship. The balloon was of the Montgolfier pattern made of paper, and inflated with heated air. Instead of the usual netting the paper globe was held in place by a simple arrangement of eight ropes, and which proved to be entirely insufficient to hold the balloon and car together. The whole apparatus became unmanageable soon after leaving the earth and at a hight of about half a mile the entire globe containing the hot air burst through the ropes and escaped. The Professor could be seen making the most desperate efforts to arrange the ropes, but in an instant the car turned completely over and he fell headlong to the ground in full view of the ten thousand horrified spectators.

—After five weeks' work the new dam is done.

☞Photographs of Mr. J. H. Noyes for sale at this office. Price 25 cts.

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ADMISSIONS.

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

LEGAL STATUS OF MARRIED WOMEN —PAST AND PRESENT.

VI.

THE rule of the common law of England that the husband and wife are but one person, that for most civil purposes her existence is merged in that of the husband, has prevailed since the adoption of the feudal system. It did not exist in the enlightened system of Roman jurisprudence, from which the common law has derived many of its most valuable rules and maxims; nor has it prevailed in other countries than England and those colonized therefrom. In other countries, husband and wife are considered as two distinct persons, and may have separate estates, contracts, and injuries, and by agreement with each other may have also a community interest. Such is the case in Louisiana, which derived its fundamental law from the *civil* law of Rome, which is a part of the jurisprudence of Spain and France, under which that State was settled.

In enumerating the disabilities which depend upon the legal principle of union of person in husband and wife, a distribution of them will be made under three heads; namely, disabilities as to holding property, as to making contracts, and as to the employment of legal remedies for enforcing rights, or redressing wrongs.

As to rights of personal property, it is well established that, at common law, a *feme covert* has none. Whatever goods, chattels or personal estate she was owner of at the time of marriage, either actually or beneficially, are by marriage transferred to her husband. The law seizes hold of the whole and makes an absolute gift of it to him. The same is true of all such property as shall come to her during coverture. There are ways in which property may be limited to a married woman's separate use, which equity will recognize and enforce, by "post-nuptial settlements;"—"ante-nuptial settlements" have before been spoken of. But aside from these, the rule is as stated; and the husband becomes absolutely vested with all the personal property which the wife has at marriage, or which comes to her possession during coverture, so that he may take it and dispose of it as he pleases in his life-time, without her consent, or he may will it to any one and such disposition of it is good whether he survives her or not; and if he should not make a will disposing of it, and she should survive him, it goes to his administrators to be disposed of by them as a part of his estate. The rule has been so rigidly applied, that, in cases where a husband has lived separate from his wife in a state of adultery, it has been held that his right to his wife's property was the same as long as the *relation* of husband and wife existed. It must be so, to be consistent with the principle of union of person in husband and wife; the fact being that the wife's legal personality is lost, "incorporated and consolidated into that of the husband," says the law. In the eye of the law there is no longer for the wife a *me;* consequently there can be no *mine*. As the slave code said of the chattel slave, "He possesses nothing, owns nothing, and can acquire nothing but what belongs to his master," so says the common law of the wife as to her husband. See how rigid and unbending the rule is. In Massachusetts, in a case where a wife at the decease of her husband, had money in her hands which she had earned and received before marriage, it was held that it belonged to her husband, that she could not retain it, but must deliver it to his administrator to be treated as his property. In Ohio, the rule was carried so far in a case where a wife had real estate, and she and her husband joined in selling it, receiving the money for it, that it was held that the money was his. Before being converted into money the land itself was not his, but only the use of it. One distinction between real and personal property is this; personal property is movable and follows the person, real property being immovable; so, in the case cited, the real property having been converted into personal, it was held to follow the wife's person, that is, was merged and consolidated into that of the husband.

The rule is subject to this slight limitation, that if personal property belonging to the wife be not at the time of marriage in her actual possession, the husband does not acquire an absolute title to it unless he reduces it to possession during the coverture. But he has all needful legal power to do so, and may sue for and recover to his own use whatever she may have in the hands of a third person without consulting her in the matter. And if he does not do this, she can not control or dispose of such property while he lives and the relation continues; but if he dies, it does not go to his administrator, and she may resume it.

If a wife has chattels real, such as terms for years, i. e., the right to have the rents and profits of lands, or leases or mortgages of lands, she is disabled from controlling them during coverture. These do not become absolutely the husband's, as in case of personal property, but he acquires such an interest in them by marriage, that he may sell or otherwise dispose of them by any act during his life-time, except by will, without her consent or concurrence, and such disposition will be binding upon her.

Again, if a wife has *choses* in action, i. e., debts due her on account, promissory note, bond or other contract, legacies, or shares of personal property from any estate, they belong by virtue of marriage to her husband, upon condition that he reduces them to possession during its existence. She has no power to collect or receive them without his consent, but his power to do so is absolute; as also to dispose of them the same as though he had purchased them. If they accrue during coverture, he may sue and collect them in his own name; if they were hers before, he may sue in the names of himself and wife without her consent; and when collected, the avails are his absolute property; as they are one person in law, whatever *chose* in action comes into her actual possession is held to be in his possession, and held by her for him.

Again, the wife is disabled from owning or controlling her earnings. Her personal services and all wages or reward therefor, belong to her husband. In a case in New York where an agreement had been made between a married woman, with the knowledge and consent of her husband, and a third person, for personal services to be rendered by her, she to be paid what those services were worth, it was held that, at common law, this gave the wife no title to her earnings in her own right; that, in

law, such earnings belonged absolutely to her husband, and the promise to pay her was a promise to pay her husband only, and that she had no more right to collect the debt than any third person, although the agreement was made with her and she was to be paid. And it has even been held that money earned by a wife while she and her husband lived apart, belonged absolutely to him at common law, irrespective of the circumstances of the separation, so long as the marriage *relation* continues between them.

Again, at common law a married woman is disabled from controlling and enjoying, during coverture, the use of the real estate which she may have or which may come to her. The title does not pass by marriage to her husband as in the case of personal property, but the right to use it does. During their joint lives, he takes the rents, issues and profits of all her lands and tenements, and should he not collect them, whatever has accrued at his death goes to his administrator. And if a child is born alive to them, and he survives her, he becomes *tenant by curtesy* of her lands, i. e., has the use of them during his own life.

Such are the common law disabilities of married women in respect to property. T.

UTILIZING THE POWERS.

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

A mountain-brook is tripping
  Down, downward to the sea,
Through banks with pearl-drops dripping,
  And June's own verdancy;
O'er pebbly bottoms brawling,
  Through grassy meadows still;
But ever it is calling
  To the miller in his mill,
"I have power as well as beauty,
  I can turn the busy wheel;
Give me toil and give me duty;
  You my willing help shall feel;
    Dam me up! dam me up!
  I will turn your big mill-wheel!"

The heated, restless vapor
  Upsprings to meet the sun;
With puff and curl and caper
  Its skyward course is run;
There rosy tints displaying,
  It decks the fleecy sphere;
But ever it is saying
  To the stalwart engineer,
"I have force as well as deftness,
  I can deal the ponderous blow;
I can whirl the train with swiftness
  And right good service show.
    Shut me in! shut me in!
  I will make your engines go!"

The deepest human passion
  Which makes of lovers one,
Though idle deemed by fashion,
  Or left at waste to run,
Is yet the heart's own brooklet,
  Heaven's vapor in the soul.
Can wise men overlook it,
  Or spurn its grand control?
"I have strength as well as pleasure,"
  (So sings it to the seer),
"To help you without measure—
  To make your lives sincere:
    Turn love into improvement,
  And heaven has blossomed here!"

YES, the great characteristic of modern time is its success in the *utilization of power*. Air, fire, water, steam, electricity and magnetism, were known to the ancients as elements of force; but they left them as they found them, wild lawless giants whom it was necessary to respect and beware of, but whom nobody had the boldness to think of reducing to service. But see what has been done in later times. Air, the giant of the tornado, now drives mills and is the obedient vassal who prints the paper you look upon; fire, the terrible genius of conflagration, has now become the great metal-worker, and by developing other forces, the chief agent of civilization; water, the demon of the flood, now grinds our bread and weaves our clothes; steam roars its gladness to serve us through every valley and on every sea; while lightning and magnetism have been harnessed into the work of communication.

But this work of utilization is also taking effect in a sphere above that of the mere material forces. Human *association* is a power. In old times its strength was mainly shown like that of the tornado and the torrent, by the devastating sweep of armies, when some Alexander or Timour bore down on helpless nations. We have had a near view of its awful force in this form ourselves. But this power of voluntary association is now rapidly turning to useful ends. It builds factories, colonizes States, controls currency, establishes missions, and does the hospital service of armies, etc.; and in Communism, where it is still more fully utilized, shows that it is the great agent of social, moral and material progress.

Let us now (following the versified text with which we commenced) advert to one more element of power whose utilization, as it is perhaps to be the greatest in its influence and benefits, naturally comes latest in the series, and may be said to have scarcely yet begun; viz., that of amative passion, or the magnetic bond between the sexes. Sneer not, reader, at this word, thinking it has no significance beyond the mazy talk about "affinityism." We state but a simple, scientific fact when we say that here is a force, broad as humanity, always active, a ten-thousand-Niagara power, surging down in a current parallel with existence, waiting to be put to use. It runs as yet in the channel of mere nature, a channel bounded by fear and shame and selfishness. Men dread its untamed outbreaks, and try to curb it by law; but whether within bounds, or out of bounds, still it flows, irresistible, irrepressible, infinite, and mainly *without use*. Marriage does not utilize it but in a trivial degree. The cobble-dam by which marriage contrives to divert a little of its power to the amelioration of character during the period of courtship, is soon over, and it resumes its old, habitual channel. The question now presses, *Shall this power be utilized?* Shall its current be controlled by solid masonry and drawn off in a peaceful manner to enrich the race with its service? Communism answers, It can be done; it shall be done. The effect of this power, skillfully used, instead of devastating character, as in its present unmastered condition it too often does, will be to concentrate upon society an elevating and perfecting influence hitherto unknown. Under it women will grow up blooming, healthy, free, the vestals of improvement, fragrant with unfading beauty and grace; men will be moulded to more than knightly chivalry and honor, and both sexes will realize in each other the reflected goodness of God. Do not say that such a picture is too good for this world—a world that began with Eden, and whose predicted landing-place is the New Jerusalem. Do not say that it is impossible until you have seen what may be done by Communism and the Utilization of Love.

REVIVALS IN NEW YORK CITY.

IV.

UNDER the pretense of being obliged to leave the city that evening on some urgent business, Mr. Gray came from his store before the usual time and called for an early supper. Mrs. Gray promptly complied with his wishes, and made herself very useful in assisting him off. But no sooner had he left the house than the persecuted wife sat down to reflect on this strange and sudden movement.

"That man," said Mrs. Gray to herself, "has no intention of leaving the city. It is all a sham. The evil one has inspired him with some foolish plot which he is about to carry into execution."

According to her previous intention, Mrs. Gray went to hear her favorite preacher that evening at the Chapel, and had the good pastor known all the particulars of her trying situation he could not have chosen a theme more appropriate for comforting and encouraging one in her circumstances. Passages like the following were quoted: "He that spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not with him also freely give us all things?"

On returning home Mrs. Gray felt depressed. She fancied that the house had been entered in her absence by persons with malignant, cruel designs. But she was soon able to fall back on her faith in God; all fear of evil was banished and her peace of mind restored. She sent the servant-girl and children to bed, and then retired to a spare room adjoining the one occupied by herself and husband. A door opened from this parlor into the hall which led to the street, so that a person could enter the room without passing through any other. Here Mrs. Gray remained for sometime engaged in prayer. It often happens that we are required to expiate a single false act by years of sorrowful experience. That Fanny Gray, therefore, should find herself inclined to review her past life with more candor than she had ever done before, and that she should realize in so doing that she was tasting the bitter fruits of a blind, false love, against which a fond mother had warned her, is not surprising.

While thus occupied in thinking her deepest thoughts, and praying her sincerest prayers, time passed unheeded. Her prayers were not distinctly audible, but poured out in a kind of whisper which might easily have been mistaken for a private chat between two persons. At about midnight the door from the hall suddenly opened, and instantly a human form stood beside the bed upon which the praying woman was reclining. It was Mr. Gray. He had been listening for sometime at the key-hole, and being in an excited state of mind he was sure he heard two distinct voices in the room. He was certain that among her numerous acquaintances in the church, Mrs. Gray must have a clan

destine lover; and judging others by his own corrupt heart, he divined that the guilty ones would take advantage of his absence from home to enjoy a secret meeting. Exulting over the success of his plot, he opened the door exclaiming, "The villain who has robbed me is caught at last!" Mortified and provoked at not finding the imaginary rival in any part of the room, he cried out in his rage,

"Wife, where is the man who was with you a short time ago?" and at the same time brandished about her head a deadly weapon. But so completely and ridiculously was he caught in his own net, that Mrs. Gray, who had a quick appreciation of the ludicrous, could not suppress the risibles of her vivacious nature. Knowing, however, that the man would glory in a tragical ending to his jealous onslaught, she soon recovered her self-possession, and then addressed the crest-fallen husband substantially as follows:

"The person who has supplanted you in my affections—if you are determined to have it so—is as truly with me now as he has ever been, and that person is my blessed redeemer, the Son of God, against whom your deadly weapon is flourished in vain." Here Gray broke forth in oaths too blasphemous to record.

"Stop!" said Mrs. Gray, "I will not listen to such wicked language. You may cut the air as much as you please with your dagger. I do not fear it, nor you. Both of us are in the hands of a righteous God, who will 'judge us according to deeds done in the body.' But listen, Mr. Gray, to what I have to say to you. When I married you, more than six years ago, I fancied that your previous life had been as pure and spotless as my own, and you know full well that had I entertained the slightest suspicion at that time of the immoral principles you secretly held I should have spurned your offer of marriage with indignation. Equally well do you remember how shocked, grieved and mortified I was when I learned after our union—not from your own lips but by a special providence—that you had been guilty of licentious practices. When confronted with the facts, you claimed justification for yourself and your sex on the ground that in men such acts are mere peccadillos, and expected as a matter of course, while you maintained that the same acts done by women were unpardonable crimes. Neither have you forgotten that, after passing through many severe mental conflicts, I forgave the past on condition that you would ever after abandon your immoral practices. Your solemn promise to do so, you, doubltess, have forgotten, but I have not; and how soon you returned to your evil ways, regardless of your pledges to the contrary, I need not remind you. But I was your wife, and for the sake of our family and our reputation in society, I have tried to overlook and hide your faults from my friends. Now, in the face of this dark record of your past life, you claim my undivided affections, while you have taken the liberty to distribute yours upon the vilest characters that walk our street."

Mr. Gray was awed into silence, if not repentance, by so sudden and so truthful a revelation of his evil deeds; and could he have believed in anything transcending the animal kingdom in which he lived he must have believed that his wife had in the course of a few months undergone a most marvelous transformation of character. Mr. Gray found himself confronted by a woman he had never known before. He had known "his Fanny" after the flesh, a woman of the world, seeking like himself, her own pleasure. But like all unbelieving men Mr. Gray had not the remotest idea that the religion of which he so bitterly complained, was not of man's device, but a part of God's machinery for helping folks to voluntarily die into Christ and out of sin. *His* Fanny had died. She went to that meeting in the old Chatham-st. Theater to die. It was the new Fanny that troubled him so. He saw before him the form and features of the old Fanny. He could swear to that; he could identify the "house" she had lived in, and the shrine at which he had worshiped, in his fleshly way; but inside all was now changed.

LETTER TO A LITTLE BOY.

[This is a letter written by Mrs. Cragin twenty-three years ago; but it is as good now as then.]

Brooklyn, March 20, 1850.

DEAR GEORGE: * * * * Did you ever see a trumpet? It is a tube, small at one end and large at the other. We may think of our spirits as having this shape. When they are just right, the small end is toward the devil, and the large end toward God. Then we are rich in love, and peace, and sincerity, and modesty, and all those things that make us happy. When the spirit gets turned round the wrong way, with the small end toward God, and the large end toward the devil, then we are poor, and that makes us restless and unhappy, and everything goes wrong. All the desires that you have to go somewhere, or do something that you may be happy, show that you want more life. Life makes us happy. Life is God, and what you want is more of the life of God in your heart. If you will turn over your Testament to the last chapter of Revelation, 17th verse, you will read—"And the Spirit and the Bride say come, and let him that heareth say, come, and let him that is athirst come, and whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely." Then in the 16th verse of the 21st chapter, Christ says, "I will give to him that is athirst, of the fountain of the water of life freely." Then in his discourse with the woman of Samaria, while he was sitting on the well, he said to her, "Whosoever shall drink of the water that I shall give him, shall never thirst." This restless spirit that seeks to find happiness in pleasing itself, in playing, or reading stories, or in any other way than by asking God for his life in our hearts, can never be satisfied. It is always thirsty. The world is full of men and women that are seeking happiness in such ways. A man came here one morning who was going to California to get gold. I was sorry for him, and I told him that if he would seek to please God who owns all the gold, he would give him all that he wanted, because he says in the 6th chapter of Matthew, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and *all* these things shall be added unto you." That is, seek to please God, and he will seek to please you. Do you ask, "How shall I keep my spirit open toward God, and closed up toward the devil; how shall I become a faithful, modest, sincere boy?" I will tell you. Pray to God every day to keep your spirit turned right; read some in your Testament every day, and ask God to teach you how to please him. Then you will be happy, will enjoy your play, and your school and your work. If anything grieves you, that sorrow will close up your spirit toward evil, and open it toward God, if you ask God to comfort you. * * * * * * I send you my love and blessing, and expect to see you before a great while.

YOUR MOTHER.

A LEAF FROM A DIARY.

July, 1872.—Thirty-two! Out of my "teens," through the twenties, into the thirties, and I am called a—woman. How swiftly "ye wheels of time" have ye wrought this change! It was but yesterday that I was a girl, and to-day I feel the ardor of girlhood in nowise abated, and yet I am "a woman!" I pause to consider the fact, and iterate and rëiterate to myself "a woman of thirty," and shake my head doubtingly, for my fast throbbing pulse and kindling ambition belie the stern truth. I cannot believe that girlhood and I have forever parted company. My mirror has not frightened me with ugly "crow's feet" or furrowed brow, and only here and there a silver thread shining through my hair serves to remind me that I have made the transition. Age is a grim phantom, and I will none of him. I bar old age from making me his victim. Every vein in my body rebels at the thought and I defiantly deny him an entrance. The idea of losing my faculties one by one, and the gradual fading out of all my youthful attractiveness is perfectly revolting—death seems preferable. My heart is young—my feelings are young—I think young thoughts—I mean to remain young if I live a hundred years.

July, 1873.—Another year is added to my life, but I think less of growing old than I did a year ago. I am finding out the secret of keeping my youth. I feel reconciled to the days and weeks and months that make the years count up so fast. My greatest anxiety now is to live them acceptably to God. I learned a good lesson from a friend who wrote to me on this subject of growing old:

"You say that you are 'realizing more and more that you are thirty years old and wonder if you will soon lose the freshness of youth, etc.' If you live under the common law of decay and death, it is very certain that you will not much longer continue attractive. But now when that dismal wonder begins to grow upon you, it is a good time to consider *why* it is that you and all are under the stern law of decay. I have often inquired of God the reason why death is necessary? what purpose does it serve? and the answer I get is, that it is a necessary ordinance of separation; it breaks up family ties and intimacies; it breaks the connection between successive generations; it separates men and women from their idolatrous attachment to persons and things. Then I say to myself, if we were truthful enough, and had self-control enough to *separate ourselves* from all idolatries, thus doing the work for which death is necessary, death might be dispensed with. And now I say to you, that the loss of your attractiveness (which is a part of death) if it must come, will come because it is necessary to break up the bondage of too close and continuous intimacies which your charms lead you and others into. And I say further that if you were truthful enough and had enough self-control to keep yourself out of such intimacies, thus doing for yourself the work that is usually done by decay, the loss of your attractiveness would not be necessary."

I had not thought of the matter in this light. I was even then clinging to my idols, little realizing that in them lay the sure destruction of health, and youth, and life itself. I pondered much on the words of my friend; they sank deep into my soul. I felt the need of a new conversion. There came

a day when I resolved to make an offering to God of all that was to me most precious. I dared reserve nothing. When I tore the idols from my heart the agony was like death. When I said, "*I will have no tie on earth so strong as that which binds me to heaven*," I knew there was terrible meaning in the words, and that innumerable witnesses were there to bind me to my vow. I knew that God heard me, for there was a warmth in my heart that had not been there for months, and the peace that followed was perfectly wonderful. I was reconciled to God's dealings with me. I could rest my dearest treasures with him in perfect trust. Nothing can ever make me doubt that I was at that time in the presence of a living, loving God. I lost every care about keeping my youth. A new ambition filled my being. * * * * * * Months have passed and the tempter has not been idle. But I have not fallen. I dare not yield to temptation; I dare not become a pleasure-seeker; I dare not go back to my idols. The vow I made to God stands between me and every fascination. God will help me to keep it. I do not fear. I am living to make every desire and every affection secondary to my relations to him. I don't mean to forget this. Youth is delightful, but there is something grand in the thought of a womanhood filled with the love of God.

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ONEIDA CIRCULAR.

TIRZAH C. MILLER, EDITOR.

MONDAY, JULY 21, 1873.

No wonder that the clods of the valley are sweet to a woman who knows no respite from the sorrows of breeding. "What is her strength that she should hope, or what is her end that she should prolong her life?" "Three children in two years." "Four children in five years," and so on till hope faints and life falters and fails! Let us not call a man's love intelligent or beneficent so long as it works such ills to its best neighbor.

G.

SATAN, A LOGICAL NECESSITY.

A PRESENT evil is often seen to become a real good; a sorrow becomes joy at last, and pleasure becomes a pain. This blending of opposite principles has led our lazy thinkers to believe that evil is nothing but good in disguise, and therefore they have taught the world that it has no intellectual necessity for a devil. The Persian philosophy appears the wiser; it tells us that in order "to arrest the progress of evil, Ormuzd made an egg filled with the spirits of light; but Ahriman made an egg which contained an equal force of the spirits of darkness, and then broke them together," and thus good and evil were only the more confounded. Another oriental philosophy—if it please your fancy to call it so—says that all things shall work together for good to those who love God. The teacher of that truth had undoubtedly seen as much of the transmutation of evil into good as any other man, yet he did not make it an occasion for preaching that the universe is all God and good, and that there is no place for Satan. Having stood in the thick of the battle between Christ and the devil, he had learned how to snatch the truth from the great enemy, and use it to comfort those who stood with him.

Evil is something more than a lack of development; something more than a lack of light; something more than the shadows which sweep down from the mountain to where I do my writing. Such definitions may do for idle minds who want to play and have a good time; they may do for the lazy souls who want to go to sleep and have dreams. No honest, ultimate analysis has ever proved that evil is good. The evil that proves to be a good has been good from the foundation of the universe. Where is the man that is able to prove that selfishness and self-sacrifice are the same thing; that worship and devotion are identical with that egotism which would absorb the universe if it could, and which would pull Christ and the angels down from their places sooner than be subordinate? If you can't find a man to do that chore for you, then you must admit that your logic requires a devil for its next stepping-stone toward first causes.

Having reached this point a man who is not an atheist can make use of the following argument to help clear himself from any partnership with evil: There is good and evil in me; they are antagonistic, for they make battle. Not having made myself, I dare not and will not claim any merit for the goodness in me. I give God the credit for all that. Having found that good and evil are irreconcilable, are without unity, I infer that evil does not originate with God. If I don't claim the good in me, then I certainly cannot claim the evil; therefore I must attribute it to some being who is dark and malignant. If the evil being which I have found resembles the one which other men have seen, I will not hesitate to let them name him for me. They may call him Devil or Satan as they please. A. B.

COMMUNITY JOURNAL.

ONEIDA.

—Began picking raspberries on the 11th. We had our last meal of strawberries on the 13th.

—Received orders from Chicago the past week for 550 dozen quarts of canned fruits and vegetables; and also for 1637½ dozen traps.

—On Friday (11), Miss Kitty Foster, a well-known prima donna of Utica, entertained us for an hour with her singing. She was accompanied on the piano by her sister.

—We are pleased to learn that tight lacing is more unpopular than it has been. For some reason slender waists are not as fashionable as formerly, and it is no longer considered vulgar for a woman to possess a stout figure. Our lady informant left off her corsets nearly a year ago, and she says many of her acquaintances have done the same.

As mentioned last week the dam is finished. On Friday (11), everything was in readiness to receive the volume of water that had been turned into the dyke by the coffer-dam. The present structure is ten feet longer than the old one, and better in every respect. The time taken to build the dam was five weeks. The total expense was $1839,91.

—A young man living in Canada writes as follows to his father, who is one of our members:

"I should be very glad to see Mr. Pitt, though a little afraid, as I can but feel my inferiority in every way to him. I certainly should not meet him in the spirit of that man (out West I think) who was criticised in the CIRCULAR for thinking too much of himself and his own opinions. If he can do aught to take away this heart of stone out of my breast and give me one of flesh in place thereof, he will be most welcome. I am always glad to have you criticise me, dear father, and your remarks on my misanthropical tendencies shall be attended to. Although the danger is not so imminent as you fear, that spirit is doubtless at work in me and might make me a victim if not watched."

—The martins (*Hirundo urbica*), which have this season condescended to take up their abode in a little house which some of our bird-lovers built for them years ago under the eaves of the north tower, though they abate none of their loquacious sociability, betray their family secrets by the jealous watch they keep against anything like an encroachment on the privacy of their household affairs. Visitors who go to the top of the tower for the innocent purpose of viewing the landscape are taken for intruders, and the martins give them a very unwelcome reception by swooping down threateningly close to their heads, and uttering cries of distress. Even the peacock and his mate cannot air themselves on the lawn without being warned off by the martins, if they approach too near the tower. The male martin assists in incubation, if we may trust the authority of the "American Cyclopædia."

—Parties of six or eight are making excursions to Joppa frequently these warm days. Leaving our station on the 10 o'clock train, they arrive at the Lodge near the lake within an hour, and have the rest of the time until the evening train of the succeeding day in which to take a respite from the usual labors at home. A ride on the river, a bath in the lake, and some luck in fishing, is the usual round. Food has unusual relish after an hour or two of brisk rowing. In the evening all come in for an informal meeting, which is very pleasant minus the mosquitoes. One of the young women accompanied by A. B. tried the experiment on the 14th inst, of walking the whole distance home—twelve miles. Starting at Fish Creek Station at ten o'clock, they arrived at the Community grounds at half-past four, only stopping at a small farm-house an hour and a half during a thunder shower. They experienced very little fatigue, but had an excellent appetite for supper.

—A few hours' work by a company of our men at the O. C. Station on the morning of July 13th, sufficed to transfer the main casting of the big planer ordered from Philadelphia a few months since, from its car to a stout pair of trucks upon which it was hauled away to our factory after Mr. K. had duly strengthened the bridges between here and there. This planer is a ponderous affair, weighing with its appendages over 12,000 pounds. The setting up of so huge a machine in a country shop, creates a pleasing ripple in the placid current of our daily routine. It will hold upon its capacious sliding-table a casting sixteen feet long, three feet wide, and three feet high. We are now prepared to execute large jobs, as for instance the reduction of long lathe castings. The planer stands facing the southern entrance to the machine apartment, where there is good light and plenty of room. In this conspicuous position it becomes the prominent feature among our stock of machine tools, quite dwarfing the rest by its massive proportions. It cost about $2,200.

—The following cheery note from S. R. L. speaks for itself. He writes from Moffat Building, New York:

DEAR FRIENDS:—After writing the note sent by Mr. Herrick two hours ago, I started out on an errand for Mrs. Noyes, to Seventy-eighth Street. I wanted to get a book for her and return with it to the Grand Central depot by 7 o'clock in season for Mr. Herrick to carry it on with him to O. C. I went down to Chatham-st. in order to take a street car that would carry me to Seventy-eighth Street. I am generally on the look-out in all directions for cars, omnibuses, etc., when traveling in this city, especially when I am crossing or am in the middle of a street. But to-day I was caught for the first time. Intent on reading the name on a car that was coming toward me, I was knocked down by the horses of another car, just as I was about to step on the platform. The horses, attached to a loaded car, were on a smart trot, on a heavy down grade, and the suddenness with which they were stopped seems very providential to me. They ran over me without stepping on me, and the platform of the car ran by me; but by this time my shoulders were

on the track just ahead of the forward wheels. I was perfectly aware of the situation, but could not help myself, and for an instant an accident unreportable by me seemed inevitable. But just as the wheel crowded against me the car stopped and I was helped out from under it, with soiled clothes and pretty well "shuck up like," as Pete Jones would say, but with no bones broken.

There were many lookers-on, and they all thought as I did, that it was a most wonderful escape from a horrible death. I was immediately closed in by a throng who rushed from all quarters to see "the man that was killed." One gentleman straightened a finger for me that had been put out of joint, and in a minute or two I walked into a store close by, had the dirt brushed from me, washed myself, and then started for our room at 335 Broadway, which I reached just as Mr. Herrick and T. were leaving for the depot. T. went back with me and made a hasty examination which satisfied him that I had sustained no very serious injury. My left shoulder and arm and hand and fingers are so lame that I have not succeeded in dressing myself, but you will see by my writing that I have the free use of my right hand and arm. My left hand and fingers and wrist are swollen and feel stiff as well as my shoulder and breast. My legs and thighs are also somewhat bruised; but I am comfortable if I keep still, and in other respects I feel well and thankful that I escaped with so little injury.

To me it is not merely a lucky escape in the sense of accidental. I can not but construe it as God's special care for me, as I have had occasion to acknowledge many times before in perilous situations. Some of the police were disposed to arrest the driver of the horses which ran over me, but I felt more like thanking him and told the police I thought he was not to blame.

Sunday morning, 8 o'clock.—Have succeeded in dressing myself this morning with the exception of putting on my neck-tie and boots. I shall call in the first one I hear going by to help me on with my boots and then I shall go to the post-office, as I am not lame enough to hinder me from walking, though one knee is some stiff.

10 o'clock.—The janitor has just helped me put on my boots and now I am going to the post-office.

Monday.—I was right glad to have Mr. Kelly step in this morning. I had been spending three-quarters of an hour in trying to dress myself, and finally had to *give up* on the last boot. I was waiting for some one to come to the rescue.

With a little limping, I can walk as much as I want to; but I have to make a slow job of sitting down and rising—of getting into bed and getting up, etc. Considering what I was put through, it seems wonderful to me that I escaped with so little injury. In those long street cars, there are from eight to ten feet space between the horses' heels and the forward wheels. Add eight or ten more feet for the length of the horses, and you have but twenty feet at the most in which the loaded car was stopped on a descending grade, with the horses on a smart trot. I was knocked around lively for half a minute, and then the car stopped with the wheel against me. My clothes were torn and soiled. I have received divers temporary bruises and scratches; but not a bone is broken and not a joint is sprained, nor is there a feature of my beautiful visage marred! My shoulder is pretty lame yet, but as it is better to-day than yesterday, I conclude that it is doing well. S. R. L.

NOTES OF AN EVENING MEETING.

V.—Paul treats charity as a gift in connection with the gift of tongues, prophecy, miracles, etc. All these notable gifts he says are to be desired; but the main thing to be sought is charity, which he defines in a way that shows that it is Salvation from Sin—the element that neither gives nor takes offense. The spiritual mind places people beyond the possibility of quarreling. As long as people quarrel they are carnal. They cannot call themselves spiritual until they attain such a degree of charity as will prevent friction.

W. A. H.—This view makes an end of excuses. It is very natural for us when overtaken in faults, to say that things try us—that our circumstances are perplexing, and that our brothers offend us; but these are no excuses. If persons make excuses for wrong-doing, it is the same as to say that they have failed in charity and in the grace of God.

W. H. W.—This consideration of the matter brings the question home to us whether it will be possible for us to maintain revival experience in the midst of the pressure of business which the summer brings upon us. We have professed the belief that this can be done and I for one am anxious to accomplish it. The churches don't think it is practicable and consequently do not realize it.

N.—I don't think the family generally know how much they are indebted to Paul's chapter on charity. At the beginning of our movement the founders of this Community studied that chapter almost exclusively for a year. There was a continual struggle among us, in a profound spirit of prayer and labor of heart, to get that gift.

W. A. H.—We had that chapter printed in the form of placards and pasted on our doors in all the rooms of general resort. It was put into verse too by both Mrs. Cragin and Mr. Skinner. There is evidence now that the spirit of that chapter has pretty thoroughly permeated the greater part of the family.

W. H. W.—I believe it is true that charity constitutes true Christian experience. It was the foundation of the Community, and is the guarantee we have of permanence; it is the cement which holds us together.

V. C. N.—We all know what a precious gift faith is; but Paul considered charity more precious and desirable than that.

N.—Christ evidently considered charity a miracle. He really put it as the greatest of all miracles when he prayed for his disciples that they all might be one as he and the Father were one, that the world might know that the Father had sent him. Christ relied on that miracle of unity, which is the same thing as salvation from selfishness, to prove his divine origin. His prayer to the Father indicates that he wanted to show the world that his spirit would enable people to live together in peace, as though that fact would furnish the most convincing proof that he was the Son of God. Neither healings nor mere external wonders would ever conquer the world; but that miracle of unity he expected would conquer it, and I believe it will yet.

H. H. S.—Our unity is always the basis of my faith in the permanence of the Community.

W. A. H.—This spirit of charity has not united simply those of similar temperaments. You could hardly find an equal number of people who are more dissimilar and naturally independent than are the majority of the members of the O. C. The way in which they held to the Perfectionist doctrines in the early days of tribulation and disgrace, is proof of their independence.

J. B. H.—Unity is the great champion against unbelief. When Christ found faith he commended it, and when he found unbelief he rebuked it, as for example: "Oh! woman great is thy faith;" "Oh! ye of little faith," etc.; but when he sought deliberately to overthrow unbelief and to show the way in which it must be conquered, he prayed for unity that the world might believe. When we are beset by unbelief the way to meet it is with unity—by drawing closer together in charity. This is hell-fire to unbelief; it will consume it and it is the only thing I know of that will.

W. G. K.—A visitor remarked the other day that he could see how two or three could agree about one or two things; but how two or three hundred could agree on all essential points, was a mystery to him. He said he would sooner undertake to govern a State than to govern three hundred people.

N.—Let us place this subject of charity before the world as the gift of God and induce them to believe that they can obtain it by prayer; then start a system of criticism, kneading it in as a woman kneads leaven into a batch of flour, and instead of two or three hundred we shall by-and-by have two or three hundred millions of people in this same state of agreement; and that will be the miracle which will manifest to the universe that Christ is the Son of God.

WALLINGFORD.

—There are six or seven enormous fringe-trees on our lawn, and their beauty at present deserves mention. They seem for some reason to blossom in greater luxuriance here than at Oneida. Each tree is like an immense flower, hardly a leaf discernible; their changing tints resemble beautiful sea mosses.

Wednesday 9th.—Martin Kinsley arrived this morning. He came from the depot in a great hurry, called John Conant and three or four hired men, and soon a cloud of dust beyond the bridge told us that the peaceful stillness of Mount Tom was soon to be invaded. Sheep and calves all came safely.

Thursday.—Early this morning there was a sudden stillness on Mount Tom, quite agreeable to all sleeping in that vicinity. Part of the sheep had managed to escape through the south gate of their pasture whence they started for the river. The rest were following when they were discovered by Mr. Nash, who closed the gate and went to call Martin. But in the meantime they opened the gate again, and by the time Martin appeared the whole two hundred had escaped. They were very thirsty, and not finding any water on Mount Tom they took a bee line for the river. They were driven back without much difficulty, though they hated to leave the water.

—The women here have missed very much the old-time bath in the river, the want of which has been hardly endurable some of these hot days, especially with water rather short at the house. As yet there is a great deal of decaying vegetable matter in the pond, which makes it a not very healthy place for bathing. The men can go up the pond into the river, and below the dam, but the river is much too public for the women. Now, however, we feel quite grand over a nice bathing-place Mr. Hamilton has provided for us, down under the wheel-house, between the great box which contains the wheel, and the stone wall which runs through the center of the wheel-pit. Mr. H. laid a floor, enclosed the two ends, and now there is a box in which four or five can take a plunge with comfort. On the other side of the wall is room for a small swim. A sort of dressing-room has been improvised and the room being well lighted, is quite attractive.

AMONG OUR ARCHIVES

TO-DAY I stumbled upon an old leather-bound, ink-blotted ledger, labeled, "Scrap-Book of the Noyes Family. 1835–38." Opening it with the expectation of seeing a motley collection of engravings, poetry, stories, recipes, etc., cut from the newspapers and magazines of the day, and coverering obsolete accounts of "Cash Dr. to Sundries," and so on, I was happily disappointed. Instead of pages checkered with yellow printed scraps, blis-

tered and stiff with paste, I found the distinctive chirography of nearly every member of the family. The greater part of the contents is original, and whatever is not was carefully transcribed with due credit affixed. "Ah, here is richness," quoth I, mentally. Thirty-eight years ago! Let me, if possible, picture to myself the Noyes household at that time.

In a large, handsome, old-fashioned house, situated upon a graceful eminence overlooking the little village of Putney on the south, dwelt 'Squire Noyes with his wife and children. A rare group of locust trees of uncommon size and hight gave to the place the name of "Locust Grove." The blue Connecticut ran through the valley a mile below, and the scenery far and near was characterized by the usual variety peculiar to the New England landscape.

'Squire Noyes, a portly man of seventy, is still able to keep his accounts and look after the interests of his farm. Of a reticent nature and studious habits, never alluding in any familiar way to the thoughts and feelings connected with his affections, never going abroad except as business requires him to do so, and never allowing his children to inveigle him into wearing fashionably-cut clothes, he is, nevertheless, of a very hospitable disposition, his well-stored mind and ready tongue enabling him to entertain by the hour the guests who gather at his table. He has always been a great reader of books and newspapers, and being accurate and methodical, and possessed of a powerful memory, he has one of those minds in which every newly-found fact, thought or annecdote is carefully pigeon-holed and labeled, ready for use at a moment's notice.

Mrs. Noyes, a tall, straight lady of about fifty-four, somewhat eccentric and independent in her ways, is considerably broken in health, so that she no longer takes much practical responsibility about household matters, but derives great enjoyment from the society of children and young people, and is never so happy as when guiding their modes of thought on moral and religious subjects. Generous and high-toned, fond of reading and conversation, she possesses in a great degree the faculty of drawing out others and making them think well of themselves. She has also the rare trait so pleasing to children of never being so busy but that she can answer all their eager questions and attend to their numerous demands for amusement. Mary, Elizabeth and Joanna, the three eldest daughters, are married and gone, though Joanna, who has not yet sailed for the West Indies, spends a part of her time at her father's. John H. has not yet settled at home; Horatio is in college at New Haven; Harriet, Charlotte and George, respectively eighteen, sixteen and twelve years of age, are all of the eight children who live continuously beneath the paternal roof.

In the kitchen is Lovisa Darby—a most singular-looking English woman of about fifty. Her airs and oddities are a continual source of amusement to Harriet and Charlotte, who "take her off" when occasion offers for the entertainment of their acquaintances. Her figure is of the sort denoted by the term "slab-sided;" guiltless of taper or curve her waist looks strong enough for ship-timber. Her face is broad and angular in outline. Though she has reached an age when women usually seek to avoid, by ruffling or illusion, even necessary exposure of the throat and wrists, she always wears her gowns cut low in the neck and short-waisted in front as was the fashion in the days of her girlhood. Her neck is far from beautiful either in contour or complexion, being sadly weather-beaten; but she has a turn for poetical phraseology, and if you undertake to remonstrate with her never so gently, she will tell you with a toss of the head that it was once as "white as the driven snow." When she goes out for a walk or to attend church she encases her head in that hideous conception of some defunct fashion-leader—the projecting Leghorn bonnet. Below her bare shoulders she throws a narrow scarf; in one hand she carries the small basket which was the never-failing accompaniment of the church costume of our great-grandmothers, and in the other an umbrella of generous proportions may always be seen. Her gown is quite short and scant displaying her stout ankles, and altogether the figure she cuts as she sallies forth into the street is one which could never be forgotten. Lovisa piques herself on her good cooking, her nice coffee, and her "immaculate, white shirt-fronts."

Morgan Hutchins, another oddity, is the factotum about the house. He chops the wood, builds the fires, harnesses the horse and does everything and anything that is wanted.

The family are not much given to style, either in dress or furniture. They do not make half so much show as many who have less means; but they are insatiable readers. Books, bearing the marks of use, are in every room, the "*New York American*," "*The Evangelist*," "*The North American Review*," and a number of other local papers are lying about. Miss Holton, who comes to make a visit a year later, is greatly impressed by the "intellectual atmosphere of the place."

NOT FAR AWAY.

O, hunger of the heart!
O, pleading mouths, be still!
Will naught your cravings fill,
O, heart, sad heart?

O, burning, yearning heart!
Cease, cease thy fierce unrest!
Can naught appease this breast,
O, heart, sad heart?

O, strangely longing heart!
Look up! Behold relief!
There's One will take thy grief,
O, heart, glad heart!

Z.

SILK MANUFACTURE IN THE UNITED STATES.

BY C. A. CRAGIN.

I.

FIVE thousand two hundred years ago, according to the Chinese annals, the Emperor Fau Hi employed fibres extracted from the cocoons made by a huge green worm, in the manufacture of a musical instrument of which he was the inventor. The beautiful filaments thus for the first time made use of were silk.

Seven hundred and fifty years later, the Empress Si Ling Chi invented silk tissues, which invention contributed so immensely to the welfare of her country that after her death she was placed among the Chinese divinities, under the name of Sien Than or first promoter of silk industries, and even to this day the Chinese Empresses perform annually solemn rites in remembrance of her. Aside from the Chinese accounts, the earliest historical notices of silk are by Aristotle, Virgil, Horace, Pliny and others. Aristotle and Pliny speak of the fibre as the product of a caterpillar; Roman writers generally regarded it as a downy fleece gathered from trees. When finely manufactured it was valued at its weight in gold.

Although often attempted, it was not until A. D. 530, or more than three thousand years after its establishment in China, that silk-culture and manufactures were successfully introduced into Europe. In that year two Persian monks employed as missionaries in the Flowery Land learned the art of rearing the worms, and being encouraged by Justinian, brought from "Serinda" silk-worms concealed in a reed, and soon European silk-culture became an established fact.

During the ensuing one thousand years it slowly spread over Italy, France and Spain. It is noted, however, that the manufactures of silk goods from the raw material imported from China and India grew much faster than the silk-culture. In England after a vain attempt to raise the worms, weaving was undertaken, and with such success that in 1660 no fewer than 40,000 persons were employed in it.

The silk period in America may be divided into two epochs: the silk raising epoch, and that of the silk manufacturing. James the First earnestly exhorted his American subjects to exchange the production of the "poisonous Indian weed," which they were just beginning to cultivate, for that of silk-raising. But the planters were slow to obey. From that day until 1840 silk-raising was carried on in this country with varying, though generally indifferent, success. In this latter year the *Morus multicaulis* fever swept over the northern states. Mulberry orchards were set out all over the land. Golden visions of sudden wealth tickled the fancies of farmers far and near. But the winter of 1840–41 remarkable for its mingled openness and severity brought to a disastrous termination the visions of mulberry orchards and silk-raising in the United States.

Of the present attempt in California, it is yet too early to venture a prediction and the same remark applies to the enterprise of Mr. Boissiere in Kansas.

FOREIGN MACHINERY.

Of Chinese machinery we know almost nothing except that it is simple and old-fashioned to a fault. The machinery used in France for the production of their world-renowned tissues, is thus commented upon by Prof. Alcan, in Laboulaye's "Dictionary of Arts and Sciences:"

"The style of machinery employed in this branch of business is almost precisely the same as it was during the last century. No other branch of industry has remained so strange to mechanical improvement. * * * A day may come perhaps when we shall find ourselves forced to adopt the improvements that seem so desirable, and then it may be regretted that we did not sooner adopt them."

He concludes the paragraph with this frank confession:

"We will now describe in succession the machinery used by the French and English. It will be easy to recognize the superiority of our neighbors on this point."

The English made the first great start in the way of improving their machinery in 1717, when John Lombe, a skillful mechanic visited Italy and succeeded at the risk of his life, in stealing all the best Italian ideas.

The march toward perfection, however, was exceedingly slow for more than a hundred years. But in 1826 when the high tarriff duties which had been laid on foreign silks to protect home manufactures, were largely reduced, a rapid improvement took place, if we may trust Tomlinson's Cyclopædia, in English machinery. The disparity between English and French goods disappeared, and in the year 1842 British silk goods were exported to France to the amount of £181,924. Whether English silk manufacturing will recover so handsomely from the effect of her latest settlement of the tariff question remains to be seen.

The epoch of silk manufacturing in the United States, can scarcely be said to have opened before 1860, although as early as 1829 a little raw silk from China began to be used. A certain amount of the raw silk produced in the country was annually manufactured, although it was mostly exported. After 1840 one or two companies that had been engaged in raw silk production turned their attention to manufacturing foreign stock. Yet so late as 1859 the total value of the amount of raw silk imported is put down in the census of 18[illegible]

at $104,000! The imports of silk goods amounted to $30,000,000. In 1871 the imports of raw silk were $5,739,592. Manufactured goods imported $32,000,000 exclusive of duties, which would add $20,000,000. It would seem that the increase of manufactures just keeps pace with the steadily increasing consumption.

The invention of the sewing-machine has done more, perhaps, to create a really healthy growth of silk manufacturing in this country than any other one thing. In 1851 Mr. I. M. Singer finding that the sewing-silk then made was unsuitable for use on his sewing-machine, suggested to a member of a silk manufacturing firm in Massachusetts to vary in two important particulars. This was done, and the so-called machine-twist of to-day was the result.

The weaving both of dress-silks and ribbons although carried on quite extensively is, and always has been, in a rather sickly condition, kept alive only by the 60 per cent. tariff on foreign goods. A single glance at the machinery used in weaving reveals, it seems to me, the reason for such a condition. The old hand-loom worked entirely by the foot and the hand of the operative, holds its place as superior to any power-loom yet invented. Power-looms are used in ribbon weaving, but in dress-silks the productions of the hand-loom command the better price. So long as this state of things continues, as we cannot hope to compete with Europe in cheap labor, so long must our weaving lead a precarious existence.

SCRAPS FROM SUBSCRIBERS.

Rochester, N. Y., June 30, 1873.

DEAR FRIENDS:—The article in the last CIRCULAR about the mothers giving up their babes, touched my mother-love to its depths. My experience taught me long ago that yours is the only true way. No one can feel more than I the bad effects of the constant daily and nightly care of a child. It not only takes away the mother's best influence and authority, but forces the mother and child into such relations that relief is felt in separation and true happiness is diminished when together. Sincerely, K. S. P.

Peterborough, Ont., June 30, 1873.

DEAR CIRCULAR:—I will gladly pay the postage on the CIRCULAR if sent to me. It has become such an old friend that I feel I could not dispense with it. The writings of good Father Noyes have comforted me in many a lonely hour, and have taught me the true path to heaven. The "Community Journals" always have something of an interesting character in them which I love to read The Scientific and the News departments are well worthy the attention of every intelligent mind. In fact, the ONEIDA CIRCULAR is a teacher of spiritual and moral rectitude to man. The principles upon which it is based are the fundamental principles in every true Christian character; and he, who would wish to know the life of true Christian salvation, as revealed by the Son of God in the Divine Oracles, let him read the "Home-Talks" by J. H. N. Truly yours, J. A. B.

Sylvania, Pa., July 4, 1873.

DEAR CIRCULAR:—I have taken pleasure in introducing your paper to a number of persons in this vicinity as I am selling books and pictures. Some of those who read, think they will subscribe for the CIRCULAR in order that they may learn more about your religion and manner of living. A few pretend to be very much shocked, but they have no knowledge of the Community. I think you possess more virtue then persons following the old beaten path. If there is anything I can do to teach the people something more of your system of living, it will be my pleasure to do so, for your satisfaction and for their interest. It has been sometwelve or fifteen years since I began thinking about you and watching you. I have been slow to become a convert, but I now believe yours to be the true system.

Truly yours, A. W. A.

Greenville, Mich., July 4th, 1873.

DEAR FRIENDS:—When we came away from Kansas I gave my parents permission to take my papers from the post-office and in a letter received a few days since my mother thus writes:

"As for the papers none come that are worth much except the CIRCULAR and that agricultural paper. I read the CIRCULAR all through, and the more I read it the better I like it, I don't know how to get along without it." She has long been considerably more in sympathy with me in my religious views than the rest of my friends and these words of hers, coming so unexpectedly, caused tears of joy to fill my eyes.

I am learning to be satisfied with God's dealing with me by believing he knows best what is good for me. I pray now not for the things I think I need, but for a spirit of prayer, and a nearer unity with Christ. We have set apart an hour for prayer, and are endeavoring to keep it as regularly as circumstances will permit. We already feel that it has been the occasion of an inflow of the revival spirit. Our faith is receiving a severe trial at this time and we pray that we may be found faithful and that we may be strengthened to come out strong on the Lord's side.

Yours in the love of Christ, S. H.

YES OR NO?

[It is astonishing how many people there are in the world who are "lying around loose," as it were, ready for anything that comes along, from gold-mining to marrying. We think so at least when we continue to receive applications to "join" from people who don't know any thing about us. Here is a promising specimen. Don't you think we shall catch at the chance?]

——, *June 15th*, 1873.

to the Warden of the Oneida comunity Dear Sir I am informed that you Would except another member or to in your comunity I Will interduce my Self and my friend to you We would like to Join if we would be excepted We are Steal Finishers by traid We are now Brakin on the Rail. R. I am on the Passenger car and if you Will admit us Would be most happy to Join Please ansur and Oblidge yours P. S.

GLASS AND GLASS-MAKING.

IV.

WE have traced, however imperfectly, the history of glass-making from its dim beginnings back in "Egyptian darkness," down through successive stages of development and beauty to the present day. It remains to examine the various processes of manufacture, and although it will be difficult to make such operations clear without the aid of illustrations we will attempt it. But first let us recapitulate briefly the chief ingredients of glass, and the chemical effects resulting from their union.

Silica is the principal element in all kinds of glass which combines with the potash, soda, oxide of lead and alumina to form silicates of these bases. For example, it combines with the base alumina to produce the silicate of alumina, which is a combination of silica, oxygen and alumina. The bases are termed fluxes. The metallic oxides give the glass-blower the means for imparting a variety of colors to his products. "The important requisite in all kinds of glass is a fusible compound which solidifies on cooling into a transparent mass without assuming a crystalline structure. The compounds produced by the glass manufacturer range from the most fusible combinations of one part of silica with two or three of soda or potash, which melts at a cherry red and dissolves in cold water, to the hard and refractory silicates of alumina and iron, some of which require the powerful heat of a furnace to soften them. Potash and the oxides of lead and zinc increase the fusibility of glass while they also add to its lustre, softness, specific gravity, and power of refracting light. Lead used in excess imparts a yellowish tinge. Iron in the state of the silicate of the protoxide, gives a dark green color. Other metallic oxides such as uranium, copper, silver and gold are used to impart intense colors. The essential materials of the ordinary kinds of glass may be regarded as silica and boracic acid, the alkalies, potash and soda, lime and oxide of lead."

The glass factory is usually a large, irregular cone, built over a flue or "cave," as it is called, of very substantial proportions. Immediately above the cave is the furnace or grate-room on either side of which is a raised bank termed the "siege." On the siege the crucibles or pots are placed, and so arranged that the fire lies, as it were, below them and in the center of the furnace. The sides of the furnace, which is built of brick, are a trifle higher than the top of the pots, and the arch or crown is made as low as is consistent with durability. The heat required is intense, and the fierce, hot flames from the fire beneath strike the low roof of the arch, are thrown back upon the pots, and escape at last into the chimney above through the "working holes." These working holes are openings made through the sides of the furnace opposite the pots, and form the only means of access to the glass while melting. Through them the pots are filled and the molten glass taken out. The pots are made of the best fire-clay, and though every precaution is taken in preparing them, their destruction by the intense heat is only a question of time. Not unfrequently they fail when the fire is at its hottest. The replacing of a pot under such circumstances is quite an arduous service, and when done without due mechanical aids is justly regarded by the workmen as a desperate one. A more durable material for pots than clay is considered a great desideratum by glass manufacturers.

Imagine now, if you can, a furnace as we have described it; within a sea of flame, and the melting point attained. The materials, finely ground and thoroughly mixed, are next introduced into the pots, but not all at once as the stuff occupies much more space before fusion than after. At intervals during the process of melting the workmen take proofs or drops from the pots to observe the progress of the fusion. After the mass is completely fused, it is not yet ready for blowing, being full of small gas-bubbles, and the surface being covered with a layer of what is called *glass-gall*. The final process termed the *fining* has now arrived, which is simply the removal of the air-bubbles and impurities from the chemically finished glass in order to fit it for working. This operation "does itself," as the saying is, the heavier particles settling to the bottom of the mass, while the air-bubbles rise to the surface and dissolve. While this operation is going on the proofs taken by the founder become more and more uniform, till the whole mass is considered thoroughly fined. The heat of the furnace is next allowed to sink to that point at which the glass is in the best condition for blowing. Observations with a pyrometer have proved the best working temperature to be 70 degrees.

Of glass-blowing and its interesting results we shall speak in our next. V.

WHAT THE SEA SAID TO ME.

BY H. J. SEYMOUR.

On the sandy sea-shore strolling,
List'ning to the surges rolling,
And their never ceasing bowling,
'Mong the rocks.

Surely, 'tis no idle notion,
That the sparkling, seething ocean,
With its rythmic, breathing motion,
With me talks.

"Ocean, with thy locks so hoary,
There must be a wondrous story,
Tale of ancient love or glory,
Laid in store."

Softly said the sea as sighing,
With a lover's voice replying,
Made by wavelets ever dying
On the shore,

"Sad and lonely once I wandered
Round a shoreless world and pondered,
Wondering wherefore power was squandered,
Making me.

"But since heaven has kindly fated,
I like Adam should be mated,
Why I wandering, wondering waited,
Now I see.

"I've a sweetheart, I'm a lover,
In my arms I clasp her ever,
Nothing ever shall us sever,
Sea and land.

"Now I know what heavenly bliss is,
Since I've felt such love as this is,
Brimming o'er in ceaseless kisses,
On the strand.

"Robe of green on forest bowers,
Covering prairies decked with flowers,
Woven in my loom of showers,
I present.

"Fruits of spring and summer's growing,
Autumn's garners overflowing,
These are gifts of my bestowing,
Yearly sent.

"Clouds that round the mountains hover,
Snow-caps that their bald heads cover,
Fountains cool I give that ever
Bubbling flow.

"Fairest gifts of earthly blessing,
Ever fondest love confessing,
Yet that love not half expressing,
I bestow."

THE NEWS.

Sir Edward Landseer, the animal painter, is said to be insane.

The University regatta at Springfield, Mass. was won by the Yale crew.

Nine hundred and ninety Mormon emigrants arrived in New York city on Tuesday.

Garibaldi's forth-coming history of the Italian campaign of 1860 is announced for simultaneous publication here and in England.

The Japanese Embassadors and all the Foreign Ministers at Peking had an audience with the Emperor of China on the 29th of June.

Judge Blatchford has denied the motion of Commissioner Davenport to remove Chas. A. Dana to Washington for trial on a libel suit.

The committee of the Centennial Exhibition on plans and architecture met in Philadelphia on July 15th Thirty-seven plans were submitted.

The tendency of the Church of England toward Catholicism was discussed in the British House of Lords, on Monday evening, July 14th.

The Orange Parade in New York city on Saturday last, passed off quietly. The procession consisted of 360 Orangemen escorted by nearly 1,300 Police.

Vice President Wilson has had a well-defined though slight attack of paralysis. It is very doubtful whether his physicians will allow him to preside in the Senate at the opening of the next session.

The University of Syracuse has decided to found a college of fine arts. Among the names of the gentlemen composing the Faculty we notice H. C. Allwelt, Professor of Decorative Art, and W. V. Ranger, Professor of Photography.

The "Faculty" of Prof. Agassiz's Penekese school is to have about twenty lecturers, including Professor Agassiz, Dr. Brown-Sequard, Prof. B. G. Wilder, zoologist; A. S. Packard, entomologist; and N. S. Shaler, paleontologist.

The following scholars will assist Professor Baird in his sea-dredging expedition which will soon start from Portland, Me.: Professors Verrill of Yale College; Nelson, of Delaware, Ohio; Browngood, of Washington University; Mr. J. K. Thatcher, of Yale, and Dr. Palmer, of Washington, D. C.

The Morgan Envelop Company, of Springfield, Mass., are now turning off 800,000 postal cards per day, and expect to increase the amount to 1,000,000 per day. The total number of cards ordered up to July 1st, was 31,038,000, and over 3,000,000 have been called for since that time. The total amount of orders ahead at the factory is about 14,000,000.

The New York and Oswego Midland Railroad Company are preparing for a formal opening of their road on or about the 1st of August. The officers of the Company report that there are now 588 miles of the road completed and in operation. On the western extension toward Buffalo the Company are running trains 85 miles, and expect to have the remaining 120 miles completed within the next two years.

The Khan of Khiva announces himself as a vassal of Russia. Gen. Kauffmann has restored him to his throne and appointed a council of administration to assist him in the government during the occupation of the Khanate by the Russian troops. The Persian Government has been notified to make preparation for the reception of 10,000 natives of Persia, released from slavery by the decree of the Khan.

The official investigation into the causes which led to the wreck of the City of Washington has developed the following facts: The steamer was in every respect well fitted; her equipment, provisions and coal were ample for every emergency. On the other hand, three of the officers were making their first voyage on the City of Washington at the time she was wrecked; no observation was taken on account of the dense fog; the position of the ship by dead reckoning was not noted in the log; no change in the appearance of the water was observed as the vessel drew near land; no soundings were made during the voyage, but the steamer was driven recklessly ahead through the fog, her officers utterly regardless alike of the fact that the ship's compasses were seriously affected by a large quantity of steel in the cargo, and of the repeated warnings of several of the passengers.

The *Daily Graphic* of the 9th inst. says: "The morning papers are deceived in regard to the La Mountain who has just been killed from a balloon, by his own folly and carelessness, in Michigan. The real Professor La Mountain, who accompanied Professor Wise, Mr. Gager and Mr. Hyde in the trip from St. Louis to Jefferson Co., N. Y., was a most accomplished æronaut, and would never have been guilty of the negligence which resulted in the accident referred to. He died about six years ago, having in his time done much to assist the progress of science. This other 'Professor La Mountain' assumed his name and traded on his reputation in a most unwarrantable manner. He was entirely destitute of scientific knowledge and his untimely end brings no obloquy upon ærostation itself, or upon the motives of those who undertake balloon excursions. They are not to be accused of rashness, or of a desire to achieve a vulgar notoriety, because a charlatan comes to grief in making experiments for which his ignorance of the methods and his misapprehension of the aims of science entirely disqualify him."

☞Photographs of Mr. J. H. Noyes for sale at this office. Price 25 cts.

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Machine-Twist and Sewing-Silk of their own manufacture for sale by the Oneida Community.

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PUBLICATIONS.

(Sent from the Office of the Oneida Circular by mail, post-paid, on receipt of price.)

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

The Trapper's Guide; a Manual of Instructions for Capturing Fur-bearing Animals. By S. Newhouse. Third edition: with New Narratives and Illustrations. 215 pp. 8vo. Price, bound in cloth, $1.50.

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

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

Scientific Propagation. By John Humphrey Noyes. Large octavo pamphlet of 32 pages. Price 25 cts.

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

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Back Volumes of the Circular, Unbound. Price $2.00 per volume.

MESSRS. TRUBNER & COMPANY, Book-sellers, Paternoster Row, London, have the "History of American Socialisms," the "Trapper's Guide," and the "Hand-Book of the O. C.," for sale. They will receive subscriptions for our other publications.

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Of the Oneida Community Buildings and Grounds, made by a first-class artist and finely mounted, can be had on application at the Office of the Oneida Circular.

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Bird's-eye View, looking West, of Community Buildings and Grounds, 12 by 14 inches, on fine enameled board 16 by 20; price $1.75. Quadrangle and Group, 12 by 14, mounted like the above price $1.75. South and East Fronts of the Community Dwellings, giving a good view of the New Wing occupied by the Children—8 by 10, on tinted board 10 by 12, with an ornamental border price $1.00.

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Oneida Circular.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF HOME, SCIENCE AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

Published by the Oneida & Wallingford Communities.

ONEIDA COMMUNITY, JULY 28, 1873.

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TERMS:

The CIRCULAR is sent to all applicants, whether they pay or not. It costs and is worth at least two dollars per volume. Those who want it and ought to have it are divisible into three classes, viz., 1, those who cannot afford to pay two dollars: 2, those who can afford to pay *only* two dollars; and 3, those who can afford to pay *more* than two dollars. The first ought to have it free; the second ought to pay the cost of it; and the third ought to pay enough more than the cost to make up the deficiencies of the first. This is the law of Communism. We have no means of enforcing it, and no wish to do so, except by stating it and leaving it to the good sense of those concerned. We take the risk of offering the CIRCULAR to all without price; but free subscriptions will be received only from persons making application for themselves, either directly or by giving express authority to those who apply for them.

Foreign subscribers, excepting those residing in Canada, must remit with their subscriptions money to prepay the postage.

THE UNITED COMMUNITIES.

ONEIDA COMMUNITY

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

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SPECIAL NOTICE.

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

ADMISSIONS.

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

THE GOLDEN SIDE.

There is many a rest in the road of life,
If we would only stop to take it;
And many a tone from the better land,
If the querulous heart would wake it!
To the sunny soul that is full of hope,
And whose beautiful trust ne'er faileth,
The grass is green and the flowers are bright,
Though the winter storm prevaileth.

Better to hope though the clouds hang low,
And to keep the eyes still lifted;
For the sweet blue sky will soon peep through
When the ominous clouds are rifted.
There was never a night without a day
Nor an evening without a morning;
And the darkest hour, as the proverb goes,
Is the hour before the dawning.

There is many a gem in the path of life,
Which we pass in our idle pleasure,
That is richer far than the jeweled crown
Or the miser's hoarded treasure;
It may be the love of a little child,
Or a mother's prayer to heaven,
Or only a beggar's grateful thanks
For a cup of water given.

Better to weave in the web of life
A bright and golden filling,
And to add to God's will with a heavy heart,
And hands that are swift and willing,
Than to snap the delicate minute threads
Of our curious lives asunder;
And then blame heaven for the tangled ends,
And sit and grieve and wonder.

—*Selected.*

MIRACLES IN THEIR ORDER.

Home-Talk by J. H. N.

THE order of our warfare is to conquer the infirmities of the soul first, and after that the diseases of the body; and if we look closely, we shall find that is the order of all God's victories. You may say that Christ, when he first entered the field against the enemy, commenced saving men's bodies, healing the sick, curing the lame and the blind, casting out devils and raising the dead. That is the apparent, conspicuous fact; but what goes before it? Christ's immediate preparation for this fact was what we might call a course of spiritual polishing, *i. e.*, discipline that related not to his body, but to his soul. Previous to his entering upon his public work, you read of his being led by the devil into the wilderness to be tempted forty days. He was tempted with infirmities of the soul. The devil invited him to unbelief, to idolatry, to an abuse of his miraculous power. Read the account of those temptations. You will find them temptations such as we can all experience, without any trouble in our bodies. You will see him tempted to sensuality, to pride, to ungodly ambition. You will perceive that he went through a tremendous course of self-conquest in those forty days. He was busy dethroning the devil in heart and soul, casting him out, and making an end of his power. He made thorough work of it, and closed the door on the tempter.

Then he steps forth into a career of open manifestation and begins to heal men's bodies, and cast out the devils that possessed them. He makes havoc in Satan's dominions externally. This physical, conspicuous war was wholly the result of that previous conflict, in which immortal, interior, spiritual victories were won. That was the order of his operations, and it must be ours. We must follow him in the grapple with the tempter if we would partake of his victorious power.

We have not yet got through *our* forty days' temptation. It is not time for us to begin to heal the sick, raise the dead, and cast out devils in that conspicuous way. We must wait until we have conquered all evils within—made an end of discontent and unbelief, and all the working of evil thoughts and wicked spirits.

I have no doubt that the same order we see in the phenomena of Christ's career, will be seen in every believer's experience. Begin at the right end of the matter, by casting the devil out of your own souls, and you will be able to work miracles around you. We are apt to forget the secret fountain of power. We look at the conspicuous part of Christ's life, and think little of those half-seen struggles in the wilderness, and of the soul-travail of all the unrecorded years that went before. Let any man who covets miraculous gifts seek them first of all in self-conquest. And so with the Community; let it get where it can say with thundering decision: "Get thee behind me, Satan," and Satan will go, and the angels will come, and then we may begin to work miracles. God will give signs and wonders when there is a work within us that deserves to be attested.

You will see the same order of phenomena if you will look at the battle of the Cross, as the antecedent of the day of Pentecost. In the first campaign we have seen a duality: first, the temptation, and following that, miracles; and the miracles based on the victory over the temptation. In the second campaign we have the same duality. The victory of the Cross stands in the same relation to the day of Pentecost, the spread of the Gospel through Judea, the outpouring of the Spirit, the gift of tongues, and the conversion of the Jews, that the victory of the temptation did to the miracles that followed it. Christ was finally put through the death-temptation, the great agony in which he conquered the flesh and was made perfect through suffering. He met the Wicked One face to face, and proved himself the strongest, in Gethsemane and on the Cross. Those were internal, spiritual victories, from

which external miracles or conspicuous manifestations of power were strictly excluded. He might have called twelve legions of angels, or displayed his own miraculous power, but that was not his business then; it was the conquest of himself; and he faithfully went through the ordeal. The result was that forty days after, the Holy Ghost descended as a mighty wind and filled the disciples with wisdom and power, that scattered the devils before them and took posession of Jerusalem and Judea. Thus here, as before, conspicuous victories over the devil followed a great act of suffering and self-conquest on the part of Christ. This is the order in which all our victories must come. Salvation from Sin first; signs and wonders afterward.

THE FOUNTAIN-HEAD.

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

THE traveler who comes to a river notices it as a noble object in nature; he sees it fertilizing the adjoining meadows, furnishing unceasing power to machinery, bearing on its bosom ships and the wealth of commerce, supporting populous towns by its side, and finally merging itself in the broad ocean. All this is the conspicuous aspect of the river. But to take a complete view of it, either in reality or in imagination, one must inquire for its *source*, and that is generally found in some distant and obscure spring, hid in the highland forest.

Communism is such a river. Its pleasant and useful aspects begin to be apparent. It is seen to be a good school of character, a magazine of productive force, a supporter of education, an equalizer of wealth, a developer of genius, a promoter of moral and physical beauty on every hand. People in view of these results call it "the greatest curiosity of the age;" but they do not gain a satisfactory idea of it as a whole until they trace it back and inquire for its source. In doing so, they may be led into what may seem a distant and obscure region. If we are asked, What is the fountain-head of Communism? we answer, It is the truth about the Second Coming of Christ. It is from this origin, insignificant and remote as it may appear, that the practical results seen at the Oneida Community and its branches flow. Here was our first point of divergence from the common course of thought—here is the germ and dynamic element of Communism.

Let us trace a little way the course of this spring, or in other words note some of the consequences of a perception of the fact that the Second Coming took place, as foretold by Christ, at the close of the apostolic age. In the first place it cuts off the claim of all such hierarchs as Swedenborg and Ann Lee, whose pretensions rest on the allegation that they represent the Second Coming of Christ. Secondly, it disposes of Millerism, by proving it to be 1800 years out of date. Thirdly, it disposes of Popery and all those sects who claim to be the successors of the Primitive Church, by showing that the latter are still in business and need no successors. Fourthly, an acceptation of the word of Christ on this subject places persons in true relations with the spiritual world. It opens the door of communication with that world in the right way, as modern Spiritualism opens it in a wrong way. It presents us to the Primitive Church instead of to Hades. Fifthly, it discloses Communism to us, not as an untried experiment, or a new, man-made invention, but as the long-tried social state of all that part of humanity which entered with Christ into the resurrection. If it thus takes away from Communists the conceit of originality, it guarantees to them success by opening to them a partnership in the magnificent results of 1800 years' progress in the unseen world. It shows their business to be to receive the higher civilization of those in advance of them, rather than to create a new one of their own. Sixthly, it discloses the fact that all the improvements of the age are importations from the resurrection sphere, and places us in a situation to recognize our benefactors in that sphere.

Such are some of the direct consequences of a rectification of our views about the Second Coming in accordance with Christ's words. If there are any who are inquiring their way to practical Communism on the Pentecostal model, we recommend to them as the first and best guide-board in that direction, a study of the New Testament declarations about the Second Coming of Christ.

REVIVALS IN NEW YORK CITY.

V.

A WORD or two at this point in our story about the revival in general. For several months the health of Mr. Finney had been suffering in consequence of overwork. His labors had extended from New York over a large part of New England. He visited New Haven, Hartford, Providence and Boston. While preaching in the latter place Mr. Finney had an assurance, as he believed, that the city would surrender to the powers above; but at the critical point he failed to realize his anticipations. His ill health, perhaps, staggered his faith. Becoming less and less able to discharge his duties as a preacher, his friends and physicians advised him to leave the country. In January, 1834, the great revivalist sailed for the Old World, and was absent nearly a year. How can Mr. Finney be spared? Who will fill his place? Will the work of saving souls go on without him? Those and many similar questions were asked, while no particular member of the clerical profession gave evidence of being his successor in power and earnestness. Churches had been multiplied, and converts were counted by thousands.

Weeks passed with no visible signs of a favorable change in Mr. Gray. Notwithstanding the unremitting assiduity on the part of his wife in discharging her every duty, and in endeavoring to exhibit the spirit of Christ in her daily intercourse with him, Mr. Gray became more and more alienated from her. In his opposition to religion, the innate selfishness of his nature disclosed itself in many oppressive ways that none but a wife could experience.

Mrs. Gray met a friend one day who inquired about the attitude of her husband toward her and the revival. She replied: "His case looks to me almost hopeless; but I am not unhappy, for my heart is in the work of God. My happiest hours are those spent with my friends in religious meetings, and my trust in God is more and more a reality that stands by me; but at the same time I have an indescribable feeling that a great trial is before me—a crisis of some sort that will thoroughly test my faith in God."

A short time after this interview with her friends, Mrs. Gray had a dream of a very distressing character. She saw herself an outcast from her home and children, and a woman of a doubtful character occupying her place. The agony of her mind was so great that she awoke, and she thanked God that it was only a dream. On again falling asleep, the same distressing picture was once more presented to her, and while in this agony she saw her Savior and said to him in child-like simplicity, "O, let this cup pass from me." The answer came, "My grace shall be sufficient for you." To that comforting assurance her heart replied, "Your will shall be my will." The next morning she had a new sense of resignation to the will of God. All fear respecting unpleasant events that might befall her was entirely removed. It seemed to her that she had died to her children, and had now committed them to God's keeping.

In the course of a few days Mrs. Gray saw tokens of the speedy fulfillment of her dream. Her husband seemed to her as one whom the devil had made his own, and her heart told her to be prepared for the worst. On his return one night from the store, Mr. Gray was accompanied by the very woman Mrs. Gray had seen in her dream. When he entered the room where his wife was seated, he said, "This is my future housekeeper, Fanny, and you are from this evening released from all further responsibilities here." The feelings of that wife and mother may be imagined, but no words can adequately describe them. Mrs. Gray had grace given her to command her feelings and say nothing. Her moral sense, however, of personal rights insulted and outraged, caused the Steele blood in her veins to seethe with terrible indignation; but her faith in God had taught her self-control, and as the dreaded hour had now come she prayed that she might behave herself like a true soldier of the cross. Gray had prepared himself to meet a moral broadside from the wronged one which he well knew she was capable of delivering; but silence is often more eloquent and powerful than words can be. As she left the room she said, as though speaking to herself, "God's will be done!" She was allowed to take nothing with her but her own wardrobe, which she calmly packed in trunks, to be sent for when she had found a place to lay her head. The two boys had been taken to the store, that they might not be present at the parting. About eight o'clock in the evening the beautiful wife of Henry Gray was turned out of her house and home, for no other cause than the right she claimed to become a religious woman and obey God rather than man.

Some weeks previously, but subsequent to the playing of his best card, Mr. Gray told

his wife she might have two weeks in which to make up her mind to either give up her church friends and her religious whims or to quit his house forever. She chose the latter without the slightest hesitation. Still, Mrs. Gray clung to the hope that something might occur which would change his mind, and that she might be spared the fiery ordeal. She did not shrink from it on her own account. To be turned into the street to seek a livelihood as best she could, in company with thousands of indigent women, was a light trial compared with leaving her two little boys with a profligate, infidel father, and a woman equally destitute of religious and moral principles. She bitterly remembered now how she pleaded with her mother for her approval of her engagement to the "fine-looking young grocer, Henry Gray." She remembered, too, her own self-confident words, "I will bear the consequences of my choice uncomplainingly."

The reader perhaps wonders where Mrs. Gray's mother is during these trying scenes? Not idle, by any means. Previous to Fanny's first attendance on Mr. Finney's preaching at the old Chatham-street theater, Mrs. Steele had for months thrown her whole soul into the revival movement. In connection with other pious mothers she had formed a circle of a dozen or more, who met two or three times a week to pray for the conversion of their own children and other members of their respective families.

A number of these praying-circles existed at one time in various parts of the city and were regarded as among the most efficient means then employed for the conversion of the ungodly. The design of the originators of these circles was to conduct them as privately as possible. Those who were to be the subjects of divine intercession were kept in ignorance of the movement on their behalf. There were numerous instances of conversion through this agency of agreement in prayer, greatly encouraging the praying-circles to look for success in cases that seemed to be utterly hopeless. Fanny Gray was one of the many on Mrs. Steele's list of subjects for prayer. By a singular coïncidence Fanny was the subject of prayer on the very evening that she and her husband attended, for the first time, the protracted meeting at Chatham-street chapel. The experience of Mrs. Steele on that occasion, as related to the writer, was substantially as follows:

The members of the praying-circle were all present and there appeared to be a degree of earnest faith in the efficacy of prayer not before manifested. When Mrs. Steele's time came to lead in their devotional exercises she felt that her prayers for her daughter were already answered, and that the burden she had carried for years, respecting her impenitent state, was suddenly removed. What could it mean? She could not have been happier had a voice from heaven announced to her that Fanny had given her heart to God; so that she could do no more than praise him for his goodness, long-suffering and mercy. In the converted daughter the mother found a sister and coworker in the cause of religion. But Fanny, knowing that her husband cherished a strong dislike toward her mother on account of her devotion to religion, advised her to avoid his presence as much as possible, at the same time urging her to present his case to her praying associates as a subject of prayer. This Mrs. Steele very cheerfully consented to do; with what success we shall report in our next chapter.

J. H. N.'s EXPERIENCE IN SKEPTICISM.

[In these days when the Positive Philosophy seems to be undermining Christianity in unexpected quarters, it is cheering to know that there are some earnest men who have been subjected to the severest temptations to Infidelity, and yet have, when every anchor seemed swept away, found a basis for faith which fully justified the steadfast trust of the old religious heroes. Unbelievers assume that if religionists had but the courage to think for themselves, unbiased by the traditions of the Bible and the early lessons of veneration taught by parents and guardians, the whole world would become of the same mind as themselves. We see clear signs that skepticism is the result, not of too deep but of too shallow thinking. The following extract from J. H. N.'s "Religious Experience" shows that the hardest thinking is the safest. The scene is New York city; the time is 1834, during the memorable three weeks of spiritual mobbing he was called to endure.]

I WAS driven by an invisible influence through a course of reasoning on philosophical subjects which entirely broke up all my previous scholastic theories, and reduced me to a condition of universal doubt. My mind was preternaturally active, and ranged with astonishing freedom over boundless regions of thought. I thought I saw with the clearness of heaven, the falsehood of the Copernican system. In like manner all my previous conceptions of truth in other departments of science, were turned topsy-turvy, and on their ruins arose the discarded theories of the ancient world. I was spirit-bound for a time, to a curious doctrine of metempsychosis. I thought that every soul was to appear in this world four times in different persons. For instance I imagined that Adam, Abraham and Christ were the same being, and that that being was to be manifested again in the last period of the world.

When all that the schools had laid up within me had been prostrated and reduced to chaos, I said within myself, "The Bible stands firm nevertheless." But soon the destroyer was let loose on that also. Objections to the inspiration and credibility of the Scriptures began to force themselves on my mind. With merciless and more than human ingenuity, the spiritual intelligence which directed my thoughts arrayed before me all the apparent inconsistencies and immoralities of the Bible, till at last I cast it from me with abhorrence, as a monstrous imposition.

Still I clung to Jesus Christ. But ere long this refuge also failed me. His character, on being subjected to the diabolical spirit of analysis which had taken possession of my intellect, was gradually stripped of its glory, and at length appeared preeminently hideous. With agony I yielded to the conviction that he was the prince of devils.

Finally I said in my heart, "If all science is a lie, if the Bible is an imposition, if Jesus Christ is the prince of devils, still there is a God in whom I may trust." Then the cloud of doubt began to gather about the idea of God. Satan took advantage of his own abuses, and turned my thoughts toward the impositions that had been practiced upon me by what I supposed to be the Spirit of God. The Bible was gone. Nothing but my own experience was left to me; and when that was set before my eyes as a series of deceptions, my belief in a God was overclouded, and the darkness of atheism fell upon me.

In order that my situation at this time may be fully understood, it must be observed that all my confidence in men had been previously taken away. I had seen the corruption of the church and clergy, and had rejected them and been rejected by them. I came to New York hoping to find spiritual help and guidance in Latourette, but was miserably disappointed. John B. Foote, Dutton and several other western Perfectionists, had visited me, and I found them, not in advance of me in spiritual wisdom as I had hoped, but in bondage to Latourette and to what I regarded as the follies of a diseased spiritualism. I had begun to distrust Weld. Thus I was left alone. I knew not a man on earth that I could lean upon or take counsel with. And now all the lights of human wisdom were extinguished, the Bible was gone, Jesus Christ had become the prince of devils, and God was annihilated.

The net of Satan had completely enveloped my intellect. Yet there was an instinctive consciousness of strength and an imperishable hope in my heart. When the spirit of darkness had done its worst, I said within myself, "If the universe is a blind chaos without a God, and the destinies of all beings are to be worked out by their own strength, I have as good right to try what I can do for existence and happiness as any body. I will yet wrestle for victory over evil." Then my heart began to burn with indignation against the spirit which was abusing me. My will lifted itself up apparently with the energy of omnipotence against the adversary. I acted in the spirit of the words of Isaiah: "I looked and there was none to help; and I wondered that there was none to uphold: therefore mine own arm brought salvation unto me; and my fury, it upheld me." The net gave way, and immediately I found myself again in an atmosphere of confidence and peace.

The effect of this mental overturn was permanent. It completely emptied me, for the time being, of all the theories which I had previously stored up. I could hardly tell afterward what I believed on any subject, till I had investigated it anew; and from this time forward I have had a deep sense of the necessity of laying the foundations of my belief below the frosts of spiritual delusion. The rule of mental economy which this passage of my experience led me to adopt, I expressed as follows:

"What we positively *know*, is all the mental capital we can count upon as safe and available. What we guess, think, believe, and hope to be true, is paper capital, that may be genuine or may be counterfeit—redeemable or irredeemable. If there is among it any valuable truth, it is like grain yet mixed up with the chaff, not fit for use till it has been winnowed. It is well enough to have on hand a great heap of guesses. But we must not think of living on them, or using them as winnowed truths. Nor must we allow them to get mixed up with our store of known verities. The true method of mental economy is to look over the whole mass of our thoughts, select all that we absolutely know, and keep that by itself, accounting it our specie-basis. If it is but a small store, never mind. A little silver and gold is worth more than a bushel of counterfeit bills. Then we may go on to examine and work up our heap of guesses, so as to convert them as far and as fast as possible into known truths, taking good care not to add any of them to our sure treasure, till we have thoroughly tested them. This is the only way to get and keep a sound mind."

—A man is not thoroughly in earnest unless his spirit repels evil in proportion as it attracts good; unless his jealousy is proportioned to his love;

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his combativeness proportioned to his benevolence.

Jesus Christ, working in mankind, is the author of the Locomotive, and the Ocean Steamer; and the Sewing-Machine, and the Mowing-Machine, and the thousand-and-one bright things which make the age a go-ahead one. Don't then let your smart neighbor, who owns a machine-shop, be so pitifully short-sighted as to think that he alone is concerned in the clever invention which he has patented. If he does think so, he is embezzling honor which belongs to another, and he will surely have to render it back sometime. Persuade him rather to acknowledge that Christ in him did the work, and then he is fairly entitled to honor from men and angels. G.

ONEIDA CIRCULAR.

TIRZAH C. MILLER, EDITOR.

MONDAY, JULY 28, 1873.

WHICH IS THE TRUE TIDE?

MATERIALISM denies immortality. Spiritualism proves immortality by millions of ghosts. Both claim to be the great inrolling tide of science and progress. To-day we get a rebuke from a correspondent in this vein:

"You pit yourselves against the inrolling waves of Materialism. Pray have you read in the story books how the royal Canute moved back his chair before the waves he had ordered to come no further?"

Yesterday we read in Emma Hardinge's "History of Spiritualism" as follows:

"The Journals which purvey fun and filth, though they may serve the purpose of dragging Spiritualism into notoriety, will no more arrest its progress than the throne of Canute could arrest the progress of the ocean's eternal and resistless tides. 'On, on, forever,' is the burden of that mighty anthem that rings through the corridors of Eternity, chanted by the legions of Progress."

This is fine writing on both sides. We think Emma is a little ahead.

Another correspondent who criticises T. L. P.'s appeal "To Arms," after all says about the right thing, according to our mind, in the following:

"If his theory of religion is not prepared to take in all that science has to say, he had better think it over again; and my think is that before he makes a finish, he will see God's providence in it all."

We see that now. Our doctrine, always and everywhere, is, that God is on both sides of every fight. Our difficulty is that we find ourselves just at this time between two "inrolling tides." If we are Canute, we shall have to manage our chair in some new style to escape the opposite surges of Materialism and Spiritualism. Perhaps when they come together in their final rush and struggle, we shall have the luck to rise and float in our chair of State. We have no idea of stopping them. They will stop each other.

THOUGHT, BUT NOT WISDOM.

LET a thoughtful man read the precepts of those "Poor Richards," the country editors, who delight in telling young men to trust everything to their own energy, enterprise, industry and frugality; to trust nothing to luck, and to lose no time waiting for an opportunity; in brief, to lay hold of success without stopping to look at the powers which can give favors and withhold them; let a man consider the advice of these wise men who think they have analyzed success and found its ultimate elements, and he shall take little pleasure in the labors of the school-committee, and in the endowments of colleges, for he will see that we have enough of that intellect which attacks the problems of life with a wisdom no better than that of a beaver at his dam.

Hurrah for winds, and tides, and luck, and God who measures out a man's success!

Sanguine people are exulting over the march of intellect, as if everything depended on that march it may be that intellect has gone far enough at present, and had better come to a halt. We have any amount of thinking, but where is our wisdom? It now seems more desirable that we should have colleges that can make seers of our young men—that can make life a miracle, and our success as wonderful as the march of the Israelites, when led by cloud and pillar of fire.

The mischief of these "Poor Richards" is, that they are not only blind as to the fact that God is the great manager on this stage, but they also bind heavy burdens upon our shoulders. Some writer of books discovers that your great genius was a great worker; straightway editors and schoolmasters begin to incite our young men to expect success by imitating this Hercules. But they fail to tell us what winds filled the sails of that genius, or what power strengthened him and made him a steady worker.

If a man—the beggar in the road if you please—shall only take time to examine his life somewhat sincerely, he shall find that his victories have been gifts to him from the powers above. Let us not embezzle any of the honor which belongs to God. We may have real estate tied down to a rock, and keep our accounts by double entry, and rely on cash payment, but does it follow that we can compel success and defy hunger and loss? An inspired seer tells us that the battle is not to the strong, nor the race to the swift; but to the lucky—to him whom God favors, and to him who does not stumble. If this was true in the ages gone, then it has become doubly so during the years that have stood between that time and this. The man who sells his farm to make room for the city, and the man who owns a water-front to which the ships must come to unload their freight, may seem to be especially cared for; but dare you say that a farmer living inland and remote from towns, has fewer signs of favor, and, therefore, must depend upon himself?

It seems to be one of the conditions of true success, that we should cease from our own endeavor just long enough to see what God is intending to do for us and with us. All things work together for good to him who loves God. To him all fortune is good fortune; and in the deeper sense he may be having victories when his neighbors think he is o'erwhelmed by disaster. However, life may yet become one of the exact sciences, should we all learn to do our best, and then resolutely look to God to do the rest. Let us dare to cut loose from our base when so ordered, and then march to the sea, like Sherman, knowing that our God will have his ships at the coast to meet us. A. B.

COMMUNITY JOURNAL.

ONEIDA.

Friday, 25th.—Finished haying to-day.

—The Colorado Potato Bug (*Doryphora 10-lineata*, Say) has made its appearance at Willow Place. An enemy with ten lines ought to *doryfory* most anything.

—Many of the Indian women who used to frequent our kitchen for "cold pieces" and "old clothes," blanketed and moccasined in the style of their ancestors, now pass to and from our Station flounced, ruffled and paniered in the latest fashion.

—We judge the newspapers are getting short of interesting reading matter these days, as they have taken up the hackneyed theme of "that dreadful Oneida Community," again. To be re[ad] by doubling they should introduce new features o[r] either for and not serve up the same dish that [has] the only warmed over so many times. [widely suc-]

—"The trestle! the trestle! there's a [fire] in the long trestle that runs through our [mach]inery em-Make haste, for the beams are on fire. S[end] re are hurry to the house, and bring two pails of water! That's right! Pour it on carefully! Just in season! The fire is out!" This is the fifth or sixth time within a year that we have discovered the trestle on fire just in time to save it from destruction.

Sunday, July 20.—A cool and bracing day with a plenty of clouds and some sunshine. A party goes up the valley six or seven miles on foot and back without fatigue. Haying is pretty well advanced; the western hills are turning yellow again with the fields of ripening grain; the oats are blue-green yet; corn is beginning to tassel a little here and there; and a few of the earliest golden-rods (*Solidago arguta*) are coming into bloom at Stockbridge.

—At four o'clock on Friday afternoon (18th) we spent an hour in listening to a performance on the piano by young Mr. Curtis of Utica. Although Mr. Curtis has studied but little more than two years, and considers his musical education far from complete, his rendering of the "Carnival of Venice," "Thanatopsis," and a March by Chopin, was strong and masterly. He seemed to have good command of arpeggios and running passages, but betrayed some embarrassment in trilling. We should say that he had studied in a good school, and must ere long be counted among our musical artists.

—We are having cool weather for mid-summer. The air seems more like October than July. The roses are nearly out of bloom, and the lilies are gone. In their place are the early autumn flowers, dahlias, verbenas, golden coreopsis, German-asters, hollyhocks and the like. The yucca just now attracts some notice; a tall plant, with cream-colored bell-shaped flower and pungent odor. The recent heavy rains have deepened the green to the foliage on the lawn, and given greater luxuriance to every growing thing.

—*Sounds on the Lawn after Supper.*—The click of mallets and balls on the croquet-ground; the rolling of carts and wagons in the distance; the music of piano, clarinet and 'cello playing in the Hall; a quartette singing in the cottage at the foot of the hill; children's voices laughing; boys playing horse; cows lowing at the barn; sheep bells tinkling; lambs bleating; frogs peeping in the pond below the garden; birds singing; wind whistling through the trees; the roar and rumble of the cars on the Midland; the ringing of the car-bell which announces the arrival of our friends from Joppa; a merry greeting of the newly-arrived; the high note of the whistle which calls us together for an hour in the Hall.

—Our "cottage by the sea" that we call Joppa, has one feature of refreshment which we venture to say cannot be found at Long Branch or Newport or Saratoga: to wit: *it is surrounded by people who are fond of doing deeds of kindness for nothing!* Strange as it may seem, it is strictly true that the Spencer families, who own the land in that region, and all the other inhabitants that we meet with, deal with us on principles that come nearer to Communism than anything we have ever found elsewhere. In fact, we have so much trouble in making them take anything for what they do for us, that we are getting ashamed to ask favors of them, and sometimes have to relieve our consciences by thrusting money into their pockets against their will. Do you hear this, O ye skinners of Niagara? We hope not, for fear you should find your way into our bower of innocence at Fish Creek.

direction. ; who is the woman that just left the
of strength'; face seems familiar."
our silk m: anny, don't you remember years ago
a series o children went to the lake and danced?
as migh' e very woman who kept the hotel at that
of the r
single' aght she was a younger woman."

"She was young then. She just remarked to some one, 'You would n't think I ever had rosy cheeks to see me now, so faded and old, but I did.' The year-and a-half old baby we saw then and thought so pretty, is now a great girl fourteen years old and taller than her mother. My! what a little while ago it seems since we children had that dance! I remember it as plainly as if it were only yesterday. To think of its being thirteen years! We were all children in the children's house then, and now we are 'grown folks!' I wonder if every body and every thing will change as much in the next thirteen years as they have in the last!"

—Voluminous trailing skirts are no doubt very fine in the ball-room or on the promenade; but for boat-riding and woods-rambling give us the short dress! When we began our excursions to Joppa we wore long skirts *en route*, carrying short gowns in a satchel; but there is three-quarters of a mile to walk through a sandy road from Fish-Creek station to our Lodge, and besides we don't like to waste so much time costuming; so now we leave the house attired in our own peculiar dress and enjoy ourselves a thousand times better. We can get ready almost as quickly as the men can—a masculine accomplishment which we have always envied. The people in the cars stare, of course; but we are used to that at home and so don't mind it. Yet no one laughs or makes an offensive remark, and we conclude that sensible folks are glad to see a common-sense dress for occasions of this sort. Poor Miss Araminta! you v'e no idea what a prisoner you are with that weight of clothes about your limbs! See how we can climb the fences or run along the beach with hands and feet free! You can't do it. Look! the boat is wet; what will you do with your skirts? Ours are disposed of in a trice. O, Araminta, Araminta! Mrs. Grundy is a hard mistress.

—All our youngest, from Richard nearly four, to Gertrude nineteen months, take their meals together in the family dining-room. The eight younger ones have only lately risen to this honor. At dinner they come in just as the second table is serving, and as the door is often left open, groups of curious and interested visitors frequently collect about the entrance to look at the babies and take an observation of our manner of appeasing the "rage of hunger." Some of our people have felt a little restive under such *sans souci* inspection, and quite inclined to protest against it. The other day during the dinner hour, a lady stepped inside the door and calmly seated herself with her eyes upon the infant table. "How impolite!" exclaimed several of us glancing at each o her in displeasure. "O, no!" said H., smiling good humoredly. "I should call this a nice way of furnishing cheap entertainment. It doesn't hurt us any, and it evidently delights her. We were made to be a city set on a hill. How are we to ever show the world our miracle of unity if we hide away from inspection?" We looked again at the lady with different eyes. She had a motherly countenance and appeared to be taking such solid comfort that we felt quite reconciled to her and said she might look to her heart's content.

—Currants and cherries, white and red, raspberries, red and black, rescued from decay and immortalized in glass and tin; this is the play daily enacted on the preserving-room stage. Eleven hired performers and three of our own people comprise the company. But how vastly improved the performance since the days of our humble beginning long ago! Our progress was sure but very slow in that primitive time; when each bottle was laboriously sealed with a wad of wax which would now suffice for a dozen; when peas were shelled by hand, and corn pared off the cobs with a knife. The pea-sheller and corn-cutter and other contrivances have wrought a great change, but they are minor improvements; the business has been revolutionized by a single stroke—the invention of the Keep. Step into the little apartment adjoining the store-room; the chilling cold penetrates instantly; and with good reason, for overhead is a lofty column of solid ice. Taste these cherries, sound and juicy as when plucked from the tree. They were put in here July 8, just sixteen days ago. See that huge mound of peas undergoing no change from week to week, and those crates filled with red raspberries piled higher than your head awaiting their turn. Now you perceive how a small trained company working steadily through the season, can in the end accomplish as much as a large force of amateur helpers, and with far less strain and confusion. No night work as of old; the icy breath of the Keep preserves fresh and sweet the material left over from each day's work. The Keep has set the packer free. Nothing hurries him, nothing worries him. Peas and corn by the wagon-load, berries by the cart-load, move him not. He puts them away in his doubled-doored arctic ceil and takes his time.

AMONG OUR ARCHIVES

II.

OPENING again the "Scrap-Book" referred to last week we are tempted to make some extracts. The village Congregational church came to grief. Here is a poem in memory of the event. A note on the side of the page informs us that it was "written Oct. 11, 1837, by the junior members of the Noyes family." It is called

THE LAMENT OF THE OLD CHURCH.

Gone are the days, forever gone,
When I could boast a spire as high,
A bell as large, with solemn tone,
As any temple far or nigh.

My spire! It was a beauteous one—
So tall, so gracefully it rose!
It towered to greet the morning sun
And caught its rays at evening's close.

Its vane! A truer ne'er was placed,
To tell which way the wind might blow.
Its balls! So bright they might have graced
The church of Michael Angelo!

My bell! It was a noble bell.
Its sounds, sonorous, loud and clear,
From mountain's side re-echoed, fell
With softened cadence on the ear.

At morn, at noon, at evening's hour,
It spoke of school, of home, of rest;
And all who heard confessed its power
To hush the tumults of the breast.

How oft I've seen the motley crowd
Within my spacious portals throng;
Called hither by its summons loud,
To join in prayer and praise and song.

Another sound had that old bell;
'Twas solemn and of joy bereft;
It tolled of life the parting knell;
It spoke of sorrow and of death.

But why should mem'ry thus recall
The happy scenes of olden time?
I prove the fate that must befall
The proudest church in any clime.

My spire got bent by some foul means;
But rumor said, "'Twas Time's sharp tooth—
At any rate 'tis plain it leans,"
And so it down must come, forsooth.

So one fine morning all the people
With fell intent assembled round;
They tied a rope to my poor steeple
And pulled it thundering to the ground.

My bell got cracked. I need not say
Its days were told, its fate was sealed.
The people vowed it should not stay
Where long its joyous tones had pealed.

They pulled it down, but not content
To let it rest in peace forgot,
As if on its destruction bent,
They formed a base gunpowder plot.

The train was fired. My faltering tongue—
Oh! how can it the story tell?
A moment more my bell had rung
Its own, its last, its loudest knell!

My organ, too, whose mellow tone
Once blended with the tuneful choir
Now echoes but the wind's wild moan—
Fit dirge for organ, bell and spire!

My organ! You may see it now;
Within my walls a wreck it stands.
Its bellows long have ceased to blow—
Its keys untouched by player's hands.

My story's told! You know the fate
Of my poor spire and bell and organ.
It but remains to dedicate
This tale to President Silas Morgan.

Although the family is somewhat remarkable for amiability and harmony here we find an amusing bit of human nature. Harriet and Charlotte, who have arrived at fastidious young-ladyhood, write their younger brother George, who is in his hobbledehoyhood, a lecture in the form of an

ACROSTIC.

George, learn of your sisters this simple truth,
Early rising is your best preservative of youth,
Of health, of happiness, of every good,
Received by mortals from rich nature's load.
Go then! and may the rising orb of day
E'er find you watching his first cheering ray.
Wash your hands and face with care,
Next clean your teeth and comb your hair.
On "chores" ever look with unfeigned delight,
You then will eat with a good appetite.
Ever mind these useful rules, my boy,
So will you be your sisters' greatest joy.

On the margin, beside the line ending "my boy," George has written in brackets, "Boy, indeed!" The chirography of these two words is very expressive. The injured dignity of the boy of fourteen bristles in every stroke.

Three of Mary's children have come to the old homestead to make a visit. Grandma takes great pains to amuse and interest them. Among other things which she does for their entertainment, she composes the following nursery rhymes:

Master John Mead
'Tis his pleasure to read
And turn over the leaves of his book.
The stories he'll tell,
And he likes very well
On all the pretty pictures to look.

There's little Charles, too,
Not much can he do
But says he wants something to eat.
I think it is so,
A good boy he'll grow
And with "I thank you," his mother meet.

Now what shall I say
Of Larkin, I pray,
For him I know but little about.
He's up and he's down
He can smile and can frown,
Yet we all love him dearly, no doubt.

Laying aside the "Scrap-Book" I reach to the top shelf of the cupboard where our archives are kept and take down a file of letters, worn and yellow. Ah! here is the first letter in J. H. N.'s writing which has been preserved. It was writ-

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ten in 1822, when he was a boy of ten. The first George, a boy of nine, died while G. W. N. was a baby. He was John's nearest mate. A few days after his death John was sent to school and wrote home in the following strain:

Brattleboro, Vt., April 20, 1822.

"MY DEAR MOTHER:—I do not know as I shall have a better opportunity than I have to-night; therefore I have sit down to write to you. I think of George a good deal, more especially to-day because it is Monday and I have more time than any other day. I have written but little in my diary I want to have you write to me about George so that I can write in it. We had a fine shower day before yesterday the grass grew very fast it looks green about here the ground is very dry I believe more so than in Putney yesterday was the warmest day this year it being Saturday I went up on the hill and got some sasafras we play here considerably I don't know but more than would be for our advantage I have received a letter from Kidder Green it was very good one indeed he expects to come home this month some but it is uncertain I want to have you write to me as soon as you can and tell me whether I may study out of school this summer Papa thought it was not best for me but when it is hot weather it is rather uncomfortable in the school-room Do write to me soon for I long to hear from you tell me how papa gets along with the work in the garden and about house when you do write write me a good long letter here I break off short so Adieu JOHN NOYES.

The second boyish epistle, written when John was about twelve, just after arriving at Amherst, gives some faint signs of the man he was destined to become. Those who know him laugh at the phrase, "not quick of intellect:"

Amherst, May 26, 1824.
Saturday, P. M.

DEAR MOTHER:—As school does not keep this afternoon I have begun a letter to you; it is rather too soon methinks after our separation. However, as you told me that I must write long letters to you and as I am not very quick of intellect I thought it best to begin soon enough. I have been pretty contented since you left me except last evening I was rather inclined to be home-sick. I sat in my chamber alone, the wind whistled around the house. I began to think of home and I became sad. I took my book and looked over my lesson, then went to the book-store and got me ink and paper, and begun a journal which I intend to write in every day. I like my boarding-place, and have but one or two objections, namely, there is no looking-glass in my room, nor drawers to put my clothes in, which is very unhandy, as every time I go to my trunk I have to haul my things all over; and lastly, my room is in the northwest corner of the house, so that I cannot tell when it is time to get up in the morning.

Sunday Evening.—I did not go to meeting this forenoon because I did not hear the bell till late, and I went down and all were gone to meeting. I went in the afternoon. A Mr. Dickenson preached.

A Testament which was in the list of my books, was forgotten in packing up my things to bring down here. I missed it very much to day.

Mamma, I must say that when I am not reading or writing or studying, I am homesick. Yes, I am homesick. I can't imagine why Kidder does not come. I believe I should feel better if there were somebody here whom I know and by whom I am known. How heavily the hours pass! What leisure moments I have I am obliged to pass in solitude. No companion, no bed-fellow, nothing new. This aint happiness. But away with all this! I fear I have distressed you already.

Monday Evening.—Again alone and disconsolate, I take my pen to write a few words to you. I expected Kidder here to-night, and have been down to the tavern to see if he was there; but no smiling countenance met mine. When I am writing to you or studying or reading, I feel tolerably cheerful; but just at dusk, to sit in my room alone and think of home, I soon begin to feel my heart rising into my mouth; then a flood of tears is my only relief. I must leave a little space for the news that the girls told me I must write. So adieu.

Yours affectionately, JOHN NOYES.

N. B. Hand-writing superexcellent.

[The Postscript to the girls about Bill Town is omitted].

SILK-MANUFACTURE IN THE UNITED STATES.

BY C. A. CRAGIN.

II.

PROCESSES OF MANUFACTURE.

THE processes of manufacture may conveniently be divided as follows:

1. Filature, or winding the fibres from the cocoons.
2. Throwing, or the formation of threads of various sizes by doubling and twisting, designed either for sewing-silk or weaving purposes.
3. Weaving.
4. Working up waste silk.

FILATURE.

In regard to this branch of silk-manufacture I shall say only so much as is necessary to show the difference between European and Asiatic silks, a point of great importance in subsequent operations.

After the vitality of the cocoons is destroyed, either by exposure to the sun or in an oven, the natural gum of the silk is softened by immersion in hot water. A few minutes are sufficient, and then the reeler, usually a woman, stirs or brushes the cocoons with a short birch rod. The softened gummy ends of the filaments protruding slightly from the heads of the cocoons, adhere to the brush, and are thus drawn out of the water. Four or five ends are taken between the thumb and fingers, twisted slightly so as to form a single thread and passed through a metal loop which rubs off dirt and impurities, thence carried through another guiding loop, and to the reel, which has a slight lateral movement, so that the thread of one revolution does not overlay the preceding one. Were they allowed to do so, they would be glued together, as the gum with which they are covered needs a little time to harden. When any single fibre breaks, or comes to an end, its place is immediately supplied with a new one, so that the united thread may be of equal size throughout.

The method here described is the one practiced in France and Italy. The Chinese method does not vary essentially only in being more careless. The Chinese start with ten or fifteen fibres instead of four or five, and it is not until one-half or two-thirds of the fibres are broken that they are started again. The result is a very irregular thread compared with the European article. The length of filament yielded by a single cocoon is about three hundred yards, and one pound of silk is obtained from eleven or twelve pounds of cocoons.

The China silks are superior in nerve and strength to the silks of Europe, size for size; but their fatal irregularity tells heavily against them in the markets of the world. The best grade of China silk is from $3.00 to $5.00 per pound cheaper than the corresponding grades of French.

The French have of course invented many ingenious improvements in their methods of reeling, but none as yet which materially hasten the operation, or decrease in any other way its cost; and as this class of machinery is not likely to be introduced into the United States to any great extent for some time to come, it is scarcely worth our while to study it closely.

THROWING.

This process, which has been explained as "the formation of threads of various sizes by doubling and twisting, which threads are designed either for sewing-silk or for weaving," is thus far the only branch of silk industry which has been widely successful in this country; and it is the machinery employed therein that I purpose to discuss.

The three leading articles of manufacture are Organzine, the warp for woven goods, Tram, the woof or filling, and Sewing-Silk, including the so-called "Machine-Twist" or silk thread for sewing-machines.

Throwing silk is conveniently subdivided into three parts, viz: 1st, Winding upon bobbins the skeins as left by the cocoon reelers 2d, Doubling two or more threads together; 3d, Twisting the doubled threads into one. The machinery used for these operations is exceedingly simple, and will be readily understood by the following description:

In the first operation, that of winding the thread upon large spools or bobbins, each skein is extended upon a light six-sided reel or "swift." A number of these swifts are arranged side by side upon an axis, on either side of a frame. Above the swifts are bobbins similarly arranged, one bobbin for each swift. Motion is given to the bobbins by means of a friction roller, and in such a manner that any one can be removed without stopping the rest. The bobbins being connected with the skeins by means of the silk filament, are set in motion, by the motion given to the rollers, and thereby cause the swift to turn on its axis and deliver the silk by simply unwinding it. In order to distribute the silk evenly on the bobbin, each filament is passed through a glass ring or eye attached to a horizontal bar which has a lateral traverse motion. The filament is thus wound in a spiral direction, which makes the task of finding the end when the thread breaks an easy one.

The bobbins when filled are carried either to the cleaner or doubler. The cleaning is a process somewhat necessary with China silks, owing to the careless way in which it is reeled. The process consists essentially in winding the silk from one bobbin to another, and causing it while on its passage to pass between two small steel blades or plates, which are set so closely together that any knot, slug, or bad rough spot cannot pass. The attendant removes the obstruction, ties the ends together and starts the thread in motion again. The method of giving motion to the receiving bobbin, the traverse bar, and other minor details are similar to those on the winding frame.

Doubling is usually the next operation. Two or more bobbins from the cleaner are placed on projecting pins on the lower part of the doubling frame. Each thread, on its way to the receiving or doubled bobbin, passes through an eye in a small lever, which is attached to another lever, both delicately balanced. If, as is constantly happening, a thread chances to break, the first lever drops, striking the second lever which acts on the spindle of the receiving bobbin, stopping it either by lifting it from the friction roller that drives it, or catching upon a projecting spur on the spindle. Of course no more thread is wound on from any of the bobbins below till the broken thread is mended, and the levers are readjusted. The traverse bar, friction rollers attached to the driving shaft on each side of the frame, and various other small fixtures are the same on the doubling frame as upon the cleaning and winding frames.

The silk passes from the doubler to the spinner. Sometimes, indeed, the threads are spun singly, to give, according to Ure's Cyclopædia, increased strength, though I suspect the more correct reason is to make a more nearly round, smooth cord, after two of these "singles," as they are called, are doubled together and spun again in the opposite

direction. In order to test the question of increase of strength by twisting singles, Mr. John Freeman, our silk manufacturer in Wallingford, Conn., made, a series of careful experiments. These go to show, as might be surmised by the application of the law of the parallelogram of forces, that the strength of single threads is *not* increased by spinning, or as it should be more properly termed, by twisting.

In 1751 Vancanson proposed to the French Academy of Sciences the following questions for solution :

1. To proportion the speed of the spindle in spinning to the speed of the bobbin that draws off the silk as it is twisted, so that as the bobbin increases in size, in gradually filling up, it will take up the spun thread no faster.

2. To escape, by varying the degree of torsion, the changes of gearing which are necessary in the old mills.

3. To give a traverse movement to the guide so as to insure a perfectly even twist, unattainable in the old mills.

Vancanson invented machines which he claimed met all these difficulties, but they never came into general use. The machinery at present in use partly overcomes them, but in an imperfect manner.

The machine which twists the threads either in their single or double state, is called a spinning-mill. When single threads are first twisted in one direction, next doubled by twos or threes, and then twisted in the opposite direction, an exceedingly wiry, compact thread is produced, called organzine, which forms the warp in all woven goods, whether ribbons or dress silks. If two, three, or four threads are first doubled together and then slightly twisted, the resulting product is called tram, and forms the woof or filling of woven goods. In the spinning mill, either the single or doubled silk, while unwinding from one set of bobbins and winding upon another set, is subjected to a regular twisting operation in which process the thread is conducted as usual through guides and coiled diagonally upon the receiving bobbins by proper mechanism.

The general operation somewhat resembles that of cotton spinning. A cast-iron frame, usually from twelve to twenty feet long, and three or four feet wide, forms the skeleton. Along the sides two sets of bars are bolted, eight or ten inches apart. The upper one is pierced at regular intervals, and brass bearings, sometimes termed "bolsters," are inserted. The lower rail is fitted with corresponding brass steps which receive the lower end of the spindle, the bolster in the upper rail forming the upper support to the spindle, which stands vertically and extends above the upper rail sufficiently to receive the bobbin. Motion is communicated to the spindles, of which there may be from fifty to a hundred on a side, by means of a tin cylinder extending lengthwise through the center of the frame. A small pulley or wheel is placed on the spindle between the rails. A light driving band of cotton is usually employed to communicate motion from the cylinder to the spindle. The bobbins containing the untwisted silk are simply pressed down upon the tapering end of the spindle so as to be made to revolve with it. Small washers of wood, to which are fastened forked wings of wire, revolve loosely about the spindle above the bobbin. One wing is bent up so as to guide the silk clear of the spindle tip, while the other, bent downward, holds the thread clear from contact with the upper end of the bobbin. Horizontal shafts, bearing little spur wheels are placed about eighteen inches above the spindles. Projecting supports or fingers serve to keep in position the upper spindle that holds the receiving bobbin. This latter spindle which revolves horizontally, is about four inches long, and furnished at one end with a little spur gear-wheel acting as a pinion; the bobbin thus receiving its motion, revolves with uniform velocity. But, unfortunately, while the ratio of the speed of the lower and upper spindles remains fixed, being perhaps as 4,000 : 100, the upper bobbin is constantly increasing in size owing to the accumulating silk which it draws from the lower bobbin. The speed at which the thread travels from one to the other is consequently steadily increasing, and the number of twists per inch steadily decreasing. This difficulty, which troubled Vancanson one hundred and twenty-five years ago, still puzzles the silk manufacturer of to-day. Of the American solution, a poor one, by the way, I shall speak farther on.

The tram is reeled directly as it is spun, the skeins thus formed being ready for the dyer. The organzine is similarly treated after the second spinning. Up to the era of sewing-machines all throwing machinery was supposed to be for the manufacture of tram and organzine only. Till that time skein-silk was generally hand-made, though doubtless some small part was made on organzine mills.

The tram-and-organ-throwing machinery used in this country differs a little in some respects from that described, which is the best English make from Coventry. The American, though crude and bad enough, is decidedly superior to the English.

BIRD-LIFE.

1.

BEFORE the summer is quite gone, I purpose to give a sketch or two relating to this sphere of animated nature which interests us all so much. The life of birds is displayed all around us and yet their habits and instincts are far from being generally known. It takes almost a life-time to become acquainted with them. It is not the mere text-book that will satisfy our craving for further knowledge in this branch of natural history. It must be a disclosure of such facts in the life of birds as will indicate the peculiar atmosphere in which they live; and these you will never discover unless you give yourself up to them in a way that few think of doing. You must become an *amateur* in this line, if you would catch the spirit of the bird-world. It is a world of its own, with its activities, ecstacies, anxieties, risks, losses, etc., and yet there is an ocean of contentment and joyousness that covers all and stamps its character on the sphere in which they have their being.

Buoyant with hope, the feathered race
Their joyous course pursue—
Brim-full of life, they know no rest
Save that to nature due.

The race for life gives vig'rous play
To powers of every sort—
Menac'd by foes at every turn
They seem to think it sport.

The watchful eye, the ready wing
No small assurance give—
And spite of risks they hourly run
'Tis still a boon to live.

It is difficult to conceive how birds can enjoy life, when it is so evident that they are perpetually on their guard against attack, and yet we can not doubt they do. It is one of the wonders to me and adds not a little to the interest of the subject. One thing that helps them get along, is that there is a great deal of precision about them; their domestic affairs seem well-ordered, and they are wide awake to an astonishing degree. Their instinct is a sort of reasoning, in some cases. What is it that induces them to entice away their young as soon as possible from the spot where they have been reared, while it is well known that birds are naturally very much attached to places they get accustomed to? Do they not seem to say, "Well, we have been here flying back and forth too long to be safe, and we had better be off bag and baggage." And the yellow wren, too, has been known to out-flank the cow-bird by building anew over the egg of the intruder; not once, mind, but actually a second time, so that finally it became a three-story tenement! And she succeeded too in raising her brood. This happened under my own eyes. Verily, they do seem to know what they are about.

R. S. D.

THE NEWS.

The Shah of Persia left Paris on the 19th inst. for Vienna via Geneva.

Lord Westbury, formerly Lord Chancellor of England, died on Saturday the 19th.

The Carlists assert that their effective force in Spain now numbers 30,000 men.

The trial of the Tichborne claimant on the charge of perjury, was resumed in London on July 21st.

The Minnesota wheat harvest will exceed the crop of last year and will be two weeks earlier.

An English Arctic expedition is at present trying to reach the North Pole by way of Spitzbergen.

The New York police are to be armed with breach-loading rifles and drilled as a military brigade.

Bismarck declares that he wars against the Church of Rome only for the purpose of destroying Christianity.

Samuel Wilberforce, bishop of Winchester, fell from his horse on Saturday, July 19th, and was killed.

Capt. Wm. R. Phillips, of the wrecked steamer City of Washington, has been suspended from the service for one year.

Dr. Von Döllinger has been appointed successor to the late Baron Leibig as President of the Bavarian Academy of Sciences.

On Tuesday July 15th, Don Carlos entered Spain, placed himself at the head of the insurgents and issued a proclamation calling for volunteers.

The coronation of Oscar and Sophia, King and Queen of Norway, took place July 18th, at Drontheim, the ancient capital of the Norwegian kings.

News has been received at Bayonne through Carlist sources that by the defections in the Spanish squadron at Carthagena the insurgents have gained a fleet of iron-clads, six vessels mounting 120 guns.

The West Point tunnel, for the New York and Chicago West Shore Railroad, has been driven 130 feet from the south end, and 100 feet from the north end. Night gangs are to be put on soon and the work pushed as fast as possible.

The Plymouth Church Committee of investigation have adjourned until fall on account of the absence of Mr. Beecher in Europe. On his return they promise to "thoroughly investigate the charges made by H. C. Bowen and Theodore Tilton."

Prof. Bache, of the Coast Survey, is surveying in the neighborhood between New Haven and Mt. Carmel in one direction, and from the east side of the Quinnipiac to the Westfield range, comprising one hundred and twenty square miles.

Gen. Cowan, Assistant Secretary of the Interior, says from his late observations on the Plains, that there is less danger to be apprehended from the Indians this season than at any period for several years. He found that the fears of the Indians increase in proportion as the railroads make them acquainted with the strength of the Government.

The Washington Market booths of New York city, which have so long obstructed the side-walks having been declared a nuisance by the Board of Health, were demolished on Monday night by one hundred and fifty workmen protected by a large police force. The property holders threaten to bring suit against the city for damages.

Certainly Providence watches over the traveling public and saves them from disaster and death. Our railroad *Gazette* gives over one hundred attempts during the past year to purposely throw trains from the track, off from bridges and down deep ravines, but in no single instance have these attempts succeeded in destroying the life of a single passenger.

Dr. Peterman, the German geographer, has written an enthusiastic endorsement of Capt. Hall, giving him credit for going further north than any other explorer. The doctor considers the discoveries made by Capt. Hall of great importance to science, as having practically demonstrated that an open sea exists in the far North, and that the continent of Greenland is continuous up to a high latitude, if not to the Pole itself.

An Italian padrone named Glione has just been convicted in New Haven of imprisoning four young Italian boys, and keeping them in a state of servitude against their will. The boys testified that they had been beaten and kicked unless they brought in a certain sum of money every night, and were told by Glione to steal if they could not earn the money. The prisoner was required to furnish $4,000 bonds, to appear for trial; failing in this he was committed to the County Jail.

The Boston Harbor Commissioners representing the State, the Boston and Albany Railroad Company, the Boston Wharf Company and the city of Boston, have entered into a mutual contract to convert about one hundred and twenty-five acres of the southerly part of the upper Boston Harbor into solid ground, well protected by sea walls, thus securing at once a large and much needed addition of territory for business purposes, and a large and most favorably situated addition to the deep water anchorage ground of the upper harbor.

—A Philadelphia editor thus relieves his mind on a subject familiar to all newspaper offices—the inevitable Public Documents: "We owe our thanks to Judge Kelley for the latest Patent Office reports. We already have sixteen hundred of these interesting volumes in our little library, but they have been read and re-read so many times that we know every page of them by heart. This new volume came opportunely and gratefully on Christmas morning, and that night we gathered our little family around the fire and read it through to them. The affecting tale entitled, 'Improvement in Monkey Wrenches,' seemed to touch every heart, and when we came to the climax of the little story about 'Reversible Pie-boards' there was not a dry eye between the fron door and the stable. During the reading of the piteous narrative entitled, 'Gum Washers for Carriage Axles,' the whole family gave expression to boisterous emotion."

—*Exchange.*

Emotions and Passions.—An observation of considerable importance in the science of human nature, is, That desire follows some emotions and not others. The emotions raised by a beautiful garden, a magnificent building, or a number of fine faces in a crowded assembly, is seldom accompanied with desire. Other emotions are accompanied with desire; emotions, for example, raised by human actions and qualities: a virtuous action raiseth in every spectator a pleasant emotion, which is commonly attended with a desire to reward the author of the action: a vicious action, on the contrary, produceth a painful emotion, attended with a desire to punish the delinquent. Even things inanimate often raise emotions accompanied with desire; witness the goods of fortune, which are objects of desire almost universally: and the desire, when immoderate, obtains the name of *avarice*. The pleasant emotion produced in a spectator by a capital picture in the possession of a prince, is seldom accompanied with desire; but if such a picture be exposed to sale, desire of having or possessing is the natural consequence of a strong emotion.

It is a truth verified by induction, that every passion is accompanied with desire; and if an emotion be sometimes accompanied with desire, sometimes not, it comes to be a material inquiry, in what respect a passion differs from an emotion. Is passion in its nature or feeling distinguishable from emotion? An internal motion or agitation of the mind, when it passeth away without desire, is denominated *an emotion*; when desire follows, the motion or agitation is denominated *a passion*. A fine face, for example, raiseth in me a pleasant feeling: if that feeling vanish without producing any effect, it is in proper language an emotion; but if the feeling, by reiterated views of the object, become sufficiently strong to occasion desire, it loses its name of emotion, and acquires that of passion. The same holds in all the other passions: the painful feeling raised in a spectator by a slight injury done to a stranger, being accompanied with no desire of revenge is termed an emotion: but that injury raiseth in a stranger a stronger emotion, which, being accompanied with desire of revenge, is a passion; external expressions of distress produce in the spectator a painful feeling, which being sometimes so slight as to pass away without any effect, is an emotion; but if the feeling be so strong as to prompt desire of affording relief, it is a passion, and is termed *pity*: envy is emulation in excess; if the exaltation of a competitor be barely disagreeable, the painful feeling is an emotion; if it produce desire to depress him it is a passion.—*Lord Kames.*

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ONEIDA COMMUNITY,

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Price-List for 1873.

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Per Dozen Quarts.

TOMATOES	$2 75
SWEET CORN	3 75
YELLOW PUMPKIN	3 50
SUCCOTASH	4 50
WHITE KIDNEY BEANS	5 00
GREEN PEAS	5 00
STRING BEANS	3 50
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TOMATOES in 8lb. Fruit Cans (per doz.)	6 50
TOMATO CATSUP in Pint Bottles, " "	2 50

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Per Dozen Quarts.

	CANS.	GLASS.
PEARS	$5 50	$7 00
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" Lombard	5 50	7 00
" Gage	5 50	7 00
CHERRIES, Black Tartarian	6 00	7 50
" Yellow Spanish	6 00	7 50
" Other Varieties	6 00	7 50
QUINCES		7 00
PEACHES	5 50	7 00
" whole (pared)	5 00	
RASPBERRIES, Philadelphia (red)	5 50	7 00
" Hornet (red)		8 00
" Doolittle (black)	5 50	7 00
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PINE-APPLES	9 00	10 50
CURRANTS		7 00

SWEET PICKLES IN GLASS.

Per Dozen Quarts.

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Per Dozen.

CURRANT	5 00
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CURRANT JELLY in Crocks to order.

N. B.—The foregoing will be subject to such alterations as the changes in prices of fresh fruits may make necessary.

The Vegetables put up by the O. C. are all raised in the immediate vicinity of the Preserving Factory, and great care is taken to have them harvested at the best moment and canned while they are fresh.

The Fruits are preserved in heavy syrup made of the best white sugar, and are ready for table use without further attention. The aim has been to put them up in the best manner.

Our packing-cases hold two dozen cans, or one dozen bottles: and parties are requested to order full cases. Jellies are packed in cases of one or two dozen, as desired.

Shipping directions will be strictly followed, and goods will be delivered at the nearest railroad station in good order without extra charge: *but the Community will not be held responsible for any breakage which may take place after the goods are shipped.*

Orders from persons unknown to us must be accompanied by the cash or suitable reference.

☞ Photographs of Mr. J. H. Noyes for sale at this office. Price 25 cts.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

SILK GOODS.

Machine-Twist and Sewing-Silk of their own manufacture for sale by the Oneida Community.

Address, [K] Oneida Community, *Oneida, N. Y.*

PRESERVED FRUITS AND VEGETABLES

Put up for sale by the Oneida Community in tin and glass. Price list sent on application.

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STEEL TRAPS.

Eight sizes and kinds, suitable for the House-rat, Musk-rat, Mink, Marten, Fisher, Fox, Otter, Beaver, the Black and Grizzly Bears, are made by the Oneida Community. Descriptive price-list sent on application.

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ADMISSIONS.

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

FAITHFULNESS.

Home-Talk by J. H. N.

A LESSON that God has often taught me came into my mind this morning with new clearness; and I want to teach it to my children, and I want them to teach it to their children, if they ever have any; at any rate, I want them to teach it to the Community children. In so doing, they will help teach it to themselves, and they will help me to do my duty to the Community children, when I can not speak to them myself. I will begin as the folks that talk to the children generally begin, with asking some questions:

1. What is a *promise?* The children will be able to answer this. When a boy or girl says I will do such a thing—get a certain lesson or go on an errand for somebody, at such a time—that is a promise. Every child knows what a promise is.

2. What is a *resolution?* This is the same thing as a promise, only it is not made to other folks, but to ourselves. When we say to ourselves, or think to ourselves, that we will do so and so at such a time, we make a resolution. Sometimes we only *think* resolutions; sometimes we *speak* them out to ourselves, and sometimes to other folks; and very good folks frequently *write* out their resolutions. President Edwards made seventy written resolutions, the first of which was that he would read his resolutions once a week. The main idea of a resolution is the same as in a promise. When we promise any body to do a thing, if we are sincere, we also make a resolution, *i. e.*, promise to ourselves to do it; and when we make a resolution to ourselves, we also promise to any body that knows of it, and certainly to God who knows all things, to do what we resolve to do.

3. What is a *vow?* It is the same thing as a promise or a resolution, only instead of being made to persons around us, or to ourselves, it is made to God. When we are thinking of God, or praying to him, if we say in our hearts that we will do so and so, we make a vow, *i. e.*, we promise God, or we resolve before God, to do so and so; and that is a vow.

You see that these three things—a promise, a resolution, and a vow—are very nearly alike. You cannot make a sincere promise without making a resolution; and you cannot make a sincere vow without making a resolution; and you cannot make a promise or a resolution, if you think of God as you ought to, without also making a vow.

4. What is *faithfulness?* It is keeping your promise; sticking to your resolution; fulfilling your vow; it is doing what you say you will do, whether you say it to other folks, to yourself, or to God. *Unfaithfulness* is breaking your promises, forgetting your resolutions, and neglecting your vows. If a boy or a girl promises to do a thing, and does it not, he or she is unfaithful in respect to that thing. If they promise to do it *at a certain time*, and do it not at the time promised, but afterward, they are unfaithful. If boys or girls get in the *habit* of breaking promises, so that they cannot be relied upon to do all that they promise, and at the time promised, they are called *unreliable*. When they get to be very unreliable, they are called *shiftless;* and when they get to be very *shiftless*, they are called *worthless*.

So it is with resolutions. If we resolve, *i. e.*, promise to ourselves, that we will do a thing, and do it not, we are unfaithful. No matter whether any body else knows it: we know it, and we accuse ourselves of being unfaithful. If we get in the habit of breaking our resolutions, we come to think of ourselves as unreliable; and if the habit becomes very strong, we feel that we are shiftless; and finally, if we do not break the habit of breaking resolutions, we come to think that we are worthless.

So it is with our vows. If we promise God many things in our prayers, and do not fulfill them, he sees that we are unfaithful; and as the habit of unfaithfulness to our vows increases, he thinks of us as unreliable, then as shiftless, and finally as worthless.

Now consider what a dreadful thing it is to sink down into this shiftless and worthless state. In the first place it is bad to lose the confidence of persons around us by breaking promises; then it is worse to lose confidence in ourselves by breaking resolutions; and it is worst of all to lose the confidence and approbation of God, by breaking vows. How miserable and mean any one must feel who has come to be considered a worthless fellow by all around him, by himself, and by God! That is hell; that is damnation.

On the other hand, how good it is to have the confidence of all around us, so that those who love us can feel sure that we shall do even more and better than we promise; so that we ourselves expect to keep our resolutions, and have the praise of our own consciences; and so that God knows we will keep our vows, and can trust us, and justify us. This is heaven; this is salvation. The thing, then, that we ought to wish for above all things, is, that we may be *faithful*. Look in the New Testament and you will find that is the name that is given to Christ and to true Christians, and to the saved in heaven—THE FAITHFUL.

Now I will give you some advice that will help you to be faithful:

In the first place, you must be careful how you make promises, resolutions, and vows. The Bible says, "It is better not to vow, than

to vow and not pay." Don't make a promise unless you are very sure you *can* fulfill it. Don't make a promise unless you are very sure you shall *remember* it. Don't make a promise unless you are very sure you shall *want* to fulfill it. Good-natured people frequently promise to do more than they can do, more than they have time to do; they promise to do things to-morrow, or next week, and the time is so far off that they are almost sure to forget them; they promise to do things that will be hard and disagreeable, so that they will be tempted to postpone them or shirk them altogether. In this way they get into bad habits, and get a bad reputation; and in breaking promises they learn to break their good resolutions, and to neglect their vows to God; and so go down, down, till they lose every body's confidence, and lose their own self-respect, and lose the approbation and blessing of God. This is the end of that kind of good-nature that makes promises without making sure of fulfilling them. Consider all promises, resolutions, and vows, as debts, like notes of hand, and take care to issue only so many as you are sure to pay promptly.

In the next place, when you promise to do any thing, if it is something that can be done *now*, and if you have nothing else to do more important, go and do it *right off*. Pay your debt promptly. Pay it before it is due if you can. Get it off your mind. The very time to do a thing is when your mind is warmed up with thinking and talking about it, and promising to do it. So of your resolutions. As soon as a good resolution is fairly formed in your mind, if it is something that can be put into deed at once, jump and run to the fulfillment. Don't wait till the devil has time to steal away your interest in it.

Another rule is, Don't think there is little harm in breaking promises about *little things*. The harm is in the breaking of the promise; and that is a great harm, whether the thing promised is great or small.

But all these rules will be dead and useless without something else that I am now going to tell you: *Faith is the root of faithfulness.* God only is eternally faithful, and he only can make us faithful. If we are going to live with him and be his children, *he will certainly make us faithful at any cost.* He can not live with the unfaithful, the shiftless and worthless men and women who break promises, forget resolutions, and neglect vows. Whenever you make a promise or a resolution, consider it a vow to God, and ask him to make you keep it, and believe that he can and will. He does not forget any thing. He keeps his own resolutions for ages and ages, and he can help us to do so. He has not forgotten one of the promises and resolutions that you have made in all your life. If they were good promises and resolutions, he holds them as notes to be paid yet. You may trust him, not only to help you keep all the resolutions you make hereafter, but to bring to your mind all the good resolutions and vows you ever have made, and enable you to fulfill them. Somebody has said that "hell is paved with good resolutions that men have broken." I say that heaven is paved with good resolutions, *kept by the grace of God.*

TALK WITH FRIEND FEEBLE.

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

YES, I know your troubles and symptoms; you have a bit of a cough or a touch of dyspepsia—a pain in the back—or a vertigo in the head. You have got so familiar with your enemy, whatever it is, that you locate it and think of it every day as your master; the sore spot is ever present like your shadow, and while you shrink from it and hate it, you feel that it has a grasp upon you too strong to be shaken off. You insensibly surrender the part affected to disease, and consent in your thoughts to be a chronic invalid.

Now my friend, do you know, that in thus thinking of yourself as mutilated and unsound, your mind is just as much awry as your body is? The one is a mirror of the other: and both, if you do not stop the false action somewhere, are helping each other as fast as possible to go to the dogs. You are not in a chronic disease so much as you are in a chronic falsehood. There is a lie somewhere, that has crept into your consciousness and bedeviled your perceptions. You, as a believer, are a member of Christ. Now I want to know whether, as a part of him, you are sick or well. Is he sick? Can he be sick? Of course not. Then how can you be? But, you say, your consciousness testifies the other way. Very well; then here comes in the lie; and you have suffered your mind and intellect to be persuaded into conformity with it, against the simple truth that by union with Christ you are perfectly well and whole. Now honesty calls you to take your ground, either in Christ or out of him, and adjust all your thoughts accordingly, and make an end of this half-salvation-half-damnation state that you are inclined to drop into. If you accept union with Christ, then the truth about yourself is perfectly clear; you are simply going on from well to better, and without any mixture of evil that is not overmastered by continual victory. Put your mind squarely and persistently on this platform; ignore evil; assert in spite of all body-devils your complete sanity and health; and in so honoring the truth you are, not by any fiction of imagination, but by the most substantial reality just what you claim to be.

You believe in Christ's miraculous power to save from disease now as formerly, and would be glad to have him work a miracle in your case. But how were his wonders of healing formerly performed? By a work in every instance *first on the mind.* "*Believe* ye that I am able to do this? This was the test preceding the physical change. You say, "If that test were put to me by Christ personally, I would say yes, with the blind men, and be healed." But will you not learn that faith does not seek to repeat old things, but proves itself to be faith by accepting the test which God brings at the present time? You have a test offered you as real and practical as that applied to the blind men, and one like theirs addressed to the courage of the heart and mind—the same in spirit if different in form. That test is what I have indicated—the acceptance of union with Christ, and, in face of all apparent contradictions and impossibilities, *its logical consequences.* If Christ were intending to heal your body, be sure he would begin by straightening up your faith to this wholesome point. Do you suppose he would first heal your body, and then gradually bring your mind to perceive the fact afterward? Not so. He would first make you lean on him with your soul, and consent to see things through his mind, and then the work of physical restoration would be found already done.

These truths also apply to you, my elderly friend, who feel the creeping on of age and are getting ready to think of yourself as old and infirm. Will you succumb in mind and spirit to this most inveterate of chronic falsehoods, or will you as a believer fall back on the consequences of union with Christ, and find in him an exhaustless fountain of youth? As you think, so you will be. The roads of faith and unbelief here fork. Which will you take? By listening to superficial feelings and symptoms, and shaping your mind to them, you can easily go the downhill road; by asking sincerely what is God's truth in this matter and framing your mind to it, you can rise up and "sit with Christ in heavenly places." Here is the point for faith—for sincerity—for the spirit that leaning on the truth, says,

"Come one, come all, this rock shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I!"

CHIPPEWA.

There's a bird that sings in the early spring,
A very merry lay;
And the burden of his chattering
Is—"Chip, Chip Ewa!"

The Sculptor with his marble often
Sings this cheerful lay:
"He that would bring the beauty out
Must Chip, Chip away!"

The youth that would carve a noble life
Should list this little lay:
"If you would bring your dreams to pass,
Chip, Chip away!"

LETHE OR OBLIVION TO TROUBLE.

BY C. W. UNDERWOOD.

"How do you do, my old friend, Iglehart?"

"Nicholson! Is it possible?"

"As true as that you are Iglehart."

"Ah! I now see 'tis you, and yet belike, it is not you. Indeed, you're much changed, Nicholson!"

"What wonder? I am getting old."

"It is not that. I note your locks have turned from jet to silver, your step is not so lithe as once it was; but one would say you'd kept good company, for there's a touch of something in your face I—can—not—well—make—out, a something compassionate yet strong, that brings me nearer you if possible, old friend, than ever before."

"Bless you, Iglehart! I'm glad to hear that. Our young days come back to us afresh. A warm heart melts the frost of age, dear friend. It now seems but as yesterday since we parted."

"Forty years is a long day."

"More or less clouded, I suppose, to you as to all, but cheerful in the main, I trust."

"Oh! no, trouble after trouble has waylaid me. You see I'm much more broken than you are, although some five years younger. But come to my house. My family will be glad to see you. They

know you, Nicholson, almost as well as I do, your name has been so often on my lips. Come, take my arm and steady me on the way. There! two old stagers on the road again. How well you have preserved yourself. Surely you have prospered in all your undertakings?"

"There you mistake; many of my ventures have failed."

"You have not lost your property?"

"I have still a competence, thank God."

"We turn here, Nicholson.——For a time fortune poured her golden treasures into my lap. But alas! money failed to bring me what it promised."

"This lament I've heard before. Indeed, it is quite common among old people of wealth."

"So? It may be. But how comes it they are thus misled?"

"Through the eye it seems to me."

"How?"

"The eye plays false—turns you as it were from the proper field of view."

"How mean you?"

"Should you make your son a choice present you would expect it to quicken the love between you, giving you a still larger place in his regard; but should it so fill his attention that his affection was cheated and grew cold, you would rightly judge he was making a wrong use of the gift."

"True, true of me. Like a child I have been too much taken up with the gift."

"Love is the source of happiness, and they are most happy who live near love's center."

"Yes, yes. Love is of more worth than houses or lands. Would that my children could think so!"

"How many children have you, Iglehart?"

"Two have left me, two still are with me.——We'll cross the street here, Nicholson, and avoid the rubbish yonder.——Not one is happy. It pains me to say that no advantage I have been able to give them, has carried with it contentment and peace."

"These virtues come from another quarter, not from pleasant surroundings."

"Robert, my eldest son, whom we call the Doctor, has been very successful as a physician. He began to sink, my dear friend, when, under the strain of heavy professional labor, he sought relief in the mistaken way so many follow."

"His need was great, no doubt."

"It is now whispered he is fast becoming a common ——"

"No, no! not so bad as that I hope."

"Too true, I fear."

"Your other children should make amends for this grief."

"Alas! they add to it instead. Edward's course though different is no better. He thinks, foolish man, that poppy yields the lethe to his troubles; but they beset him like hungry hounds as soon as the charm of the drug is spent, and then he is most unmanned. The issue is easy to foresee. Charles and Gertrude remain with me; the one flies to his books for refuge from trial, and the other to society. The every-day duties of both are growing irksome, I see, and I am led to ask ——but here's our home."

The two old friends turned from the street into a yard shaded in the front part by locust trees in blossom, and passing by lilacs and other flowering shrubs on either side, that filled the air with fragrance, entered a goodly dwelling. From an inner apartment there fell upon the ear a hum of soft voices, into which a word now and then dropped with perfect distinctness, like a pebble into a purling brook: *Party——point d' Angleterre——Stuarts——Honiton.*

Nicholson was left alone for a moment. Sh! sh! was faintly heard soon after, and then the hum ceased. Presently, in came Iglehart with Mrs. Iglehart on his arm, a smile of welcome struggling for the mastery of her wan countenance. In came Mr. Charles, a pale young man of five and twenty, glad to see his father's old friend. In came Miss Gertrude with a toss of the head, so happy, she said, to make the acquaintance of the gentleman to whom her father felt so near. Almost in, came five or six servants at different doors, feeling an unwonted thrill in the house and looking about for the cause.

Oh! not long was the warm old friendship in making its way through that household. Like a wave from the sea it came, sending family pride, and reserve, and all its petty dislikes into limbo. The old homestead became cheery with good-nature, the forerunner of something still better.

"If only Robert and Edward were here this evening," said Mrs. Iglehart after tea, "our circle would be complete."

"But mother," whispered Gertrude, "they might not be presentable, you know. I would like to have father's friend see them at their best, if at all."

"He might help them my dear," replied Mrs. Iglehart. "Oh! he might save them were they here."

"Nicholson," said Iglehart, "if there be a cure for this ill, I warrant me you have found it."

"Our troubles are undoubtedly given us as lessons," said Nicholson, "lessons not altogether of patient burden-bearing to be continued and continued, but to try the mettle as well."

"Ah! but my family are prone to evade lessons of this kind."

"A great mistake, old friend, a great mistake. Meet and master, that is the way. Every victory brings new forces under our control."

"Yes, yes, I know; but when troubles come in storms upon a man, what then?"

"They are given us to profit withal; for look you, God knows what is best for us. It behooves us to make them serve the interests of the soul. When a man wants to see how far he can jump, he takes heavy weights, one in each hand, and swings them forth and back, in a way to help his forward spring. Philip Clayton, you remember, when we were young men, could outjump us all, partly because he had a better knack of using this purchase."

"I've read in some old book or other," said Charles, "of three men that danced before the king, and not the worst of them but could jump twelve foot and a half by the rule."

"Not an extraordinary feat," said Nicholson, "if weights are taken. They are the levers by means of which a man can throw himself through the air. Well, it seems to me our troubles may be used in a similar way. In order to do so we must first lift them, as it were, and swing them with a long sweep; then we shall see what leaps toward heaven the heart can make."

"How few, old friend," said Iglehart, "can even lift their troubles, and fewer still can swing them."

"True. No one in his own strength; and yet how many try, how many fail, get discouraged and heart-sick. Now here's your son and daughter, blessings waiting for them, as it were, at every turn, one would think no chance for trouble here. But is it so?"

"I guess there are few persons of my age that have suffered more than I have," said Charles.

"I think Charles exaggerates his troubles," said Gertrude. "Now if he should compare them with mine—but then men are different, you know."

"You both feel that your troubles are hard to bear, and doubtless cast about at times for some means of relief. Could you only get rest for a day or even for a few hours, what a price you would pay! But this is something money cannot buy."

"I generally look up some good story," said Charles, "one sure to keep my attention, and lose sight of trouble in that way."

"Charles isn't a bit like me," said Gertrude. "When I get to feeling bad I just put on my things, and make a call upon some cheerful friend, and we talk trouble all away. May be I get invited to a party, and then I've enough to do without thinking of my troubles."

"There are many ways to shut the door against these besetments," said Nicholson. "Everybody knows something about them. In truth the need of relief is no less general than the desire for it. No station in life is free from trouble, no heart that has not a longing at times to lay aside its burdens and be at rest. I, too, have been one of these disappointed seekers after something that would blot out sorrow."

"You seem to have found a lethe at last, old friend," said Iglehart, "that's genuine."

"Yes, but not till after much foolish trying. I tried society—became its veriest drudge for a time; but I was not long in learning that I could find better company in books than where I was seeking."

"That's just my experience," said Charles. I've had to go into society some on Gerty's account; but what were the men and women I met there compared with those that welcomed me in the library."

"Real flesh and blood at any rate," said Gertrude, "revealing themselves in a spontaneous way that you could see."

"I am naturally fond of the society of ladies," continued Charles: "but I could find no Martineau, nor Sévigné, nor Sedgwick when I went out with Gerty."

"You saw young ladies, mostly Charley," said Gertrude, "young ladies with sparkling eyes, and rosy cheeks, and graceful manners, and—and cultivated minds, some of whom *may* become as famous as the persons you speak of."

"Books have cheered, instructed, and comforted me beyond measure," resumed Nicholson. "My liking for them increases with my years; but I have learned how to choose them, and they don't intoxicate me now. When overtaken by misfortune there is something better to do, I find, than to bury myself in books. Iglehart, do you know that a great distress often proves a great blessing? God forces a truth upon us at such times. We get answers to prayer in a way that makes us free—free from the horrors of unbelief. We find Christ, and when one has found Christ, one has found all. A good spirit—that is the lethe we want. Filled with this element our every-day cares become like thistle-down."

"These every-day cares seem to me," said Mrs. Iglehart, "of small account. The great trials are what weigh me down."

"These great afflictions, my dear madam, are the rounds of the ladder that we are to mount singing songs of joy."

"Bress de Lord!" broke in blind Aunt Mary, an old colored servant, who had been listening near the kitchen door unable longer to control her feelings, "Bress de Lord! I 'member mas'r Nicholson when he was a chile in his nuss's arms. Bress de Lord! I 'member him a grow'd boy. Bress de Lord! An' now de Lord's been gibbin him de rael wine ob de eberlastin kingdom fur shuah! Bress de Lord!"

Nicholson went to the door, and grasped the hand of his old nurse. Here was a heart made soft by suffering, and thankful for it all, to the core.

"And I remember Aunt Mary," said he with a voice choked by emotion, while the tears rained

down her furrowed cheeks, "God bless her! God bless her!"

"'Scuse me—mas'r Nicholson. Dese yer ole eyes—ain't good—for nuffin else—but to cry fur joy wid; but it 'pears like—I's got eyes inside—ken see you—clare as de light ob day. Bress de Lord!

Aunt Mary had still greater cause to Bress de Lord, before the fountain of her tears of joy ceased to flow; for, from the beginning made that evening, a revolution was worked in the Iglehart family. The stream of their lives was turned into a new channel. Even Robert and Edward faced right about. A new career opened up before every member. They were not exempt from suffering—indeed the old life died hard; but the love of God bore them triumphantly over every obstruction, and finally gave them an abiding peace.

ONEIDA CIRCULAR.

TIRZAH C. MILLER, EDITOR.

MONDAY, AUGUST 4, 1873.

In a late number of the *New Haven Evening Register* we find the following paragraph:

It is said that there is not now living a single descendant in the male line of Chaucer, Shakspeare, Spenser, Milton, Cowley, Butler, Dryden, Pope, Cowper, Goldsmith, Scott, Byron, Moore, Sir Philip Sidney, Sir Walter Raleigh, Drake, Cromwell, Hampden, Monk, Marlborough, Peterborough, Nelson, Stafford, Ormond, Clarenden, Addison, Swift, Johnson, Walpole, Bollingbroke, Chatham, Pitt, Fox, Burke, Grattan, Canning, Bacon, Locke, Newton, Davy, Hume, Gibbon, Macaulay, Hogarth, Sir Joshua Reynolds, David Garrick, John Kemble or Edmund Kean.

The fact that the names of so many great men have become extinct and the liability that the lines of future geniuses may also die out, emphasizes quite forcibly in my mind the great advantages of our system of stirpiculture. In married life, as we often observe, a woman has several daughters and no sons, and then becomes disqualified for childbearing. There is then only one chance left for the man to perpetuate his name, and that is the possibility that he may outlive his wife and marry again. But our system of stirpiculture is not limited by any such legal restrictions as those which surround the marriage institution. On the contrary it would naturally give special facilities of self-perpetuation to the greatest and best.

S. W. N.

COMFORT VS. FASHION.

MEN find it easy to criticise the dress of women as contravening good taste and good sense, and probably much of this criticism is merited: but should men go "scot free" in this respect? Is their dress in all particulars conformable to good sense and good taste? I desire to know what good reason there is for having the clothing on a man's back less than one inch in thickness, while that on his breast is double and treble that thickness? One feels cold most sensibly in the back, between the shoulders, and along the spinal column. In front is located the vital machinery, which is constantly generating heat, and really less clothing is required on the breast than on the back. Fashion and custom say the front of a vest may be wadded, but not the back; the front of an undercoat may be wadded, but not the back; the front of an overcoat may be wadded, but not the back: and thus compel a man to wear three waddings in front, and do not allow him any where it is most needed. Good sense to the rescue! Let us ignore fashion and custom when they make us sacrifice personal comfort without a fair equivalent. Any argument justifying man in wearing extra wadding for appearance's sake justifies woman in the same course; and the same reasoning which would excuse a man for exposing himself to cold and blustering weather with a thinly clad back might excuse a woman for wearing thin shoes in wet weather. There may be more danger in one case than in the other, but the same principle is involved—the sacrifice of comfort to fashion.

W.

A MUSICAL CONTEST IN LONDON.

ONE of the musical events of last year was the appearance of a Welsh choir, the singing of which was so fine that the great Challenge Prize was awarded to it, although no rival choir appeared and no contest took place. The London correspondent of the *New York Tribune* gives a brilliant description of the great musical contest which came off during July of this year in the Crystal Palace for the same Challenge Prize of £1,000.

Notwithstanding England abounds in musical organizations and choral associations in all the large cities, the only body which appeared against the Welshmen at the late contest was the Tonic Sol-Fa Association of London, one of the best known in England.

Both choirs sang J. S. Bach's motet, "I wrestle and play;" the final chorus, "Hallelujah" from Beethoven's "Mount of Olives;" "See what love," from Mendelssohn's "St. Paul;" and "Come with torches brightly flashing," from "Walpurgis Night," by the same author. A critic writing to the *London Times* says of the singing:

The fire and sustained energy with which the Welsh choristers, under the vigorous guidance of "Caradoc," their chief (the women dispensing with the printed music), sang "Come with Torches," from Mendelssohn's "Walpurgis Night," was astonishing. That in this difficult piece their intonation should be here and there at fault was inevitable; but their "attack" was as sure as the stroke from a hammer delivered by a well-skilled hand, and their precision was never once at fault. This chorus (in which, by the way, the orchestra took part) being persistently encored, the familiar "March of the Men of Harlech" (sung in the Welsh language—unaccompanied) was substituted in its place; and here not only were the freshness and pungent quality of the voices shown off to eminent advantage, but the intonation was quite as unimpeachable as the precision already referred to.

The victory of the Welsh choir was of the most decisive kind; so decisive that one critic describes the whole affair as a Welsh festival, the enthusiasm of the six thousand Welsh in the audience contributing not a little to the success of their countrymen.

The most wonderful thing about this contest is the character of the victorious singers. They are mostly, if not wholly, members of the so-called "lower classes," miners, iron-workers, small tradesmen and the like, with their wives, sons and daughters, real workers, who sing not professionally or for a living, but for recreation and mutual enjoyment. With no fixed place of meeting for rehearsals, scattered here and there among the mountains and glens of Wales, these working musicians have organized and trained themselves into a choir which to-day leads all England in music. Their success is in a great measure due to the wonderful musical abilities of their leader and conductor, "Caradoc." He is an inn-keeper named Griffith Jones, formerly a blacksmith in one of the great iron firms in South Wales. He is the best violin player in Wales, and is an accomplished musician generally.

After the London contest the Welsh choir gave an out-door concert at the Marlborough House to the Prince and Princess of Wales, of which a musical critic says:

Forming in a semi-circle, the choir sang the national anthem; then the Welsh melody of "Llwyn Own," or the Ash Grove, "the conductor," says another critic, "wielding his baton of gold and ebony, which has been sent him from the Welsh settlers in Australia, and with it guiding his huge choir, without any music, with a precision that Costa might have envied." Then came the chorus of "Let the hills resound," by Brinley Richards, which was given with such precision and effect that the Prince and Princess, good musicians both, asked—or I suppose I should say commanded—that it should be repeated.

The remarkable vocal power displayed by this Welsh choir has thrown the musical world into a ferment of wonder and inquiry as to the cause of such unlooked-for results. The trained choirs of London and Manchester may find that fresh country air and hard work even, are better conditions for producing good musicians than the fashionable conservatories and musical associations of the great cities.

G. E. C.

We call attention to our advertisement of canned fruits, vegetables and jellies. We have found it necessary to make some change in prices quoted. There are two reasons for this:

1. The advanced cost of Strawberries, Cherries, and in all probability of Plums also, over that of last year.

2. By a new process in packing we are this year able to put one-fifth more fruit into the cans and bottles, and with it, of course, a much heavier syrup than we have hitherto used. This enhances the value of the fruit more than the advanced price would indicate.

The variety of Pine-apples used this year is "strawberry," not so high in flavor as those used last year, and yet we trust they will give satisfaction. The price is reduced.

Should those who have already sent in their orders wish to modify them in consequence of the change of prices, they can do so; otherwise, they will be filled at current rates.

Our customers can rest assured that we shall advance only when compelled to do so.

COMMUNITY JOURNAL.

ONEIDA.

—The Villa folks, who were in want of a home-industry, have taken the business of cutting silk-labels. The other day they received the following good-natured epistle from our silk-packer:

DEAR VILLANS:—You are real nice people and I like you much. I have only one suggestion to make, and that is—that *black D* and *white D* should not be put in the same box. If the wrong label gets on the silk it will make folks believe that black is white, and that's "deceivin," you know.

In haste, NORTON.

—Several gentlemen and ladies from Oneida made a short call the other evening. Dr. C. was of the party. They visited the children's department and expressed great surprise at finding the twenty-three little ones—under four years of age—so healthy and robust. The doctor inquired if none of them had spasms while teething, and on being told that only one of the number had been thus affected, said it was very remarkable. We had not thought but that it was the most natural thing in the world that our children should be healthy; but we judged from what he said, that we are greatly favored and have especial reason to be grateful.

—Whiz-z-z-z-z! what on earth is that? A single freight-car loaded with stone and without an engine, is driving by at the speed of twenty miles an hour. Later we learn that it loosened from a long train at Munnsville, and the downward incline of the road gave it a momentum which was not retarded until the "up grade" was reached at the Castle. We cannot say what might have happened

had it met a car on its headlong course, but fortunately the distance was made from Munnsville to the Castle without obstruction. A man who was on the car when it started, jumped off, and after turning several summersaults, reached the ground without injury. Altogether quite a lucky affair.

—The following hints dropped by Mr. Noyes at a late criticism, are instructive :

"I should recommend to B—— in reference to his dealings with God, that he get rid of expecting immediate comfortable pay for good things that he does. That is a very bad habit of mind. Instead of receiving pay in sugar-plums for any good I have done, I oftener get it in a pretty hard course of suffering. B—— ought not to ask for sugar-plums as a reward for good behavior; he should take a larger view, and ask for the best things—not for the things that please the external sensibilities, but for those things which are most needful. There is no use in trying to hurry God to reward us before he sees that we can make good use of his favors."

—Observes an ancient dame, "You do get the oddest names for your children that I ever heard in my life." Come to think of it, our list of names is rather unusual. After an almost endless confusion with the multiplicity of Marys, Sarahs, Harriets, Johns and Georges that grew up among us, we resolved to be wiser in selecting appellatives for the next generation. Our plan was to avoid repetition, and we have done it. The result is the following roll, all under the age of seventeen: Harley, Wilfred, Harold, Temple, Ormond, Ransom, Eugene, Horace, Walter, Deming, Richard, Humphrey, Dorr, Rutherford, Pierrepont, Dwight, Felix, Berton, Holton, George W., Stephen, Theodore, and Allan, for the boys; and Rose, Lily, Edith, Marion, Mabel, Jessie, Leonora, Theodora, Cosette, Virginia, Maud, Blanche, Ruth, Elinor, Joanna, Agnes, Gertrude, Corinna, Irene and Esther, for the girls.

—Rich folks in fine houses, and poor folks in shabby ones, everywhere. There's a tale of love and happiness or a tale of hatred and woe at every fireside. The world over, it's a man and a woman—two lives brought together "for better or for worse," and the lucky ones are those who are well-mated. There may be misery in a palace and "love in a cottage," but the poor are sure of one eternal struggle to keep want from the door. Theirs is no ideal existence. Their lives are grooved in the deep channel cut by poverty—a wearing, drudging routine. Hard work from morning till night; small wages, and great rent; ragged, barefooted children; hungry mouths to be fed; cold, damp, dismal rooms—ill-lighted, poorly ventilated and meanly furnished. We were in such a place the other day. A driving rain-storm sent us into a small house by the roadside. Everything about it betokened poverty. The young wife told her sad story. "Ah! said she "if I were to live my life over again, I would not marry as I did. But we all thought Ben was well-to-do then, and so he was, but he run through what property he had, in a little while. My mother allowed me to marry at fourteen—it was a choice between that and working out—and I greatly preferred it. But I made a mistake. I tell you I wouldn't do it now if I could go back and live my life again. I've seen sights of trouble. Ben makes a better husband then some, I know—but he aint as good as some. He works out, but don't get half what he might, if he would stand up and be a man. He is shiftless. He does very well if he gets with steady companions, but"——— and a long-drawn sigh told what she forbore to utter. She had with her two wholesome, healthy boys, one two years old and the other three. She washed their faces and made them appear attractive, though their clothing scarcely covered their nakedness. She said they were her only comforts, and kissed them over and over again. A wife at fourteen—and at nineteen the mother of two children and nearly weary of life!

—*Memoranda of a Joppa Trip.*—Away over the bounding rail, this bright and breezy Wednesday morning for our cottage by the lake. We leave the train. The sun is hot, the sand deep, the luggage heavy. But the path soon ends at the water's edge, and we pursue our way in boats round curved, wooded banks on the placid bosom of a tranquil river, broad and deep. It deserves a less prosaic name. Here we are! O what a cool, shady, picturesque spot! A tumble in the waves, rolling in boisterously from the lake, is proposed and carried out. Ah! what refreshment! Shall we go fishing? An old stager warns us that the fish all leave the river in the heat of the day and go out into the lake to cool off and visit their friends. Pshaw! In two hours' time we have basketed forty-five perch. Sharp appetites and an excellent picnic dinner under the shade trees, effect a conjunction at half-past two. More fishing, with small luck. The home-bound party are taken over the river. J. brings out his telescope. See those ridiculous cranes half a mile away. They are four feet high and erect as a man, but no dandy ever promenaded with such stilted dignity. How the telescope abolishes space! Fifteen miles away on the eastern lake-shore, the train our friends are awaiting is seen creeping along through the trees. We read *North Bay* on the station-house three miles distant. An object in the dim distance is revealed as a steamer plowing gallantly along toward us. The silvery moon becomes a plaster-of-Paris ball covered with little indentations. Up the next morning at 5.30, for another raid on the perch. Caught eighteen. At half-past eight they adorn our plate—hot, crisp and juicy. We go over to the station to meet a company coming on the train. Yesterday's scenes repeated. Bathing, rowing, fishing, and a grand banquet at 2.30 P. M., at which lemonade is served in hotel style. At six we are homeward bound, ten pleasure-fed, thankful souls. Pausing at State Bridge our locomotive suddenly pours forth dense volumes of steam with angry roar. A pump connection is displaced. Out goes the fire in a windrow of glowing coals along the track. A boiler with a broken pump must have no fire under it. A messenger is dispatched to the nearest telegraph-station six miles away. An hour and three-quarters slip by. Three brave women of our party inspect the disabled engine, and actually climb up to the engineer's stand and view with awe the mechanism by which the huge machine is controlled. At Oneida village our party increase to eighteen. Ten minutes more and we are at our home of homes.

—How astonishingly alike the people seem who call here day after day! The 10 o'clock train brings in a small party from the south; the 12 o'clock train brings in another from the north; hacks and genteel equipages roll up to the door and deliver a dashing company from Rome or Oneida; and couples are coming in carriages all through the day. We have a certain number of honest-looking farmers with their wives and children; a certain number of respectable middle-aged men and women from the villages round about; a certain number of sprightly young men and maidens; and a certain number of quality people whose stylish costumes and elegant manners mark them as belonging to the "ton." There is so much sameness in the color and pattern of the dress, the way of wearing the hair, and the general contour that it is difficult to believe these are not the identical ladies that called yesterday. Society has molded them after the same pattern. Even their utterance is much the same.

"Now are n't these trumpet flowers splendid?" asks a musical voice.

"Yes indeed! they are be-EU-*ti-ful!*" replies another.

"And O, these verbenas—are n't they *perfectly* lovely?" intones a third.

"And do you know," asks a fourth, "I think your grounds are laid out in exquisite taste? Your lawn is magnificent."

"Your flower-garden is perfectly elegant," adds the fifth.

Strange to tell, these sentences fall familiarly on the ear, having been uttered for the five hundredth time by voices as much like these as you can possibly fancy. Passing along in sight of a group of children, a lady asks with serious face, the time-worn question that we have answered a thousand times, "Do the children know their parents?"

After a pleasant stroll over the grounds, the people walk about the house, and on arriving in the Hall sit down. The piano on the stage looks inviting. Every party brings its young lady who has taken music lessons and is able to play a little and sing a little; after sufficient urging from anxious mammas and interested cousins, she slowly ungloves her jeweled hands and goes on the stage. This is n't exactly the same Miss we saw yesterday, though she affects the same airs, makes the same excuses, sits before the piano with the same fascinating grace that that young lady did. She runs up and down the chromatic scale with one hand, while she looks at her audience and asks with charming simplicity, "What shall I play?" and then with a sudden determination executes a waltz, or a scherzo movement by Kucken, and whirls round on the piano stool to be asked to play again. This young lady has a fearless, dashing style that is quite pleasing, though she uses the pedal too freely, and belongs to the large class of mediocre performers that one hears every day. Some have a heavy, martial style; some a spasmodic, banging style, that accents the first part of every measure by loud hammering of the base; some a sostenuto style; some a staccato style; some a delicate, pathetic style, and some a milk-and-water style—a style devoid of any expression whatever. But the music is passable, and gives more or less pleasure to those who listen, though it seldom secures a large audience.

Occasionally a musical genius is in the party. He is known by his touch. The piano speaks under the manipulation of his fingers. The effect is electrical. Our attention is arrested at once. No hammering, nor banging, nor meaningless prhases, but every measure is rendered with true musical feeling—the rhythm is faultless—the meaning of the composer is interpreted to our inner senses, and we give ourselves up to the rapture of the occasion.

Sometimes a vocal artist surprises us. We long ago tired of the popular melodies sung by every body, without taste or feeling; and the fashionable screeching of the would-be opera singer never pleased us. But when listening to one who has added culture and taste to the gift of a fine voice, and sings with true expression, rendering the spirit and the life of the music—that "thrills us and fills us." No words can fully express what the heart feels when the soul of music speaks. Personalities are forgotten, and we turn from admiring the artist, to a feeling of worship for the Creator of all art.

FEMININE TIMIDITY.

I YIELD to no man in lively appreciation of the large capabilities of woman, when, impelled by a noble ambition, she breaks out of the narrow routine of domestic duties, or repudiates the imperative demands of fashion and seeks en-

larged culture and wider scope in the higher vocations so long monopolized by man. I view with deep interest her steady advancement toward those callings for which she seems well-fitted by nature and in which she is as likely to excel as her masculine counterpart. The latent forces within her are fast struggling into action. Mark her progress. In the practice of medicine she has won a recognized position; in theology and law she has gained a foothold; in the world of business she is a well-nigh indispensable auxiliary to man; in art and literature she successfully competes with him, and in the political arena her influence is not the less potent although exerted behind the scenes.

But one pitiable weakness still clings to woman—an inheritance from the barbaric past, when, as history informs us, she was kept in a state of woeful ignorance and naturally became the sport of the childish fears and superstitions which inevitably arise from that condition. She feared her master; she feared the startling and strange in the phenomena of nature; and the same unreasoning dread of all animate life in creation is yet displayed by her. Lamentable indeed is her condition, nor is the ludicrous aspect wanting. You are seated beneath the shade of a tree conversing with a lady on some interesting, perchance absorbing theme; you are inwardly admiring the good sense she displays, and the extent and variety of her information, when suddenly an appalling shriek, accompanied with desperate passes at some part of her mortal frame, interrupts the tranquil scene. It is over in a moment; it was only a harmless insect that had alighted upon her fair neck, or perhaps a worm crawling over her shoulder.

A company of women can be thrown into an ecstacy of fear at sight of a terror-stricken mouse capering about the room in search of his hole; mounted on chairs, however, with poker or broom in hand they feel quite valorous. The horse, cow, sheep, dog and cat when wandering about seem to the masculine mind to be inoffensive objects; but to womankind they are fierce, treacherous beasts likely to attack them at any time with hoof, horn or tooth. Darkness to the female mind hides uncanny, frightful things, and is a season she loves not. A crashing thunder-peal can cause our sensitive sister to shudder in abject terror. Crossing a low trestle-work makes her poor head swim. Surprises, sudden alarms and unusual noises quite unnerve and sometimes prostrate her. Alas! for womankind!

But woman is really not wholly to blame that this department of her nature, call it physical courage, if you will, is so deplorably undeveloped. Reared in the house and keenly alive to a public sentiment which might condemn as unwomanly or mannish, traits of courage, coolness and self-possession, what wonder that her development exhibits this incongruous phase?

If the ideal woman is always to be a timid, dependent, helpless creature, related to man as the twining ivy is to the sturdy oak, then our thoughts were better unwritten; but if a diviner ideal makes womanly heroism not less an essential than the adornments of grace and beauty, then this setting must also have a place among the radiant brilliants destined to encircle her brow. J.

GLASS AND GLASS-MAKING.

V.

TO our mind the operation of glass-blowing, though so common, still borders on the marvelous. To see the glass magician dip his wand (a hollow rod of iron) into the fire, take from thence a lump, red-hot and opaque, and then by a series of dextrous manipulations—a sort of metaphorical passing of the hands over it—transform it into an elongated globe, as sheeny, iridescent and apparently as frail as the soap-bubbles of childhood's days, is certainly as wonderful as many of the illusions of legerdemain, and a thousand times more satisfactory, because you are sure that the phenomena before you are not less real than astonishing.

But a truce to imaginings. In our last chapter we followed the process of manufacture down to the point of readiness for blowing. We will suppose the workmen to be engaged in manufacturing bottles, and the contents of the pots consequently to be

BOTTLE-GLASS.

A word as to the composition of this glass. Ordinary green bottle-glass consists of the silicates of soda, lime and alumina with oxide of iron. White bottle-glass contains silica, soda or potash and lime.

Bottle-making illustrates well the dexterity which the workmen acquire. Let us examine it somewhat in detail. The most important implement employed is the "pipe," a wrought-iron tube, from four to five feet long, one inch thick and one-fourth of an inch in the bore. A wooden handle protects the workman from the heat. Immediately upon the opening of the working-holes, the workman dips his pipe into the pot, attaching as much melted glass thereto as he thinks sufficient for his purpose. Giving the ball of glass a few turns in the air in front of the working-hole, to cool it, and blowing slightly through the pipe to render it hollow, he next dips the mass into the pot to attach a fresh layer of glass. This operation is repeated several times or until the ball is of the right size. It is next held in the flame for a moment, and then placed in one of the round concavities of the "marver" (a block of iron or stone used for shaping the mass), where it slowly assumes the form of a pear-shaped vessel. The glass has by this time become cool, and is again heated by re-insertion for a short time in the furnace. The pear-shaped vessel is now made longer, and its form approached to that of a bottle in this way: The workman blows into the tube with greater force, and at the same time swings the vessel backward and forward like a pendulum, giving also a simultaneous and constant rotary motion to the pipe. Thus the globular form which the vessel would naturally assume under the influence of the blowing is converted into a long, thin, oval-shape by the swinging motion. As soon as the article has acquired the proper thickness it is placed in a mould, which is a hollow, cylindrical block of wood or iron. By blowing forcibly through the pipe while the vessel is in this position, the workman presses the sides of the glass firmly against the sides of the mould, while at the same time, by giving it a sort of jerking motion, the article is drawn out to the required length. The vessel is now re-heated, after which by the aid of another workman who stands opposite the first and presses in the bottom of the unfinished bottle with a rod called a "punty," an even edge is produced upon which it may stand firmly. The bottle is now detached from the pipe by which it was blown, and held by the punty, which has become firmly attached to its base, in order that its neck may be heated and rough edges rounded off. After one or two more finishing touches, the bottle goes to the annealing oven, and on coming from thence is ready to supply some one of the uncounted demands of use or fancy.

Large round bottles are blown without the aid of a mould, and in the manufacture of very large ones, like carboys, steam is made use of by spirting a mouthful of water into the interior, and then closing the mouth of the pipe with the thumb. Attempts have been made, and successfully we believe, to invent a bottle-mould by means of which the perfection of the article produced should not depend upon the skill and address of the workman.

In this connection we will briefly notice the process of manufacturing glass tubes. This operation is begun much in the same way as bottle-making. A sufficient quantity of metal (this is the term applied to glass while in the working state) having been attached to the pipe by successive dips, the mass is blown into the form of a globe with exceedingly thick walls. An assistant next attaches a second pipe to the globe, by means of a lump of melted glass on its end, directly opposite the first. "The two men then separate from each other as quickly as possible. The globe immediately contracts across its center, which, being drawn out to the size of the tube desired, cools, so that the hotter and softer portions next yield in their dimensions, and so on until a tube 100 feet or more in length hangs between the two men, sagging in the middle like a heavy rope. It is kept constantly rotating in the hands, and is straightened as it cools and sets by placing it on the ground. It is cut into suitable lengths while hot by taking hold of it with cold tongs. The diameter of the bore retains its proportion to the thickness of the glass; hence thin tubes must be drawn from globes blown to large size, or from small ones containing very little metal. Tubes thus drawn out from colored glass are converted into beads by processes which further illustrate the various and curious manipulations of the art."

PLATE-GLASS

consists of a silicate of potash or soda, lime and alumina,. Plate is the great window-glass. Its purity and beauty well adapt it also for shop windows, and indeed for all windows. Being composed of the same essential materials, as window-glass, differing only in their greater purity, it may be considered the same brought to perfection. Previous to the invention of casting, plate-glass was blown into cylinders, as we before mentioned, like window-glass, but the great superiority of the cast glass has resulted in the almost total abandonment of the old method.

We are indebted to a popular magazine for the following graphic account of the casting of plate-glass as practiced at the works of St. Gobain near Paris, one of the oldest and most celebrated esablishments of the kind in the world:

"When one enters for the first time into one of the vast glass-houses of St. Gobain at night, the furnaces are closed, and the dull sound of a violent though captive fire alone interrupts the silence. From time to time a workman opens the working-hole to look into the furnace at the state of the glass; long bluish flames then light up the sides of the annealing ovens, the blackened beams, the heavy flattening-tables, and the mattresses, on which half-naked workmen sleep quietly.

"Suddenly the hour strikes, the call is beaten on the iron slabs which surround the furnace, the whistle of the foreman is heard, and thirty strong men stand up. The furnaces are opened, the glowing pots are seized and raised into the air by mechanical means, they pass like hanging globes of fire along the beam, then stop and are lowered over the immense cast-iron table, placed with its roller before the open mouth of the annealing-oven. The signal given, the pot leans over and the beautiful, opal liquid, brilliant, transparent and unctuous, falls and spreads over the table. At a second signal the roller passes over the red-hot glass; a workman, with his eyes fixed on the fiery substance, skims off the apparent defects with bold and skillful hand; then the roller falls or passes off, and twenty workmen provided with long shovels quickly push the glass into the oven, where it is annealed and cools slowly. The workmen then turn around and begin again, without disorder, without noise, without rest. The founding goes on for an hour, the pots are immediately refilled, the furnaces reclosed, darkness again falls, and the continuous

noise of the fire preparing fresh work is again the only sound heard.

"When the glass has been placed in the annealing-oven it remains there about three days. The process of taking it out is less dramatic than the casting. And yet it is striking to see twelve workmen, with no other help than leather bands, draw out, raise, and carry this large, thin and fragile glass, walking in step like soldiers, from the annealing-oven to the desk, placed on wheels and rails, which will convey it still unpolished to the squaring-room, where it will be examined, classified, cut and sent to the other work-rooms to be finished.

"The glass is already beautiful, but opaque; it has to become transparent, polished, and perfectly even. As it has to transmit or reflect light, no defect in it must disperse or obscure the rays. This fragile glass has then to be abraded with sand, embedded in plaster-of-Paris, and smoothed with emery against another glass which is fixed; it has to be turned, to smooth the other side, and soaped with the hand, then polished by rubbing it with woolen cloth covered with red oxide of iron all of which is done by means of complicated instruments set in movement by steam or water. Afterward it has to be raised and examined a second time, and when it is perfect sent to the room where it will be classed, silvered, or cut, and then sold."

According to the same author, the plating is done at St. Gobain in the following manner: "On an inclined table surrounded by gutters a carefully cleaned sheet of tin is spread, on which the mercury is poured. Under a light and rapid hand, the glass, pushed straight forward, drives before it the surplus of the metal, and the mercury, shut in between the tin and the glass, spreads out, adheres and amalgamates in a few minutes. But the glass has to dry for nearly eight days, under heavy weights, which completes the fixing of the tin-foil."

The above method of silvering glasses, though the one generally practiced, is quite objectionable, not only on account of the excessively high price of mercury and the difficulty of working the tin without tearing it, but also from its injurious effects on the health of the workmen. Desiring to obviate these drawbacks, a Frenchman, M. Petitjean, invented some years since a new process of silvering by means of tartaric acid, nitrate of silver and ammonia. The new method is as simple as it is ingenious. Two colorless liquids are poured upon the glass, and after a short interval the silver appears and spreads very evenly over the surface. This process of silvering is accompanied by one slight drawback. Mirrors thus treated are almost certain to become covered with spots. But ingenuity and perseverance will doubtless surmount this obstacle ere long. V.

THE ONEIDA COMMUNITY.

A CHIEL AMANG THEM TAKIN' NOTES.

The Communists of Oneida Described, and Contrasted with the Shakers.

[Correspondence of the Albany Evening Times.]

Oneida, July 17, 1873.

My theme is Communism, and the Oneida Community in particular. Success deserves and invariably secures attention. Copartnership, Coöperation or Communism are destined to move the American mind in the near future, as few subjects have, in all past history. The truth, that only one, from fifty attempts at Communistic life, with any considerable number of individuals, has been a success, excites the greatest interest and produces the most extensive inquiry. Agents from all parts of the globe have visited Mt. Lebanon and Oneida, to get the secret of prolonged partnership, upon principles that closely resembled the primitive apostolic church.

* * * * * *

The Oneida Communists claim to be the most religious of people, and curious as it will appear to your readers, they quote the same passages of Holy Writ to sustain their relations together that the Shakers do, in building up their system of absolute abnegation: "For the children of the resurrection neither marry nor are given in marriage," while they add, "but live as the Oneida Communists do."

Of their regulations I found them very reticent—just as any man or woman in monogamy would appear, should any attempt a minute investigation of their conjugal associations. I failed of getting a sufficiently satisfactory answer to commit to your readers at this time; but can assure them that scarcely a rumor among so many commonly urged against these people is to be relied upon at all. It will be a very long time, however, before any large number of people will admit the belief that the angels in heaven engage in the practices of Oneida; but while the majority of thinking minds quite readily admit the probability that the hordes of the heavenly world are living on the Shaker system, this same majority would quite prefer the Oneida plan of life in this mundane sphere, had they to make choice under which rule they would live! Hence O. C. is crowded with individuals and worried with applications for admission; while the Shakers are diminishing, and they out on "the highways and hedges" seeking "whom the Lord has convicted of the necessity of self-denial." A single Shaker family homestead in either of the parent societies exceeds in the value of its real estate—land, buildings, etc.,—all that O. C. possesses in these respects; yet while the Shakers have lost the needed power of close congregation by swarming into eighteen societies, with six homesteads in a society, as is the case at Mt. Lebanon, the O. C. have avoided this mistake and are using the means (which the Shakers have squandered in building up new societies) to improve and embellish their home. They number two-thirds as many as the Shakers at Lebanon. Their homestead is a picture. Their buildings are of artistic architecture externally, and very homelike internally. Their rule of life in business claims honesty of manufacture and dealing as fundamental. They are very successful as financiers. All business and correspondence to or from O. C. is done in the name of the Community.

The manufacture of sewing-silks, traps and light castings is the source whence their heavy revenues are derived, and a close inspection of these articles does credit to their mechanism and thoroughness. Education with them is an idol; and they aim to give all their young people an academic or college instruction. A half-dozen graduates from Yale already are boasted of by the O. C. In this they are far in advance of the Shakers, as also they are in manufactures, music, arts and esthetics generally. And these might be introduced into any religious body, and their effect be only in harmony with a good spirit. The dress of the males is quite uniformly the same; also the wearing of the full beard; and neither these, nor aught else that a stranger meets in them, give any distinctive idea from the general mass of men. The women all dress in full Bloomer style; and this, while it strikes one as extremely odd, at the same time convinces all of its simplicity and complete modesty. We were of opinion that pride is a stranger in their dress, and that much more pride is evinced by the preparation of the Shaker kerchief and cap, than any exhibition of love of dress at O. C. I sat down with nearly two hundred of them at dinner. The repast was almost sumptuous; the greater portion being composed of home productions. Meats are only seldom used. They have only two meals daily, and these are prepared by servants from without their order, but superintended by a man and woman of their own number. Their washing is similarly performed. Their farm work is done by hired help, as is almost all their mechanical business, superintended by themselves. Large numbers of individuals are thus given employment, and to me they invariably gave the O. C. members the largest commendation for fairness of dealing. I visited their ornithological and entomological cabinets; they were creditable, as being prepared by their taxdirmists. The botanical museum was delightfully arranged, and though far from being complete, is in a fair way to arrive at that point. I wanted to see the children, and was taken to the nursery and play-ground. They appeared healthy. I asked the matrons attending, if they ever cried? and learned they seldom did. "Do they wake up pleasant or peevish?" They replied, that invariably they rose with a smile or a laugh. * * * To these children they gave every attention, and hopefully look to the building up of the Community by an improved race. We shall see. Their lawns and flower gardens are very tastefully arranged and cared for. Swings and croquet grounds were prominent in the distance. Large numbers from surrounding villages visit them and purchase dinner—sometimes hundreds daily.

They keep a large and fancy stock of cows. Ayrshires predominate; while the present sire of their calves, "Rocket," is far more handsome than any picture I ever saw. They are cultivating acquantance with the Holstein race, and have some very fine specimens. They also excel in fine sheep and horses. Their farm-superintendent drove with me over the road, a fine three-year-old, that was full of life and kindness. We understood that the Watervliet Shakers had lately purchased some of their fine Ayrshire stock.

System, like clock-work, seemed to be everywhere; from the garden to the office of the CIRCULAR—their weekly paper—all seemed most orderly and prosperous. Their government is the *vox populi*, obtained in their meetings of criticism. The correction of individuals for both major and minor offences is done by the severe criticism of the body; and each in his or her turn being liable to sit on the culprit's seat, is good reason for the practice of the golden rule. This criticism practice is a prominent feature of the institution, and its results very gratifying. If there should be no subjects up for criticism, any are at liberty to offer themselves as targets, and the effect on the whole body has sometimes been marvelous. In this way tobacco—in all its forms—was completely dismissed from the O. C., though very many had been prominent users of the weed for half a century—among whom was Noyes himself! We do not believe the Shakers could accomplish this feat by any process of government now exercised by them.

The Oneida Community are total abstinents, except in cases of sickness. Their only religious exercises consist in these evening meetings, where, besides criticism of conduct, they give vent to religious impressions and experiences.

There was nothing but their social system that I could make objection to, or forbid among the best classes of religionists; but their sexual affiliations I honestly abominate, be the same better or worse than ordinary marriage. To copy the good, and resist the evils of their system would perhaps dispel the twin curses of slavery and pauperism from human society. I found these people are not Sabbatarians, although they show some kind of deference for the day. WALTON.

THE NEWS.

President Grant has not yet decided upon the successor of Chief Justice Chase.

Vice President Wilson is about to undergo a severe operation for the purpose of relieving his paralysis.

The last of the iron plates for the East River bridge anchorage was placed in position Monday, July 28th.

Contreras is in command of the insurgent fleet off Almeria, Spain, and threatens to bombard the city unless his demand for 50,000 *pacetas* is complied with.

Sixteen Senators and thirty-six Representatives have returned their pay into the U. S. Treasury, making an aggregate of $218,645.84

On Monday, July 28, three thousand Remington rifles for the Carlists were landed in Spain, near Bilbac, and taken into the interior.

The Fulton Market booths will be destroyed by the Board of Health if they are not removed by Saturday noon, August 3rd.

Chinese immigration is falling off in consequence of the Chinese in San Francisco advising their countrymen against coming to the United States.

Twenty-two Chinese women brought from Hong Kong were sold in the Chinese quarter of San Francisco on Monday, July 28. Young girls brought $450, and middle-aged and old women from $100 to $200.

Unofficial advices from Fort Klamath state that all of the Modocs tried by court martial have been found guilty of murder, and will be hanged as soon as the findings of the court are approved.

A Government bonded warehouse in Greenwich street, New York, was burned on last Wednesday night. It was supposed to be a case of spontaneous combustion. The loss is estimated at $330,000.

Crop-reports along the line of the Milwaukee and St. Paul railroad in Wisconsin, say that the prospects for

wheat and other small grains was never better. The crops through the entire North West will make a handsome showing.

On Thursday, July 31st, Attorney General Williams informed a committee from South Carolina that all prosecutions pending against parties for Ku Klux outrages would be suspended.

Work on the great trans-Atlantic balloon of the *Daily Grapic* has been rapidly pushed during the past two weeks and it seems highly probable that it will be ready to start by the 20th of August.

A surveying party on the Northern Pacific Railroad has been driven off the line by the Sioux at a point two hundred miles north of Yankton. The Indians claim that this land belongs to them and that they will not allow the railroad to cross it.

In the English House of Commons on Monday night, July 28, the government was asked if the Carlists were to be recognized as belligerents. Viscount of Enfield, Under-Secretary of Foreign Affairs, replied that the Carlists were undoubtedly gaining ground but were not as yet entitled to recognition as belligerents.

Extensive deposits of plumbago have been discovered in Buckingham township, eighteen miles north of Ottawa, in Canada. Assays of this Canadian mineral show it to contain 97 per cent. of plumbago.

The New York *Herald* says: "Iowa grangers are now abandoning the system of co-operative stores. They have tried the experiment to their satisfaction and find it impracticable and unprofitable."

In the competitive trial of mowers and reapers at Vienna there was but one European machine entered, a German reaper and mower, against 17 American reapers and 15 American mowers. All other nations found it inconvenient to compete in the trial. All of the American machines did good work. The Johnson Harvester of Brockport, N. Y., was the first out, cutting its *joch*, about one and a half acres, in 56 minutes. The Buckeye Senior, second, in 58 minutes.

The organization known as the Order of St. Crispin, is nearly defunct. At a late meeting in Boston of a few members of this once powerful society it was freely admitted by the various speakers that the order had been reduced to a mere skeleton, and that there was no hope of its restoration to a healthy state of existence. Cause: Disunity and discord in managing affairs and a total disregard of the laws of supply and demand which control the business affairs of the world.

A Novelty in Religious Journalism.—A daily journal, in the Roman Catholic interest, will make its appearance in N. Y. city early in the fall. The sum of $100,000 has been subscribed for the purpose, with the understanding that more will be forthcoming if necessary. The names of various prominent literary gentlemen are mentioned in connection with the editorship, but it is believed that the publishers as yet have made no choice. Mr. McMasters, of the *Freeman's Journal*, has the requisite brain, but he lacks discretion and judgment. Mr. Hecker has scholarship, but needs the "aggressive spirit" with which it is intended the new organ shall be imbued. The proper man, however, will doubtless be found in due time. The Archbishop, it is understood, will have general supervision, but in view of the uncomfortable experiences of the late Archbishop Hughes with *The Metropolitan Record*, which was published as his "official organ" by an irrepressible young Hibernian gentleman, his Lordship is naturally indisposed to permit the fact to be advertised. *The Tablet and Freeman's Journal*, for obvious reasons, are giving the new enterprise the cold shoulder. They have not even condescended to notice its advent; but that cannot be helped. It will go on, with or without them. The prospectus will be published in a few days. It will take high ground in favor of "Catholic schools," and against "education by the State" in every shape and form. *The New York Herald*, heretofore, has answered all the purposes of the Romish hierarchy as a propagandist, under cover of their views and opinions; but the blundering ignorance exhibited in its so-called "religious department," and particularly in its reports of Sunday sermons, have quite neutralized the serviceableness of its editorial columns, and quickened the desire to have a journal which shall serve them without embarrassing them. Another motive was to do something to counteract the anti-Catholic tendencies of a daily paper called *The Witness*, which is published chiefly in the interest of Scotch Presbyterianism. It may be that this anxiety on the part of Rome to compete with Geneva in utilizing the press, will suggest to Churchmen an idea or two in the same direction. A first-class daily paper, in the interest of the Church, would be a powerful instrumentality in promoting its influence. Satan certainly has not been slow to invoke that agency to do *his* work, and there is no reason why we should not fight him, when it can be done effectively with his own weapons.

—*The Churchman.*

FRUITS, VEGETABLES & JELLIES

PACKED BY

ONEIDA COMMUNITY,

Oneida, N. Y.

Price-List for 1873.

VEGETABLES IN CANS.

Per Dozen Quarts.

TOMATOES	$2 75
SWEET CORN	3 75
YELLOW PUMPKIN	3 50
SUCCOTASH	4 50
WHITE KIDNEY BEANS	5 00
GREEN PEAS	5 00
STRING BEANS	3 50
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TOMATOES in 8lb. Fruit Cans	(per doz.)	6 50
TOMATO CATSUP in Pint Bottles,	" "	2 50

FRUITS IN CANS AND BOTTLES.

Per Dozen Quarts.

	CANS.	GLASS.
PEARS	$5 50	$7 00
PLUMS, Damson	6 00	7 50
" Lombard	6 00	7 50
" Gage	6 00	7 50
CHERRIES, Black Tartarian	6 50	8 00
" Yellow Spanish	6 50	8 00
" Other Varieties	6 00	7 50
QUINCES		7 00
PEACHES	5 50	7 00
" whole (pared)	5 00	
RASPBERRIES, Philadelphia (red)	5 50	7 00
" Hornet (red)		8 00
" Doolittle (black)	5 50	7 00
STRAWBERRIES	6 00	7 50
PINE-APPLES	7 25	8 75
CURRANTS		7 00

SWEET PICKLES IN GLASS.

Per Dozen Quarts.

PEARS	$7 00
PEACHES	7 00
CRAB-APPLES	7 00

JELLIES IN 8oz. TUMBLERS.

Per Dozen.

CURRANT	5 00
CRAB-APPLE	4 00
QUINCE	4 00
RED RASPBERRY	4 50

CURRANT JELLY in Crocks to order.

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The Fruits are preserved in heavy syrup made of the best white sugar, and are ready for table use without further attention. The aim has been to put them up in the best manner.

Our packing cases hold two dozen cans, or one dozen bottles; and parties are requested to order full cases. Jellies are packed in cases of one or two dozen, as desired.

Shipping directions will be strictly followed, and goods will be delivered at the nearest railroad station in good order without extra charge; *but the Community will not be held responsible for any breakage which may take place after the goods are shipped.*

Orders from persons unknown to us must be accompanied by the cash or suitable reference.

☞Photographs of Mr. J. H. Noyes for sale at this office. Price 25 cts.

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Machine-Twist and Sewing-Silk of their own manufacture for sale by the Oneida Community.

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

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Published by the Oneida & Wallingford Communities.

ONEIDA COMMUNITY, AUGUST 11, 1873.

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

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SPECIAL NOTICE.

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

ADMISSIONS.

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

BLESSED ARE THEY.

Blessed, Oh God, are they,
Who from thee never stray;
Blessed are they,
Who thy commands ne'er break,
And *all* for Christ forsake,
Blessed are they.

Blessed are they that mourn,
Who Christ's dear cross have borne,
A weary way;
By thy kind hand they're led,
They shall be comforted,
Blessed are they.

Blessed, the pure in heart,
Who choose a lowly part,
And day by day
Seek most to know thy will,
And calmly it fulfill,
Blessed are they.

Blessed are they that hear;
Who live without a fear,
And, called away,
In perfect peace and trust,
Return their dust to dust,
Blessed are they. U.

LEGAL STATUS OF MARRIED WOMEN —PAST AND PRESENT.

VII.

IT may be proper here to recall attention to the difference in the disabilities of married women in respect to holding different kinds of property, as shown in the last preceding article. A married woman's *goods* and *chattels* become her husband's absolutely by the marriage; her *choses* in action are his also, unless he should choose not to reduce them to possession; her power of control and disposition is wholly taken away, but will revive at his death should he not exercise this right of reducing to possession; her *chattels real* remain her property, until he exercises his right to dispose of them, except that her power of disposition is suspended during his life; and her real estate remains hers, except that her power of disposition during his life is wholly suspended unless he join in a conveyance with her, and her right to its use is wholly taken away.

But this view of a married woman's disabilities as to holding property would not be complete without a reference to two other matters. Full justice should be done the old common law, even though in the doing, some features may be developed which, if not ridiculous, may reveal a humor somewhat grotesque. There are two exceptions to the rule that the whole of the personal estate of the wife becomes her husband's at the time of the marriage. What is called in law the wife's *paraphernalia* constitutes one exception. This comprises such apparel and ornaments for her person as are suitable for her; and what articles are to be considered the wife's paraphernalia depends upon the rank and condition in life of the parties. Pearls and jewels usually worn by the wife properly come within this term. In an old case, where a widow claimed her gold watch and several gold rings, as paraphernalia, which had been given to her during coverture by her relations, the court decided that she might hold them as such. The rule is that, at the death of her husband, the wife's paraphernalia belong to her, and does not, like her other personal property, go to his administrator. And it is extended to such articles as are purchased by the husband during the marriage and given to the wife to be usually worn by her. An occasional use of them will not constitute them paraphernalia. The husband has, however, the power of disposing of his wife's paraphernalia in any manner except by will, and such articles of paraphernalia as a watch and jewels are liable to his debts after his death, but not her necessary apparel. Yet, if her paraphernalia is taken to pay her husband's debts, and he had real estate, the wife may indemnify herself and recover its value out of that estate.

Another exception to the rule above referred to and nearly akin to the wife's paraphernalia, is what is familiarly known to the common law as the wife's *pin-money*. This is an annual income settled before marriage by the husband on his intended wife, or allowed to her gratuitously by him after marriage, for her personal, private expenditure for clothes and ornaments to her person during the marriage. The law does not regard it as an absolute gift by the husband to the wife, nor as money settled as her separate property, but as an amount allowed for her personal expenses to deck her person suitably to her husband's rank and condition in life, to which she has a legal right, and yet in the expenditure of which he retains a legal interest. If a wife allows her pin-money to run in arrear for a time and her husband dies, she may recover the amount out of his estate, but only for the term of one year prior to his death, unless she has previously demanded it without success, in which case she may recover all arrears. Yet, in all cases of pin-money allowed and not drawn, if the husband shall actually furnish his wife with an ample supply of apparel, and shall himself meet her other needful private expenses, she is not entitled to arrears which might otherwise be due her, for this is regarded as a satisfaction. Further, where a wife is entitled to pin-money, and is separated from her husband for good and justifiable cause, she may still recover it from him, and if she should obtain a divorce she will be entitled to alimony without any deduction out of her pin-money. In these two things, paraphernalia and pin-money, the common law, from the earliest time, recognized that the wife had a distinct right of property. Their origin is probably to be found in the circumstances and peculiar social life of the nobility, but they became common law to all classes of English people.

Next come disabilities of married women as to making contracts. As has been seen, the contract of a married woman made before marriage enures to the benefit of her husband. It is a *chose* in action which he may reduce to his own possession at any time during her life. If the contract was made with him, marriage extinguishes it; thus, if she, before marriage, held his promissory note or bond for the payment of money to her, marriage is a discharge of it, the same as if he had paid it. And, by the rules of the common law, she has no power to bind herself by contract, or to acquire to herself and for her exclusive benefit any right by contract with her. To this there is but one exception made worth naming. If she receive money by gift, or in payment for her services, and loan it, she has no

right to recover it, but her husband has; if she should receive property and sell it, he and not she has the right to recover the price. She cannot make a contract for her personal labor, for, in general, whatever she earns she earns as his servant and for him; as, in law, her time as well as her money is his property. It has even been held in a case where a husband gave his wife a weekly allowance for her support, they living separate by agreement, and she saved out of that allowance a considerable sum and invested it in stock and then sold the stock, that her contract of sale of the stock was void, because the stock was her husband's and not hers in any such sense that she could sell it. She may be the *agent* of her husband and in that character may make contracts which will bind him, and the agency need not be express, but will be raised by law from a variety of circumstances. It is on this ground that a married woman may bind her husband by contracts for "necessaries," so called; she may hire servants and purchase things that are unquestionably proper to be used in the family for herself and others, provided they be such in quality and no more in quantity than are suitable for the station and means of the husband. Beyond this she has no such authority and her contracts for other things are wholly void.

Her agreement for the sale of her real estate, though made with the assent of her husband, is void, and can not be enforced either in law or equity. And if she does actually sell her lands and join with her husband in the execution of a conveyance with covenants of warranty, they are not binding upon her, except so far as they may operate upon her by way of estoppel. One local exception to her almost total disability to contract was recognized in England. A married woman trading independently of her husband within the city of London, might by the "custom of London" make contracts with reference to the dealings of such trade and so far act as a *feme sole*. And in some of the United States it has been held that under some circumstances, such as abandonment, a married woman may become a "sole trader," and contract for herself in her trade, but in that only.

Lastly, disabilities as to legal remedies for enforcing rights and redressing wrongs: It is a maxim of common law that "where there is a right, there is a remedy." The contrary proposition is equally true; and as a married woman, by reason of being merged as a legal person in her husband, has few legal rights, she has little need of remedies and so has almost none provided. As has been stated, the benefit of her contracts accrues wholly to her husband, consequently he only has a right to maintain an action upon them. In some cases, as where a legacy is left to her, she may *join* with him in an action to recover it, or he may sue alone at his option, but in no case can she sue alone, except in respect to property "settled" upon her as herein before stated.

As to wrongs it is a general rule, that a married woman can, in her own name, maintain no action for an injury to her person, character or property. Her husband must join with her in most cases; in a few he may sue alone for injuries to her. For the most cruel and malicious slander, she alone is remediless before the law; her husband must join with her and the damages when recovered belong to him.

T.

REVIVALS IN NEW YORK CITY.

VI.

IT was the custom of the praying-circle, before offering prayers for any one, to send a delegate to confer with the subject on the importance of salvation. But every attempt to approach Gray with that object in view, utterly failed, and the task looked hopeless enough. At first Mrs. Steele was inclined to feel somewhat bad that not a sister in their circle should have an inspiration to lead off in prayer for the conversion of her son-in-law. The more intelligent members, however, were agreed that it was not for them to dictate who should be converted; they were only the servants of God in the work of saving souls, and so long as no one seemed to have a gift for prayer in this particular case, it would be the merest cant to make the attempt. "A dead lift" in prayer, said another, would benefit nobody. But all were of one mind in praying for Mrs. Gray that she might be sustained and strengthened in the position she had taken. When the facts became known in the church respecting the barbarous treatment Mrs. Gray had received at the hands of her husband, a storm of indignation was raised, and some impatiently advised that a civil action be at once instituted. But Mrs. Gray and her mother refused to listen for a moment to such advice. The case was already in God's hands, they said, and they wished to leave it there. With a mother's true instinct Mrs. Steele had prepared herself for the very issue that had now come by providing a home for her daughter in the family where she herself boarded. She said to a friend one day, pointing to a public school, "I should not be at all surprised to see Fanny ere long connected with that institution. That would indeed be a realization of my early plans for her." Sure enough, only a few months afterward Mrs. Gray, the once envied belle of the Bowery, banished from house and home, might have been seen going daily to and from the primary public school in —— Street—a calling for which nature and discipline had fitted her.

The ladies' praying-circle was still kept up, and Fanny invariably accompanied her mother whenever the meetings were held at the residences of other members. In the discussions which now occurred salvation from all sin held the most prominent place. The subject was startling and revolutionary, and was beginning to have considerable effect on the church. Yet no one openly and boldly confessed that the gospel of Christ imperatively demanded of the believer entire freedom from sin.

This was the situation of the religious forces while the commander-in-chief, C. G. Finney, was in foreign lands, and it may be readily seen that the rank-and-file of the revival army were in a sense demoralized. Fear that a deplorable heresy was creeping into the church, under the guise of freedom from all sin, seized both priest and people, causing many in their fright to attack and belabor the saints for believing too much, instead of trying to save those who did not believe at all. We were present at a conference-meeting one evening in which a young man was collared by an elder and put out of the house for testifying that he was saved from all sin. It was not malice but fear that led the elder to commit the unchristian act. To complete the confusion, not less than a half a score of would-be "new lights" claimed to have received authority from some invisible source to assume the office of prophet and lead the people from darkness to light—from sin to holiness.

Late in the fall of the same year (1834), Mr. Finney returned to the field of his labors, after an absence of nearly a year. A sad decline of the revival was too manifest to be overlooked. A council was called and a course of lectures was decided on. Entering at once upon his work, Mr. Finney did his best to awaken the church to its former enthusiasm for the conversion of souls. The altar, the wood and the offerings were there, and prayers were made, but no fire from heaven descended at their call. The course of lectures proved a failure, so far as renewing the revival was concerned. The preacher now stood between two fires. They were kindling before ill health removed him from the field of labor. We have already referred to them—Perfectionism and Anti-slavery. Mr. Finney affiliated with neither.

The Anti-slavery men had taken possession of Mr. Finney's track and rolling stock—Chatham Street Chapel and the church that worshiped there. Between the Anti-slavery cause and the revival movement, there could be no co-operation or harmony. Mr. Finney could see that at a glance. It was his purpose to be faithful to his first love, and stand by the work of revivals. Another council was therefore called. Chatham Street Chapel must be given up. The rich and influential class which Mr. Finney desired to reach, would not go where the Anti-slavery men held their meetings. It was proposed to put up a new building on Broadway; and before the council had adjourned two of its members pledged themselves to furnish the needed capital. Within a year from that time, the Broadway Tabernacle was opened to the public, and the city of New York could not then boast of a more spacious or magnificent public edifice. The fine superstructure was a success, and a more convenient establishment for the purpose for which it was intended could not be desired. Lecture-rooms, Bible-class rooms, and rooms for prayer and inquiry meetings were provided on a large scale.

Up to this time Mr. Finney had declined to be the pastor of any local church. He preferred his freedom, that he might go wherever the Lord might choose to send him. But he now consented to be installed as the pastor of the Broadway Tabernacle. A choir had been under drill for months prior to the opening and dedication of the building, and no better church music could be heard in the city. After the minister was installed, the house dedicated, and everything in readiness, a series of meetings was begun. People came in crowds, leaving no seats unoccupied. Five thousand could be made comfortable within its walls. The choir, accompanied by a fine organ, would alone draw a full house on a Sunday evening. Mr. Finney was never more eloquent than now. His best thoughts were delivered in his peculiarly emphatic and logical style. Night after night, Sabbath after Sabbath, did the work of preaching, praying and singing go on. Many were added to the church, and the Broadway Tabernacle became popular; but the Holy Spirit, making every one feel in his inmost soul

that God, the searcher of all hearts, was filling the house with the solemnity of the judgment day, was *not* there. The rich, trembling Felixes, and the half-convicted Agrippas, living on Broadway, where were they? Echo answers, where.

A PROGRAMME FOR YOU.

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

A CATALOGUE of what every person wants, in order to be as happy as he is conscious of the capability of being, would read somewhat like this: an abundance of

Health,
Genius,
Intellectual Culture,
Beauty,
Social Skill,
Attractive Magnetism.

Why should we not have all these, every one of us, to our heart's content? What is to hinder? You appreciate them—they stand to you as symbols of power and happiness. Why not begin right here with these things that are nearest to us, and let the wealth of mere external surroundings that we were going to gather from the ends of the earth wait a little? To be sure, wealth will come fast enough, as the accompaniment of good living; but let us start by being healthy, bright, young, learned, loving, beautiful and diffusive. Nothing short of this is full manhood or womanhood. Are you willing to be less than a whole person?

And don't put it off. What is the use? There is no sign that you will be any better situated for these things a hundred or a thousand years hence, than now. Everything is on hand to help you, that ever will be. Begin by getting rid of the notion that these things are unattainable, that they were meant only for the fortunate few, and that if they are ever to be reached it is only by weary up-hill toil. No such thing. Dash—dash! as well as drill. Be bold—try—assume. March up to this hobgoblin that says, "You can't," and you will find it is only a devil's scare-post put in your pathway to keep you back.

The fact is, that we have all the advantage that could possibly be wished, for realizing our highest conceptions of beauty and joy. As long as Christ, a glorious resurrection victor, invites us to identify ourselves with him—as long as the Primitive Church is brimming over with life in all the forms of genius, beauty science and art, ready to pour these treasures into any courageous heart that dares to look up and say, "Yes; I accept them," what more could we ask?

Do not think that these things can come only in stingy measure, and by hard work. This is the old-fogy view. They come more by organization and spiritual transfusion than by the cider-mill tug of mere schooling. The present railroad progress of science and art in the world proves this. A common man lives in ideas more in a day now, than he would have done in a month a hundred years ago. Why? Because there is a closer social organization than there was then, by which thought and feeling are transfused from one to another. Let this tendency to organization be perfected, let it cordially and consciously take in Christ and the Primitive Church, and the facilities of attainment in every good and beautiful thing will be a hundredfold greater still.

HOW SALT IS MADE.

Among the Onondaga Salines---Boiled and Solar Salt---Men and Capital Employed---The Wells---Source of the Brine---Unexampled Growth of a Business---Facts and Figures.

Syracuse, July 30, 1873.

DEAR CIRCULAR:—I have recently visited the famous salt-works in this vicinity, one of the oldest and most interesting labor-fields in the country, and herewith transmit to you some of my jottings, statistical and

HISTORICAL.

Two hundred and thirty-eight years ago on the low ground just west of this thriving city the Jesuits first taught the Indians how to make salt. A kettle filled with the strong natural brine from the springs in the woods was suspended over a fire by means of a pole and crotched sticks, and the water allowed to boil away. The residuum, brown in color and bitter to the taste, was a very crude specimen of salt. More than two centuries have passed, and how changed the scene since that simple lesson was given to those rude men in the depths of their native forests! From a few salt springs as a nucleus of growth has developed slowly and surely a vast organized industry extending over an area of more than a thousand acres with a permanently invested capital of over $6,000,000, giving employment to 5,000 persons, mostly men, and supplying 10,000,000 of people with the best salt in the world.

Conspicuous along the course of the canal, on the western border of the city, is a line of salt "blocks" where is made

BOILED SALT.

These "blocks" are large wooden buildings cheaply made, each with a high chimney attached. We need enter but one to see the whole three hundred and sixteen scattered far and wide over the place. Inside we find the heat oppressive; and it is surprisingly still. Right through the center of the one large apartment is a double row of steaming caldrons, eighty in number, set in the ground. On either side are deep vats piled high with dull-white salt. Yonder, dimly seen through the rising vapors, is a solitary figure bending over the boiling brine, and anon stirring it with his long-handled skimmer. We approach in quest of facts. His daily routine is precisely like that of hundreds of others. For six hours he toils incessantly, dipping out the salt into baskets as it deposits, draining their contents and emptying them into the vats, drawing the brine into the caldrons by means of a handy plug to make good the loss, and (not the least arduous of his duties) tending the fire in the great furnace below, the glowing white heat of which must never abate. The exhausted workman gives place to a fresh hand, but the work pauses not for nights or Sabbath days. The furnace flames are drawn along under the caldrons by the powerful draft of the high chimney at one end of the building. When a vat has been filled, its contents must remain fourteen days undisturbed. Then if the salt is pronounced dry by a State Inspector, it is barreled and sent to market.

After an extended ramble in and about the "blocks," finding salt in barrels, in vats, in heaps large and small, in railway-cars, in canal-boats, here, there and everywhere, we naturally become interested in learning about the source and distribution of the

NATURAL BRINE,

which is found here in great abundance and which has yielded since the first operations here in 1797, 200,721,490 bushels of salt of 56 pounds each.

There are now twenty-two wells in operation on the Salt Reservation, ranging in depth from 200 to 420 feet. The brine is brought to the surface by means of steam-power and from thence is drawn into the distributing reservoirs by heavy pumps driven by powerful overshot wheels, the head of water being supplied from the Erie Canal. The water is now sent to the cisterns in the rear of the "blocks," in some cases one or two miles distant, through long pipes which have an aggregate length of forty-five miles. The water, bright and sparkling as it comes from the earth, soon takes on a reddish tinge, caused by the presence of an oxide of iron. It soon settles, becoming blue and transparent and can then be drawn off into the kettles as we have seen. "Boiled" salt is never free from foreign chlorides, and hence is very inferior for table and dairy use. This brings us to the consideration of

SOLAR SALT,

which being a crystalline product, is of course chemically pure. Its production requires a great deal of space and is a much more conspicuous process than the other, though the results are far less. Of the 7,930,925 bushels manufactured in 1872 only 1,882,611 were obtained from the solar works.

A level plain covered over with long rows of low unpainted roofs so compactly placed as to hide the ground, is the prominent feature that strikes the eye of the observer standing on the hill above. Here and there a tall, sentinel-like pump-house marking the site of a well, breaks up the otherwise tame uniformity. Despite the glaring sunshine we descend and enter the labyrinth along the narrow cart-tracks which opens before us. On either side stretch the almost interminable

SALT-ROOMS,

shallow wooden boxes eighteen feet wide, and all lengths from twenty feet to a quarter of a mile, supported on slender piling three, four and six feet above the ground. The water is pumped from the wells and run into the first series or "deep rooms," one-fourth of a mile long, where it stands twelve or fourteen inches in depth for seven or eight days, settling, evaporating and becoming stronger till it has a buoyant power indicated by one hundred degrees on the salometer. It is then drawn into the next series where it throws down all its sulphate of lime. It is now ready to make salt, and is at once drawn into the "salt-rooms" where at a depth of three inches, in warm, windy, dry weather the salt is rapidly made, forming crystals of all sizes, from that of a grain of mustard to a walnut.

It is strangely quiet here, not a soul have we met in a half-hour's walk. Here, at length, are the first signs of business going on. Great heaps of snow-white, glistening crystals have been raked to the front of this line of "rooms" and a row of filled baskets awaits the carts which convey it to the drying- and grinding-mills.

No rain is ever allowed to fall into the "rooms" containing brine, as it has been found to delay the process materially. When a storm impends, the bell-man gives a warning signal, and in a few minutes the forty-five thousand "covers," heavy, moveable roofs, sixteen feet square, are rolled into place. Each man has a certain number of "covers" in charge, and they must be attended to at the first stroke of the bell, whatever he may be doing at the moment. The "covers" are signaled off in the same way.

The Solar Works cover an area of 500 acres.

WHO OWNS THE PROPERTY?

The original State Reservation of 15,000 acres, has been reduced by extensive sales, to 700. The State levies a tax of one cent on each bushel of salt manufactured, and in consideration therefor,

sinks the wells, pumps and distributes the water, and inspects and weighs all that is produced. In 1872 the revenue to the State was $79,000. Expenditures $45,000. Evidently the State does not make all the money. For many years that gigantic monopoly (as the newspapers say), the Onondaga Salt Co., manufactured and marketed the entire production of the Reservation. Last year it dissolved and several smaller companies now do its business. There are also a number of private companies that have wells and have erected works which have proved very profitable.

Sinking a salt-well is a venture like that of boring for oil. You may strike a strong brine or a weak one; the flow may be copious or the reverse. The common and safer way is to put up works for the manufacture of salt, and depend on the State for supplying the brine.

MISCELLANEOUS FACTS.

The highest percentage of salt in any brine yet found is 18.47. The lowest percentage tolerated is 13. The salt wells are all confined to the lowlands around the lake. Underneath the whole valley is a stratum of Niagara limestone, a solid, seamless rock 100 feet thick and completely impervious to water. Above this are alternate strata of sand, clay and gravel. The salt water has permeated this drift in all parts of the valley and is strongest where the dip is the deepest. Its saline quality is thought to be derived from dissolving particles of salt distributed through a mass of green shales and plaster-beds which extend into the hills above. In support of this theory it is shown that the shales when exposed are full of small hopper-shaped cavities, the precise shape assumed by salt-crystals when left to form by themselves, and peculiar to this crystal alone. The water collects in this great basin and is retained by the tight rock-floor. The water of the lake is quite fresh, though in proximity to the salt-district. This is doubtless owing to the strata of clay and marl which intervene. J.

ONEIDA CIRCULAR.

TIRZAH C. MILLER, EDITOR.

MONDAY, AUGUST 11, 1873.

ABOUT THE O. C.

A WRITER in the *New York Times* calls the managers of the Midland Railroad Company to account for "advertising the Oneida Community" among the attractions and celebrities on their route. The complaint is rather late. The advertisement has been going in the Midland posters for years; and the habit people have got all the way up and down the railroad of visiting the Community by dozens and fifties and car-loads is probably irrepressible. Only a day or two ago a picnic train of ten cars stuffed with men, women and children unloaded at our station. We did our best to accommodate them; though we did not invite them. They seemed pleased with their entertainment. They were certainly good, respectable people. How much they were contaminated by studying our social experiment nobody can tell.

The *Utica Herald*, speaking of the complaint in the *Times*, sensibly remarks that "the writer evidently does not exactly understand the position of affairs."

One of our correspondents comments on the complaint of the *Times* as follows:

"If the Midland Railroad Company is to be blamed for advertising the Oneida Community, what shall be said of the blundering officiousness of this writer who has advertised it a hundredfold more? Perhaps not one in fifty of the *Times*'s one or two hundred thousand readers would have read the Midland time-tables closely enough to have discovered that the Oneida Community was on its route. Since 'H.' has taken pains to call their attention directly to the fact, he will be undoubtedly responsible for a large share of what 'patronage' you may have from New York city."

A newspaper man from the north was heard to say, after visiting the Community last week, that "he got nearer to heaven on that occasion than he ever did before or ever expected to again."

COMMUNITY JOURNAL.

ONEIDA.

—The hay-crop is only about two-thirds as heavy as that of last year.

—We sold in the month of July $17,450,89 worth of silk; and $6,125 68 worth of traps.

—Fire-blight has again made its appearance among the pear trees. It struck our orchards seven or eight years ago, and after killing the greater part of the pears it disappeared for three or four years, giving us a complete respite until now.

—A friendly lawyer who recently visited us joined as follows in one of our evening conversations:

"There is a great deal said now-a-days about science, and we have what we call political science—the science of civil government. This is based on certain facts that have been discovered in human nature, and the business of adjusting human relations to these facts is called government. Here at Oneida is the strange spectacle of some hundreds of human beings living together in close relations, carrying on business of many kinds, calling into play all the various activities of human beings. Some strong passions, as for instance that of acquisitiveness must necessarily be called into exercise. This passion for money-making is ruling the world, but the Community has made it subservient to its uses. Then there is the master passion—amativeness. The Community are living together, raising and educating children without formal government or law. How is it done? Simply by the power of criticism and brotherly love. These people are quiet and industrious and I believe they are the happiest people in the world. Criticism is certainly one of the greatest forces in civil government that has ever been discovered."

Wednesday, August 6.—What Communism can do when it plays the part of entertainer, received another happy illustration from the scenes of to-day. Pardon us for recounting the oft-told tale, but we must make a historical note of such an event as the friendly call of seven hundred people seeking recreation on our grounds and gustatory and musical pleasure in our dinning-rooms and concert-hall. They came from Pulaski in ten railway-coaches about seven hundred strong. Our great picnic days always remind us of a military engagement. Oddly enough the time and place are agreed upon and there are no weapons used. On the eventful day we call in our branch families and regular workers to the center, and busily the work of preparation goes on. We know by experience where the onset will be the sharpest, and so two points among others we fortify with great care. The charge of the dinner brigade is particularly spirited, and a small army of waiters and cooks with ample material at hand prepare to meet it. There must be no miscalculation as to the amount of amunition required, else we shall suffer a defeat. Happily successful here, we next strengthen our musical defense. No failure now; they are before us in one compact mass; we hold the stage on which to deploy. There, the affair is ended. Seven hundred people spending a day on our grounds is an occurrence which sets us a thinking. What has been the silent teaching of Communism to-day? That business success, good order and apparent happiness attend a body of men and women who hold in common, property and persons, and who devote their energies to accumulating? We much mistake if our external attractions most impress our visitors. Deeper and stronger than the influence of pleasant surroundings, is the subtle contagion of a nimbus charged with brotherly love, unity and unselfishness. What we freely receive that we freely give. We are under sacred bonds to let whatever is good and true and commended by all men shine forth in deeds. If we can give dinners served by willing hands and happy hearts, if we can make music breathe the good will we feel, if in any way we can convey to others the joy and peace and trust in our hearts, our reward is the blessed one of the giver. More than three hundred dined at our tables to-day, and we gave an afternoon concert to a crowded hall. The Pulaski Ringold Fire Company, with a brass-band, was present, and after the concert, discoursed pleasing music under the trees in the quadrangle. And here we should speak of the improvement these musicians have made since they were here a year ago, both in their selection of pieces and general instrumentation. We have seldom heard a bass tuba that pleased us so well as the one played to-day. They left at six o'clock, the band playing as they went to the train; twelve little boys dressed in Zouave costume marched behind in single file and the great army followed. Quite an imposing sight.

—It is very presumptuous to say what you will do to-morrow. No one can tell what a day is likely to bring forth. It may bring forth sunshine, and it may bring forth rain—it may be piping hot and it may be chilling cold. Beware how you set your heart on going to a certain place at a certain time! Ten chances to one, you will be disappointed. If you are exceedingly anxious to go, it seldom fails to rain. If you have counted on wearing some delicate fabric that you know will stun the inhabitants of Briartown, wind and weather will combine to defeat you. Every one knows the humid nature of Fourth of Julys, and who can forget the drenching rains incident to county-fairs and town-fairs? Somebody had anticipated those events too fondly, you may depend. If people would not worry, but quietly take things as they come, mayhap the weather would oftener favor their projects. It is far from wise to calculate on these terrestrial things, or say what you will do a day hence. We have emphasized the truth of this assertion by practical experience, and therefore speak with certainty. Here is a case in point. On a sultry day not long since, says H. to E., "This is just the weather for ice-cream. Let's have some for dinner." "O no," replies E., "we intend to have ice-cream next Sunday!" "Sunday! three days longer!" says H. aghast; "why, it may be as cold as November by Sunday!" "Never mind," laughs E., "our plans are made and we cannot change now." Thursday, Friday and Saturday passed, each day rivalling the other in warmth. Sunday morning came; the heat was oppressive—insufferable; "and a good time for ice-cream," soliloquized H. At noon the weather was cooler, and by three o'clock (the hour for dinner) people were sighing, "O, what a change since morning! Was there ever such a contrast?" and many went to dinner wrapped in shawls and clothed in woolens. Ice-cream was served, but it seemed strangely incongruous. "There," said H., "if we have n't made another miscalculation about ice-cream, after all!"

—A fashionably-dressed lady from a neighboring city wished to know if we received children to educate in our institution. We replied, as usual-

that it is not our custom to take children into our family without their parents; that, however desirable it may seem in some cases to yield to applications like hers, yet after much experience we have proved it to be unsafe and inexpedient. We listened to her story. It was this: She has a daughter thirteen years old, whose father is dead, and who has no other male relative to control her. She is becoming very willful and headstrong. Business keeps the mother away from home all day, and the daughter is sent to the public school. There she mixes with a crowd of other children, some good and many bad, gathered from the city streets, and learns of them far more evil than she does good from books. She is growing up extravagant in dress, saucy to her mother and brother, ignorant of and averse to all work, and Oh! worst of all, bent on being out late evenings with no one to guide her. Her mother feels powerless to curb her headstrong daughter, and is looking round anxiously for help. Some had advised her to place the girl in a Catholic institution; but she could not endure the thought. The Orphan Asylum had been suggested, but that did not help the case much, as the girl would undoubtedly be bound out—she knew not where. She might put her out to service, but that would be certain ruin. Mistresses now-a-days have no care for their girls except to see that they get their work done. Her daughter would have to pick up her society in the streets, and if she is only on time for her morning's work no one will care how or where she spends her evenings. What can be done? There seems to be no place provided where such a girl can be taught to work and be kept under wholesome discipline. We sympathized with the mother: but how strangely all this complaint sounded in our ears! It contrasted so sharply with the feelings we have about our own girls—they are such a comfort to us; instead of being a trouble and a worry, they add so much beauty, harmony and happiness to our home. Obedient, industrious and enthusiastic for the Community, we have no fear for them, but everything to hope.

—The same train that brought a hundred and twenty picnic-ers from the north on Tuesday, also brought an interesting trio from Canada; an English gentleman and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Carr, and a young lady friend, Miss Emma Massmann, a German by birth. They had with them a large Scotch stag-hound, nine years old, which they had brought from England. It was larger than any dog we ever saw and quite remarkable for intelligence and good-nature. Our visitors attracted much attention from the crowd as they led the dog around the grounds, and the affection they showed for him was very childlike. It had always been a pet and was very much attached to its master and mistress. Among other things we learned that this dog (Oscar, they called it) had at one time passed through Pompeii with his mistress, had shaken paw with the ex-king and queen of Italy, the latter having offered a large sum of money for him. Victor Emanuel sent his head-forester to Mrs. Carr in full costume saying, "Madam, His Majesty desires to possess that dog; money is of no account; whatever you ask, you shall have." To which she responded, "My compliments to his Majesty; and please say to him that the bank of Italy does not contain money enough to purchase my dog!" We found Mr. and Mrs. Carr very intelligent people. They were invited to stay the night with us, and we learned more of their history. Mr. C. had at one time been extensively engaged in stock-breeding, but in the time of the cattle-plague in England, he failed—not from loss of cattle, but customers, who feared to come near that region to purchase. In consequence of this disaster he sold out and came to the United States. They spoke affectionately of their old home "Stackhouse," near Settle, Yorkshire; for "Stackhouse" had been the home of Mr. Carr's ancestors during the last four hundred years. They have been traveling in the States and Canada for two years, though for the last two months they have been living in a small cottage of Mr. Campbell's at York Mills. They are *en route* for Canada where they expect to purchase a farm and again return to the occupation of cattle-breeding. Mr. Carr gives public readings, for which he receives $100 an evening. He kindly entertained us for an hour with recitations, chiefly choice selections from Tennyson, with whom he is personally acquainted. His style is simple and pleasing and we enjoyed listening to him.

—The following conversation reported from the Villa surprised us; it surprised Mr. R., the subject. When the reader announced in loud voice, "I have here a criticism of Mr. Reynolds, sent from the Villa," we glanced at Mr. R., and saw that he was even more amazed than the rest of us. He hadn't called for any criticism lately, and didn't know there was any coming. Imagine his feelings:

Mr. Inslee.—I should like to say a word in praise of Mr. R. I am heartily pleased with the way he takes hold of his work in the machine-shop. He is musical, cheerful and efficient there; is ready for any kind of work and looks out for me that I do not do all the heavy work; is always ready to volunteer his help and is very kind to every one. He seems much interested and is very efficient in whatever he undertakes. I feel edified by his spirit.

G. N. M.—One day there were some visitors gazing about on the portico at O. C. in a very curious way. Mr. R., noticing them, came up to me and said, "They don't see the solid gold that is here." I thought that remark was indicative of the way his mind runs, and that his attention is taken up with deep things a good deal of the time.

A. E. Hawley.—He is merged in our business now, so that we have a new appreciation of him, and are finding out how much he is capable of.

Mrs. Bolles.—I think that has been a fine thing for him. His former work isolated him from the other men and he often seemed cross, but he is genial now.

Mrs. Ackley.—I think he works from a pure love of the Community interest and not from a love of money.

A. E. H.—I have been much pleased with the thankful spirit that Mr. R. shows. The other day his machinery getting out of repair so that he could not run it, he asked me to assist him. I did so, and he thanked me over and over again at the time. He thanked me when we were washing our hands at night, and again when we met in the morning.

Mr. Inslee.—He gets so much engaged in his work that sometimes he can hardly stop to go to dinner.

J. F. Scars.—He is as enthusiastic as a little boy, and seems interested to make the most of himself. I was very much pleased with the way he took hold of some brass-work on the spinners. He did much better than I expected he could do. He has nice ideas about mechanics and is very faithful in whatever he undertakes. Mr. Clark, the teamster, said to me the other day, that he used to think Mr. R. cross, but now he finds him very pleasant whenever they meet. The whole-hearted way in which he performs his duties as fire-warden is commendable. He took the post against his wishes, but is very faithful in it.

G. N. M.—The remark he made about "solid gold" shows his sense of the truth, and his appreciation of it. He said that when he first met Mr. Noyes, he knew he was the man for him to follow. I think there is a good deal of gold in Mr. Reynolds.

Mr. Inslee and others.—I think there is.

Susie.—I am thankful that he can take his meals here. [Approved by all the women.]

W. G. Kelly.—It seems to me that such a great change as every one can see has taken place in Mr. R.'s spirit, is miraculous and goes far to confirm the truth that a change of character is possible. Such a change in a man of his age ought to encourage us all.

WALLINGFORD.

July 26.—The last call for picking black raspberries at half-past six this evening An enthusiastic bee turned out and after picking over the *whole* field containing more than a thousand bushes, how many do you think we picked? But you won't guess! *Just three quarts!* One hundred and twenty-five quarts for the entire crop of the season. Dry weather greatly diminished the yield.

—At the sea-shore the other day, Wilfred was very much bothered by the audacious behavior of some poultry in the vicinity. At last when a congregation of them surrounded a bowl of clams which he had saved for bait, his anger was kindled and he pursued them. Coming back he said, "I hit him!" "Hit whom?" "That *rooster*, I hit him on his *hind tail!*"

—We lately got a letter from a man in Boston, who has read an article about our religious belief, and finding that it meets his views, he wishes to join, making the usual inquiries as to "restrictions" etc. He says: "I am forty-eight years old and have been in business in Boston twenty-five years Have been unsuccessful twice; but I paid my bills. The cause of my not prospering is mostly due to *my wife*, but I may have been a little hasty at times. Yet all my friends and neighbors know that *I* am not to blame. Now I wish to get away from home where nobody knows where I am. I can be useful in most any business except heavy lifting." He understands book-keeping by single-entry and is first-rate at figures. He learned double-entry when thirteen years old and could learn it again. After reiterating that he wishes to get away where "nobody knows where he is," he says if we will take him he will "settle up and come right on. As for money he has none." His orthography does not recommend him as a book-keeper.

Tuesday, 29th.—A ripe tomato brought in this morning.——We had about given up seeing Mother Burt for some time yet, but heard the pleasing news that she was coming to-day. "We ought to do something in honor of her," said enthusiastic Florence. "Agreed," said the rest. "What shall it be?" The matter was decided without delay and an extempore orchestra was formed. Florence and Mary took the base drum and tenor drum; Victoria a big brass horn; Harriet a fife, and Mrs. Whitfield an enormous pitch-pipe. Beulah had a great tin whistle. Frances a Jew's-harp. and a dilapidated violoncello was exhumed from the garret for Leonora. Mrs. Easton carried a bouquet to present at the right moment. Each had a great Zinnia fastened on her shoulder. We went out-of-doors to practice and Mr. Nash tried to lead, but as he found the performers rather unwieldy, he gave up the job and went into the house. We formed into line by the gate, and just as the horses appeared in sight the orchestra struck up "Sounds from Home," and marched slowly in front of them. Mother Burt was completely overcome with laughter and had to be helped into the house.

SANDY.

DEAR CIRCULAR:—If one builds here at Joppa one must be content with a sandy foundation. There is no escape from that alternative, I judge, on this side the lake. I have a prejudice against building upon the sand, but if one does not mistake it for a more solid foundation, feeling himself secure when

he is not, he avoids the charge of foolishness, which we have read of. Although a sandy foundation does not warrant permanency, it certainly secures a degree of cleanliness not to be had in other soils, for I am not aware that insects or vermin of any kind find sustinence in pure silex.

In strolling on the beach to-day, near our cottage, the clear and glistening sand, which is almost as white as fine flour, revived the child-impulse within me to take off shoes and stockings and walk upon the beach with bare feet. As I was about to take a plunge in the lake it occurred to me that a preliminary sand-bath would not be a bad thing; so I tried it, and I can assure you I found it very nice. Who knows but that a sand- and sun-bath, would be an excellent tonic for body and mind?

Not long ago this sandy land, extending half a mile or so from the beach, was regarded as comparatively worthless, after the wood was taken off. Here is a farm of one hundred and sixteen acres (on the corner of which our house stands), extending a long distance on the beach, the nominal price of which eight years ago, was six hundred dollars. Previous to that time this lake-sand had no particular market value. The value of a boat-load of it was estimated at what it cost to shovel it and haul it where it was wanted. But on the introduction of the manufacture of railroad iron in this country, the use of a large quantity of a certain quality of sand as a "flux" became a necessity; and after experiments had been made with many kinds, the Oneida Lake sand proved to be equal if not superior to all others.

Mr. Spencer, Sen., who, for many years kept a hotel near Fish Creek Landing, and had more or less to do with boating on the Lake, was occasionally applied to for a boat-load of sand for foundry purposes, and finally a firm in Syracuse wished to contract with him for a given quantity per annum. The idea occurred to Mr. Spencer that the sand on the north-east end of the lake would soon become valuable in a commercial point of view as furnaces for manufacturing railroad-iron increased. As the largest body of sand was included in these one hundred and sixteen acres Mr. Spencer called on the owner to ascertain whether a less sum than six hundred dollars would purchase that unproductive farm. Finding that it would not, he closed the bargain at that price. But sandy land was fast rising in value, and before reaching home two thousand dollars were offered him for his bargain. But Mr. Spencer was not a speculator. From that day he and his sons have done a regular business at shipping sand to Buffalo, Albany and Troy and many intermediate places where business in iron rails is carried on. During the past year the senior Spencer sold his sand-farm to his sons for ten thousand dollars. Six thousand tons were shipped last year by canal and by rail, netting them, probably not less than from one to one dollar and a-half per ton. We are much pleased that the "porridge dish" of our worthy neighbors "is right side up." G. C.

Joppa, Aug. 7, 1873.

BIRD-LIFE.

II.

INSTINCT.

SOME persons dislike the idea of instinct. Wallace, in his "Natural Selection," tries very hard to make out that birds build their nests by *imitation*—which is his substitute. No wonder he finds it hard, for the notion is truly far-fetched. In fact, it is needless to comment upon it. The best way is to prove instinct by facts, of which we will adduce all we can. Let those who advocate imitation do likewise. I like the term instinct, because it best expresses the relation sustained by creatures toward Him who made them.

Those who have noticed the multiplicity of detail involved in the raising of a brood of birds, will be slow to ascribe it to anything but an unerring impulse (call it what you will) implanted in the bird, which urges her to act as though she could give a reason for what she does. This is so emphatically the case that in watching the course of a bird while breeding you are amazed and almost awe-struck at the display of a quality which appears to be equal to human intelligence in a creature of apparently so little significance. Nay, more; even moral qualifications seem to be called for in order to carry out a programme evoking so much perseverance, faithfulness, self-denial and courage. If such be the effect of a display of instinct, it surely points to its source, does it not?

Perhaps we could not do better than to give here some particulars of a case of robin-raising that occurred under our own eyes during the last month. We could see into the nest, which was built on an old one for a foundation and among the branches of a tulip tree about a rod from our window—so that with the aid of a spy-glass every movement was seen. My main object in this affair was to ascertain for myself whether the male bird really helps in the process of hatching. I had often heard that he did, but failed to see how the thing could possibly be carried out, when I considered the minute and assiduous attention demanded throughout nearly the whole process. For about ten days I kept close watch of their operations—only to be convinced that there is little or no truth in the assertion—a conviction that has been confirmed by subsequent observation in the case of other birds and by divers reflections. For instance: with the female originates the project of raising a brood; with her the necessity for building a nest and especially for using it; and that which she intrusts to the shelter of the nest is her own more immediately and emphatically. For these and other reasons, perhaps, it seems natural that she should assume the responsibility of seeing the whole thing through from the beginning. Hence also she has the most to do by far with the construction of the nest. She will even potter with the lining for a day or two after it appears to be completed—so bent is she upon having good quarters. The male's part in the whole matter (aside from impregnation) seems to be mainly a sort of mimic operation, something after the "rooster" fashion; and. as in the case of the cock, the female is jealous of his interference in what she evidently considers her own peculiar province, while he undoubtedly concedes to her the first place in domestic affairs! so that what he does happen to do, is "thrown in," as it were. R. S. D.

SILK-MANUFACTURE IN THE UNITED STATES.

BY C. A. CRAGIN.

III.

HAND-MADE SEWING-SILK.

THE one object sought, and to a certain extent attained by this manufacture, is a strong evenly "matched" cord. The technical phrase "matched," has reference to the two strands of doubled-and-twisted threads that are doubled and twisted together again or "matched" to form the final thread. The machine used is a large double disc of wood, in which are inserted small pulleys with projecting hooks. Motion is communicated to them by means of a cord and band-wheel, which latter is operated by a hand-crank. The threads of a doubled bobbin are attached to one of the hooks and carried thence forty or fifty feet, passed around two stationary pins a few inches apart and carried back to the hand-wheel where they are fastened to another hook. The hand-wheel with its accompaniments is set upon rollers, and as the strands are twisted they "take up" a little, drawing the wheel slightly forward. The two twisted strands are next put upon the same hook and pin and twisted in the opposite direction; then removed from the hook and wound upon a reel, and the skein is ready for the dye-house.

MACHINE-TWIST.

Machine-Twist, which, as its name implies, had its origin in the needs of the sewing-machine, was first manufactured about the year 1851. It differs from sewing-silk in two particulars, viz., it is made of three strands instead of two, and it is spun and twisted in the reverse direction from sewings, *i. e.*, the final twist in sewings is from left to right, in machine-twist from right to left.

Of the claims made by four or five manufacturers to have been the first to make it, I judge that by the Nonatuck Company at Northampton, Mass., to be the best. I. M. Singer was the first to suggest the two changes above referred to, which suggestions were made to a member of the above-mentioned firm.

This branch of industry, probably the most widely spread and important, is certainly the healthiest, financially, of any department of silk-manufacturing in the United States. The methods of manufacture employed for the highest grades, somewhat modified in certain points in the production of cheaper articles, are as follows:

The raw silk used for machine-twist is exclusively of Asiatic production, China and Japan contributing the great bulk. It is put up in various styles and is of various grades of which "Classical No. 1 Tsatlee" stands at the head. No French or Italian silks are used, owing to their great cost. Tsatlee reaches us in 100-lb. bales, each of which is composed of twelve bundles or "books," which are themselves subdivided into fifteen or twenty hanks of varying sizes.

The labor begins in "parting" or splitting up these hanks into skeins of one or two ounces each. "Re-reeled" silks, which are gradually crowding out all other kinds, are silks that have been re-wound in China and separated into skeins of the proper size. After parting, the skeins are carefully sorted as to fineness, and then soaked for several hours in strong soap-suds at the temperature of 105° Fahr. After pressing, the silk is passed to the winders. This process is precisely the same as the corresponding operation in making trams and organzines. Nor have we in any way improved upon the English machinery in actual efficiency. Of the high grades of usual reeled Tsatlee, an operative, usually a woman, will wind from one to three pounds per diem, making thereon a waste of from one-quarter to one-half of an ounce per pound. This waste occurs in consequence of careless work in reeling from the cocoons—flossy silk, so fine that it cannot be wound off, tangles, slugs and various other imperfections. With the re-reeled silks many of these imperfections are removed at the second reeling, and consequently much less waste is made.

The cleaning follows next. The cleaning-machines previously described are the same as are used in making machine-twist. The patterns of blades or knives through which the thread passes are diversified, but nothing particularly new or felicitous has, to my knowledge, made its appearance. Re-reeled silks are not generally cleaned. As this kind of silk is indistinguishable after this point, I will state the chief disadvantages in its use.

1. It is seldom well sorted as to fineness.
2. It is not cleaned thoroughly.
3. It is too often surcharged with some preparation that boils off when the silk is dyed, the loss of weight arising hence, being a source of serious loss to the manufacturer. Properly re-reeled in China where labor is so cheap, it would soon drive out all other styles in our markets.

The next step is doubling. The machines in

use in America present some points of difference from the English; *i. e.*, we have a different style of stopping-levers, an improved style of frame, at which it is easier to work, and a different mode of giving motion to the traverse bar; but these are all matters of very slight importance. The great problem in doubling approaches no nearer its solution in the American than in the English machine. It is this: to secure an absolutely even draught upon all the single threads that are doubled together.

The next operation is spinning. The general plan of the work is the same as in tram and organzine with one or two important modifications. The most noteworthy is the method employed to preserve the same number of twists per inch irrespective of the size of the bobbin. It is the solution before mentioned of Vaucanson's problem. The position of the lower and upper spindles is the same, excepting that they are somewhat farther apart. The upper bobbins, however, receive their motion not from gearing on the spindle, but by the friction of the surface of the silk on the bobbins, against rubber-covered rollers, which are driven from the tin-cylinder shaft. Theoretically this arrangement is perfect. The rollers have a fixed motion, and the velocity of the two friction surfaces remains constant. Practically several difficulties arise:

1. Tendency to slip between the surfaces of friction.

2. Wear upon the silk, partly from the slipping, partly from the surface of the bobbin not being perfectly level, and, as a consequence, all the friction coming on one or two high points.

3. Damage to the silk arising from soiling by the rubber; this more particularly occurring in new mills.

In spite of these faults, it is much superior to the old method, and is gradually displacing it in the tram-and-organzine mills in this country.

Another advantage noticeable, is the ease with which a variation in the number of twists per inch is obtained—a change required with every different sized thread. The desired increase or decrease in the speed of the friction-rollers is effected by changing the small pulley on the end of the cylinder shaft that drives them, the driving-belt being readily made adjustable. With the English machines a troublesome change of gear is necessary, as the speed of the cylinder is constant.

The best spinning-mills are but crude affairs. It seems useless to criticise in detail when the improvement needed is so radical. The first step toward making a perfect thread is in the direction of combining the doubling and spinning in one operation. Machines have been invented both in England and America to accomplish this, but as yet they have not come into use.

The next two operations are but repetitions of the last two. The spun silk is again doubled or "matched," as it is called this time. Three cords are always put together in matching. These are twisted in the opposite direction from the first. Probably no operation in the manufacture of machine-twist has been the subject of so much study as matching, both in order to automatically sort the three strands as to fineness, and to secure evenness of draught. Close sorting or "sizing" develops the objection of too many knots in the strands when the changes are made. The thread is now finished. But we find that most of it has a poor rough look, owing to the three strands being of different sizes, and the tension on each during the matching having been of different degrees, to say nothing of previous bad doubling and the primary difficulty of irregularity in the fibers.

An American invention, patented in 1864, has come into general use, which contrives, at the expense of the elasticity of the silk, to make the thread comparatively smooth and even. The invention consists in merely stretching the finished silk while wet. This is accomplished by winding the silk from one large roller to another, the second of which has a higher speed than the first. These rollers are usually about ten inches in diameter, and seven feet long, placed one above the other, six inches apart. Below the rollers is a long shallow box partly filled with water. In this box the full bobbins are placed upon short horizontal spindles which rest upon projecting fingers. The lower roller is then wet and set in motion. The ends of the threads being brought in contact with it instantly adhere, and the contents of the bobbin is rapidly transferred. As the bobbins are about half covered by the water in the box, the silk is thoroughly wet when it reaches the roller.

The motion of the rollers is next reversed, and as the lower one unwinds the threads, they are wound upon the upper one. By suitable gearing, the upper roller is made to revolve seven times while the lower one is turning six. The elasticity of the silk enables it to stand this severe extension —one-seventh of its length—though breaks are not uncommon. It is wound off from the upper roller upon bobbins again by a reverse motion.

The silk leaves the stretcher looking generally smooth and even, and works tolerably well on the sewing-machine, the ultimate test; but it has one serious fault, its "life," its elasticity, is gone. Exactly how much the silk is injured can only be determined by so improving our machinery that stretching will be unnecessary. Perhaps we shall be obliged to feel the spur of foreign competition, a little, by a slight reduction of the enormous tariff, before this will be accomplished.

After leaving the stretcher, the silk is reeled into skeins of 300 or 400 yards (the absolute length is of no consequence, provided the skeins are all alike) and then sent to the dye-house.

Of the mysteries of this branch of the trade I will not speak in detail. Suffice it to say that the complaint of the public, that most of the silk they buy by weight is surcharged with dye-stuffs, is founded on fact. The silk, in its preliminary "boiling off," loses 25 per cent. of its weight, the loss being the natural gum of the worms which is dissolved out. The manufacturer, anxious not to lose by this diminution in weight, directs the dyer to regain the the loss with dye-stuff. This is perhaps well enough if the loss only were made good. But unfortunately, the dyer will if so directed return the 16-ounce pound he received, weighing 18, 20, 24, or even 28 ounces, of which 6, 8, 12 or 14 ounces are cutch, gambier, sulphate of tin, or sugar of lead. This practice has, however, reached its climax and is beginning to decline, simply because the consumers are gradually learning to buy machine-twist, not by its weight alone, but by its strength and length, per ounce.

When returned from the dye-house, it is taken to the spooling-room. Each skein is now carefully weighed, and as the skeins are all of the same length, the weight determines with considerable accuracy, the coarseness. No absolute system, no standard, has yet been established, by which the different sizes may be always recognized. They are usually designated by letters, OOO, OO, O, A, B, C, D, E, F, FF. The size, determined by its weight (established, I believe, by the late Holland Brothers, of Willmantic, Conn., as a standard), is such that 1,500 yards of OOO, the finest made, shall weigh an ounce, the length to be diminished one-fifth for the next coarser size through the list.

By means of a machine closely resembling a winding-frame, the skeins are wound upon bobbins again and given to the spoolers.

The spooling-machine is, I think, an English invention, though I can find no mention of it in any of the cyclopædias. It is very nearly identical with the spooler used in spooling cotton thread, technically termed in that trade a "winder."

The essential part of the machine is a fine steel screw one-half of which has a left-hand thread, the other half a right-hand. A sliding bar near the screw, has fastened to it followers that may be put into connection with either part. The motion communicated to the screw can be varied to suit fine or coarse thread. A standard attached to one end of the sliding-bar, carries a steel guide over which the thread passes on to the spool immediately below. By means of a handle which forms part of the standard, the operator brings the right- or left-hand follower into connection at pleasure, and can thus lay the "forward" and "backward" courses with perfect nicety. A self-operating spool has been invented, with which the only necessary hand-work is to change the spools as they are filled, and keep a supply of silk running in; but silk thread requires such careful watching as it is spooled, in order to eliminate as many bad spots as possible, that I doubt if this improvement will be soon adopted.

WEAVING.

Unquestionably this is the feeblest branch of silk-manufacture in America. The success of such firms as Cheney Brothers, in Hartford, and Strange & Son, Paterson, N. J., is exceptional. The first owe their success rather to the weaving of goods from waste silk than to the production of the more common woven fabrics; the latter firm to a combination of extensive importations with manufacturing. Many weavers, English, French and German, have come to this country, and numbers of the more enterprising have attempted to start weaving on a more or less extensive scale. Very few have, however, met with permanent success. It is a curious fact that as yet no power-loom not even the Lyall Positive Motion loom, has been able to displace the old hand-loom. Hand-loom-work commands to-day a better price in market than can be obtained for the productions of the best power-looms. It would seem not an impossibility for some ingenious person to invent a power-loom, which, aided by the 60 per cent. duty on woven goods, might successfully compete with foreign manufactures.

I am slow to believe that silk-manufacturing will never be widely prosperous in this country, merely because, as is often urged, it is not in the line of our peculiar genius. Its future here, is, in my opinion, dependent rather, upon the amount of attention our manufacturers may give to perfecting the machinery, raising the standard of quality, and at the same time reducing the cost of making. To any one conversant with the business as it is at present carried on, the scope for progress in all these directions seems almost illimitable.

THE END.

THE HABIT OF READING.—"I have no time to read," is the common complaint, and especially of women, whose occupations are such as to prevent continuous book-perusal. They seem to think because they cannot devote as much attention to books as they are compelled to devote to their avocations that they cannot read anything. But this is a great mistake. It isn't the books we finish at a sitting which always do us the most good. Those we devour in the odd moments, half a dozen pages at a time, often give us more satisfaction, and are more thoroughly digested than those we make a particular effort to read. The men who have made their mark in the world have generally been the men who have in boyhood formed the habit of reading at every available moment, whether for five minutes or five hours.

It is the habit of reading, rather than the time at our command, that helps us on the road to learning. Many of the most cultivated persons whose names have been famous as students have given only two or three hours a day to their books. If we make use of spare min-

utes in the midst of our work and read a little, if but a page or a paragraph, we shall find our brains quickened and our toil lightened by just so much increased satisfaction as the book gives us. Nothing helps along the monotonous daily round so much as fresh and striking thoughts, to be considered while our hands are busy. A new idea from a new volume is like oil which reduces the friction of the machinery of life. What we remember from brief glimpses into books often serves as a stimulus to action, and becomes one of the most precious deposits in the treasury of our recollection. All knowledge is made up of small parts which would seem insignificant in themselves, but which, taken together, are valuable weapons for the mind and substantial armor for the soul. "Read anything continuously," says Dr. Johnson, "and you will be learned." The odd minutes which we are inclined to waste, if carefully availed of for instruction, will, in the long run, make golden hours and golden days that we shall ever be thankful for.—*Scribner's Monthly.*

ABSENT-MINDED FOLK.

THOSE of my friends who by turns most amuse and exasperate me are the absent-minded ones. My experience with this class began at quite an early period. When I was only five weeks old my mother, noted for absent-mindedness, became so utterly oblivious of my existence one evening, that when she found a small infant in her bed she shrieked with terror. It was not till her cries brought my father to the spot, who assured her of my legal and rightful presence, that she recalled the fact that she had borne me. Father quoted, "Can a woman forget her sucking child? Yea, she may forget;" and added, "The prophet is right." At another time some years later, she became quite disturbed in mind because she did not know the whereabouts of my baby brother. She searched the room and even got a little out of temper with a grown-up sister for not bestirring herself to find the child. My sister could only laugh, for mother had the boy in her arms nursing him!

I have sometimes been associated in business with J——, and never did sage or philosopher fall into such depths of abstraction over the profoundest problems of the universe, as does he over the ordinary affairs of life. Nothing can rouse him. Pass along when he is busy laying out silk to fill orders and ask him a question: "One lb. each B and C pure dye; 3 doz. 100 yds.; 100 stick twist," is all the reply he makes. Try again. This time he says, "Why, he didn't say which letters he wanted; I don't know what to——" and again I interrupt him with the same question. Finally he will look up and say, his face beaming with good-nature, "Oh, did you speak?" and then before you can possibly rivet his attention long enough to put the query he is off again murmuring about "quarter-ounce." If after an hour or two has passed you happen to meet him again, he will, without your saying a word, give you the information you sought as if it were the next moment after you asked for it. It is said that Icelanders begin a sentence in the fall, freeze up in the middle of it, and when thawed out in the spring go on just where they left off, never noticing the intervening time. So with J——, when his mind is ice-bound, as it were, with one idea, we must wait for him to "thaw out" before expecting a response.

How laughable it is to meet a lass on the landing, three-stories high, with a huge pile of dishes, which she started to carry into the pantry two flights of stairs below, and see her wake to her situation; or to see her cut from a newspaper a pattern for some garment, and then carefully gather the scraps of paper, roll them tidily up and label them, and then put the pattern into the fire. It reminds us of the man who came home late and very tired one rainy night, and put his umbrella into bed with his wife and stood up behind the door himself!

F—— was at one time my room-mate; and surely Mrs. Jellaby with her Borrioboola-Gha enterprise never more fully ignored any one than she me. Many 's the time, after struggling for five or ten minutes to get her attention, and perhaps then only succeeding by "shaking her up" grandpa Smallweed style, that I have had to be content with a look which reached far enough beyond me into space, without the slightest trace of recognition in it. If I did elicit any remark from her it was in all probability only "Hum-m?" with the I-don't-see-you expression for the background. F—— was one day about to tack a valance to her bedstead and went to the shelf for the tack-hammer; she stood before it for some moments with the "foreign-mission" look in her eyes, then took a match from the safe, lighted it and held it till it burned her fingers before thinking of the article she came for.

Can people thus afflicted claim that the cause of their abstraction is deep thought? Does it not rather indicate a lack of sound thought and good mental habits? A.

—It is not merely personal comfort which should induce us to rise out of all doubt into the sphere of certainty; it is a serious duty that we owe to God. He wants the full use of all our powers; and for this purpose he wants us to attain "full assurance of faith"—make our calling and election *sure*.

THE NEWS.

The health of Vice-President Wilson is much improved.

Work on the Hudson river bridge at Poughkeepsie has begun.

The Standard Oil Works at Hunter's Point, L. I., were destroyed by fire on the 5th inst., involving a loss of $200,000.

Through trains between the cities of Oswego and New York will commence running on the Midland road on Monday the 18th inst.

The Government surveyors in northern and northwestern Nebraska report the discovery of immense pine forests on land hitherto supposed to be barren.

Lewis W. Harris, of Oriskany Falls, has invented a new railroad switch which is automatic in its action; and a joint-stock company with a capital of $100,000 now propose to commence the manufacture of these switches in Utica.

A very large fire occurred in Portland, the most populous town in Oregon, on the 2d instant, in which twenty-three blocks were consumed—including five hotels, one hundred stores, and two hundred and fifty dwellings, besides factories, mills, foundries, etc. The loss in property is estimated to be $1,500,000.

Stamps and post-office envelopes and wrappers to the value of $2,936,000 were sold in the month of July. Recent statistics show that there has already been considerable increase in the general post-office receipts since the death of the franking privilege on the 30th of June last.

In the week ending Aug. 2d there were 889 deaths reported in the city of New York, 607 of which were of children under five years of age. This rate of mortality is equal to about 46 of every 1,000 of the population. In the month of June when the weather was not so hot, the mean death-rate was 25 to every 1,000 inhabitants.

The Philadelphia *Ledger* has been figuring on the census reports of 1870 and gives some startling statistics on the grass crop. It says: "Deducting the value of the corn and oat crops of 1870 estimated at $170,000,000 there is a remainder of $2,022,000,000 to be credited to the hay and grass crops of that year, when the reported aggregate of all grain products was $2,447,538,648.

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The Trapper's Guide; a Manual of Instructions for Capturing Fur-bearing Animals. By S. Newhouse. Third edition: with New Narratives and Illustrations. 215 pp. 8vo. Price, bound in cloth, $1.50.

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

ADMISSIONS.

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

THE GREAT HOPE.

Home-Talk by J. H. N.

IT is a very great attainment to get reconciled to God's method of saving us by trial. It is evident from the New Testament, that salvation does involve a great deal of suffering on our part. Peter went among all the disciples after they were converted, with a special message to them, that they "must through much tribulation, enter into the kingdom of God." In the book of Revelation, where John asked who they were who stood before the throne in white robes, the angel said, "These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."

Our tendency is, of course, to try to escape tribulation and temptation as much as we can, and to think evil of that part of our education which involves temptation and suffering. We are afraid to really quarrel with God about it; but when temptation comes upon us, though we do our best to endure it well, we hardly know what to make of it; it seems very perplexing and unintelligible to us. But it will please the Lord to have us look deep enough into the matter to see that suffering is a part of our education; it corresponds to the nature of the school we are in; it is the discipline that we must have.

It will be an excellent thing for us to become reconciled to suffering; to justify God in it, and be thankful for it; and not to chafe and worry against it, and be under constant temptation to think evil of it. Let us go over to God's side, and heartily rejoice in his way of dealing with us. Let us glorify God in the midst of the fires. "Beloved, think it not strange concerning the fiery trial which is to try you, as though some strange thing happened unto you."

I confess that I do most heartily approve of God's way of handling me. Though the flesh is weak, the spirit is willing. I want God to make the most of me, and give me just as much work to do, and just as much suffering, as he sees will be profitable to me. I am not going to barely endure it. I am going to become thoroughly reconciled to it, and rejoice in it. Paul says, "We glory in tribulations, knowing that tribulation worketh patience; and patience, experience; and experience, hope; and hope maketh not ashamed; because the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts." And James says, "My brethren, count it all joy when ye fall into divers temptations; knowing this, that the trying of your faith worketh patience. But let patience have her perfect work, that ye may be perfect and entire, wanting nothing."

We must get by the stage of quarreling with God and grumbling against him, and by the stage of bare endurance; and come clear over to whole-hearted rejoicing in this method of salvation which involves a large amount of suffering.

Some who have gone out from us, say (it is reported) that the Community is a hell, meaning that it is a place where there is a great deal of tribulation; where criticism and the judgment of God are at work continually; where all, from the highest to the lowest, have times of hard pressure, and suffering, and temptation. It is a fact, that there is a great deal of tribulation in the Community. A mere pleasure-seeker, in looking on, would find many signs of what he would call hell; but they are what Paul would call evident tokens of salvation. If the Community were sailing along "gay and festive," I should say it was going straight to hell. It is a sign of God's mercy to us, that he keeps us under judgment; and under just as much as we can bear, while at the same time he gives us enough good experience to encourage us.

We are in suffering, but it is not caused by quarreling among ourselves; the Community is not hell in that respect. Everybody sees that we live in peace with one another, to a very remarkable extent. The tribulations that we have are that deep kind of discipline of spirit by which God is refining, purifying and perfecting our characters. It would be very pleasant if we could hold up to the world a picture of unalloyed happiness; but until we are perfected it is a great deal better for us to have hard times. We ought not to wish to deceive people with the idea that it is nothing but child's play to save our souls and go to heaven.

"Our light affliction," says Paul, "which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." It is almost inconceivable that we are sometime to be full of God, and unspeakably happy forever—on and on, for millions of geologic ages; but it must be so. God is not trifling with us. He is an eternal being himself; and if he is drawing us into himself, it is to make us eternal—and eternal in happiness. Get a conception, if you can, of a million years, which are only a drop in the bucket compared to the ocean of eternity; and then think what an insignificant affair it is for us to suffer twenty or thirty years to attain this eternity, and to become prepared for the "far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." You may say that if you could clearly see that weight of glory ahead, you could stand the suffering put upon you; but that your temptations and trials arise from the fear that you shall not get the glory. Paul tells you to "take unto you the whole armor of God, that ye may be able to stand in the evil

day—and for a helmet the *hope of salvation.*" It is not a mere privilege; it is a duty, to put on that hemlet. You want to be a good soldier for Christ, but you can not be one with your head bare and exposed to the strokes of the enemy. Put on the helmet! Put on the hope of salvation! Then you will rejoice in tribulation.

Christ said to his disciples, "Rejoice because your names are written in heaven." He would have them fix their attention on the hope of salvation, and rejoice more in that than in miracles or anything else. If you get where you rejoice in that, then truly it is "an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast." That is what Paul calls it. It is a hope founded on the oath of God. "Wherein God, willing more abundantly to show unto the heirs of promise the immutability of his counsel, confirmed it by an oath; that by two immutable things, in which it was impossible for God to lie, we might have a strong consolation, who have fled for refuge to lay hold upon the hope set before us."

I feel that it is not only my privilege, but my duty to lay hold on the hope set before me in a vigorous, sure way; for then I shall have my head covered, and shall be able to stand in the evil day. Let tribulation come as it may, the hope of salvation is a helmet to me. That salvation is not a *bare* salvation—a small affair; it is an eternity of unspeakable blessedness in the bosom of God.

TOO BUSY TO DISPUTE.

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

WE receive frequent letters from persons praising our social innovations, but criticising and disavowing our religious belief; and in truth this circumstance has become so common as to be—well, considerable of a bore. How would you like, my dear friend, to have some one step up to you every other day and say, "Yes, you are a pretty good fellow; I like you very well. You are full as smart as any of your neighbors; but after all, there is one point on which you are a numbskull!" Well, what of it? What if you are a numbskull? Does this give the right to everybody to go and tell you so, unasked? Or suppose you are putting up a building, coat off, sleeves rolled up, and in the thickest of the work, and folks come along who seem to have plenty of leisure and nothing else to do but to watch the work and every ten minutes some one says to you, "See here, Mister, you have got a nice building going up; I have always wanted to see just such a building; but you've made a great mistake in your foundation; you had better let me pry out that stone marked Bible, and that one marked Faith, and especially that corner one marked Jesus Christ; if you would only get rid of those old humbugs some of us perhaps would take hold and help you." You might thank them for their interest and advice; but after a while, to save your time and the strain on your politeness made by these interruptions, you would call the crowd together and say, "Gentlemen, what is the use? You see I am very busy and cannot stop to talk with you about my foundation; I have already considered it and am satisfied with it as it is. You don't like it? Very well; here are plenty of materials of all sorts scattered about. Choose your own; and go to work and prove that I am wrong by building a better edifice. If there is anything about my building that is good you are welcome to copy it and set it up on a foundation of your own. I shall be too busy to find fault with your stone-work, and you must excuse me hereafter for not caring to hear proposals for pulling down my own.

Do not think, reader, that this is intolerance or arrogance. It is simply *business.* We have not time to dig up our religious basis every time one comes along who thinks he sees a flaw in it; especially when we are sure we have given a good deal more attention to it, than he has who finds fault with it. We have too much else to do. And when, for the hundredth time, the same arguments are dinned into our ears against the Bible and Jesus Christ and Special Providence, and we are required to adjust ourselves to them as if they were bran new to us, the thing becomes an infliction. Good friends of the infidel persuasion, give us credit for having looked at these things to the best of our ability, and tolerate us in our belief. If you like our work, or any part of it, we are glad of it. If you don't approve of our religion, neither do we of yours; so let us be agreed and drop it. Let us at least quit theological disputing until we get something practical to show.

On the other hand, we have a class of orthodox friends who just reverse the praise and censure that have been described, and say, "Yes, you have got undoubtedly the right sort of foundation, but what a frightful social structure you are putting on it! Communism! Awful! What is the world coming to? But it won't stand; you will all be down in a heap one of these days." Well, dear sir, if that is so you can well afford to be tolerant; since when it falls the principal loss will be ours, and its ruin will ever after add to the picturesqueness of the view from your old homestead, and serve to make you the more contented with it. To both these classes of opposite objectors we make our best bow and ask of them only the privilege of going on without undue interruption and at our own cost. "More mort!"

CHIT-CHAT BY THE LAKE.

IT is nine o'clock. The hunting and fishing parties are gathered into the lodge after a day of excellent luck on the river and in the wood. The guns are stacked in the corner of the room; the fishing-poles hang on the rack without, while the plover and pickerel, the fruit of the day's sport, lie upon the bench outside the door. The lamp is lighted; the mosquito-bars are adjusted; the tales of the day's exploits are told, and stories of birds and fish, recalled by easy association, are recounted.

"I wonder," said Burton, "what killed those fish we found dead upon the shore in such numbers?"

"I can tell you," said Sewell, the trapper, "they were destroyed by parasites which you can see adhering to their sides; sometimes blood-suckers lay hold of fish and drain them of life until they are not strong enough to swim, and so are thrown upon the sand by the waves and perish on the shore. The eagles feed on these fish and so do the tall blue herons we saw this morning standing like posts in the shallow water. Through my field-glass I once saw a crane pick up a pike that lay dry on the sand. The fish, I should think, weighed a pound and a half. Holding him crosswise in his beak the crane waded into the water. I wondered what he was going to do. I thought perhaps he meant to wet the fish before he ate it, so I watched and saw him toss the pike into the air, and before it reached the water he caught it by the head and swallowed it whole."

Victor.—Is it true that the fish-hawk is robbed of its prey by the eagle?

Trapper.—Yes, I have often stood upon this lake-shore and seen an eagle upon a dead tree watch a fish-hawk as he sailed in the air over the lake. When the hawk secures his fish and is mounting with it, the eagle darts rapidly above the hawk and by screams and menaces so frightens the bewildered hawk that in terror he lets go his prize to make good his escape; but the eagle swooping down catches the fish in mid-air, and the eaglets eat, though the little fish-hawks go supperless. The eagle is not a very skillful fisher. He often loses his prize when trying to capture it in the water, while the hawk rarely misses his aim. Spicer tells a curious story of an eagle. Once when out on the lake in a boat he saw an eagle poised high in the air over the water. Suddenly he made a dive into the water, but instead of rising went down out of sight for some time. When he rose to the surface he was at some distance from the spot where he disappeared, and he was evidently in a great struggle, for he repeatedly tried to rise, but was drawn under again, and was only able to come to the surface of the water. Spicer rowed his boat to the bird and found him nearly exhausted. He laid hold of him by the wing, but found that he was fastened to a heavy fish, which Spicer secured as well as the bird. It proved to be a muscallonge that weighed sixteen pounds.

Humphrey.—Those birds with prehensile talons do not seem able under some circumstances to let go their hold. I heard of a man once trying to capture a wounded eagle; but the bird turned on his back and seized with his talons the calf of the man's leg. The man was unable to extricate the bird's claws and so was obliged to carry the eagle home a distance of several miles.

Rollin.—Why, uncle Albert tells a story like that of a man in New Hampshire who threw a stone and broke the wing of a hen-hawk. The hawk ran, the man pursued and overtook the bird, who seeing escape was impossible turned on his pursuer, jumped upon him and fastened a talon in the biceps muscle of each arm. The man succeeded in killing the hawk, but was unable to make the talons relax their hold. After reaching home a neighbor was called in who cut off the bird's legs and extracted the talons one by one with the aid of a shoe-maker's pliers.

Victor.—I notice that the eagle does not spread his feet out flat when he walks on the ground, but bends his claws together like a clenched fist. His track on the sand is four round indentations which correspond to the knuckles on the upper side of his claws. He is an awkward walker.

Burton.—Birds are not the worst enemies that fishes have. On a calm day while fishing in the ocean near the shore of New Jersey I have watched a shark attack the fish. When all was still on the surface I could see twenty feet down into the water. By a strange choice the shark would single out from the school a feeble or wounded fish as his first prey, leaving unmolested the vigorous ones who did not seem afraid of the shark, but swam quite near him. In order to

catch a shark I would first let down a baited hook and catch a porgie. I would then put the porgie on the shark-hook and let him swim back among his fellows; but his feeble movements and his unusual appearance would at once attract the attention of the shark who would eagerly swallow him, and be thus in turn captured. It is lucky for the fish as a whole that the feeble ones are devoured, because it keeps up the standard of life and vigor among the survivors, and leaves the strongest to propagate.

Humphrey.—Many things down here at Joppa bring before us the fact that one animal lives by the destruction of another. The minnow that jumps out of the water in terror is pursued by some larger fish. Let us see how many cases we can enumerate of one animal destroying another. The large fish catches the smaller ones, the hawk catches the fish, the eagle robs the hawk, man shoots the eagle. Then man eats the large fish while the mosquito sucks the man's blood. I wonder if anything sucks the mosquito?

Burton.—I hope so.

Victor.—Mayne Reid has worked up this subject in a passage in the "Boy Hunters." He calls it the *Chain of Destruction.* The scene is laid in Texas on the bank of the Sabine river. A huge spider called the leaping tarantula kills a hummingbird, is killed by a cameleon, which is killed by a scorpion-lizard, which is killed by a red snake (*Coluber testacia*); the snake after a severe combat is killed by a kite, the kite is killed by an eagle and the eagle is shot by a hunter, and so the chain of destruction ends.

Humphrey.—There seems to be a difference between the killing of a higher animal by a lower and the killing of a lower by a higher. Yet I do not know that I can say just in what the essence of the difference consists. It seems a degradation for an animal to be destroyed by a parasite. The superior seems to have rights that do not belong to the inferior.

Burton.—I remember dreaming once, when I was off on a fishing excursion, that there was a superior order of beings who lived above the atmosphere and could move about over us just as we move on the surface of the water above the fish. I thought those beings let down baited hooks and fished for men, and that when they caught one they took him up out of his natural element into an atmosphere, which, instead of causing his death, quickened and invigorated his life and changed his character and nature.

Humphrey.—That is the fact in Christ's work. He was a "fisher of men" and he taught his art to his disciples. Paul speaks of being "apprehended of Christ Jesus." Christ catches men that he may save them, while the devil like a roaring lion is seeking whom he may devour. Salvation is a good deal like being caught with a hook. Christ puts out wonderful inducements for bait, and though our desires and passions may urge us away, yet the hook and line of Christ hold us, and he turns us and plays us with great care lest we tear out the hook and get away from him. It seems to be necessary for us to pass through a struggle which involves much suffering before we can be captured by Christ and become one with him.

Burton.—The wild horse on the prairie after being lassoed is broken, trained and made useful. He is fed and sheltered in winter while his wild brothers are suffering from hunger and exposure. So when Christ apprehends a man to break him to his yoke he changes his character and raises him in the scale of being. J. B. H.

—It is a laborious life to lead, to be all the time trying to seem better than we are. We can save ourselves this useless trouble by having true faith in Christ: we can soon be better than we seem; so that the more thoroughly we are known, the more good and beautiful we shall appear; so that the exposition of our character, instead of putting us to shame, will bring us to glory. That a precious state, and within the reach of every one. Faith in Christ identifies us with him—makes his goodness and beauty ours; and in such a state of union with Christ, persons are actually better than it is possible for them to seem to be.

SEALS.

BY F. W. SMITH.

I.

HISTORICAL SKETCH OF THE USE OF SEALS.

IN speaking or writing of seals we encounter at the outset a difficulty in the fact that in the English language we use the word *seal* to indicate the stamp or signet which is employed to make the impression on wax or other substance, and also to indicate the impression itself together with the substance upon which it is made. Webster thus defines seal:

1. "An engraved or inscribed stamp, for making an impression in wax or other soft substance.

2. "Wax, wafer, or other tenacious substance set to an instrument and stamped with a seal."

The Greek language has one word for the stamp and another for the impression or material impressed, and the writer has decided to avail himself of this plan by using, as much as is compatible with clearness in the present essay, either of the words *signet* or *stamp* to denote the instrument with which we make the impression of a seal, thus leaving the word *seal* to represent Webster's second definition only; that is, "wax or other tenacious substance set to an instrument and stamped with a seal."

The use of seals may be traced back to periods of the most remote antiquity. There are several passages in the books of the Old Testament which prove beyond a doubt that they were in use at the time those early parts of the Bible were written. The following are some of the more striking passages:

1. "So she (Jezebel) wrote letters in Ahab's name, *and sealed them with his seal,* and sent the letters unto the elders and nobles that were in his city dwelling with Naboth."

2. "And the king took his ring from his hand and gave it unto Haman the son of Hammedatha, the Agagite, the Jews' enemy. * * * Then were the king's scribes called on the thirteenth day of the first month, and there was written according to all that Haman had commanded unto the king's lieutenants, and the governors that were over every province, and to the rulers of every people of every province, according to the writing thereof, and to every people after their language; in the name of the king Ahashuerus was it written, *and sealed with the king's ring.*"

These passages show that seals were affixed to written instruments of the nature of official dispatches nearly three thousand years ago, with the distinct object of thereby assuring those who received the writings so sealed of their genuineness and consequent authority. And as we pursue our research it may be interesting to remember that the earlier of these instances was one of the fraudulent use of a seal well known to the public as the sign of authority, for the commission of a great crime.

There is another mention of a seal in the Bible which is very interesting from the circumstance of its being used on a conveyance of land. This is the account:

"So Hanameel, mine uncle's son, came to me in the court of the prison, according to the word of the Lord, and said unto me, Buy my field, I pray thee, that is in Anathoth, which is in the country of Benjamin; for the right of inheritance is thine, and the redemption is thine, buy it for thyself. * * And I bought the field of Hanameel, mine uncle's son, that was in Anathoth, and weighed him the money, even seventeen shekels of silver. And I subscribed the evidence, *and sealed it,* and took witnesses, and weighed him the money in the balances. So I took the evidence of the purchase, both that which was sealed according to the law and custom, and that which was open. And I gave the evidence of the purchase unto Baruch the son of Neriah, the son of Maaseiah, in the sight of Hanameel mine uncle's son, and in the presence of the witnesses that subscribed the book of the purchase, before all the Jews that sat in the court of the prison."

Perhaps we may infer from the fact of one copy of the evidence being "open," that the sealing spoken of in this case was a sealing of the folded parchment or other material on which the evidence was written, having for its object to preserve the evidence of purchase from fraudulent erasures or alterations after its execution. Persons could examine the open copy, and if there was at any time suspicion that it had been altered, this could be verified by opening the sealed copy before a proper court or tribunal and comparing the two. If we add that this sealed evidence was then ordered to be deposited in an earthen vessel (probably the nearest approach to a fire-proof safe known at that period), in order that "it might continue many days," we have a very complete little story of a transfer of real-estate among the Jews.

A late writer, W. Hayes Ward, makes mention of the oldest seal or signet, probably, now in existence, and gives the following description of it:

"The oldest piece, probably, of alphabetical writing that we possess is on a little seal stone. We do not know how old it is, but it goes back very likely as far as the time of David or Solomon, a thousand or twelve hundred years before Christ. It has on it four consonants, MLSL. These must be read from right to left, and give us the words "*le Shallum,*" that is, "belonging to Shallum." Who the Shallum was that owned this seal we do not know, but we are indebted to him for the oldest specimen of alphabetical writing known to exist on the globe. He was no Jew though his name sounds Jewish, for we see him worshiping the Egyptian Thoth, god of arts and letters, as is indicated by the roll in his hand."

Seals were used in times of very great antiquity among the heathen nations of Asia, whose records have perished from the earth long ago, as well as among the Jews; hence it is evidently impossible for us to know the exact time or manner of their origin. The first use of seals may, however, be easily imagined to have resulted from some accident, soon after the art of writing became known; thus, a person signing or addressing a written document may have made, by some chance, a peculiar pen-mark, or there may have been in the bark or parchment or papyrus on which he wrote, some spot, blemish, or other peculiarity by which it could be readily identified; and this would very naturally suggest to the writer's mind the advantage of purposely making some distinguishing marks on all such writings, by means of which both he and others might certainly know them to be his, and distinct from the writings of other persons.

From the Orientals the use of seals passed to the Greeks; then to the Romans, who transmitted it to the barbaric nations in the west of Europe as they extended their empire among them. The Romans used rings for sealing their letters, which they called simply *annuli.* Cicero uses in the same sense the word *signum,* which was still more used in the last years of the Roman Empire, but which, without entirely losing this signification, had at that time come to mean rather the marks or signs

destined to replace the signatures. The Roman laws required that wills should be sealed and signed by witnesses.

ONEIDA CIRCULAR.

TIRZAH C. MILLER, EDITOR.

MONDAY, AUGUST 18, 1873.

The Fellowship of the Churches.—It is pleasing to receive, as we occasionally do, friendly missives from brethren of other denominations. Not long ago we were warmly solicited to send several of our singers, comic and otherwise, to assist at a Methodist concert in the neighborhood of Perryville and Cazenovia. We hope nothing will occur to interrupt these fraternal civilities.

THE PLAGUE OF FLIES.

A MICROSCOPIST (not yet famous) affirms that the middle point in the scale of animal life is occupied by the common fly; or, in other words, that in the entire series of animals, from the largest, such as the elephant and whale, to the smallest animalcule visible by the microscope, the creature that stands at the half-way point, having a body as many times larger than the smallest as it is smaller than the largest, is the house-fly. And curiously enough, when we consider it, this little busybody, which science thus declares pivotal, is the most universal, familiar, tormenting representative to us of the parasitic world—the very go-between through which the Great Devourer most constantly reminds us of his inexorable dominion. Truly the Ancients of the East had some reason for calling the Devil, Baal Zebub, the God of flies.

In impudent and omnipresent familiarity with man, the fly, above all the predaceous tribes, stands supreme. Other vermin, such as caterpillars and bugs, ravage our orchards and gardens, but the fly takes possession of our food on the table, and of ourselves while we are eating it. The mosquito persecutes us in the woods, only cautiously venturing into houses in special localities, and at nightfall; but the fly makes our home his home, and works his will upon us boldly, indoors and out, from dawn till dark. The cockroach haunts the filthy purlieus of cities, but the fly swarms in all dwellings of man, from the city-palace to the hovel in the woods. The louse and the bed-bug are limited local pests, tolerated only by the lower classes of humanity, and disappearing from the precincts of advancing civilization; but the fly has the unquestioned *entree* of the best society, and doubtless multiplies in proportion to the progress of luxury and the arts of production.

The present season of the year, extending through August and September, is the culminating period of nearly all those things in which the carnal man delights. Besides the great agricultural harvests, we see educational and political affairs reaching in these months their annual crisis of results. The flesh is now evidently at its high tide. And behold! this is the time when the legions of Baal Zebub are out in their power and their glory—numberless, vehement, insulting, almost overwhelming to man and beast. Look into the pantries, kitchens, dining-rooms, and even the bed-rooms and parlors of the civilized world, and you will find them just now, black with swarms of hungry, wanton insects, buzzing on two wings, or racing on six legs, thrusting their suckers into all flesh, tickling and tormenting all nerves, and, like the harpies, fouling all they touch.

I was told that a hog-sty is the paradise of flies, and to test the truth of the saying I visited one in good circumstances, and noted its inhabitants. And I must say conscientiously that I have seen many a kitchen and dining-room where flies were more numerous and seemed more at home and happier than in that realm of pork and mud. No, flies are not to be packed off into hog-stys or dog-kennels: they consort with men; and not with gypsies and paupers either, but with respectable and cleanly men, and men in high places. Our editor's corner is a favorite mustering-place of these buzzing legions. When I sit there occasionally to indite an item for THE CIRCULAR, I immediately find my writing hand black with scrambling imps, as though Beelzebub thought I was about mischief to him and his. I wonder that our editorial corps get out as good a paper as they do in such an "all-possessed" sanctum.

In framing a regular indictment against flies, I should present the following specifications as embracing the most common and flagrant outrages perpetrated by them—indignities that are familiar to all, and therefore most easily proved.

1. They are worse sleep-breakers than city carts, or railroad-whistles, allowing nobody to rest after daylight, except such as can sleep half smothered with their heads under bedclothes.

2. Children trying to sleep in the daytime, are usually waked, cross and crying, by these banditti poking into their noses or the corners of their mouths and eyes.

3. They torment little babies, asleep and awake, all day long without mercy.

4. In like manner, they abuse the sick and the dying—all that are too feeble to maintain the war against them.

5. Ladies at the piano, and orators in the midst of their eloquence, have to sacrifice their most telling strains, to the necessity of fighting a fly on the nose.

6. At breakfast, dinner and supper, they dispute with you for your victuals, tasting of everything before you, and tracking everything over, gathering in black crowds on your choicest dishes, and forcing their company upon you with disgusting familiarity.

7. They frequently alight in your hot coffee—sometimes two together—and of course exhale their little greedy, wanton souls into the decoction that is just about passing your lips.

8. If you sit down to read, write, reflect or converse, they commence a regular inquest upon you, as though you were a dead body and their lawful prey.

9. Sometimes a particular fly will persist in lighting on your nose again and again, in spite of your most vehement and pugnacious efforts to drive him off.

10. Not unfrequently you find one or two making their way stealthily up your person, under your pantaloons, tickling as they go with every one of their six legs. You shake and slap. They evade and keep still. By and by they begin to wriggle again, higher up. And so on.

11. They tattoo everything that man tries to keep white and beautiful, with black memorials of their filthiness.

Human ingenuity has indeed limited, in a small, poor way, some of these nuisances, for the wealthy and cultivated, by such means as fly-netting for beds and cradles, wire-gauze for dish-covers, and furniture millinery; but the mass of mankind attempt no defence, except that of hand-parrying, against all this array of torments.

But let us not strain the truth in this indictment. We will be merciful to the flies, though they have no mercy on us. It must be admitted that the evils they do are annoyances rather than serious injuries. They have no stings, and their bite is not dangerous, except when they have just been dealing with carrion poison. How much worse our case might be, if we were beset by hornets or even by mosquitoes, as we are by flies, no one can say. We will be thankful that these pickets and guerrillas of the Great Devourer are not armed with very dangerous weapons. But after all, about the same things may be said on behalf of lice and bed-bugs. We never heard of anybody being killed by them. They only cause scratching of the body and exasperation of the soul; and so much the flies do on a larger scale.

To tell the truth, the *bite* of the fly is the least part of the annoyance it gives us. It torments chiefly by its buzzing and its tickling. Its two wings and its six legs do the business. We can stand its boring and its sucking with comparative equanimity, but its buzz about our ears, and its scrambling over our nerves is intolerable. Indeed, I doubt whether boring and sucking is the principal object which the fly has in view in its flirtations around us. According to my observations it is seeking fellowship rather than food. It seems to enjoy the warmth of our bodies and to find our *nimbus* a pleasant element in which to sport and make love.

We must further admit that flies have some positively useful function in the great machinery of life. Doubtless they are efficient scavengers, and dispose of much putrid matter that otherwise would be mischievous. Perhaps they act as stimulants to man and beast, biting and tickling them into salutary excitement and exercise during the long heats of summer, when they might otherwise sink into unwholesome lethargy. If a man who ought to be up and doing with the sun, is tempted to hug his pillow beyond time on an August morning, it may be a good thing that Mother Nature has a little messenger that can find him out and, tweaking him by the nose, buzz in his ear, "Get up, sonny."

And yet, when this same little messenger, mistaking his mission, goes to the shoemaker on his bench, the clerk at his desk, and the student among his books, with his "Get up, sonny," he is manifestly a messenger of Satan, interrupting industry, and provoking wrath and profanity. And when he goes to the sleeping child, the helpless infant, the sick and the dying, with his buzz and his tweak, it is difficult to think of him as anything but an unmitigated and diabolical nuisance.

All nuisances—even the plagues of Egypt—are to be respected in their time and place, as among the mercies of heaven. I remember seasons of discipline, when I found bed-bugs valuable means of grace, but I trust the time for such exercises is past with me, and is passing away for the civilized world. If God, in his mercy, sends us nuisances, in still greater mercy he sends us the will and the wit to abolish them. Why should we lie down in antinomian resignation under the plague of flies, any more than under those of lice and the itch? Let us reckon that the final moral object of flies, as of other pests, is to educate us up to the standard of courage and wisdom necessary to conquer them.

After making all fair admissions, and giving place to all patience and long-suffering in favor of flies, still, looking over the whole field of their operations, thinking of the millions in all houses that are at this moment wasting temper and strength in the hopeless hand-fight with them, imagining the scenes of pitiless torment in which they are engaged among the sick and wounded in all hospitals, and the helpless in all nurseries—we are bound to give solemn judgment against them as pests that add more to the sum total of the sufferings of mankind, than lice, bed-bugs, fleas and mosquitoes put together.

Y.

COMMUNITY JOURNAL.

ONEIDA.

—Dr. Cragin has been recruiting for nearly a week at Joppa.

—Mr. Smith's photograph gallery receives considerable patronage.

—A raid one evening this week on the spirit of unthankfulness, which sometimes shows itself in thoughtless remarks at the table. There is no grosser sin than ungrateful discontent with the dealings of Providence. A moment's reflection shows us that if any people have reason to be thankful, we have, for God has blessed us with an abundance of the good things of this world, as well as with the sunshine and guidance of his spirit. A genuine faith in the fact that God arranges our circumstances, and that "all things work together for good to them that love God," will make us thankful and cheerful whatever is our condition.

Tuesday Evening, July 12.—We are enjoying a splendid rain. It is not a gusty, swift-passing shower over and gone in a half-hour, but one of those forcible, copious down-pourings which make us feel the genuine interest which some unseen agent takes in our terrestrial affairs:

> "How it clatters along the roofs,
> Like the tramp of hoofs!
> How it gushes and struggles out
> From the throat of the overflowing spout!
> Across the window-pane
> It pours and pours;
> And swift and wide
> With a muddy tide,
> Like a river, down the gutter roars
> The rain, the welcome rain!"

The season has been a dry one. There have been occasional showers in this vicinity, but no long rains. Our lawn, which usually keeps its fresh verdure while all the fields are turning brown, has for several weeks presented the forlorn appearance of the "sere and yellow leaf." The supply of milk sensibly decreased, and we heard that the farmers in this region were disposing of their cows at greatly reduced prices because of the drought. The well at the Villa was dry and our cisterns were empty; but

> "The rain, the welcome rain"

has now filled these to overflowing. It began falling yesterday afternoon and continued through the night. After a few hours of breezy sunshine it started again with increased energy, and still it is falling. One of our poets inspired by the theme, starts off as follows:

> And in the pouring rain they came unto a land
> In which it seemed to drizzle evermore;
> All round that coast the heavy clouds did lower
> And drip and leak a never-ending stream.

—A venerable Scotch lady, born in Edinboro', and a personal friend and disciple of Robert Owen, called here this week. She says that New Lanark, the famous scene of Owen's early success as a reformer, though it long since passed into other hands, still shows the good effects of his system. The people are more sober, more thrifty and more cleanly than the surrounding population. This lady is seventy-six, has crossed the ocean thirteen times, and is still erect, animated and enthusiastic for the change in man's circumstances, which, according to Owen was to bring in the millennium. The time of her visit passed swiftly in seeing and talking. As she left she affirmed that now at the eleventh hour of her pilgrimage she had seen in the Community the realization of her early hopes and dreams.

—"You are looking very well, Judge R., better I think, than when you were here last year."

"Why, yes, I am pretty well for a man of my age. I am seventy-seven; my wife is seventy-three, and my girl, as I call her, that I adopted is sixty-two. I do not trouble myself about business, but I keep a horse and carriage on purpose to ride round and see my friends. I am very fond of society; more than I was when younger. *I wish I had one child at home.* But they are all gone—all settled away from me—and wife and I are old folks now and pretty lonely."

Ah! thought I, that is it—that is the skeleton that sits down at last in so many once happy homes! Father and mother have had a large family, have worked hard to educate their children, get the boys into business and marry off the daughters, and here they are in their old age lonely and bereft. The great house is empty. The chambers are silent. The circle of rosy, smiling faces that once gathered round the family table is broken and scattered forever. The shadows of evening are fast falling round the aged pair. They need now, if ever, the cheerful voices and loving services of children. If even one of the nine who once "filled the house with glee" were with them it would be an unspeakable solace. But, no! the same law of marriage which gave them in the bright morning of life so many objects of love and interest decrees that they shall lose them one by one as age and infirmity come on.

Judge R. is a man of wealth and is surrounded by all the comforts that wealth can give; but his heart feels an aching void. He misses the ringing laugh, the bright eyes and wide-awake activity of his absent boys and girls. In their smiles and caresses he would grow young again. Grandparents dote on their grandchildren and often enjoy their pranks and sympathize with their childish feelings more than their own parents do. After all, the law of primogeniture, so obnoxious in some respects, has this to commend it, that it binds the heir and his children to the old hearthstone and makes the father and mother while they live a powerful and attractive center round which the children and grandchildren cluster. But there is still a darker side to this picture of the closing days of ordinary married life. It is where poverty and sickness are added to solitary old age. It is sad indeed to see an aged pair half-blind, paralytic, almost helpless, sitting by their cheerless hearth waiting for death to close the scene.

Let me now exhibit a picture of family life as it exists in the Community:

"Good morning, Mrs. A. I hear this is your eighty-sixth birthday, and I have come to congratulate you. You are in much better health than you were last spring."

"Yes, I am much better. I really thought two months ago my time had come; but God mercifully restored me. How wonderful is his goodness! During all my sickness I had the attention and society of my daughter and granddaughter, besides my other Community friends; and to crown all, God has permitted me, in spite of my fears, to live to see and hold in my arms my granddaughter's daughter! Dear little one! She is a new bud on an aged tree. I am eighty-six years and she is eight weeks, but we live under the same roof and belong to the same great family circle."

Four generations living happily under one roof! Yes, that is one of the strong points of Communism; it perpetuates and extends family love. Three families besides that of Mrs. A. can count four generations who have lived in the Community. At least ten other families can show three generations all living together now, parents, children and grandchildren. Who can estimate the amount of happiness and contentment that comes to us from this source alone!

—*A Panoramic View.*—Five o'clock! Stillness reigns from attic to cellar. Six o'clock! the whistle sounds. Little bare feet pattering along the main hall on their way to the children's room to be dressed—the first glad sound of the morning. Laughing voices ringing through the empty halls and corridors arouse the sleepers from their dreams. Half an hour and there is a noise of footsteps, some light and some heavy, constantly hurrying up and down the long stairway from the Mansard; the noise of chairs and tables hastily shoved about, and the rumble of bedsteads in the many chambers around the house. Another half-hour and the women are at their several callings—bed-making, sweeping halls, tidying up the parlors, mopping and dusting the library, and putting things to rights generally. Meanwhile a trio of active cooks are getting breakfast for the fifteen "titmen" of the family, who file out to the dining-room at seven o'clock. Some of the men go to the shop, some are packing silk, some are out on the farm, some are at the barn, one or two are in the printing-office, a few may be seen on the croquet-ground, a few are sitting on the portico, a few are reading in the library, and the rest are in their rooms until eight o'clock when the whistle calls them one and all to breakfast. By the hour of nine the people are scattered to their various assignments—trap-shop, machine-shop, silk-room, business-office, printing-office, kitchen, dining-room, laundry, company-room, etc. The children with their guardians start off for the lot east of the road, and the people who remain are tending our youngest, or making their clothes, or taking care of the various concerns of the household. Company comes in on the train at ten—a slight bustle ensues. Just at noon a few more are added, and consequently more bustle. Cooks and waiters stepping lively to get dinner in readiness at one o'clock. At twelve the bell rings, and the older children go to school, and the younger ones to bed. Stillness reigns for the next two hours. At three the whistle calls to dinner; there's a thronging toward the dining-room and the two hundred discuss the viands temptingly laid out. Dinner over, and many resume their labors until six o'clock, when the family are all again at home. People are meeting in the court, vestibule, or in the sitting-rooms to tell the latest news; young and old mingle in croquet on the lawn, or at dominoes in the house, as the case may be. Many are reading, or studying or writing; the children are frolicking below stairs; it is a time of rest and relaxation, and the home feeling predominates. All concentrate in the Hall at eight for a family meeting; some interesting topic draws out the enthusiasm of all who are present. Meeting closes at nine, and people disperse, some to the library, some to the sitting-room up stairs, some to the sitting-room down stairs, some to the south sitting-room; some to the nursery kitchen, and some to their own bed-rooms. At ten o'clock the house is still. The watchman goes quietly round on his mission; he locks the doors—puts out the lights—darkness and tranquility till morning.

AMONG OUR ARCHIVES.

III.

TO-DAY I exhumed some college note-books of J. H. N. The fascinating nimbus that belongs to literature of this kind is plainly discernible among these. Egotism gets the cold shoulder in most instances; but when it takes the form of a private diary it is sure of respectability, because it is then the unstudied reflection of the writer's inner self, uninfluenced by considerations of what other people will think.

The first volume begins with the date, Jan. 29, 1829. John is seventeen, and this is his first year at Dartmouth. At the head of the page is written, "Fugitive Pieces, by the author of &c., &c., &c." Then follows this sarcastic introductory paragraph:

"The commencement of a work so important as the above title denotes, would seem to require not only an extraordinary effort in the author, but an occasion considerably elevated above the common incidents of human life. In short, as the saying is,

I must put my best foot forward, *hem!* twice and proceed."

Those who have had their blood tingle with mortification at some supposed awkwardness, will appreciate the intense self-reproach of this paragraph:

"I am a fool! And why? Because I cannot conquer a habit which will be my ruin! To relieve the reader's anxiety I will premise that the habit is not tobacco-chewing nor dram-drinking. It is that infernal diffidence, natural or acquired, which makes me when in company appear to myself and to every body else a stupid dunce. O, for a brazen front, and nerves of steel! So unreasonable and excessive is my bashfulness that I fully believe I could face a battery of cannon with less trepidation than I could a room full of ladies with whom I am unacquainted. I can feel my cheek burn with shame frequently when I ruminate upon occurrences occasioned by this plague of my life. For example: At a late wedding party I was commissioned to introduce a number of gentlemen to a number of ladies, and I performed the ceremony with decent grace until I came to Mrs. David Crawford, and then I was nonplussed. I could not recollect her name upon the instant, and knowing her to be a Campbell by her look I introduced her as such. I saw a scornful smile pass over the countenance of a certain lady who sat near, and I immediately perceived my mistake. So great was my mortification that I could not behave afterward with tolerable politeness. Perhaps I shall not be credited when I say I wished myself a hermit or a savage."

The boy hates affectation as much as the man despises all forms of cant, as is shown in the following epigram:

"I hate garrulity and self-conceit
And vain display of learning or of wit
Where'er I meet it; but a greater curse
(In man 'tis bad enough, in woman worse)
Is that affected, modest cold reserve
Which holds in stiff subjection every nerve—
Ties down the tongue to merely 'yes' or 'no,'
And chokes the fountains whence kind feelings flow.
And this vile canker-worm, this deadly pest,
To every joy that kindles in the breast,
Is called by some 'good breeding,' and by some
Is named 'politeness!" By my halidom!
What good it breeds or where its merits lay
'Twould match the far-famed Œdipus to say!"

A highly practical method of splitting wood:

"After having examined the stick you wish to divide, fall back, perhaps ten paces, in order to acquire momentum. Run with all your might till within a few feet of the stick, then jump as high as you are able, and strike with your axe at the same time that you strike the ground with your feet. This method in ordinary cases and under favorable circumstances rarely fails of accomplishing its object, except in cases where the axe takes effect upon the person of the operator."

There is much wisdom in the following homily upon human nature:

"I believe that in the contest between the mind and the body the same thing happens which we observe in every other conflict; viz., the conqueror is animated by the victory and thenceforward gains more and more strength and more and more relative superiority, while the conquered, dispirited by defeat, dwindles away. We frequently notice and recognize examples of the influence of the former in the delicacy of frame and early decay which commonly attend unusual brilliancy of genius; but with regard to the latter less has been perceived and recorded than the melancholy and important nature of the phenomenon seems to demand. Of this I have a daily example before my eyes in the case of a person who has been my playmate, classmate and boon companion from my childhood, and I can truly say that it is a spectacle less pleasing than the premature decay of genius. He was once as lively, as sensitive and intelligent as any of his youthful contemporaries; but the change from boyhood to manhood, which usually determines the bent of future life, was a miserable though imperceptible change. Sense gained the mastery over intellect and has been gradually limiting and contracting its sphere until it would almost seem that the Promethean spark was in peril of being totally extinguished. When the mouth is sluggish in utterance, but active and noisy in eating, you may write its owner a fool."

RULES FOR CONVERSATION.

1. Speak slowly, distinctly, and loud enough to make sure that a person who is properly attentive, and is not deaf, will have no occasion to say "What?" and so make you waste your breath in repeating.

2. On the other hand, be properly attentive yourself, so as to have no occasion to say, "What?" You have no right to make your neighbor waste his breath in repeating.

3. Speak as much as possible in the affirmative form. Do not put your common remarks in the form of a question, as thus: "It is thus and so—isn't it?" which compels somebody to answer. You have a right to speak, but you have no right to compel your neighbor to give his opinion on everything you say. A great deal of conversation is a sort of begging, instead of being fair communication.

SAWDUST A SUBSTITUTE FOR STOCKINGS.

COMPARISONS are invidious, they say, but luckily that has nothing to do with our subject. Neither stockings nor sawdust will be any the worse for what we have to say about them—so here goes!

Oh! these feet, these feet! what shall we do with them the coming winter? What a chore it is to care for them those long months! What an array of boots and shoes around the fire-place! In short, you are pretty sensible in winter that you *have* feet, if that is any advantage. But why don't those socks and stockings keep them warm? I will tell you. The trouble is that they keep the feet too warm a part of the time. Then they sweat; your socks get damp, and the first cold blast acting on the leather, chills through to your skin. You seek the fire, but how is the vapor to escape? You merely warm it up the while to meet with another chill. The only effectual way to remedy the evil would be to change your socks as soon as they get moist; but that would of course be out of the question in most cases.

What then is to be done? Well, my friends, don't be alarmed if I sound the death-knell of all such trappings. It is true that the brute is provided with a covering somewhat like a stocking; but the skin of the living animal is porous, emitting the perspiration, while shoe-leather has been so shrunk that its texture is too compact to admit of any such thing. It is therefore thrown back upon the skin and kept there to be chilled by the first blast. Now then for a remedy, though it is likely to be horrifying to the sensibilities of fashionable people. No matter! We will publish our gospel for those who will receive it.

Sawdust, my friends, sawdust is the remedy, well sifted and dry. It will be sure to keep your feet dry—and that is half the battle; and if they do get cold (when the thermometer stands at about thirty degrees below zero) there will be nothing of that awful *clamminess* about them.

A number of years ago I heard of a stage-driver who had given up the use of socks altogether, having by some means discovered that he was more comfortable without them even in winter. I thought I would try the experiment. But I soon found that the touch of the inner sole-leather which became saturated with moisture was very disagreeable. I tried several kinds of loose soles, drying them as soon as they required it, but besides the drudgery of taking care of the soles they seemed to aggravate the evil by overheating the feet. The thing was to find a substance that would absorb the moisture without overheating. Well, one day I happened to be barefooted, while near a heap of fine sawdust. I thought I would step on it. Immediately it flashed into my mind that that was the very touch for me—the very stuff to come between my soul (sole) and the nether world—and sure enough from that moment I became possessed of that bliss for my feet which I had longed for. I have tried bran, but it is too heating; it does not absorb so well, and lacks the property of keeping up that slight irritation on the skin which the grit of the other produces, thereby quickening the circulation. I prefer the dust from pine wood because of its sweetness and pleasant odor. A table-spoonful to each boot is enough. When on a long cold ride with little walking to do, you can use it plentifully, as it will help to keep the feet warm as well as dry. The great thing, you will find, is to keep the feet *dry*, and then to give them plenty of *room*. The touch of leather is usually cold even to a dry skin, and robs you of heat very fast because it is a conductor. A tight-fitting boot seriously impedes the circulation, the effect of which is to chill the feet, whereas in a roomy boot there is friction which makes heat.

Change the dust every day. It is cheap, and a few quarts will last you the whole winter, but see to it that it is *dry* before you use it.

Where now is your eternal knitting and mending of stockings? Where the dirty drudgery of the wash-tub? Who can calculate the amount of work and money saved by the substitution of sawdust for yarn! Ye gods and fishes, it would be an era indeed in the history of man's advancement! Try it, ye men of common sense (if the women won't); try it as your humble servant has done for fourteen long years, and if you don't call it a blessing even to have heard of the remedy, I am much mistaken.

R. S. D.

MAUD'S MARRIAGE ORDEAL.

SUBSTITUTING imaginary for the real names of the parties mentioned, this sketch is a narration founded wholly on facts.

Through the contrivance of her husband's partner in bringing in fictitious debts against the firm at the death of her husband, Mrs. May was reduced from affluence to poverty. She resided in an inland town in New York and was noted for her kindness of heart. A thorough housekeeper, practical in all her ways, no time was lost in vain lamentations over the calamity. Faith in God's goodness buoyed her above her misfortune and enabled her to resist all temptations to hopeless sorrow. Left with two young daughters and a son, she had now to meet and solve the problem of subsistence. Her son, who was about eighteen years of age, chose to go to the far west with the hope of helping to sustain his mother and sisters, as well as support himself. But scarcely had he reached his destination when he and the company with whom he went were massacred by the Indians. Isabel, the elder daughter, then in her sixteenth year, wedded and became a widow in five years. Joined by Isabel, Mrs. May, with her younger daughter Maud, concluded to seek some suitable employment in New York city, where they now went and were soon at work. Unused as they were to a city life, much bitter experience was gained at the loss of some of

their hard earnings and confidence in the representations of many around them, who sought to make merchandise of their simplicity and trust.

Maud had now reached the age when a maiden's heart is so susceptible to the influence of the opposite sex. Mrs. May, with a mother's instinctive perceptions, saw the temptations which Maud was likely to meet and took special care to guard her from danger. Religious influences were brought to bear on her mind, and she was taught to hide nothing from her mother, whom she loved very tenderly. Her artlessness and freedom from evil thoughts in social matters led Mrs. May to believe that no harm in that direction would come to Maud. Isabel, though somewhat wayward, after narrowly escaping marriage with a man who proved to be a worthless character, now entered heartily into the plans of the family, and grew in attachment to her mother and sister. In providing for the family, directing the education of Maud and exerting a protective influence over Isabel, Mrs. May's bereavement was softened, and she saw a blessing from God in the loving companionship of her two daughters.

Maud had just entered her sixteenth year when a young man was introduced to the family, who at once appeared to be charmed with Maud, whose heart experienced a new sensation in the attentions of this youth of eighteen. Hearts grew warm, eyes sparkled, and the social magnetism evolved made a blissful atmosphere in which the young lovers saw nothing but roseate colors. Maud was all trust, and union with her lover was fondly looked to as a consummation bringing only happiness and joy. George Hill proposed marriage at once, asking the consent of the mother, who wisely disfavored such a hasty step, saying that Maud was too young, and both had better wait until they were a few years older and further acquaintance and time should prove the sincerity and wisdom of their love. They both apparently accepted the mother's sage counsel. Wrapt in the illusion of exclusive idolatrous love, Maud was blind to the terrible ordeal to which this infatuation was leading her. George Hill was not what he seemed. Eager to possess Maud, he pressed her to marry him secretly, cunningly influencing Isabel to persuade her to the step. His urgent suit, Isabel's persuasions, and the tempting picture of bliss, which her imagination presented in being united with her lover, led her to yield. The three put into execution a scheme that blinded the mother to the impending danger to Maud and enabled them to accomplish their object. Isabel and Maud obtained their mother's consent to attend a party in an adjacent city. They adorned themselves as for evening company, and a trunk containing Maud's clothing was slyly taken out of the house and sent by express to the rendezvous. Isabel and Maud then hastened to meet the lover, and in the evening of that day George Hill and Maud May were made husband and wife.

Early the next morning Isabel came home alone.

"Where is Maud?" exclaimed Mrs. May in alarm.

"Married." replied Isabel.

"Married! Is it possible?" cried the astonished and heart-pierced mother.

Isabel then revealed the plot to her mother, who was overcome with emotion.

"How could you, Isabel, treat me so cruelly, by conniving at this unwise step? As a dutiful daughter and the elder sister you should have come to me and made known Maud's temptation and united with me in dissuading her from such a rash act. O, Maud, my daughter, what have you done! Isabel, how wrongly have you acted!" sobbed the distressed mother.

Gloom pervaded that broken household. A foreboding of impending evil to Maud and sorrow to Isabel and herself cast its blighting influence on the now distracted mother.

Four days have elapsed. The mother and daughter's thoughts are on the absent one. Approaching their dwelling comes a tottering female form, pain expressed in every step. She slowly moves on, and as she raises her head what a woe-begone look marks her visage! She enters, knocks at the room door, and as it opens a cry is heard—"Mother!" "Maud!" and mother and daughter are clasped in each other's arms. The emotion of both is so great that several minutes elapse before the painful silence is broken. What a change four days have wrought in the appearance of Maud! Her face is ashy-pale, her eyes are red and swollen with weeping, distress is painfully exhibited in all her lineaments. Her hands tremble, her body sways to and fro, she leans against the door, and unable to repress her agony any longer, she cries, "Mother! mother! I am faint!" and sinks to the floor.

The mother's instincts flash the truth on her mind, and in an instant she is at the side of poor Maud, casting no reproaches on her, but speaking words of comfort and tenderly soothing her, while her own heart is racked with bitter pain. A physician is immediately sent for, and every effort is made for her relief. Success at last attends their efforts; Maud raises her eyes to her mother and gives her a look in which are blended emotions of suffering, relief and contrition.

Isabel keenly felt the enormity of her sin in counseling Maud to the step which had brought such sad consequences in its path. Beholding the distress of her mother and seeing the prostrate form of her sister who looked as though the angel of death were shadowing her spirit, Isabel covered her face and wept.

Careful nursing and the physician's skill raised Maud above danger. Isabel, as if to make amends, was unremitting in her attention to Maud, and did all she could to lighten the blow to her mother. In a few days Maud improved so much in strength and cheerfulness that she, of her own accord, related frankly to her mother her marriage experience. Suffice it to say that at the end of the fourth day after their marriage her husband crowned his brutality by telling her that, as now her health appeared ruined for life and she no longer presented any attractions to him, she might return to her mother. As for himself he should retain his former paramour who still resided at the house with him, and even played the hypocritical part of nurse to the suffering Maud.

What a four days' history! Oh, the penalty of womanhood in marriage! Maud lay in her bed two months attended daily by her physician, who exercised his utmost skill in relieving her. Bitterly she repented the fatal step which had brought upon her all this misery and caused so much distress to her mother. Frequently she would exclaim, "If such be marriage I have had enough of it."

Her husband occasionally wrote to her inquiring how she was getting along; and before she had been home three weeks he said to her in a very harsh letter that if she did not return at once to him he would send her trunk to her and she might stay with her mother forever, concluding with this emphatic language, "I do not consider you my wife any longer."

At the end of two months Maud had so recovered as to be able to sit up in her bed a few minutes at a time. Four months passed before she was so far convalescent as to leave the house. Her husband at this time was working as a compositor in the establishment of a well-known New York city daily. He now advertised his wife as dead; her disease, congestion of the brain. He then sought to gain the affections of an adopted daughter of Mrs. Jay, a wealthy widow, in which he was successful, inducing her to elope with him. They were married, which was duly announced by the press. Mrs. Jay discovered their whereabouts, counseled with an eminent lawyer who providentially was an old friend of Mrs. May, and had learned from her the fact of her daughter Maud's marriage and its results. He told Mrs. Jay that George Hill had a wife living, at which intelligence she was greatly shocked. She sought an interview with Mrs. May and was pained on hearing a recital of Maud's bitter ordeal. With an understanding with Mrs. May, Mrs. Jay had George Hill arrested for bigamy. He was tried and convicted and imprisoned two days, when ill-judged leniency on the part of his first wife, Maud, saved him from a term of years in the state's prison.

Maud sued for a divorce, during the pending of which she and her family were in constant fear of her husband, as he had threatened to kill her and her sister Isabel if he could find them. In their extremity an old friend, a celebrated lawyer, took their part and managed, after four years' battling in court, to obtain an absolute divorce.

George Hill re-married the second wife, whom it was currently reported he treated like a brute. She bitterly regretted her marriage with him, both she and her children being in daily suffering for want of food and proper clothing. He became a miserable drunkard.

Chastened by the terrible ordeal through which she had passed, Maud realized that "*all that glitters is not gold*," and that marriage is not what it seems. She had learned to appreciate a mother's love, and now in return for that mother's love and care she had resolved to bear a large share in the support of the family. She entered an extensive clothing manufactory as a sewing-girl, and by her industry and modest deportment soon gained the confidence and honorable mention of her employers, who advanced her to the office of forewoman, and finally to that of book-keeper.

This thrilling episode in the life of a woman has its counterpart, no doubt, in the lives of thousands of women. Next to peace with God what greater reform is needed than a rectification of the relations between the sexes? M. L. B.

GLASS AND GLASS-MAKING.

VI.

ASTRONOMY, by calling to its aid the resources and mechanism of art, reaches out into the still, unfathomable regions of space, and practically annihilating distance, reveals to our delighted eyes new worlds of light and beauty. But the fair science could do nothing without the telescope, and the telescope in turn would be equally powerless but for the magnifying power of glass, and especially of

FLINT-GLASS.

This glass, so called because its principal element, silica, was formerly obtained from pure flints calcined and ground, is composed of oxide of lead, silica the indispensable, and potash. Arsenic in minute quantities and one or two other metallic ingredients sometimes enter into its composition, but as the presence of these elements is liable to color the mass, and so to interfere with that purity which is a *sine qua non* in flint-glass, good authorities agree that it is better to omit them.

The transparency and highly refractive power of flint-glass make it indispensable, as we have who that a mated, for optical purposes. But it has op- ience and Owing to the great difference in the de- ife to possess several elements, it is very difficult to , altogether, or geneity in its structure. So grea- and equal. The this that up to the beginning c- to be necessarily to telescopic object-glasses co- with each other; and as

three and one half inches in diameter. This difficulty though apparently insuperable was overcome at length, not by the labors of Science in her accustomed seats, but by the persevering skill of a Swiss clock-maker, named Guinand. This unlearned man, by processes invented by himself, made with his own hands his furnaces and crucibles and prepared his own mixtures. Having cast his glass, he shaped and polished it, and, though ignorant of mathematics, gave the right proportion to the curves of its surface. Unaided, or with only the help of his sons, he thus produced lenses not only rivaling those previously made in perfection of structure, but which were of the hitherto unparalleled diameter of six and nine inches. The secret of Guinand's success, it is believed, lay in the fact that he kept the melted glass agitated by stirring when at the point of greatest liquidity, and then allowed it to cool and anneal in the pot.

Guinand and his lenses soon became famous, but like many other inventors he did not long remain in exclusive possession of the discovery he had made. His secret was revealed by one of his sons to a Frenchman who made such good use of the knowledge he obtained that lenses were erelong produced in France greatly surpassing in size those of Guinand himself.

Twenty years afterward this fortunate Frenchman removed to England with his secret, and united with the Messrs. Chance, one of the largest glass manufacturing firms in Great Britain, perhaps in the world. The result of their joint labors has been the production of disks of flint-glass twenty-nine inches in diameter—a triumph which marked a new era in telescopic annals.

The ordinary method of manufacturing flint-glass is somewhat peculiar. The pots must be so constructed that no smoke can come in contact with the melting mass, otherwise the glass is discolored. The fusion must be rapid and at a very high heat, but as soon as the glass is thoroughly melted and refined, the temperature is reduced in order to prevent the glass from acting upon the iron of the pot, and becoming in consequence so much injured by contamination as to be worthless.

Flint-glass is formed in three different ways, viz., by blowing with the pipe, by blowing in the mould, by the use of moulds alone; but in all cases the shape of the glass can be improved by grinding. Indeed the operation called cutting glass is really grinding and then polishing it. And as most articles of flint-glass require grinding in order to display their greatest brilliancy they must be made of massive proportions.

Being composed largely of oxide of lead, the grinding of flint-glass is very easily effected. Revolving disks of iron, copper or sandstone, fed with emery, or for the rougher parts of the work with sand and water, are used for this purpose. For the polishing wooden disks are substituted for the metallic ones, and supplied first with pumice or rotten stone, and then for the finishing touches with a mixture of tin and lead called putty powder. Glass globes and lamp-shades acquire their ground surface by the wearing action of sand against their interior surface, the globes themselves being placed within a drum which is made to revolve rapidly.

The brilliancy, great refracting power and perfect purity of flint-glass, together with the ease with which it is cut, render it peculiarly adapted for ornamental or cut-glass ware, as it is called, such as ce. ndeliers, goblets, decanters, etc. In this deporta mand. t flint-glass has hardly a rival, and an uneyes in the enuity devoted to enlarging its sphere of playmate, clas t less perhaps in the departments of childhood, and f than in matters of taste, gives cle less pleasing th both for purposes of ornant, though already one of the most valuable of all the varieties of glass, is only in the infancy of the development that awaits it. V.

THE NEWS.

The English Parliament was prorogued on Tuesday, the 5th inst.

George N. Sanders, who was so prominent as a rebel sympathizer, died in New York city on Tuesday, August 12th.

Ex-Governor Wayland, of Conn., during his recent voyage to Europe, had his arm severely hurt by an accident on the steamer.

The English Mission to Zanzibar report a successful treaty with the Sultan of Muscat for the suppression of the slave trade on the east coast of Africa.

Prof. Hayden in charge of the Colorado Exploring Expedition has already collected and forwarded to Washington 227 different varieties of North American grasshoppers.

Private advices from Vienna announce that the medal of merit in Group XXVI—that of education and instruction—has been awarded to the collection of American Periodical Literature.

A fire occurred in Portland, Me., on the 9th inst., in which three steamships, several warehouses on the docks, and an elevator containing 40,000 bushels of corn and oats, were burned. Loss, $600,000.

The steamer Wawasset, having on board one hundred and seventeen excursionists, was burned on the Potomac on the 8th inst., and seventy-two persons—mostly women and children—were drowned.

Dr. Charles T. Jackson, one of the oldest and most distinguished physicians and scientists of Boston, is suffering from disease of the brain, and his friends have been obliged to send him to an insane asylum.

One hundred and sixty thousand dollars have been raised by subscription to increase the accommodations at the Yale Theological Seminary. The fund is to be applied to building another structure west of the Marquand Chapel which will be the counterpart of the original one.

The opening of oil wells in Butler county, Penn., promises to develop a new region, hitherto of little value, but which is now considered as perhaps the richest and most abundant oil field yet discovered. Several new wells opened last week are reported as yielding from 1,300 to 1,500 barrels per day, and several smaller wells from 600 to 700 barrels. The price of crude petroleum has already fallen from $1.40 to $1.10 per barrel and the probabilities are that it will fall to a much lower figure.

The report of the Vienna Special Commission is unfavorable to Generals Van Buren and Mayer. They find as the result of their investigation that the Commission to Vienna has been managed corruptly for personal purposes, to the great detriment of the American department, and in violation of the American honor; and that such corrupt management has not only lost to the country an opportunity of exhibiting the art, industry and culture of the Republic in their fair proportions to the most intelligent representatives of all nations, in a manner calculated to enhance our national prestige and our commercial prosperity, but that it has exposed us to national humiliation at Vienna and throughout the world.

The census of 1870 shows the following mortality: Deaths of those between one and four years, 203,213; between five and nine years, 26,329; between ten and fourteen years, 15,979; between fifteen and nineteen, 20,262. The Commissioner of Education, in view of the data in his report, says that it is only an indication of the amount of disease prevalent, and the diseases incurred during school life or aggravated by it, prepare many victims for lingering illness in later life. Headache, bleeding at the nose, diseases of the eye and spine, dyspepsia, affections of the bronchial tubes and lungs, fevers, diphtheria and many other complaints have been undoubtedly aggravated by the collection of numerous children in school under unfavorable conditions as to ventilation, light, heat, cleanliness, exercise and habits of study.

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

ADMISSIONS.

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

LEGAL STATUS OF MARRIED WOMEN —PAST AND PRESENT.

VIII.

FROM the review of our subject which has now been made, it is plain that the common-law status of married women is one of almost entire disability; that their disabilities arise naturally and logically from these two facts, namely: that marriage is an institution closely akin to slavery, having had a similar origin, and that in it is recognized also the legal fiction of union of person in husband and wife, recognized as a principle giving form and color to rights of person and property. The husband is given power over the person and property of the wife while she is *covert-baron* as heretofore described, and while, with power, he has more or less of burden and responsibility; so that in some respects his status differs from hers somewhat as that of a parent differs from that of a child; in many more respects his status differs from hers as that of a master differs from that of a servant or slave.

Within the past thirty years, however, great changes have been wrought by legislation in the legal status of married women. The beginning of these changes concerned rights of property, and the first blow which the power of the husband received was struck in 1848 in the State of New York. Prior to that time a strong sentiment had arisen and had been growing for some years, that the wife was the victim of a barbarous and oppressive legal system, from which she ought to be relieved. The constitutional convention, which sat in that State in the year 1846, took up the subject and made it a prominent topic of debate; and the substance of the legislation of 1848 was at one time incorporated in the draft of the new constitution, but was finally rejected by a close vote. Then the advocates of the reform addressed themselves to the legislature of that State, and the result was the passage in 1848 of an act entitled. "An act for the more effectual protection of the property of married women." That act was amended and enlarged in its scope in 1849, and in 1860 another act was passed entitled, "An act concerning the rights and liabilities of husband and wife," further enlarging the rights and removing the disabilities of the wife, and assimilating her status to that of a *feme sole*, so that as to property almost all the common-law features have been eliminated in that State from her legal status. Beginning, some earlier and some later, most of the Western States of the Union have, since 1848, followed a similar line of legislative policy; while in the New England States, except Massachusetts, and in the Middle and Southern States with a few exceptions, the movement in behalf of married women has been slower and more limited in its scope.

All the legislation on this subject, however, has fallen short of what, in the nature of the case, would be radical reform. Nowhere has the principle of the slavish subjection of married women been directly attacked, nor the principle of union of person in husband and wife been abrogated; legislation has only cut off here and there the branches of the tree, dealing with legal *results* and *consequences* and not striking at legal *principles* and *causes*. True it is, that in some commonwealths that tree has become nearly, if not quite a branchless trunk, standing out bare of foliage and fruit, a gnarled and uncomely relic of the past; and yet, in those which have gone farthest in legislating out of existence the various common-law disabilities which we have enumerated, the common-law principles are left in force, and the general rule of decision adopted by the courts in passing upon questions of the rights and powers of married women under this class of legislation, is that they possess no more or greater rights and powers in regard to property, to making contracts, and to the use of legal remedies, than the statutes expressly confer; that the common-law rules are still in force, enveloping married women like an atmosphere, pressing with so many pounds to the square inch, ready to penetrate at every point where not by statute excluded, and that those disabilities still exist, unless, either expressly or by clear and irresistible implication, abrogated by statute. But, as we have stated, in some of the States, the statutes have well-nigh removed all the disabilities existing by reason of coverture, and have placed married women upon substantially the same footing as a *feme sole*.

Thus it is in the history of legal reform. When systems of legal oppression and injustice have been touched by legislation, it has been rare that underlying and fundamental principles have been directly attacked and abolished, thus laying "the axe at the root of the tree;" the work has too often been done by severe pruning and gradual shortening in, carried on, until, denuded of fruit, foliage and branches, the evil dies from the process of being deprived of means and opportunity of producing results.

The changes wrought by modern legislation in the legal status of married women have not been brought about without earnest protest and strong opposition. Some alarm has been felt and expressed lest the *marital relation* should be thereby injured if not destroyed. An eminent law writer, and in many respects a high and liberal-minded man, Prof. Parsons of Harvard University, said in his celebrated work on the "Law of Contracts," published twenty years ago: "Among the effects of the decay of the Feudal system in which many of the principles and forms of our law originated, we count the changes which have been made and are now making in the law which defines the position and rights of the married woman. This law is, in fact, at this moment in a transition state in this country. It seems to be everywhere conceded, that the old rules were oppressive and unjust, and certainly not in conformity with the existing temper and condition of society. Almost everywhere changes are made or attempted, and the necessity of change is not denied. * * * * There is much need of caution in order to improve and liberalize the marital relation without inflicting upon it great injury. We know that in those States where the greatest changes have been made and greater still are desired by some persons, there are those who think mischief has already been caused, and that a brief experience will prove the inconvenience and danger of permitting husband and wife to possess interests and properties and powers, altogether, or in a great degree, independent and equal. The tendency of this would seem to be necessarily to make them bargainors with each other; and as

watchful against each other, as careful for good security, as strict in making terms and compelling an exact performance of promises or conditions, and as prompt to seek in litigation a remedy for supposed wrong, as seller and buyer, lender and borrower, usually are; and as these parties may be, more properly and safely than husband and wife."

There is, we believe, on all hands, a growing conviction that these fears of the inconvenience and danger referred to by Prof. Parsons were not wholly unfounded, and that mischief has been done to the marital relation by these changes; nor can it be denied that the number of those is increasing, who think that that mischief ought to have been done. Be this as it may, the work of change has gone on without a halting or backward step, and, from the indications of the present, is likely to continue, to what extent in the investing of woman with civil and political right, it is not easy now to forecast.

T.

SANITY, INSANITY AND UNSANITY.

Home-Talk by J. H. N.

THE birth out of worldliness into God's spirit, is evidently a change similar to a recovery from insanity. In the New Testament insanity is treated as a possession of the devil. When Christ cast out a demon, he restored the patient to his "right mind;" *i. e.*, he cured him of insanity. Well, we learn from the same authority that "the whole world lieth in the Wicked One," and that "he that committeth sin is of the devil;" so that in this sense insanity is a universal malady. Wherever sin or worldliness exist, there is insanity and possession of the devil. To recover ourselves from that state and come into the possession of the Holy Spirit, must be as great a change as from insanity to what is commonly called sanity, and probably greater.

We must recognize then three states of human nature—two of them in the devil, and one in the Holy Spirit: the insane state commonly so called; the sinful state, which is insanity disguised; and the holy state. We may adopt Dr. Bushnell's classification, and call one set of sinners *insane* and the other set *unsane*. Then we have the insane, unsane, and sane. The sane are those who are possessed of the Holy Spirit; the unsane are those who are possessed of the devil in the common worldly way; and the insane are those who are possessed of the devil in such an outrageous way that they have to be put into hospitals. We can not always tell the difference between the unsane and the insane. The one class shades off into the other. In many cases of crime the question is whether to send the misdoer to the hospital or to the state's prison. As people become more and more wicked the state of their minds and passions tends more and more toward violent insanity.

The Bible doctrine undoubtedly is, that a really sane man, one who is possessed by the Holy Spirit, is as different from a worldly man, as a worldly man is different from a crazy man; and, leaving out of account for the present any reference to mere intellect, all must admit that so far as the passions are concerned, the unsane, that is, the sinful, when brought into circumstances of temptation, are to all intents and purposes insane; their loves and their hates are liable to the same excesses and raging paroxysms as those of lunatics. "Emotional insanity," though no disease of the brain, is as unreasoning and uncontrollable as brain-mania, and it is evident that all sinners are liable to it, especially when their sexual interests are in question. This is fast coming to be the popular and even legal theory of insanity. On the other hand, not only the Bible but actual experience authorizes us to maintain that, under the control of the Holy Spirit, human passions will be entirely different from what they are under common conditions. We certainly know that even young persons can be free from the uncontrollable emotions and insane desires which infest ordinary love-experience; that these phenomena are really the effects of evil spirits, and do not necessarily inhere in our nature and organization as human beings. Change a person's spiritual conditions, let in the Holy Spirit upon his life, and we see his passions change their behavior entirely; and we are sure that just in proportion as he is brought under the influence of this good spirit when young, the change will be easy and permanent. I don't believe there is any need at all that children should grow up with the furious, untamable passions which we see in older persons. I believe the Holy Spirit will work a complete change in this respect just as soon as we give it fair play.

And now I will go a step further, and lay the ax at the root of the tree. I believe, not only that children can be regenerated, the earlier the easier, and grow up in the Holy Spirit, but can *be born* in the Holy Spirit, and not need to be regenerated at all. What if the patients in an insane hospital were allowed to marry and have children? You would expect as a matter of course that many of their children would be insane. They would take after their parents. Now this law, which would work among the insane, does work among the unsane. Persons who, as to their intellects, are not called insane, but whose passions are possessed of the devil, fiery and uncontrollable, if they are sufficiently sane to behave decently in externals and get a living, are allowed to run together and have children; and their children are like themselves—unsane. Surely this same principle will work for good as well as for evil. When a people shall get out of the devil, place themselves under the control of the Holy Spirit, and become really sane, their children will be like them. They will be sane from the beginning, and grow up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord without being sinners. There is no more necessity of children's being sinners and growing up with foolish, wicked passions, than that they should be born and grow up insane.

It is characteristic of the inmates of insane hospitals that they do not think themselves insane. They insist that they are all right. We say to them: "Be considerate now, and see if you cannot be humble enough to discover that you are insane, and then you will be in condition to doctor yourselves, and so get out of the hospital." Let *us* be considerate in the same way, and all of us do our best to get out of the great sin-hospital. Verily we are in a hospital so long as our passions are in such a state that we are liable to abuse ourselves or anybody else. It is well for us that God keeps us in a hospital and will keep us there, so long as we are selfish, idolatrous, impatient and hard-hearted. We are invited to get out of the hospital, and to lead the world out of it into real sanity. I confess that I don't like the idea of propagating much until we do get out, for the same reason that I should not like to have insane folks propagate. You may say it is natural. Well, it is just as natural for the people in the asylums. They would like to propagate, but reasonable folks would not like to have them. And until we are really sane in the very highest sense of being possessed by the Holy Spirit, there are certainly serious objections to propagating at all.

Our doctrine is contrary to the popular theory that wild passions are particularly appropriate to the young and the strong. The strength of a passion is not measured at all by its unmanageable, fiery, furious nature. The strongest passions are those which are quiet and patient. It is an old medical saying, *Ubi debilitas ibi irritabilitas:*" wherever there is debility there is irritability. It is a sign of the weakness and sickliness of passions if they are ungovernable; and just so far as the young are in a state of health and strength, just so far that goes to favor their self-control and good management of their passions; and just so far as their passions become uncontrollable, it is an indication of weakness, and that they have grown old. If we take human nature in its best estate, in the freshness and strength of youth, and place it under the full control of the Holy Spirit, the passions will be quiet, patient, full of gentleness and politeness, watchful of others' interests and rights, and at the same time capable of immense enjoyment. These two things go together: the power of enjoyment and self-control. On the other hand, people who are in the fiery, furious state of the passions, have but little power of enjoyment. Their passions are sickly and make more torment than pleasure every way. The time will surely come when the young, instead of being wild and unmanageable, will be the very best vehicles of the sweetness and civilization of heaven. It is a humbug and a miserable mistake, that it is only the old who can begin to be quiet and sober, and that the young must grow up in sin and insanity.

Perhaps we shall find that the Puritans and their descendants have made their great failure on this ground. They have believed in regeneration, but not in being born regenerate. Their theory has always been that all were born sinners, and must come to years of discretion before conversion; so that the devil has the start of the Lord in all cases; has the first love of the children; has possession of their hearts until they have burned out their passions, and then the Lord must take what is left. That is the theory of the most spiritual churches; and it is their misery and failure. The admission that there is no way to clear the devil out of propagation, but that everybody must be born sinners, is enough to stamp failure on any church.

It is a very poor state of things if this great principle of the propagation of qualities must be confined to evil. On the contrary it should

be assumed that all the best forces of the universe will help its operation in the case of good more than in the case of evil. I should expect that God would check and limit it to some extent in the case of evil, but would give it great scope in the case of good. Paul's doctrine is that even where a believer is married to an unbeliever, the unbeliever is sanctified by the believer as far as propagation is concerned, so that their children are holy. Evidently he thought the balance of power or prepotency in propagation was in favor of good.

The Puritans did not believe they could be holy themselves, and of course they could not believe that their children would be holy. They ought at least to have taught that their children would be as holy as they were; but they didn't do even that. They believed themselves to be semi-holy, and their children to be born devils. Let us clear away all such miserable nonsense, and make up our minds that if we are good our children will be good as we are. If we get into such relations with the Holy Spirit that we can live holy lives, we cannot do otherwise than place our children in the same conditions. That is the great law of the universe.

THE HIDDEN CAUSE.

"WHAT was the cause of my child's sudden death?" asked a grief-stricken father of his family physician.

"Congestion of the brain, undoubtedly," answered the physician, and he probably believed what he said, and the father was convinced that for the death of his favorite daughter there was no help.

Let us go back and trace the history of the case. Jennie was the middle one of five children. When a child she was a joyous, happy girl, full of life, affectionate, and though quick-tempered and passionate, soon restored to good humor again. As she grew up she became well beloved by all who knew her, and never wanted for a friend. Confiding and unsuspicious, she seemed peculiarly dependent upon others, and her family took pleasure in showing a special care for her. So she grew up to womanhood.

A young lady boarded in the family, whose father, a widower, was in the habit of visiting her. He was a bad, licentious man, and withal intemperate, but possessing the power of fascination, he soon made Jennie believe she loved him. Her parents found out how matters stood, and knew the man too well to consent to his continuing his visits; but he pursued her everywhere she went, so that she was afraid to go out alone. She was well satisfied to obey her parents, and have nothing more to say to him, and felt thankful that they had saved her from the living death which they told her his former wife had known.

Mrs. Bennett, a friend of the family, married and living in the country, on hearing about the matter, wrote inviting Jennie to come and spend the summer with her, and she accordingly went. They had been acquainted from childhood, and took considerable interest in each other. Mrs. B. soon discovered that something must be done to rouse Jennie from the depression of spirits she was laboring under. All her happy joyousness had taken flight, and a few months had changed her from a comparative child to a weary, disappointed woman. Mrs. B. and her husband introduced her to their friends in the village, and she soon became acquainted with many of the young folk. Among these, was a young Mr. Lyons, whom they esteemed above all the others. Jennie and his sisters visited each other, and he was always her escort to the parties and picnics of the young people of the village. She soon forgot her trouble and seemed happy and returned to her home in the city improved in spirits and in health.

Mrs. Bennett had occasion to go to the city the following winter, and made her home at Jennie's house. During her stay, business called Mr. Lyons to the city, and his acquaintance with Mrs. B. gave him an opportunity to renew his acquaintance with Jennie. She had kept up some correspondence with his sisters, and it is quite likely his name was not left out of their epistles.

Jennie's family, though plain, common-sense people, were not without pride, and were more or less tinctured with city notions about country people. They took a dislike to the young man, and did not receive his visits very cordially. Mrs. Bennett and Jennie consulted about the matter and finally concluded not to invite him to continue them. He soon returned to the country; but opposition had only increased Jennie's esteem for him. They soon began corresponding with each other, and, although there was no declaration on either side, there can be no doubt that they loved each other. Mrs. Bennett with her husband and children finally removed to the city, and Jennie kept up her friendship with them.

After a while Jennie joined the church and seemed to have a good experience. But a want in her nature had been roused, and she failed to find sufficient consolation in religion to satisfy it. A gloom came over her; she became hypochondriac on the subject of her own character; insisted that she had committed the unpardonable sin and that there was no forgiveness for her. Her family tried to rouse her from this state, but without success. She went sometimes to Mrs. Bennett and told her trouble, and although she would leave apparently satisfied and happier for the words of comfort her friend gave her, yet again the gloom would return, until she lost all interest in life, weighed down by hopelessness and despair.

Her mother knew of her correspondence with Mr. Lyons, and asked Mrs. Bennett if she thought he had anything to do with Jennie's present state. But whatever Mrs. Bennett's private opinion might have been she hesitated to express it. Jennie's mother finally decided to examine her correspondence; and obtaining a key that fitted her desk, she read Mr. Lyons's letters to her daughter, but failed to find in them anything but what friendship would have dictated, and not a word from which could be gathered any idea that there was any passionate love between them; and so she decided that it could not be a heart-attachment that caused the trouble. Mrs. Bennett was not so well satisfied, but held her peace. Jennie finally recovered and appeared more cheerful and happy.

Not long after this experience, she received a letter from Mr. Lyons containing his photograph, and the information that he had just been married. Mrs. Bennett saw her a few weeks afterward, and Jennie spoke of the event without any apparent feeling. But she shortly after had a slow fever, and though she partly recovered from it, still she was never really well again. Change of air and place was recommended for her, but all failed of the desired result. Naturally energetic, she kept up her attendance at church, was one of the ladies of the Mission School connected with it, and attended to all her duties in it faithfully, as well as to what belonged to her to do at home. Still she was always under the doctor's hands, and he failed to find out the cause of the distress she complained of "right here," laying her hand on her chest, or of the constant headache to which she was subject.

For several weeks before her death she complained of her head, and nothing seemed to relieve her. On the day of her death she was at the family breakfast, and seemed as well as usual, but was soon taken with convulsions which continued during the day. "I ache so right here," she said, laying her hand over the lower part of her chest; and they tried to remove the pain but could not. She died in the evening in one of the convulsions, and lay as if exhausted and sleeping. They put her in the coffin, strewing beautiful flowers over her; and these scarcely looked more beautiful than she, so peaceful and happy was the expression left on her features.

Her family mourned over her, refusing to be comforted, and unreconciled to what they believed to be "a dispensation of Providence," which could not be helped. Congestion of the brain was the apparent cause, but if they had searched deeper, they would have found that a disappointed heart was the real cause. Fashion, pride and false ideas of propriety, send many a simple, trusting heart into an untimely grave.

S. L. N.

THE WAY TO QUENCH DISCORD.

THERE is a beautiful queen whom I am most ambitious to serve. Her name is Love. Her palace is called Harmony; and her kingdom is the kingdom of One Heart. She lives to make her subjects happy; and it is my ambition to be employed by her in her beneficent schemes. I have proffered my devotion, and she has given me some general directions, or rather principles of action. One is this: "*He that covereth a transgression seeketh love; but he that repeateth a matter, separateth very friends.*" She instructs me to watch the tongue, and where there is a chit-chat, catch away the seeds of discord. I must see that little matters of a personal kind are not repeated just for the sake of talking. If Eliza says something in careless remark not very flattering to Mary's singing. I must quench that remark where it is made, and not let it be repeated in the next gossiping circle, and then in another, and come at length to the ear of Mary twenty times emphasized by transmission, and chill her

heart inevitably toward Eliza. The tongue has a lust to repeat a matter. It is indeed a disciplined tongue which in the ears of confidence covereth a transgression, a misstep, an awkward affair; which will not "repeat a matter;" such a tongue seeketh love. "Where no tale-bearer is, the strife ceaseth." "In the multitude of words there wanteth not sin," there wanteth not personalities and devil's tinder. I am to watch when there is a multitude of words. Many a chill and estrangement in the social circle may be traced to the simple love of talking, which leads to indifferent, personal remark, and then to its repetition; and often what began without malice, reaches its object with a poisonous sting. I am to make the tongue positively serve love. And one way is to teach it sincerity. "Rebuke a wise man and he will love thee." "He that rebuketh a man, afterward shall find more favor than he that flattereth with his lips." I am to cover my friend's transgression before others, but talk with him sincerely about it. If Mary's manner has its imperfections, I am not to call the observation of others to them, but I am to make my criticism to her in a way that she will appreciate my intention, and be able to improve. Then where the tongue is taught this sincerity, it can provoke love by praise as well as criticism. Backbiting and flattery go together; and free criticism and honest praise go together. If I wish to serve Love, I must encourage the latter kinds of personal remark in place of the former. H.

ONEIDA CIRCULAR.

TIRZAH C. MILLER, EDITOR.

MONDAY, AUGUST 25, 1873.

It is the lack of the civilization of Male Continence that makes so many women look as though their youth and beauty and sprightliness had been snatched from them by wild beasts. Love cannot truly be called "the life of life" except when its acts make woman more blooming and man more vigorous. G.

What does it mean? We are having an unprecedented rush of applications for membership. During the past week people have come by the cars to join; an ex-minister came on foot from the neighborhood of Perryville to join, and every mail has brought us urgent appeals from highly respectable people that they may form an acquaintance with us by correspondence that shall lead to personal union. The only reason we can assign for this general courtship of the O. C. is that several enterprising papers have lately taken pains to assure the public of our honesty and industry and that our grounds are a favorite resort for excursionists and Sabbath-school picnics.

HOW IS THIS?

LOOKING into the London Journal of Spiritualism called *Human Nature* (the No. for January, 1873) I hit upon a curiosity in which I am personally interested, not to say implicated. A writer there gives an account of a *seance* held in London under the mediumship of a Mr. Holmes, "a celebrated physical medium from America," at which several written communications were obtained from the spirit-world. One of them which is said to have been written on a clean slate, held by Mr. Holmes and another gentleman in a darkened cabinet, under conditions that precluded mundane agency, was the following:

"The same process of philosophy that materializes spirit also spiritualizes matter. We lose nothing in giving up the old ideas of immateriality if we still hold that matter is cunning enough to produce consciousness, thought, affection, and will. Names are of no consequence. If the latest thinkers choose to call the thing that manifests these phenomena nervous fluid, or ether, or force, or tissue under the play and vibration of a combination of forces, I do not see in this language any danger of our shocking our old-fashioned souls. Matter or dynamical machinery that is capable of personality is very likely to have also the faculty of immortality. Good night, dear friends. Doctor."

This paragraph struck me at once as something familiar to my own brain, and on examination I found it to be an exact copy, with two or three verbal exceptions, of a paragraph in an article on "Positivism," which I wrote for the *New York World* and was published in that paper in January, 1869. I used the word *progress* instead of *process* in the first sentence and the word *losing* instead of *shocking* in the sentence next the last (omitting the "Good night," etc., which belong of course to the spirits). These are the only discrepancies.

What I should like to know is, how that paragraph found its way from the *New York World* into the world of spirits, so as to turn up on a "clean slate" in a London *seance;* and whether I borrowed it from the Doctor or he from me. If that was originally my writing it indicates that the spirits read the papers and may be quoting me hereafter. In that case I should like to correct proof, as I do not think the Doctor's alterations were improvements.

However I mean no disrespect to spirits or Spiritualism. J. H. N.

Joppa, Aug. 21, 1873.

THE ARTIST EVERYWHERE.

THERE is no subject—however obscure it may seem—but that some one has delved below its crust—probed into its very depths, and found stores of wealth. The commonest shrub has hidden charms, mysteriously concealed from careless eyes, which fascinate the finder beyond all telling. The scaly growth on yonder fence you have never noticed—but there 's a man who feels himself well paid in noting the shape, color and diversity of the lichens. Some man, I wot not who, has made a study of the grasses everywhere growing, and can tell you of their infinite variety. Some one too, has classified the ferns—has studied their characteristics, and has for each one of their many species, a name. And a third can tell you the mosses are a hundred-fold more numerous than you ever dreamed of.

Another person has studied animal life, from man down to the minutest animalcule. The very bugs and worms that you despise are fraught with interest to such an one. Another has penetrated into the mysteries of geology, that key to past ages, and not a pebble escapes his eagle eye; he gathers wisdom from the rocks by the sea, from the sand on the shore, from the mire on the beach. And there are those who have made a life-study of the firmament—familiarizing themselves with the starry host, as you are familiar with the houses of your neighbors. There are others who know all that birds can do; have listened to their songs till they can distinguish each warbler by his note. 'Tis strange the vast field man finds for his research on mother earth, and stranger still that whatever he earnestly turns his mind to, he brings within his microscopic vision and becomes its master.

You are a musician—the art is a part of your life—you have made it a speciality; you have little interest in the topics that perplex your neighbors; and the discoveries of Tyndall, or Dana, or Lockyer or Darwin, do not satisfy the cravings of your art-love. But here is a man who bears no part in music—cannot distinguish Yankee Doodle from a Te Deum, and yet he secures respect and even admiration. He has carefully gathered facts concerning every living insect, and can tell what he knows in concise language to an astonished crowd. This man wins respect wherever he is heard, and deservedly ranks among artists. He has made his science an art. Of the one talent given him he has made five. You learn from this that study dignifies man. It matters not what the subject—the intensity of thought bestowed on it creates the man an artist.

But not alone in the sciences and arts has man excelled. He has learned trades, and all over the world there are master-workmen; whether in country or city, whether on farm or in factory, whether in brass or in silver. Perfection makes all labor regal, and he who excels, if but in the making of a pin, has made his mark. There is no end to the kinds of labor offered to men; there is a chance for every one to become famous in one way or another—there are endless fields untried; there is a plenteous harvest awaiting laborers, and a splendid opportunity for brilliant effort.

He that gracefully wields the scythe, laying at every stroke a beautiful swath of richest green, is equally skilled with him who at each thrust of the bow across the strings of his violin brings forth tones that vibrate on the heart of the listener. Each has well studied his stroke, each works without an effort; the execution of each is perfect. One is an accomplished laborer, the other an accomplished musician. Watch the first as he toils: there is grace in the motion of his arm, in the movement of his head, in the swaying of his body; he is a studied scythe's-man, and conscious of his dexterity. More cannot be said of his counterpart the violinist. They belong to different schools, but for ability in their several crafts they are equal.

But the greatest artist of all, standing god-like among men, is he who has chosen that better part, and made it the aim of his life to gain a pure heart; who has labored with the strength given him to eliminate every dark thread from his own life, and put his fellow-men in the way of doing the same. The example of such an one is of more worth than volumes of sermons.

Fortunately, the world and the human beings in it are so made, that for every subject under the sun there is some mind just adapted to meet it. Variety of tastes is one of the choicest blessings bequeathed us mortals, so that what one man investigates from pleasure alone, may benefit another whose tastes incline him to make discoveries in a totally different field. Men may be selfish in their thirst for knowledge—aspiring for fame and position—but who doubts that they are guided in their studies by an inspiration that will in the end reveal all things to all men? . . . .

THE ARTILLERY BIRD.

THERE was a fight, and it was fierce! Cannons roared loudly! Men fought desperately! There came a bird—a *little* bird—and perched upon the shoulder of a gunner, and that gunner served the loudest gun! No heed gives he to his tiny guest, but, with might and main, thrusts in the deadly charge! What then? No roar of gun, nor tramp of horse or man, thought he of heeding—that little bird! save to nestle closer where first he perched. Who saw it? Was space allowed for aught to see, save clash of arms, and loss of life? Aye! men stood aghast! Was ever seen the like before! But none could interpret. The fact is told, and we are left to wonder! Why need we? To *plead* he

came, that gentle bird; fearless he came, where fight was hottest, loudest! "O, cease your carnage, your bloody strife! Be men once more, not fiends! E'en brutes look on in sorrow, and me depute, to stay the ruthless work. In God's name, strike no more!" R. S. D.

WHAT OF THAT?

Tired! well, and what of that?
Didst fancy life was spent on beds of ease,
Fluttering the rose-leaves scattered by the breeze?
Come, rouse thee! work while it is called to-day;
Coward, arise, go forth upon thy way!

Dark! well, and what of that?
Didst fondly dream the sun would never set?
Dost fear to lose thy way? Take courage yet,
Learn thou to walk by faith and not by sight,
Thy steps will guided be, and guided right.

Hard! well, and what of that?
Didst fancy life one summer holiday,
With lessons none to learn, and naught but play?
Go, get thee to thy task. Conquer or die!
It must be learned, learn it, then, patiently.

No help! nay; 'tis not so;
Though human help be far, thy God is nigh,
Who feeds the ravens, hears His children's cry;
He's near thee wheresoe'er thy footsteps roam,
And He will guide thee, light thee, help thee home.

[*Daily Graphic.*

—The secret of happiness lies in FAITH, which is "the *evidence* of things not seen." To a man of faith, the unknown is filled with God, angels and glorified beings—a great unfathomable depth of beauty, poetry, wisdom and power: and he may go on his way continually rejoicing. But to a man without faith, the unknown is filled with spectres, ghosts in white sheets, etc.—a great abyss of darkness, uncertainty and death.

COMMUNITY JOURNAL.

ONEIDA.

—A well has been dug near the Lodge at Joppa.

—Look out for sun-strokes at this season of the year. There's no telling when they may happen, and it is always best to be prepared. A *son*-stroke has just occurred at the O. C., although the weather was quite cloudy. Curiously enough this little incident instead of marring the general happiness seems to have greatly increased it.

—An associate thus addresses

AN OLD BASS VIOL.

How oft in hours bereft of ease
Thy chords have spoken to my changing mood—
Now hushed and mournful as the Autumn breeze,
Now clanging, resonant and rude!

And when across thy trembling strings
I drew the bow thy varying notes to blend,
Forgot were life's inhospitable stings
In sweet, responsive voices of a friend.

Then sacred be thy time-worn frame!
No amateur thy strings shall desecrate;
Save that a master's hand thy tones may claim
There shalt thou stand untouched, in-viol-ate!

—The weather—that never-ending topic—is a fruitful theme to out-door laborers and excursionists these days. During a long spell of "dryness" when one seemed to inhale a quantity of dust at every breath, people were saying to each other every day or two, "If we don't have rain before long, everything will wither," or "If we don't get rain pretty soon, our fruit harvest will dwindle to half a crop." The prayer for rain was at length answered—now a week ago—and since that we have been liable to "dark, drizzly days," and the farmers and weather-prophets say we can't calculate on fine sunsets for a fair day, as "all signs fail in a wet time" as well as in a "dry." So we console ourselves with the thought that the weather will balance itself about right. It is best to be philosophical about these matters. It makes us contented. Not long since we heard a colloquy on this subject between a group of children and one of the women. "O dear! it rains," said the oldest of the juveniles, "and that spoils all our plans for to-day." "Well, boys, you will have to do as they do in Spain when it rains," said L. coming along just in season to hear this remark. "What's *that?*" said one. "Why, don't you know what they do in Spain?" "No ma'am," replied all eagerly, "won't you tell us?" "I will tell you if you will all promise to try and do the same to-day." "O, we will;" was the unanimous voice. "Well, when it rains in Spain, they *let it rain!*" "Is that it? Well, we will," said the first boy, and they all ran off apparently satisfied. So with the rest of us, we have only to *let it rain*, and go about our business until the sun shines again, and we can enjoy the weather just as it comes. Why not?

—Strangers not unfrequently ask to visit the school-room—a favor generally granted, as they seldom stop longer than to look at the children or listen to one of their songs. In a party which called one day last week there was a gentleman of ministerial appearance, who seemed to think it devolved on him to inquire into the spiritual training of our juveniles. After asking Mrs. D., the teacher, if she gave them religious instruction, and learning that she did, he proceeded to subject them to a variety of questions on the different passages of Scripture they had repeated before him. One of the little girls recited the entire chapter on charity in first Corinthians. He asked, "What is charity?" She promptly replied, "Love." "Who wrote the chapter?" "Paul." "In what part of the Bible is this chapter?" "In the New Testament." "To whom was it written?" "To the Corinthians." And many more questions of this sort, to all of which he received correct answers. One of the boys related a part of Paul's history, and on being catechised more particularly as to his birth, imprisonment, etc., mentioned the most important events in the apostle's life. One little girl repeated the passage, beginning "In my Father's house are many mansions," etc., upon which the worthy gentleman asked "Where are these mansions?" "Why—in the Kingdom of Heaven." "Where is the Kingdom of Heaven?" The child's quick response, "*In our hearts*," was undoubtedly unexpected, as the stranger exchanged a look of surprise with his companion and said in a low voice, "That is so." Another child repeated, "I am the vine and my Father is the husbandman," which gave rise to the interrogation, "Who is the vine?" "Christ." "Who is the husbandman?" "God;" and so on. Many of the children were examined in the same way, and were able to give satisfactory replies. The party left, evidently pleased with their call. We did not learn whether the reverend gentleman thought the children needed further instruction on these matters or not—at any rate he offered none, and we concluded he thought they were doing well without his tuition.

—The following humorous complaint presented to the family by J. S. F., who recently arrived from W. C., a little "under the weather," was heartily applauded:

"We often find that customs which are in fashion in the outside world are wholly unadapted to a state of Communism. Among these I think we may reckon the custom of inquiring when we meet a friend, 'How do you do?' In ordinary society no particular inconvenience is experienced from its use; but in a Community it is different. For instance: A brother or sister coming from Wallingford to visit O. C. meets from one hundred and fifty to two hundred warm-hearted friends. On meeting each, he is asked, 'How do you do?' If no answer is expected, and the intention is simply to express good feeling, the question is open to the charge of insincerity; it is ill-adapted to the purpose for which it is used, and is liable to be understood as a question regarding his bodily health. But perhaps it is asked in all sincerity, and an answer is wished. In this case, if the visitor enjoys good health he gets along very easily with the matter by saying, 'Very well, thank you.' If he 'enjoys poor health,' sad is his fate. He must relate his experience at length to fifty, seventy-five or possibly one hundred sympathizing friends. This is quite a laborious affair, a waste of life, which he can ill-afford, besides keeping his attention on his bodily ailments when it would be much better to forget them. Can we not devise some more appropriate and harmless greeting? How would it do to simply join hands without speaking, unless you have some pertinent remark to make? Be slow to ask questions of a newcomer; for how do you know but the same question has been asked one hundred and fifty times already? Common-place remarks that are likely to be on everybody's lips, particularly those referring to one's personal appearance, as, 'How very thin you are!' and the like, become quite uninteresting long before they reach their twentieth repetition."

—"What effect will hygienic living have on me?" said a young man to Doctor B——. "I am healthy enough without it."

"One thing it will do, if nothing more," replied the Doctor. "When you bark your shins and elbows they will heal up without the application of a flax-seed poultice or nitrate of silver."

That idea seemed to strike the young man favorably. Years before it had been said of him that he "remembered important events by the bruises on his shins," and numerous scars are plainly visible on his right leg from the knee-pan to the ankle-bone. It was less than six months before the Doctor's remark that this young man, for the first time in his life, was confined to his room for five long days to allow a bruise, of somewhat greater severity than usual, a chance to heal. The recollections of carbolic acid, poulticing and hobbling on crutches are still fresh in his mind. On the 20th of October last the Community began a more hygienic course of living, including the experiment of two meals a day. No favorable opportunity for testing the Doctor's prophecy presented itself until the following January. It was nearly time for evening meeting; in five minutes the whistle would sound for a general gathering. The ice was out of the drinking-fountain and the water must be drawn off and fresh substituted before seven o'clock. The contents of the fountain are poured into a pail and off starts our shin-bruiser to the basement for fresh water. His right foot slips on the first stone step; his left touches the second, but slides to the third; both feet pass the fourth and strike the fifth step together. By this time his body has assumed an angle of forty-five degrees and he is lying flat on his back with a very ugly gash in his right elbow and half a pail of water dripping from his head and ears. The next morning the Doctor is found and the wound is examined. "Keep on the scab and use the arm as little as possible," is the only advice given. During the two weeks following the accident, the elbow received many a severe bump; but in spite of this rough treatment there were no indications of proud flesh or suppuration as formerly in less severe bruises. In three weeks the arm was healed. Whether the result was a freak of nature or due to the effect of Graham gems and mush, the Doctors must decide.

—As a people we are becoming somewhat noted—at least among ourselves and neighbors—for our

radical overturns in businesses and buildings. The building which now contains the counting-rooms, silk-packing apartment and so on, was once the horse-barn; the places now occupied by the kitchen and bakery were once 'neath the sway of laundry-woman and dyer; one of the dining-rooms has been successsively bag-shop, dairy, spooling-room, and dairy again, the partitions altering for each change, and the house isn't ten years old yet either. It is useless to try to enumerate the changes to which the "old mill" has been subjected; so manifold are they the that memory recoils from the task. We think we see signs though that it may end its days in peace, but we rest no hopes on that possibility. So erratic have been some of our movements that a carpenter who was employed by us several years ago was once heard to say that he thought the Community ought to have its buildings set on rollers; somebody else thought we ought to use portable partitions; and still another thought it was a pity we hadn't a few more old fogies among us! But this backward glance was inspired by a feeling of thankfulness we had this morning that a recent revolutionary plan had fallen through. The problem of furnishing attractive boarding-places to our employees forces itself urgently upon us as our manufactures increase, and it was proposed last week to incorporate the Villa family into the O. C. household and give up the Villa to the boarding interest. We were ready to sympathize with this scheme if it received the sanction of the evening assembly; but when one voice expressed disapproval and the Hall rang with a sudden and enthusiastic burst of applause, we confess that we felt glad, deep down. There are many reasons for prizing our retreat at the Villa. It furnishes the change of scene which is so often beneficial to both mind and body; for the transition from the great O. C. mansion with its bustle and excitement to the quiet and seclusion of the Villa, is like going from the city to the country. It furnishes an objective point to pedestrians—a consideration of no little importance at some seasons of the year, and to those persons who do not walk from pure love of the exercise. It is very delightful, when a new aspect of life presents itself to which it takes time to adjust one's self, to slip away to the Villa for a few hours as we did this morning. There is something about the peaceful current there which sets the heart at rest. We say again we are glad we have not lost our home at the Villa.

Wallingford.

—Our six-toed cat has shown a decided taste for music. James, Harley, Erastus and sometimes Frank are in the habit of practicing at the Laboratory after supper. The other evening two or three of us were passing by when our attention was called to the old cat who was sitting on some boards near by and looking with great attentiveness at the open door of the Laboratory. Her kittens were mewing about her, but she paid them no attention; there she sat, a perfect model of an absorbed audience. When the music stopped Mrs. Kitty curled herself down with her kittens; but at the first note of the violin, she pricked up her ears in the most comical manner, then jumped up, overturning the kittens, and seated herself as before. This performance was repeated several times.

—We have a few "absent-minded folk" in this family. One night not long ago, Carrie A. offered to make the bread-sponge for Minerva. After she had got it all ready she set the pan carefully on top of the oven with a cloth over it, and then went to her room. Soon after she had put herself snugly in bed it occurred to her that she had forgotten to put any yeast into the sponge. There was nothing to do but to get up and attend to it. Then the other day two smart young women cooked some summer squash for dinner. The folks at the table kept saying, "What queer squash this is!" Table waiters remarked upon the "thinness of that squash;" but it was not until dinner was nearly over that the cooks suddenly remembered that they omitted the customary squeezing to which summer squash should be subjected, and had transferred it directly from the kettle to the table. And who would think it?—even our good, precise mother Leonard has lately been guilty of attempting to put on her spectacle-case instead of her spectacles!

[We select the following from "Child Life," a charming collection of poems, edited by J. G. Whittier, which our folks at W. C. are printing for J. R. Osgood & Co. The poem was written by the author of "The Book of Nonsense," and its musical jingle will delight those who have laughed over that humorous production.]

THE OWL AND THE PUSSY-CAT.

BY EDWARD LEAR.

The Owl and the Pussy-Cat went to sea
  In a beautiful pea-green boat;
They took some honey, and plenty of money
  Wrapped up in a five-pound note.
The Owl looked up to the moon above,
  And sung to a small guitar,
"O, lovely Pussy! O Pussy, my love!
  What a beautiful Pussy you are—
    You are,
What a beautiful Pussy you are!"

Pussy said to the Owl, "You elegant fowl!
  How wonderful sweet you sing!
O, let us be married—too long we have tarried—
  But what shall we do for a ring?"
They sailed away for a year and a day
  To the land where the Bong-tree grows,
And there in the wood, a piggy-wig stood
  With a ring in the end of his nose—
    His nose,
With a ring in the end of his nose.

"Dear Pig, are you willing to sell for one shilling
  Your ring?" Said the piggy, "I will."
So they took it away and were married next day
  By the turkey who lives on the hill.
They dined upon mince and slices of quince,
  Which they ate with a runcible spoon,
And hand in hand on the edge of the sand
  They danced by the light of the moon—
    The moon,
They danced by the light of the moon.

An article in *The Saturday Review*, published at Bainbridge, N. Y., contains an account of the O. C. which closes with the following fair sentiments:

The Community people have built them a "cottage by the sea," at the mouth of Fish Creek, which they call Joppa, and parties may be seen on nearly every train of cars journeying to and from the Lodge, at this season of the year. The ladies wear the Bloomer costume, which, we must confess is a very sensible style of dress for boat-riding and rambling in the woods. At their camp they have a comfortable summer building, a good well of water, plenty of ice, etc., etc. That the Oneida Community is blessed with every comfort that should tend to make a people contented and happy, we have ample proof. Our most opulent families do not enjoy a more luxurious home or live in greater harmony. Whether all this is brought about by their religious principles, or by the great executive ability of their guiding star, John Humphrey Noyes, it is not for us to determine. There are certainly some very queer ideas embraced in their social principles, and if the Free Love system can be so nicely conducted that a child knowing his own father may be born among them and not be accounted "wise," we conclude that the Communists have arrived at a perfection in book-keeping not yet attained by the outside world. Yet it is a noteworthy fact that however widely the candid visitor who sojourns at the Oneida Community may differ with these people in their social or religious views, he cannot but be impressed with respect for all with whom he comes in contact, admiring their home, their kindness of heart, and hoping they are nearer right than perhaps his orthodox principles will allow him to admit.

SEALS.

BY F. W. SMITH.

II.

PASSING on to later times we find that seals were not much in use in England in the time of the Saxons. Blackstone says: "The method of the Saxons was for such as could write to subscribe their names, and whether they could write or not, to affix the sign of the cross; which custom our illiterate vulgar do, for the most part, to this day keep up, by signing a cross for their mark when unable to write their names. And indeed, this inability to write and therefore making a cross in its stead is honestly avowed by Caedwalla, a Saxon king, at the end of one of his charters."

Seals were, however, sometimes used among the Saxons. Witness the following from Coke on Littleton:

"The sealing of charters and deeds is much more ancient than some out of error have imagined; for the charter of the king Edwyn, brother of king Edgar, bearing date A. D. 956, made of the land called Jecklea, in the isle of Ely, was not only sealed with his own seal (which appears by these words, 'Ego Edwinus, gratia Dei totius Brittainae telluris Rex meum donum proprio sigillo confirmavi,') but also the bishop of Winchester put to his seal, Ego Elfwinus Winton Ecclesiae divinus speculator proprium sigillum impressi. And the charter of king Offa, whereby he gave the Peter-pence doth yet remain under seal. But no king of England, before or since the conquest, sealed with any seal of arms before king Richard I.; but the seal was, the king sitting in a chair on one side of the seal, and on horseback on the other side, in divers forms.

"Coats of arms were not introduced into seals, nor, indeed, into any other use, till about the reign of Richard I. who brought them from the croisade in the Holy Land where they were first invented and painted on the shields of the knights to distinguish the variety of persons of every Christian nation who resorted thither, and who could not, when clad in complete steel, be otherwise known or ascertained."

The signets of these persons must, however, have been of a private, personal character, for it is elsewhere stated that England is indebted for the invention of the royal seals to Edward the Confessor, as Germany is to the Emperor Henry II., France to Henry I., and Scotland to Edgar, who reigned from A. D. 1098 to 1107. The system of royal seals thus invented seems to have consisted in having different seals for different classes of acts, according to their importance; a great seal, a privy seal, a common seal, etc., each seal generally having its counter- or reverse-seal, either on the same or a different signet. It is recorded also that these sovereigns, both temporal and spiritual, had different signets for witnessing their acts in different countries, and even for different individual acts. Thus, the popes, as lords of Avignon, had signets distinct from those which they employed as chiefs of the church. Charles V., before he created his son dauphin of Vienna, caused a large dauphinal signet to be made for use in matters relating to the dauphiny. Jean, bishop of Puy (A. D., 1034), had, as Count of Velay, a signet different from that which he employed as bishop. The custom of using an extraordinary seal for such and such acts, appears to have obtained as early as the time of Charlemagne. The golden seal which Henry VIII suspended to the treaty of London (A. D., 1527) differed entirely from the other seals of that prince; but since the ninth century, this use of particular seals for single acts has been confined to acts of the highest importance. No doubt one strong

reason for the adoption of private or "privy" seals in those days of so frequent civil disturbances and overthrows was, that the sovereigns might have always about their persons some recognized sign of their authority. Philip de Valois, of France, carried a little signet to use in the absence of the grand seal. We read also that "Charles, Prince of Salerne, not having yet made a seal (or signet) after getting out of prison, sealed an obligation with three faces of his ring, and wrote it with his own hand."

It sometimes happened that at the moment of executing a contract between private persons, some of the witnesses, or even one of the parties, had no seal of his own; in that case it was customary to use the seal or signet of a relative, or of a neighboring abbey; or one witness would borrow the signet of another, and so the same impression would appear more than once on a single document. In such cases, however, the signets of civil or ecclesiastical authorities, and especially those of public institutions, were preferred to those of private individuals. It appears also, from the records of the Benedictines, that when persons made any great change in their position in life, it was the custom to immediately have a new signet made, and put away or destroy the old one; as when a squire or private person was knighted, or when a nobleman acquired a higher rank. In the eleventh and twelfth centuries when seals were not nearly so common as in those following, various articles, and of a most singular character for purposes of authentication, were sometimes affixed to the foot of written instruments to serve in lieu of seals. Pieces of money, rings, gloves, precious stones, bits of straw, etc., were so affixed. A very queer instance is mentioned of a conveyance by one "Alberick de Vere, containing the donation of Hatfield, to which he affixed a short black-hafted knife, like an old half-penny whittle, instead of a seal." In the will of Fulrade, Abbot of Saint Denys, France, a bit of straw was inserted in the foot of the parchment in place of a seal. Adam, Viscount of Melun (A. D., 1138) affixed a piece of money to a large document by boring a hole through it and suspending it.

In studying the historical development of the use of seals, there are many records of fact which will lead us to believe that, having its origin, as has been shown, in an antiquity beyond the reach of history, it passed from the Orientals to the Western nations, and grew into general use in the times of the high Greek and Roman civilization; such use being then almost invariably accompanied with the signatures of contracting parties, or that of the person executing the instrument, of whatever nature it might be. In the sixth century Mummole, sent by king Theodebert to the Emperor Justinian, being about to die, made his will, and had it *signed and sealed.* In the following century Bertrand, bishop of Mans, caused the signatures and seals of seven illustrious persons to be appended to his will. The custom of both signing and sealing seems to have then become so fixed as to be required by law. But the barbarism of the subsequent years of the dark ages gradually suppressed and extinguished the knowledge of the laws, causing them to be forgotten. In a great number of documents executed during the period extending from the eighth to the middle of the twelfth century, no seals are to be found, nor is there any evidence that there ever were any affixed. The simplicity of those centuries demanded no more than that those interested should prefix a cross to their names, the names of the parties and of the witnesses being all frequently in the same handwriting as the body of the instrument.

The illiteracy of that dark and ignorant period was so extreme and universal, and their records were consequently so few and meager, that it is difficult to trace the causes, manner, and time in various localities, of the resumption of the use of seals. Perhaps this cannot be more closely described than by saying that if some of the great feudal lords like the Counts of Flanders, the Dukes of Burgundy, etc., adopted the use of them in the tenth or eleventh century; and if in the latter part of the eleventh century a small number of bishops and lesser lords imitated their example; it may not be amiss to consider that the general custom of sealing had not become re-established among the nobility and clergy before the middle of the twelfth century. The Benedictines, who have collected much valuable information on this subject, consider these the most probable dates, and show that previous to the middle of the twelfth century many of the kings of France and England gave authority to numerous charters and other acts, merely by signing them with a cross prefixed to their names. They cite various instances in which charters were confirmed in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, the original charters having never been sealed, but only authenticated by the cross and the names of the witnesses. This would certainly show that the use of seals had so far subsided in the preceding centuries that instruments, even those of great importance, were not considered void for lack of them. It is important to observe also that when the use of seals revived, their adoption was in great part a necessity to supply the place of signature, very few people except the professional clerks and scribes being able to write even so much as to sign their own names. It resulted that many instruments were executed at that time *with seals, but without signatures of any kind.*

"Writing was not then employed for every trivial purpose, but was a matter of some solemnity; accordingly it became a rule of law that every writing under seal imported a consideration; that is, that a step so solemn could not have been taken without some sufficient ground."

COUNTRY CHILDREN.

Little fresh violets,
Born in the wildwood,
Sweetly illustrating
Innocent childhood!
Shy as an antelope,
Brown as a berry,
Free as the mountain air,
Romping and merry!

Blue eyes and hazel eyes
Peep from the hedges,
Shaded by sun-bonnets
Frayed at the edges!
Up in the apple-trees,
Heedless of danger,
Manhood in embryo
Stares at the stranger.

Out in the hilly patch,
Seeking for berries;
Under the orchard-tree
Feeding on cherries;
Tramping the clover-blooms
Down 'mong the grasses;
No voices to hinder them,
Dear lads and lasses.

Dear little innocents,
Born in the wildwood;
Oh, that all little ones
Had such a childhood!
God's blue spread over them,
God's green beneath them;
No sweeter heritage
Could we bequeath them!

[*Rural New Yorker.*

—The true gentleman and the true lady are they who are most ready to serve—who take the most humble place, and are most arduous in their labors of love.

THE DEPTHS OF MID OCEAN.—In her voyage from Teneriffe to St. Thomas the British Exploring Ship "Challenger" sounded and dredged every other day. The soundings showed that a pretty level bottom runs off from the African coast, deepening gradually to a depth of 3,125 fathoms at about one-third of the way across to the West Indies. If the Alps, Mont Blanc and all, were submerged at this spot, there would still be half a mile of water above them. Five hundred miles farther west there is a comparatively shallow part, a little less than two miles in depth. The water then deepens again to three miles, which continues close over to the West Indies. At the deepest spots both on the east and west side of the Atlantic, the dredge brought up a quantity of dark red clay, which contained just sufficient animal life to prove that life exists at all depths. No difficulty was experienced in obtaining these deep-sea dredgings, and it was merely a question of patience, each haul occupying twelve hours. In depths over two miles little has been found, but that little was totally new.—*Nature.*

ANECDOTE OF LAMB.—"Coleridge," says De Quincey, "told me of a ludicrous embarrassment which Charles Lamb's stammering caused him at Hastings. Lamb had been medically advised to a course of sea-bathing; and accordingly at the door of his bathing machine, whilst he stood shivering with cold, two stout fellows laid hold of him, one at each shoulder, like heraldic supporters; they waited for the word of command from their principal, who began the following oration to them: 'Hear me, men! Take notice of this—I am to be dipped.' What more he would have said is unknown to the land of sea-bathing machines; for having reached the word dipped, he commenced such a rolling fire of di—di—di—di, that when at length he descended *a plomb* upon the full word *dipped*, the two men rather tired of the long suspense, became satisfied that they had reached what lawyers call the 'operative' clause of the sentence; and both exclaiming at once, 'Oh yes, sir, we are quite aware of that,' down they plunged him into the sea. On emerging Lamb sobbed so much from the cold, that he found no voice suitable to his indignation; from necessity he seemed tranquil; and again addressing the men, who stood respectfully listening, he began thus: 'Men! is it possible to obtain your attention?' 'Oh surely sir, by all means.' 'Then listen: once more I tell you, I am to be di—di—di—' and then, with a burst of indignation, 'dipped, I tell you'——'Oh decidedly, sir'—and down the stammerer went for the second time. Petrified with cold and wrath, once more Lamb made a feeble attempt at explanation—'Grant me pa—pa—patience; is it mum—um—murder you me—me—mean? Again and a—ga—ga—gain, I tell you I'm to be di—di—di—dipped,' now speaking furiously, with the voice of an injured man. 'Oh yes sir,' the men replied, 'we know that—we fully understand it,' and, for the third time down went Lamb into the sea. 'Oh, limbs of Satan!' he said, on coming up for the third time, 'it's now too late to tell that I am—no that I WAS—to be di—di—di—dipped *once.*'"

THE NEWS.

War between England and Ashantee.

Henri Rochefort has been exiled to New Caledonia.

The St. Xavier's College for the education of young women at Chicago, is nearly finished and will cost about $175,000.

Twenty-six exhibitors at Vienna from the United States received medals for progress, nineteen, medals of merit, and eighteen, certificates of excellence.

According to an official report from the State of Connecticut, 13,000 children in that State were kept from school during the past year to earn money for their parents.

The Hoosac Tunnel bids fair to be finished on time. Only twelve hundred feet more of solid rock remain, and the working parties can hear the blasts from one heading to the other.

A severe engagement took place Aug. 18th near

Berga, Spain, between 2,400 Carlists and three columns of Republicans, in which the latter were defeated with a loss of 200 men and one gun.

The distribution of prizes at the Vienna Exhibition took place on Monday, Aug. 18th. The correspondent of the *London News* pronounces it a "tame affair," only about 3,000 persons being present. The Archduke Charles Louis made a congratulatory address on the successful termination of the Exposition.

The Signal-Service engineers are making a survey for a telegragh line along the coast of New Jersey, from Cape May to Sandy Hook, connecting with the several life-saving stations which are to be used for the display of cautionary signals. A similar survey has been made of the Massachusetts coast and the necessary cable and wire for the proposed line already ordered.

The Shah of Persia has finally left Europe on his return to his own dominions, and judging from the reports of the press, Europe is quite glad to see the last of him. His childish love of display, extravagant and lavish gifts of money and diamonds, to say nothing of his disgusting personal habits, have, altogether, been a sickening dose which Western civilization will not be likely to take again in a hurry.

The storm of Tuesday and Wednesday was very severe in New York, Baltimore and Philadelphia. One hundred vessels were compelled to seek shelter in New York harbor from the fury of the storm. The Sandy Hook pilots report the storm the most severe ever known on the coast. Owing to the timely warning of the Signal Service, the loss of life and property on the water was comparatively insignificant.

The revolt of the Atcheenese from Dutch rule in the Island of Sumatra, is extending to other tribes. From one tribe alone 14,000 men have left their pepper plantations and gone to the assistance of the Sultan of Atcheen. The Dutch authorities in the East are fearing a second defeat in their intended attack upon the Atcheenese stronghold in September, and are making overtures to the Sultan for a compromise. The Sultan in reply declared that before he would consent to a treaty every man in his army should perish. A general Malay insurrection among the Dutch subjects of the Netherland Strait settlement is apprehended. The Sultan of Atcheen expressed his desire to an American Consul for close relations with the United States, saying that if this country would give him protection, he would in return grant extensive commercial privileges, etc. He was advised to send a special envoy to the United States Government at Washington.

—We shall learn to eat and drink in the pure and heavenly spirit, not by forced abstinence, but by exercising ourselves in faith—by recognizing Christ in our food—by willfully discerning the Lord's body—by mingling our food with thanksgiving, the word of God, and prayer—by believing that what we receive will not only be good to our bodies, but a means of worship and edification to our souls.

BUYING SILENCE.

MUSIC has such charms for most mortals that there is something very ludicrous in the idea of paying persons to refrain from making it. Every body knows what Shakespeare has said of the man who "hath no music in his soul:"

"He is fit for treason, stratagems and spoils."

But Shakespeare saw the exceeding humor of buying silence, as is shown by the following scene from Othello, Act III:

[*Music. Enter Clown.*]

Clo.—Here's money for you; and the General so likes your music that he desires you, of all loves, to make no more noise with it.

1 *Mus.*—Well, sir, we will not.

Clo.—If you have any music that may not be heard, to 't again; but, as they say, to hear music the General does not greatly care.

1 *Mus.*—We have none such, sir.

Clo.—Then put up your pipes in your bag, for I'll away. Go; vanish into air; away!

[*Exeunt Musicians.*

This reminds us of a picture which appeared in *Harper's Monthly* many years ago. A wretched organ-grinder with a dancing monkey is persistently playing before a nobleman's gate. A supercilious flunky extends his hand with supreme disdain toward the organ-grinder and the following conversation takes place:

Flunky.—Here's threepence for you, and Master desires you to move on.

Organ-grinder (contemptuously).—Threepence, indeed! D'ye think I don't know the walley o' peace and quietness? I never moves on under tenpence.

O. W. Holmes deals humorously with this subject in the following verse:

You 're sitting on your window-seat
Beneath a cloudless moon;
You hear a sound that seems to wear
The semblance of a tune,
As if a broken fife should strive
To drown a cracked bassoon.

And nearer, nearer still the tide
Of music seems to come,
There's something like a human voice,
And something like a drum;
You sit in speechless agony,
Until your ear is numb.

Poor "home, sweet home," should seem to be
A very dismal place;
Your "auld acquaintance," all at once,
Is altered in the face;
Their discords sting through Burns and Moore,
Like hedgehogs dressed in lace.

You think they are crusaders, sent
From some infernal clime,
To pluck the eyes of Sentiment,
And dock the tail of Rhyme,
To crack the voice of Melody,
And break the legs of Time.

But hark! the air again is still,
The music all is ground,
And silence, like a poultice, comes
To heal the blows of sound;
It cannot be,—it is,—it is,—
A hat is going round!

No! Pay the dentist when he leaves
A fracture in your jaw;
And pay the owner of the bear,
That stunned you with his paw,
And buy the lobster, that has had
Your knuckles in his claw;

But if you are a portly man,
Put on your fiercest frown,
And talk about a constable
To turn them out of town;
Then close your sentence with an oath,
And shut the window down!

And if you are a slender man,
Not big enough for that,
Or, if you cannot make a speech,
Because you are a flat,
Go very quietly and drop
A button in the hat.

Music must indeed be execrable that would tempt one to buy silence; but there is no doubt that tolerable music may be made at such ill-befitting seasons as to become essentially odious. Organ-grinders, as a class, are not troubled with sensitiveness, nor overloaded with tact. They infest University towns and discourse harmony with a persistence and liberality that are amazing when one considers that the prime desideratum of a University town is quiet and immunity from distractions. They are said to have been fairly driven from under the windows of a recitation-room in New Haven by the exasperated inmates. G.

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ADMISSIONS.

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

THE TERMINUS.

Home-Talk by J. H. N.

"THE last enemy that shall be destroyed is death." Salvation, working from the center of life, takes possession of the soul first, and reaches the body, that is to say the extremities of our complex organization, last. We must conceive of the soul and body as a unit—a succession of envelopes, if you please, or of layers, like those of an onion—one layer after another, around a center. The work of salvation goes on from the center, and may be perfected to a great extent in all the interior without visibly affecting the exterior. This order is natural, and Paul's saying that the abolishment of death comes last, is therefore strictly philosophical.

He saw a hint of that idea in Christ's own case. Christ's life, previous to his public ministry, was undoubtedly one of inward conquest. After that, we see him showing his power against disease and evil of various kinds, until at last a wonderful experience came upon him. He was exceeding sorrowful, even unto death, and sweat great drops of blood. That is doubtless, the experience Paul refers to when he says, "Ye have not yet resisted unto blood, striving against sin." It seems that Christ's interior will, working with the Holy Spirit, had pushed the devil in his body outward, until the last refuge of the wicked spirit was in the capillaries; and the pressure which expelled it, caused him to sweat great drops of blood. It was at that time that he said, "The prince of this world is judged—the prince of this world cometh and hath nothing in me." All the devil's poison within him had been driven to the surface and expelled. Then all that remained for him to do was, to go through the crisis of crucifixion, and in three days he was alive again. The last enemy overcome by him was death. In the nature of things, we may expect something like that experience in ourselves—a progressive work from inward victory to the redemption of the body.

We find that the Holy Spirit is given to us. It is a well of water, springing up into everlasting life within us. It is a river of life, flowing in the midst of humanity; and all are invited to drink. But this river of life, the Holy Spirit, when we begin to drink, begins to work in us in the order that I have pointed out, perfecting its work as it goes, from the center to the circumference.

We must not refer its influence merely to our souls. Many texts and many reasons point us very emphatically to the right and the will and the purpose of that Spirit to take possession of our bodies. Paul says, "If the Spirit of him that raised Jesus from the dead, dwell in you, he that raised up Christ from the dead, shall also quicken your mortal bodies, by his Spirit that dwelleth in you." It cannot be otherwise. We cannot separate our souls from our bodies. The life of our hearts and souls is in every nerve and vein of our bodies; and if the Holy Spirit comes into our hearts, its natural course is right through to the extremities, to take possession of our bodies. It is said expressly, "Your bodies are the temples of the Holy Spirit." The natural effort of that Spirit must always be to take possession of its temple. If we listen to the voice of the Spirit, and repeat what it says to us, and make it the expression of our own hearts, we shall say with a will, that God owns our bodies, and shall have possession of them. We shall feel that any devils or parasites that get into them, are thieves in God's sanctuary. Our bodies are the temples of the Holy Spirit. We are more bound to assert that claim than the claim to our land. It would be a more miserable and cowardly thing to leave our bodies to the possession of the devil and parasites, when God owns them, than to give up our houses and lands to plunder.

Paul says in another place, "Know ye not that your bodies are the members of Christ? Shall I then take the members of Christ, and make them the members of an harlot? God forbid. The body is not for fornication, but for the Lord." I would expand these principles, and say, Shall I take the members of Christ and give them up to sickness, disease and dissolution? Are we going to let the grave take possession of the members of Christ? Shall we suffer the temple of the Holy Spirit to be filled with devils and parasites? The body is not for disease, but for the Lord; not for worms, but for the Lord; not for the grave, but for the Lord. He owns it, and if we are zealous for his rights we shall assert that claim, and stand up for it through life and death. If we begin to entertain the Holy Spirit in our hearts, our business is to go right on and assert its title to our bodies, and if necessary, to die fighting for its right to take possession of them. It is a heinous imposition, worse than slavery, for devils to hold possession of bodies that belong to Christ and the Holy Spirit.

The *last* enemy to be destroyed is death. That is right. Christ requires us to claim and get possession of all the rest of the territory, before we conquer the outer limits. We ought not to attempt to expel the enemy from the surface, until we have expelled him from the regions inside. But let us be busy. Years ago we said we were going to put through a line of railroad to the Kingdom of Heaven. Well, here is the final terminus, the upper depot. We are bound to grade through to that. We have a charter for the road, and the right-

of-way. Why should we not go through? Are we going to stop for any of the traditional rights of the devil? The Holy Spirit owns our bodies. Let us be up and doing.

This, you see, is following right on in the line of what I have been talking about, the Holy Spirit and the presence in us of the river of life. This is the application of it to our individual persons. I might say that the Holy Spirit will not yield itself to us and we cannot begin to drink it, unless we make up our minds to assert its entire rights. If we are cowardly and unbelieving and don't carry this thing through, if we are too feeble-hearted to assert the rights of God to our bodies, the Holy Spirit will not work in us. This is not fighting for egotism nor for our own pleasure. It is fighting for the rights of God. We need not trouble ourselves about results and consequences. We need not entertain any doubtful disputations as to what will come of it—whether we shall be transmuted or translated; or whether we shall go through the form of death, or what will become of us. We will simply assert the right of the Holy Spirit to our bodies, and do our best to give it possession of them. Results may take care of themselves.

We must consent to be ignorant on some points, and go to work in quiet faith. John says, "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." We know we shall get through. Paul says he was carried up into the third heaven, "whether in the body or out of it, *God knoweth.*" That is the way to treat a great many questions that are not necessary to action. Whether our bodies are to go through any miraculous change, or what kind of a change, I don't know; God knoweth, and I don't need to know. If I need to know, God will tell me. My present business is to assert the right of God to my body, keep on doing so, and as fast as I can see the way, let him take possession of every part of it. That is my *duty*. It is not a mere privilege. "Present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God." They belong to him, and it is our business to yield them to him, and cast out the devils that get between God and what belongs to him.

The devil will be well contented to have us accept the doctrine of the Holy Spirit "on shares," and say that God shall have our souls, but the devil may have our bodies. That is all he wants. We must be sharper than that. We must say our souls belong to the Holy Spirit and our bodies too. Rather than say that the Lord shall have the soul and the devil the body, it would be better even to put it the other way; for it would be safe to say, "*The Lord shall have the body at any rate, and then the devil may have the soul, if he can get at it!*"

REVIVALS IN NEW YORK CITY.

VII.

THE dedication of the Broadway Tabernacle and the installation of Mr. Finney took place in April, 1836. The Oberlin Institute, however, had already secured a previous claim on Mr. Finney's services by offering him the professorship of pastoral theology; and in about a month from the time of his installation as pastor of the Tabernacle church, Mr. Finney, accompanied by his family, left the city for his new field of labor in Ohio. If it can be said that the professor had a pet project of any kind upon which he had set his heart, it was that of selecting, among the fruits of his labors, as many young men as could be persuaded to enter the new college of the West with the view of entering the ministerial field. This was his forlorn hope for the conversion of the world. As intimated in a previous chapter, all the schemes thus far devised for recovering the former presence of God's spirit in the work of convicting and converting sinners had proved unsuccessful. More than fifty lectures or sermons, aside from his labors on the Sabbath, had Mr. Finney delivered in the city, the year previous to his removal to Oberlin. Twenty-two of them were on the subject of revivals; the remainder on doctrines, Christian duties, etc. His planting and watering covered a vast area, as any one can see who has read his published discourses; but the *increase* from God was confessedly lacking.

In order to fully comprehend the situation of affairs at this juncture it will be necessary to call attention to a movement set on foot in 1834. Early in the spring of this year, a large committee of the most active workers among clergymen and laymen was appointed to consider ways and means for more vigorous work in promoting continuous revivals. This committee held several sessions, in which there was much unanimity of feeling; and at the last, twenty or more resolutions were passed. Among them was the following which clearly indicates the tone and spirit of the most progressive party in the church at that time:

"Resolved—That as perpetual advancement is the peculiar genius of Christianity, it is highly important and necessary for the conversion of the world that every succeeding religious effort should be an advance on the preceding, and that every revival should greatly increase the religious experience of ministers and churches."

This resolution embodied the sentiments of the many earnest souls that were scattered here and there among the great army of religionists. Indeed, it contains the substance of "New Haven Perfectionism" which had, only a short time before, made Mr. J. H. Noyes its medium at the Yale Theological Seminary. But we are sorry to say that most of the clergymen who voted in favor of the foregoing resolution, were too timid to stand by it when persecution subsequently arose against the progressive party. In looking over the files of the *New York Evangelist* for that period—the organ of Mr. Finney and the revival under his lead—a great falling away is distinctly noticeable immediately after the subject of freedom from all sin had been denied a hearing and branded as heresy. As proof of the low state of the church as early as 1835, we extract the following paragraph from the *Evangelist*:

"Almost every prosperous Christian merchant, especially those who were accustomed to give liberally to benevolent objects, has changed his residence, going from a plain house to an elegant one, from a two-story house to one of three and from a common three-story house to a palace. * * * No more brilliant parties are known than some given by these church-members, and even elders of churches, with wine, dancing etc., etc. Even this is not the worst. The churches have been of late greatly tried in their own members. Satan has desired to have them that he might sift them as wheat. Going over to his dominions, by their conformity to the world, he has found too many of them an easy prey to his devices. Numerous cases of delinquency have occurred—of impurity! adultery! drunkenness! gambling! visiting theaters and other immoral places. Though such cases cannot be called numerous, in proportion to the whole body of church-members in the city, yet they are enough to occasion alarm, and call on him that thinketh he standeth to take heed lest he fall."

And these back-sliders were young converts only a year or two before. But we must not be too hard on them for they had not been taught that a conversion to Christ meant *total abstinence from all sin.* Hear what Joshua Leavitt, the editor of the *Evangelist*, says on the subject of "Sinfulness" in 1835:

"There are many passages of Scripture that bear on this point and are conclusive in proving that there is not an individual on earth who lives absolutely without sin for a single hour."

In order, therefore, to clearly understand upon what ground, spiritual and theological, the few Perfectionists stood and how they came by the name they bore, we insert a large part of the introduction written by J. H. N. to the first issue of *The Perfectionist*, August 20, 1834. The article may also be interesting, aside from its connection with these chapters on revivals, as indicating the spiritual basis for a new departure in religious experience:

Perceiving nothing in the sound or form of the word Perfectionist, essentially odious, and assuredly anticipating the time of its redemption from infamy, we content ourselves, for the present, with an explanation of its meaning, as used among those who bear it, in the place of any further apology for its selection.

We will not attempt to state what a Perfectionist *is not*, for this would require us to dissect and disclaim all the varying and incongruous images of Perfection, conjured up by the word in the various fancies of men, from a picture of a monk in sackcloth and ashes, to that of a seraph with six wings. It is sufficient to say, that in the minds of those who consent to bear the name, so far as we know, perfection is predicated of only a single attribute, viz., holiness, and of this only in a limited sense. We find in the Bible, as well as in the nature of the case, three modifications of *perfect holiness;* perfection of obedience; perfection of security of obedience; and perfection of holiness by experience or suffering. These distinctions may be easily understood by a simple illustration. The success of a general on a battle-field, may be perfect in a threefold manner. 1. He may be simply successful at the outset. 2. He may be successful at the outset, with an assurance of final victory. 3. He may be successful by the actual accomplishment of the victory.

1. The holiness of Adam, and of the angels that left their first estate, was perfect, considered simply as obedience to law, but destitute of prospective security, as was proved by their apostasy.

2. The holiness of Christ, the second Adam

was perfect, both as present obedience to law, and as prospectively secure. Yet in another sense it was imperfect, during his residence on earth. For "though he were a *Son*, yet *learned he obedience* by the things which he suffered; and *being made perfect*, he became the author of eternal salvation to all them that obey him—for it became him, by whom are all things, and for whom are all things, in bringing many sons unto glory to make the captain of their salvation *perfect through sufferings*." Previous to his crucifixion, this captain of our salvation was perfectly successful in his conflict with sin both presently and prospectively, yet the battle was before him. So Paul, while counting all things but lost, that he might overcome death by knowing the fellowship of the sufferings of Christ, denied that he had already attained the victory, or was already perfect; and yet in the next breath, falling back upon an inferior meaning of the word, he could say, "Let us therefore, as many as be perfect be thus minded."

3. The present holiness of Christ, on the throne of his glory, and of those who, having overcome by his blood, have attained that likeness of his resurrection, toward which Paul was urging his way, is perfected in the highest sense. The battle is fought—the victory is won—their holiness is perfect as obedience, perfect in security, and perfect by victory over suffering. Perfectionists, then, if they may be allowed to designate the place which they suppose they hold on the scale of perfection, universally disclaim the profession of attainments above those of the *suffering* Son of God. They covet not the premature glory of victory before battle. They stand with Paul on the middle ground between the perfection of Adam and of Christ, saved from sin—eternally saved, yet "saved by hope, waiting for the adoption; to wit the redemption of their bodies."

We acknowledge the phrase, *perfect holiness*, is almost a solecism in the first of the three senses above mentioned, for anything short of perfect *present* obedience, is perfect disobedience; and we might as well speak of the imperfect success of a General who never began to conquer, as to speak of the imperfect holiness of one who has not yet obeyed God. The truth is too simple to need expansion, that every individual action is either wholly sinful or wholly righteous; and that every being in the universe, at any given time, is either entirely wicked or entirely holy, *i. e.*, either conformed to law or not conformed to law; yet the prevailing modes of thought and speech force us to recognize a quality of action and character, called *imperfect holiness*, which takes rank somewhere indefinitely below what may seem the lowest possible or conceivable modification of holiness. So that, with reference to this, we must name *mere* holiness, *perfect* holiness, consigning the censure due to the impropriety of our language, to those who maintain the possibility of serving God and mammon, *i. e.*, of being holy and sinful at the same time. A profession, then, of *perfect* holiness, thus understood, is in truth, merely a profession of holiness, without which, confessedly, none can claim the name of sons or servants of God, and instead of deserving the charge of arrogance, should rather be censured, if at all, for conveying in the language of it the implication that men may be less than perfectly holy and yet not perfectly sinful. But we take higher ground. The first Adam was holy; the second Adam was, in a more proper sense, perfectly holy—his holiness was secure. The gospel platform is as much above the ground of mere holiness as a deed in fee simple is above mere possession.

As obedience is the test of all holiness, so we believe, under the gospel, *perpetuity of obedience* is the test of all holiness. Here we may speak, without solecism, of perfect holiness; and here we are exposed to a more plausible charge of arrogance. Let us examine the ground of this charge. Without entering the wide field of Scripture argument, it is sufficient for the purpose to notice a single fact in relation to the views of those who most freely stigmatize the supposed self-righteousness of Perfectionists. These very persons universally and confessedly expect at death to become Perfectionists, and that, not merely of the second, but of the third degree. In other words, while earthly Perfectionists claim only secure deliverance from sin, their accusers anticipate, within a brief space, secure deliverance from sin and all evil. What is the consideration which exempts their anticipation from the charge of self-righteous presumption, and yet leaves the burden upon our claim? Their answer assuredly must be, "We anticipate, at death, secure redemption from sin and evil, as the *gift of the grace of God*." But the the self-same apology relieves our claim. We *receive* present redemption from sin as the gift of the grace of God—we only enter, "by a new and living way," upon the possession of a part of that gratutious inheritance which they expect to receive at death. We must be permitted then, to say boldly, that the same rule which allows men to *hope* for heaven without presumption, allows us to *receive* heaven here without self-righteousness; and the charge of arrogance is due to those who hope for the gift, while they daily displease the giver. The same Christ who will be the believer's portion in heaven, is our righteousness and sanctification here. While, therefore, we shrink not from the odium connected with the name *Perfectionist*, we cannot despair of disabusing all honest men, ere long, of a part of their prejudices against it, by convincing them that we join in the testimony of our living head, "that there is none good but one, that is God," and believe by the energy of his goodness alone are we delivered from sin.

The standard by which every man judges of the nature of true humility—and of its opposite, spiritual pride—is determined by the answer which his heart gives to the question—"Who is the author of righteousness?" If the credit of holiness is due to him who professes it, then his profession exalts himself at the expense of God, and justly exposes him to the charge of spiritual arrogance—however high or low may be his claim. But if God alone is acknowledged as the author of righteousness, a profession of holiness is only the acknowledgement of a gift—and not only consistent with, but necessary to the exercise of, true humility. The man who has no conception of any righteousness other than his own, may well count the confession of imperfection—genuine modesty. From such we expect no mercy. But if there are any who ascribe all righteousness to God, we hope to convince them that the arrogance which boasts of the "Lord our righteousness" is the perfection of humility—and that the profession of humility which delights in the confession of sin, and in the expectation of a continued commission of it, is only a modest way of robbing Christ of the crown of his glory.

Is it imagined that the man to whom God in truth has given perfect holiness, has done some great thing? He has done nothing. The great achievement of his will which, be it remembered, the grace of God has secured, is the cessation from his own works and the commencement of an everlasting repose on the energy of the living God, as the basis and hope of his righteousness. He has simply died—and with his dying breath bequeathed his body, soul and spirit to his Maker, rolling the responsibility of his future and eternal obedience upon the everlasting arm.

We believe it is incomparably easier to receive deliverance from all sins, than to conquer one. Paul clearly presents the principle in Rom. i. 21–35 which accounts for the difficulty men find in obtaining freedom from sin. Because they refuse to glorify God, he *gives them up* to vile affections. The affections of men are rightfully under the perfect control of God. When he is dethroned, he abandons his kingdom and anarchy ensues; every effort to quell the rebellion of desires, which falls short of a reïnstatement of God in his sovereignty over the heart, must result in disheartening failure. But why should it be difficult with him "who stands at the door," if his petition for entrance is heard, and his claim for admission admitted, to restore peace and security to the ruined kingdom? Why should it be thought a thing incredible, that God should raise the dead? Pride, envy, anger, sensuality, etc., are but limbs of the tree of sin, the stock of which is that *unbelief which rejects the righteousness of God.* The man who commences the work of exterminating sin at the top of the tree, or among any of the branches, will soon be disheartened by the discovery that the branches he has once lopped off, soon grow again, or send their juice into other limbs which gives them a proportionate thriftiness. We say, therefore, it is easier to lay the axe at the root and fell the whole tree at once, than to exterminate effectually a single limb. In view of these considerations though we object not to the name, Perfectionist, and though we verily believe, and unblushingly maintain that we are free from sin, we beg to be relieved of the glory, and the shame of the achievement; as we have been taught with the scourge, that the day has come when "all the haughtiness of men shall be brought low, and the Lord alone exalted."

At the hazard of a fresh and heavier imputation of arrogance than our name has yet incurred, we proceed now to state in few words, some things which we believe and some of the principles which will guide our present and future efforts.

1. We believe the gospel is emphatically glad tidings of redemption from sin; and Christianity is distinguished from the dispensation which preceded it, chiefly by the fact, that it brings in everlasting righteousness. Hence,

2. We believe that sinners are not Christians. We object not to calling some of them Jewish saints or sinful believers, or unregenerated disciples, or servants of God as distinguished from sons—but we affirm that they are *out of Christ;* for "whosoever abideth in him sinneth not: whosoever sinneth hath not seen him, neither has he known him."

3. We believe that "Christ has come in the flesh," that he dwells in and controls believers, and thus secures their perfect holiness; that the body of Christ which is the church, is nourished and guided by the life and wisdom of its Head. Hence,

4. We believe that "every spirit which confesseth not that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh is not of God," but is antichrist, whatever may be its professions of faith and holiness; and that the man who sees nothing but mysticism in such a confession, knows not Christ. Hence more particularly,

5. We believe that by far the greatest part of the religion in the world named Christianity, the work of antichrist "whose coming is after the working of Satan, with all power, and signs, and lying wonders; and with all deceivableness of unrighteousness in them that perish."

Such is the nature of our faith. We need say nothing of the manner and means by which we shall propagate it. "The battle is the Lord's," and he bids us go forth in confidence, "praising the BEAUTY OF HOLINESS." The truth which has become the pole star of our souls is, "God is love," and we believe he will destroy the man of sin, the son of perdition, by the *brightness* of his coming—for the love of God "is a consuming fire."

—Happiness is the natural element of man. To

be full of happiness is to be full of liberty, genius, inspiration, and everything that makes one fruitful and edifying.

ONEIDA CIRCULAR.

TIRZAH C. MILLER, EDITOR.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1873.

☞Read the advertisement of the O. C. Cook-Book on the last page.

AN OLD FRIEND OF PERFECTIONISM.

THE New Haven papers report the death of Everard Benjamin. In addition to the good things which they say of his career as a merchant and a church-pillar, we have to acknowledge that he was a hearty and helpful friend of J. H. N. in the great crisis of 1834. The little church which he and Amos Townsend founded in New Haven was in some sense the mother of New England Perfectionism. That faith was first confessed by J. H. N. in the Theological Seminary of Yale College; but Mr. Benjamin and his family were his first converts. The following reminiscences taken from J. H. N.'s "Confessions of Religious Experience" (a book now out of print), deserve to be rehearsed:

"The first person who joined me in the faith of holiness was Abigail Merwin, a member of the Free Church. I had no acquaintance with her at the time of my conversion to that faith, but had been informed a short time before, that she was under conviction and wished to have an interview with me. This occurred to my remembrance in the course of the day on which I made my confession of Salvation from Sin, and I immediately called on Mr. Benjamin, her brother-in-law, with whom she resided, and was introduced to her. She appeared to be in perplexity, and eager for the truth. After a very few preliminary inquiries and explanations, I put to her the question—"*Will you receive Christ as a* WHOLE SAVIOR, *and confess him before the world?*" She answered promptly, "*I will.*" Immediately a manifest change came over her spirit. Her countenance began to beam with joy. She said afterward that she received at this time a baptism which so overwhelmed her that she seemed on the point of passing to the other world.

"The next morning, at the prayer-meeting which she as well as I usually attended, I stood up with a hymn-book in my hand, and remarked to the audience that I was about to read a hymn which we had often sung with the mouth, but never with the heart. I requested that all who could now sing it *in earnest*, realizing and appropriating its sentiments would stand up and sing it with me. I then read the hymn commencing with the following stanza:

Welcome, welcome, dear Redeemer,
Welcome to this heart of mine:
Lord, I make a full surrender,
Every power and thought be thine;
Thine entirely,
Through eternal ages thine.

"Abigail Merwin and one other lady stood up, and we sang the hymn together. Thus she publicly confessed holiness. From this time she made very rapid advances in the knowledge of Bible-truth. She had a surprising readiness of apprehension and facility of communication. Her testimony was bold, yet modest. Her power of argument placed her with me in the front of the battle, and she nobly sustained the trial. Even the enemies of the doctrine she advocated, admired the serenity of her spirit and the clearness of her mind. Her influence, more than anything else, opened for me an entrance into the Free Church, and ultimately enabled me to overcome the hostility of Boyle, the pastor. Her brother-in-law, Benjamin (who was deacon of the Free Church), with his wife, and her own brother, immediately followed her in the profession and advocacy of holiness. Thus a standpoint was gained, and the doctrine for a time had complete ascendancy over the church. Its leading men were taken by surprise; and until they had time to recover themselves by consultation with higher theologians, they were compelled to bow the knee to the truth. Even Townsend, the father of the Free Church, was among the anxious inquirers; and Cook, the publisher of the *Christian Spectator*, actually made a partial and temporary profession of holiness. It may well be imagined that such a movement produced much excitement in New Haven, and that the sound of it went widely abroad over the land."

For several months after the beginning of Perfectionism, Mr. Benjamin's house was the home of its friends. In these and other memorable ways he helped J. H. N. "over the bar," and then, under stress of weather, shifted his helm and put back into the old orthodox harbor, where he has "lived respected and died lamented."

THE MUSICIAN'S FINGER-NAILS.

THERE are those who classify men according to the color and texture of the hair, the set of the eye, the contour of the chin, the shape and altitude of the nose, the size of the thumb; there are those who pretend to foretell fate by the lines of the palm; there are those who claim ability to read character by the handwriting, by the gait, by the tone of the voice, and by that inexplicable phenomenon—personal nimbus; but nowhere do we remember to have seen any account made of the peculiarities of the finger-nail as an index of character. "Piano fingers," "violin fingers," are well-known phrases; but how many know the kinds of nails which go with these fingers? After an observation of several years we have reached the conclusion that as a rule no successful musician is possessed of classic filbert-nails, extending nearly half the length of the first joint, adorned with well-defined crescents and projecting a perfect semicircular edge quarter of an inch beyond the finger. Far otherwise. The musician's nails are very small and somewhat irregular; they part from the flesh about an eighth of an inch from the end of the finger; no "moons" are visible, and by instinct as well as necessity they are cut as short as nature will allow.

This rule, like all rules, may have notable exceptions, as indeed we have seen in the case of vocalists. Do the observations of any one else conflict with ours? F. & T.

FEET vs. FASHION.

OUR women threw off the dominion of fashion in respect to skirts and hair many years ago. A thousand blessings, we all say, in the matter of health and comfort have come to us from that revolt. These blessings have been often recounted, and have excited not a little enthusiasm and thanksgiving. But the reform which commenced four years ago, when we "threw to the dogs" the high-heeled and high-laced boot, and took in its place the low and unfashionable shoe, has, I fear, hardly yet had its due praise and appreciation. For one, I am disposed to lift up my voice anew in gratitude for our low shoe—our "final shoe." This summer I have worn for a few times a high boot long enough to *feel* the difference. Yes, I have felt the cramp, the heat, the unyielding ligature about the ankles, hindering motion and stopping circulation. Walking, standing or sitting I was painfully conscious of my pedal extremities. How gladly have I released them from their prison, and returned them thankfully to their easy, natural, low shoe! I wonder now that I ever could have worn the fashionable high boot, and I gaze with pity and astonishment on small children and young girls with their little feet and tender shapely limbs encased half way to the knee in these leathern tormentors. The foot is a most sensitive member, and the old Scotch magistrates of a by-gone barbarous age well knew how to wrench a confession from a poor wretch when they invented the torture of "The Boot." And yet in our day tender delicate women for fashion's sake voluntarily submit to a foot-torture that differs not much in style and intensity from the Scotch horror. Observe what a correspondent of the *Graphic* says of Ladies' Boots:

Can you tell me, Mr. Editor, why it is women are always complaining about their shoes? I never knew a woman whose shoes satisfied her. They are always a misfit—"large enough for an elephant." No one ever hears a woman say her shoes are too small. If she limps and hobbles in her walk, and hastens to snatch them off when she gets inside the house, it is only because her bunion aches so, or her "pet corn" is so sensitive. "Oh, they're plenty large enough—indeed, half a size larger than I wear usually." And who ever saw a woman, who did *not* own a "pet corn?" It disheartens me when I go home to see my wife scuff around the house in an old pair of gaiters, torn at the sides, out at the toes, and with the heels knocked off. Now, she is not particularly slovenly—quite the contrary—but her slippers pinch her toes, and her new boots, with "such a love of a heel," make her think she is walking down-hill. And by the time either or both recover they are quite as shocking to the eye as the first pair, and thus it goes to the end of the chapter. She never enjoys a sermon because her "feet pain her so," and a lecture is quite out of the question. In days gone by, I have suggested that a more sizable shoe would bring the desired relief; and then ensued arguments enough to turn the balance of an election, proving that *she* never wore too small a shoe, and she was glad *she* was sensible enough not to pinch *her* feet. She's a young woman yet, Mr. Editor, and enjoys average health, but can't walk out even to shop without limping home as if she were rheumatic, and I'm sure I don't know what to do.

C. A. M.

COMMUNITY JOURNAL.

ONEIDA.

—A party who visited Gerrit Smith's grounds in Peterborough one day last week were much interested in a herd of Holstein cattle which they saw. There were thirteen pure bloods. One of the cows gave 12,600 lbs. of milk in one year.

—The reigning conspicuosities just now, are the mountain-ash trees covered with their pendant bunches of bright scarlet berries beautifully set off by the pale-green background of delicate foliage. But the berries are not likely to last long if the birds continue their morning banquets.

—We hardly know what to say, and yet cannot forbear expressing something of our delight at once more listening to that charming little instrument—the zithern. Prof. Wilimeck made us another call on Friday (22), and having with him his zithern, gave us some music. He also played the piano, on which he is a skillful performer; but we must confess, the music seemed cold and hard, compared with the exquisite tones of the zithern.

—The boys are having fine fun with an omnibus which they have made of an old coal-box by cutting a door in one end, nailing a seat on the other for the driver, and mounting the structure on four carriage-wheels. There is room enough inside for two youngsters and with two others for horses and one to drive and the rest of the children for retainers, there is quite as much bustle as was ever made by a coach-and-four in the days of postillion fame.

Wednesday, August 27th.—Four car-loads of people from Oswego came on the noon-train. It is just the kind of a day for a picnic, mild and not too warm. As usual the strangers stroll over the grounds till dinner, after which they go to the Hall and listen to the singing and playing we have to offer. The people to-day are quiet and unobtrusive and less inquisitive than others who have called. Our florist says this is the best behaved picnic of the season. Two little Italian boys, one with a

harp and the other with a violin, attracted some attention from our young folks. The music they gave was not purely harmonious, but they did their best to please their listeners, and we felt an indefinable sympathy for them. Gladly we offered them a dinner, and, as they appeared shy and embarrassed, carried it under a locust-tree in front of the dining-room, where they sat on the ground and ate in comfort.

—Hop-picking is making its annual draft on the silk-room. The nightly hop-"dig" [phrase evidently derived from the Celtic "shindig," allied also probably to the Americanism "to dig out"], the out-door work in the mellow, September sun, the endless gossip with acquaintances from far and near, the healthfulness of the occupation, the big pay: all these charms exert an attractive force that none but very well-balanced minds can resist. The growers evidently had n't the "fall trade" in mind when they arranged to have the picking come the first of September. Our hands all had two weeks' vacation in July; but if one reminds them of this, they tell you that they only staid at home and helped mother—they didn't have any fun, whereas in hop-picking the fun is endless. Our silk foremen, after having been besieged, or rather beseeched, for three weeks by a well-organized force of twelve or fifteen young ladies, at length capitulated, only stipulating for a prompt return in just two weeks.

—A snug little kitchen—as handy as a pocket in an apron—has been lately added to the Lodge at Joppa; the cook-stove is no longer in the dining-room, and there is more room for those who like to sit in the house occasionally. Susie (everybody knows what a terror she is to easy, shiftless housekeepers), went down to Joppa the other day, and the consequence was a general revolution in that peaceful abode. She was distressed at the general disorder of the establishment, and perfectly horrified at the grease-spots which stained the dining-room floor, and still more shocked to learn that said floor had not been mopped since the stove was removed! It was in vain we remonstrated that "she must expect more or less dirt and litter in such a place." No, the floor must be scrubbed! So out went boxes, chairs and tables, and in came pails, brooms and mops. The grease disappeared in no time, and well it might; the floor was scoured with soap and sand, rinsed, mopped and again sanded before Susie was satisfied, and no one was allowed to step on it until every plank became thoroughly dry. She set the house in order, and left it with the remark, "This is only a beginning; if I had not got to go on the train at 7 oclock, I should take the kitchen in hand, but that will have to wait till another time!" O dear! thought we—can't we be allowed the privilege of enjoying this retreat in peace? Must the rakes and brooms and mops of civilization follow us here? We hoped better things. We delighted in the rough-and-tumble, helter-skelter appearance of our Joppa residence, and would not for anything have so many added comforts that we shall lose our chance of "roughing it."

—Mr. Smith and his wife, of Prospect, Conn., are visiting us. Mr. Smith has been a faithful friend for many years. He was converted to the doctrine of Salvation from Sin in 1834 under the preaching of Mr. Noyes, and has never swerved for an instant from his allegiance to the truth. The revival at Prospect was a very brilliant one. In a letter dated May, 1834, J. H. N. says: "I remained ten days at Prospect; preached every evening, and three times on each Sabbath. Boyle had been there before and shaken the church to its foundations. Truly, the banner of holiness has been unfurled on that hill—the banner that will wave till Christ is acknowledged king of kings. Almost every member of the church was cut down. It was a scene of overwhelming interest; yet all was still and solemn. The best part of the church abandoned their former hopes, and became obedient to the faith of holiness. Dr. Taylor said I might find here and there a simple-minded man or a few silly women to impose upon. Oh! that he and you could have seen God's work at Prospect!" Notwithstanding this felicitous beginning, Mr. Smith was almost the only one in whom the word took permanent root. This was the proportion of seed gathered from that first harvest of the preaching of holiness. Though somewhat advanced in years Mr. Smith keeps up a fresh interest in the forward march of social reformation, and looks with youthful ardor upon the rapid progress we have made. On his way here he met a friend and asked him how he did. "O, very well," he answered, "for a man of my years; but I'm getting to be pretty old." "How old are you?" asked Mr. Smith cheerily. "Sixty." "Why, I'm in my seventy-eighth year," exclaimed Mr. Smith. "Good God!" ejaculated the man looking at him incredulously.

—H. W. B., who is out on business, thus describes his experience during the late rain-storms in Delaware. He writes from New Castle:

DEAR E:—I left New York yesterday on the 12.30 P. M. train for Dover, expecting to reach there about 8.30 last evening. A pouring rain began about the time we left Jersey City and did not cease until we reached Philadelphia; and then only for a few minutes. Between the two small stations of Bear and Kirkwood the train began running very slowly. On stepping to the car-door and looking out I was surprised to see we were moving in a river. A swift current was running on either side of us and the track was under water. A brief inspection revealed that the track ahead was washed away. Shall we go back then? No; for soon the news comes that the track in the rear is also washed away. Still, I had no fears. My heart trusted in God.

About ten o'clock a messenger came from Kirkwood station, about half a mile ahead of us, saying that the track was undermined and washed away in no less than eight places. There was no alternative then but to stay all night where we were. One woman being tired and nervous was tempted to give way to fault-finding; but she was checked by a rough-looking but good-natured man. "Madame," said he "you can't help us any by grumbling and I advise you not to do it." This remark seemed to be the key-note for the occasion and I did not hear the first word of complaint through the night.

In the morning I looked about. The damage done by the water was serious enough. The culvert being too small for the water to get through, the embankment and about fifty feet of the track had been washed away. A temporary trestle was constructed and our train returned to Wilmington about 8.30 this morning.

Dover, Aug. 24.—Here, at last, after four days of delay and uncertainty. I arrived at 10.30 last night. I came down the Delaware in a propeller to Leipsic and thence rode to Dover in a hack, a distance of seven miles.

AMONG OUR ARCHIVES.

IV.

IN September, 1830, at the age of nineteen J. H. N. entered L. G. Mead's law-office at Chesterfield, N. H., for the purpose of spending a year in the study of law. "I came here," he says, "expecting to find everything that society could furnish, and (thanks to the depravity of human nature) society has been a constant source of misery to me." After "three months of mingled mirth and misery," he makes the following entry:

"*Nov.* 28, 1830.—Yesterday I made my debut as an advocate and a most shabby performance it was. I was frightened beyond all reasonable bounds. I stammered and trembled and for a few minutes was utterly unable to fabricate a decent concatenation of words. It is true that before I finished I had disfurnished myself of a part of my trepidation; but still the conclusion of the whole matter is that (in the taunting words of 'Squire Spaulding) I did not 'plead worth a damn!' However, when I consider the disadvantage under which I labored—my speech being wholly unpremeditated—although I must bear the curse of other people's contempt, still my opinion of myself has suffered no incurable deterioration."

Here is a specimen of character-study:

"AN ORIGINAL.—Ephriam Crouch was a man of few words and many smiles. It will be long ere I shall forget the soft simper and noiseless tread with which he was wont to enter the office. He would reply to our salutations in a voice subdued and scarcely audible; and as he skulked into the darkest corner of the room I never could help thinking of the applicability of his name. Yes, Crouch was the name of all others most expressive of his character. Hour after hour he would sit silent and simpering behind the door, and all the while, so great was his bashfulness, that the utmost stretch of his audacity never extended farther than a transfer of his legs from one to the other of the usual Yankee positions.

"We often amused ourselves with his conversation (for it was possible to extract from him a few audible sounds), and our merriment often ran so high that, in order to disguise its object, we were obliged to have recourse to sundry ingenious devices, often leading him to think, by some incoherent talk, that we were laughing at certain ludicrous allusions unknown to him, and sometimes flattering him with the idea that our excessive mirth was caused by the pungency of his wit. In truth there was one saying of his which we could laugh at on all occasions, and as that was the only approach to wit in all his discourse with us it deserves to be specially recorded. Putnam had been eating a large quantity of chestnuts one day, and as Crouch came along he exclaimed carelessly, 'The devil take the chestnuts!' 'Hand 'em on,' says Crouch. In consideration of the singularity of this specimen of jesting, and perhaps partly on account of the intrinsic merit of the witticism, we burst out in unanimous laughter; and Crouch—more surprised than any one else at his accidental joke, and incited by sympathy—sneaked away behind the office in convulsions of laughter, and there, for at least half an hour, continued in all the agony of grinning.

"Crouch was an enthusiastic votary at the shrine of literature, and he would talk for hours together on some unimportant but doubtful point in grammar. In fact his object in frequenting our office was generally to consult us on some knotty question of etymology or punctuation; and on such occasions we often contrived to whet his appetite for science by admitting him to occasional glimpses of a region of which he had before formed no conception. For instance; we sometimes discoursed to him of the new *parallelogrammatic arithmetic;* and Putnam once asked him if he ever studied *tautology*. He frequently asked our advice about studying Latin, and sometimes asked how long it would take a good scholar to '*read it through*'—evidently supposing that it was but a single book. We answered with all the gravity of which the case admitted that about three months was the reasonable time.

"He never detected imposition, and as our tricks evidently caused him no uneasiness but satisfaction, and contributed most abundantly to our

amusement, we felt justified in occasionally making experiments upon his credulity. As Smith went by with his lady cousins to the school we frequently happened suddenly to think of some very important intelligence which ought to be conveyed to him immediately, and hastily scratching off some nonsense on a piece of paper we would give it to Crouch and request him to deliver it at once. Accordingly he would edge up to the preceptor in a most sheepish and ludicrous manner to the infinite amusement of all spectators.

"But our greatest fund of amusement consisted in listening to and correcting his declamations. Every noon-time we persuaded him to recite some piece and made such remarks upon his oratory as we deemed profitable. A certain poetical conundrum was his favorite field of eloquence. His declamations before us were preparatory to his more public exhibitions in the academy, and we prepared him in such a manner as insured the entertainment of his auditors. For example, we directed him in speaking the couplet from Addison:

> Soon as the evening's shades prevail
> The moon takes up the wondrous tale,

to lift up the skirt of his coat, which happened to be one of excessive length.

"Finally, to do Crouch justice, notwithstanding his bashfulness and simplicity, he was in very deed a scholar. We examined him one day on every point of schoolmaster learning, and I must confess I was astonished to find him a perfect master of every branch. Indeed I never saw one so minutely versed in all the common departments of English studies. He was, besides, a man of unbounded good-humor. He was ever ready to accommodate his neighbor; never known to harbor malice; free from fickleness, vanity and envy. In short, according to the abilities which nature had bestowed upon him, he was without spot or blemish."

Nearly a year passes without record. In September, 1831, we find the following:

"On my twentieth birthday I was looking forward with ardent and proud emotions to a residence of a year in Brattleboro in the study of the law. My calculations were circumscribed by the contracted limits of this brief and uncertain life. I had made up my mind to indulge in the 'lust of the eye' and the 'pride of life' for the present and risk the consequences. In short, I had deliberately resolved in effect to 'jump the life to come.' Six weeks from that time found me planted at Andover as ardent, at least in appearance, in the service of God as I had been in that of my own pleasure. *Dei Gratia.*"

Under the date Sept. 13, 1831, is an account of the change which came over him. He heads it

"RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE.

"I was at Glenn's Falls on a visit when I first began to ascertain the determination of my own mind as to the impropriety of a four-days meeting. I knew that such a meeting was to commence in Putney on the thirteenth, and I felt a dread of being present at it. I looked upon religion, at least I tried to do so, as a sort of phrensy to which all were liable, and feared lest I should be caught in the snare. Notwithstanding my aversion to it was such, and my love of the pleasures of the world so strong, I concluded to yield to the force of circumstances which seemed to summon me to the spot, and, trusting in my own strength to resist the assaults of the Lord, I attended the meeting on the fourteenth. I knew that my mother was exceedingly anxious that I should receive the Word; but I told her plainly that she would be disappointed. She asked me why I went. I replied, to please her. However, I think that curiosity, and perhaps a twinge of my own conscience, were among the motives which led me thither.

"My recollections of the impression produced on me the first day are indistinct; they were probably similar to those produced by ordinary Sabbath exercises. The second day passed off in a like manner, until those who desired the prayers of God's people were called out. The thoughts occasioned by the scene gave me much uneasiness, and I was prevented from presenting myself only by the thought that when the excitement had subsided, I should throw off my impressions and thus expose myself to ridicule. During the last day there was a solemnity on my spirit; it seemed to me that I must make up my mind whom I would serve, and I endeavored to brace myself for the conflict. The consideration which weighed most with me was that religion would make it necessary for me to quit the law and turn to divinity; and for that time this consideration prevailed. I concluded to wait. Satan frequently suggested to my mind that I should live to see the millennium, and be brought in of course. As the repetition of the ceremony of calling out the anxious had destroyed its novelty, its effect on the last day was not sufficient to humble my proud heart.

"On Saturday, the day succeeding the meeting, there remained a sort of solemnity upon my mind; but I was calm, calm as a soldier in the day of battle. I had deliberately made up my mind to continue at war with God. On Sunday I went to meeting in the morning and heard a sermon directed particularly to the church, little calculated to stir up the tumult of mind which was fast subsiding. In the afternoon I was almost sick with a cold and staid at home. I took medicine and went to bed, and when the house was empty and all was still and solitary the thought came suddenly and forcibly into my mind that I never should have a more favorable time for submitting to God. The severity of my cold suggested to me the idea of the uncertainty of life, and also seemed to be sent for the purpose of keeping me at home for a few days till I could humble myself. These thoughts pressed so hard upon me that I felt as if the crisis had come and my destiny was to be decided. I then, after some hard thinking, determined to obtain religion, and immediately set about conquering my pride. The first duty which presented itself was that of overcoming my fear of man, and, though it was like cutting off my right hand, God enabled me to resolve and to execute the resolution of communicating to mother my determination. After resolving to relate to her my feelings, I pondered in my mind as to what would probably be her advice. From former experience I knew that she would bid me to resort to prayer. I then determined to anticipate her, and actually bent my knees and offered up an incoherent and heartless petition. I laid before her my case and the steps I had taken and she seemed disposed to leave me entirely to myself.

"From this time the means which I used were simply to go by myself at stated seasons and force myself to meditate on the character of God—of his goodness, his holiness, the requirements of his word, my own heathenish neglect of them, and the absolute necessity of seeking his favor. At times it seemed to me that I had lost the ground that I had gained and I felt indifferent and disposed to give up the matter; but the thought that truth was entirely independent of my vacillating feelings and that the things of God were still as true and momentous as ever, continually drove me back to the conflict which I had begun. Several times in the course of the following day I read the Bible, prayed and meditated until I actually sweat, and still I was calm and dispassionate. I shed no tears, I felt no disposition to mourn on account of sin; and this lack of usual sensibility troubled me exceedingly.

"In the course of the afternoon of Monday I read the Bible to mother. The passage was Romans 10: 6—10, and while I read it I made an effort to apply it to myself, and from that time my anxiety diminished. Before night I had become so far tranquil that I began seriously to fear the return of my former stupidity. Accordingly the next day I set about my old work of forcing myself into convictions with renewed vigor; but I could not succeed in producing that feeling of despair which I had felt before, though my fears still prevented me from enjoying myself. When I surveyed and compared my spiritual views, I found to my surprise, an entire reversal of my taste and affections. The Bible seemed a new treasure of precious thought; Christians seemed kindred spirits; the matters of God and eternity seemed alone worth attention; and when at last I was told by an experienced Christian that these were signs of conversion, I was enabled to lay hold on the promises. Light gleamed upon my soul in a different way from what I expected. It was dim and almost imperceptible at first, but in the course of the day it attained meridian splendor. Ere the day was done I had concluded to devote myself to the service and ministry of God. It were an endless task to enumerate the thoughts which passed through my mind during several succeeding days; they were as usual in such cases, ecstatic. I had an abundance of good counsel, and by it, by the blessing of God, received an impetus in the Christian race which I trust I never shall lose."

A TRIBUTE TO COMMUNISM.

Perth Amboy, N. J., Aug. 15th, 1873.

FRIENDS OF THE O. C.:—The CIRCULAR is always a welcome visitor. I received and read it for about five years as a free subscriber. Impressions formed in my mind from reading it that length of time will never fade. Although I have never visited the Community, nor ever seen a member thereof, I nevertheless, always feel conscious of an indescribable connection with it, a sympathy or affinity of heart in the working out of great social problems in which you are taking the initiative.

Two great problems yet unsolved clearly are, the problem of *Sexual Equity* and the problem of *Property Equity*, or tenure; unsolvable, I should say, except upon the principles of communism of property, and of individual freedom, and congeniality in the commerce of the sexes. The spiritual and moral forces incited to activity under the right exercise and expression of these equities become sufficiently exalted to constitute or culminate in the sentiment or principle termed Religion. I profess to be, so far at least, a religious Socialist, or Communist. Such a religion is a humanitary or philanthropic religion, rather than a theological one; but it seems to me that true humanity and true philanthropy indicate, and will ultimately develop, a true theology; and then that is the natural order of development. That which is scientifically true, can not be theologically false; therefore that which is truly and demonstrably and scientifically philanthropic and humane, in both the spiritual and the physical or secular sense, can not be else than theologically true also. In this view of the subject of human conduct the importance of the religious or devotional element can hardly be overestimated. The glory of any religion is its genuineness, or the indestructibility of its foundation. If founded on natural laws it can never be destroyed. I am prone to regard the social improvements introduced in your society as springing more from philanthropic or humane, than from abstract theological impulses; notwithstanding the fact that, historically, the theological element was the original impulse of the movement. Hence, with me, as a philanthropist, the Oneida Community possesses a peculiar interest beyond that of

any other society extant—a bed of flowers in the wilderness of human briars and thorns.

I am sure you will consider it no disrespect to you for me to say that I also feel a strong sympathy for the polygamous innovation of the Mormon sect of Christians. Their sexology is derived from ancient ecclesiastical authority and example whilst yours is the result of patient investigation, scientific research and a rigid adherence to physiological and sociological principles. Both your system and theirs I consider as fortunate to American sociology; they are rifts, so to speak, in the universal cloud of darkness and despair that has hung for ages over the face of humanity, engulfing all the civilized world in one great vortex of marriage slavery.

In taking a survey of human life, the tendencies of the times, the universality of sin and inharmony, and the apparent impossibility of arresting human selfishness in its mad career, it sometimes seems difficult to look upon the whole scene as anything else than one vast Pandemonium, and the world's salvation as a wild delusion and a chimera; but I rejoice to know as I approach nearer life's end, that there is one bright, beautiful spot in all this dismal panorama of opposing selfishness—a spot that shines out as a beacon of hope to the desponding philanthropist, lifting his spirit triumphantly out of the slough of social despond, and setting him upon the sure foundation of paternal and universal love; and that cheering spot is the Oneida Community. Philanthropically yours, ——

WHERE GOD APPEARS.

BY THEO. L. PITT.

Men dream of God as far
Beyond the highest star.
His throne they place
In some far space,
Where one
Vast, central sun,
In awful power, and light, and grandeur rolls,
And all the movements of all worlds controls.

Not there
Does He appear;
We need not cleave the air
To find Him near.
His Spirit dwells
In smallest cells.
Within the breast,
We test
His love and might.
In solar-plexus deep,
Our souls their vigils keep:
And there,
In hour of prayer,
Heaven dawns upon the sight.
In that effulgent light
The living God is near,
And to the pure in heart doth evermore appear.

GLASS AND GLASS-MAKING.

VII.

CROWN, a better kind of window-glass, is a specialty of English manufacture. Authorities differ somewhat as to its exact composition, but it may be considered as a silicate of soda and lime. A certain proportion, too, of broken glass called "cullet," seems to be as necessary an ingredient of this and most other kinds of glass, as a modicum of old iron is of cast-iron.

One variety of crown-glass, differing somewhat in composition from the ordinary article, is used in making lenses for telescopes and other optical instruments. Not so easily worked as flint-glass, and perhaps less uniform in texture, it has the advantage in the optician's eyes of being lighter and less costly. It is customary now-a-days in building achromatic telescopes to make use of two object-glasses—one of each kind, crown and flint—and so constructed that the aberrations or faults of the one are corrected by the other. Still another variety of this glass, called Bohemian-crown, a very pure and beautiful product, is used chiefly for articles of luxury and art.

The blowing of the ordinary crown-glass is quite interesting and peculiar. The following is an outline of the process: The glass is first blown into the form of a flattened globe, having a prominence of thicker glass on one side called the "bullion." To this prominence a pipe is attached right in line with the pipe by which the globe was blown. The latter is then separated from the globe, leaving a round hole in the side where it was connected. The glass, now handled by the other pipe, is held with the nose (or part to which the blowing-pipe had been attached) presented to the so-called nose-hole of the furnace. "Here it is softened almost to melting, while it is all the time twirled around; it is then presented to the flame issuing from the great circular opening of the so-called flashing-furnace, the man holding it being protected from the fire by a covering over his head and neck. Rapidly revolving in this flame, the opening in the side grows larger, the heated air prevents the two opposite faces of the flattened spheroid from coming together, and the centrifugal force is constantly enlarging its diameter. The opening rapidly increases, the part next the fire seems to roll inside out; a glimpse is caught of a large circle with a double rim; and in an instant it has burst open into a flat, circular disk, with a noise like that produced by suddenly opening a wet umbrella. The disk removed from the fire is kept rapidly revolving until it is cool enough to retain its form." It is then removed to the annealing oven. "From the annealing kiln the disks or 'tables,' as they are technically called, are taken to the warehouse and sorted according to their different qualities and defects. Each one is then laid in turn upon a 'nest' or cushion and is divided by the diamond into two pieces, the long one containing the 'bull's eye' or bullion. These are next cut into rectangular panes. The shape and the bull's eye involve considerable waste in cutting; but the remarkable brilliancy of the glass compensates for this loss." The usual diameter of tables of glass manufactured in this way is fifty-two inches; but they have been produced considerably larger in size.

Up to the year 1838 window-glass, made as above described, was the only kind successfully manufactured in England. A few years previous to this date, however, the Messrs. Chance had imported into England the Continental method of making cylinder or sheet window-glass—a much inferior article to the crown-glass. The foreign process however had the advantage of the English one in simplicity, and in ability to produce larger tables of glass. With a shrewd eye to these advantages, and notwithstanding the fact that this very method had been tried and rejected in England hundreds of years before, the Messrs. Chance set about improving the foreign mode of manufacture, and so successfully, that in a few years it was brought to great perfection. Whether the Continental method, with or without its modern improvements, has succeeded in re-establishing itself to any considerable extent in England, we are unable to say; it certainly is the one generally known and practiced in this country. V.

THE NEWS.

Sir Samuel Baker has arrived at Cairo.

Senor Emilio Castelar has been elected President of the Spanish Cortez.

President Grant has approved the findings of the Court-martial in the case of Capt. Jack and five of his associates, and has ordered the sentence to be executed on the 3rd of October.

The Bank-of-England forgers have been sentenced to penal servitude for life.

Of the thirty thousand medals awarded by the Vienna Exposition, four hundred go to America.

Details of the battle on Sunday, Aug. 24th, show the defeat of the Carlists to have been complete.

Ferdinand David, the eminent violinist, composer, and concert-master, died recently in the canton of the Grisons.

A severe engagement has taken place between the Spaniards and the insurgents at Santiago de Cuba. The loss was very heavy on both sides.

The contract for laying a submarine telegraph-cable between Constantinople and Odessa has been given to an Anglo-Dutch Company.

The Danish papers report that an extensive political agitation has begun in Iceland with the object of effecting a complete separation of that island from Denmark.

The Samana Bay Company, of San Domingo, which started six months ago with such a financial, commercial and territorial flourish of trumpets is—where? Nobody knows.

At the request of Germany, the British Government has ordered the commander of the British squadron in the Mediterranean to deliver to the republicans the two Spanish men-of-war lately captured from the insurgents by the British cruisers.

The Oriental Topographical Corps of New York during their recent explorations in Palestine introduced a system of forest tree-planting which promises to result in the setting out of several hundred thousand trees annually.

During the great storm in England on Saturday and Sunday, Aug. 23d and 24th, Childerly Hall, near Cambridge, historically connected with the Reign of Charles the First was struck by lightning and burned to the ground.

The St. Domingo revolutionists under Luperon have gained a decided advantage over the troops of President Baez. Dissensions have arisen between the Generals of the Dominican army and a feeling of discontent seems to prevail among the people.

The laying of the cable between Lisbon and Rio de Janeiro has been interrupted by the finding of a "fault" after paying out 388 miles. The laying of the cable will be continued to Madeira when the cable steamer will return and make an effort to repair the break.

The latest wonder at Niagara is the jumping-feat of one Senor Henry Balleni, who, on Monday last, jumped or rather dropped from a rope into the river a distance of one hundred feet and over. He made use of a thin rubber cord to enable him to keep in a perpendicular position, and performed the feat without sustaining any injury.

The nitrate-of-potash trade of Peru has increased wonderfully within the last twenty-five years. In 1848 three vessels were sufficient to supply the demand, while now one hundred vessels are frequently waiting for cargos, at the port of Iquique. When the new factories now building are completed, the annual production will reach 5,750,000 tons a year.

The late great storm through the Atlantic States nearly destroyed the Chesapeake and Delaware canal. Although but thirteen miles in length, this canal is of national importance, and during the war was used night and day by the government for the transportation of army material. The loss to the canal company is estimated to be at least $1,000,000.

The Yellowstone Expedition under Gen. Stanley encountered a large force of hostile Indians in the vicinity of Tongue river. The Indians were well supplied with arms and ammunition, and made a most determined attack upon the advanced guard of cavalry under Gen. Custer, but were finally driven off the field with a loss of about forty killed and wounded. The Indian tribes of the Yellowstone valley are exceedingly jealous of these exploring expeditions and railroad surveying-parties, and this last attack by nearly one thousand well-armed warriors, indicates a state of organization among them and a determination to resist any invasion of their

territory, which may well cause the Government to pause before pushing them to the final extremity.

THE VILE WEED.

HOW SMIKES STOPPED CHEWING TOBACCO.

[Below is a humorous but, we judge, truthful description of the experience which most men have in striving with the tobacco-demon single-handed. By combining, as Communism enabled them to, the men of the O. C. overcame it completely and easily twenty years ago.]

Smikes had made up his mind to stop chewing. He never was much of a chewer, anyhow, he said. He hadn't used tobacco but a few years, and rarely consumed more than an ounce paper in a day. But he feared the habit might get hold of him and become fixed, and if there was anything that he abhorred it was to see a man become a slave to a bad habit. He had used the weed some, to be sure, but there never had been a time during the last ten years when he could not stop at any moment. But so long as he did not become habituated to its use he did not care to stop. He could break off any minute, and it was a great satisfaction to feel so. Thompson, he thought, was an abject slave to his pipe. He pitied Thompson, for he had seen Thompson try to stop smoking several times, and fail ignominiously every time he undertook it. But Smikes wanted to show his wife how easy he could quit. So Monday morning he remarked carelessly to Samantha that he guessed he would stop using tobacco. Samantha said she was glad of it, and added impetuously, what she had never said before, that it was a vile habit. Smikes appeared a little nervous and confused when Samantha said this, and mumbled out something about being glad he had never got into it himself. In his agitation he pulled out his tobacco-box and was just about to take a chew, when he recollected himself and plunged out of the front door, forgetting his umbrella. About half-way to the office he met Jones, with whom he was having some business transactions. While they were talking the thing over Smikes got a little enthusiastic, and he had almost reached the office before he noticed that he was rolling an uncommonly plump quid around in his mouth like a sweet morsel. How it got there Smikes did not know. He puzzled over that little thing all the rest of the forenoon, and at last he took it out of his mouth and threw it away, satisfied that he must have taken it while talking with Jones. Twice that afternoon Smikes took out his tobacco-box and looked at it. Once he took off the cover, and smelled of the tobacco. It smelt so good that Smikes felt impelled to remark to himself that it was the easiest thing in the world to stop chewing. He congratulated himself again and again that day that he had not become entangled in the meshes of a filthy vice, and he alluded to the matter three or four times that evening at the tea-table, till Samantha marvelled greatly at the firmness of Smikes. She had always heard, she said, that it was a hard thing to leave off. But Smikes had told her that it was "just as easy," and her reverence for the virile strength and independence of character of Smikes grew like a gourd. That night Smikes had the nightmare. He thought that a legion of foul fiends had got him up in a corner of the back yard, and had rolled upon his belly a monstrous quid of "fine-cut" as large around as a cart-wheel, and that they were trying to force it into his mouth. Smikes struggled vigorously, and when Samantha shook him and asked him what was the matter, his only reply was, that "anybody could stop chewing if they only made up their mind to it." The next day Smikes was a little nervous. He told everybody who came in what a simple thing it was to stop chewing. The third day he harped about it all day long. He told one man about it three different times, and when that much-informed individual ventured the opinion that he would be chewing again in less than a week, Smikes indignantly ejaculated:—"Mr. Jenkins, when I make up my mind to a thing that is the last of it!" The fourth day Smikes heard that chamomile blossoms were sometimes used as a substitute for tobacco, and just out of curiosity he devoured a couple of ounces of them. He said to the druggist when he bought them that it was easy enough to stop the use of tobacco. On the fifth day Smikes got sick. His nerves gave out. He snapped out something at Samantha at the breakfast table, upset his inkstand, burnt his fingers poking some cinders out of the grate, and had no appetite for dinner. That day the devil whispered to Smikes that tobacco was really beneficial to some temperaments. Smikes had a temperament of that kind. The sixth day Smikes felt like a murderer. He seemed to himself to have become transformed into a Modoc. His mouth was dry and parched. A stout, healthy looking old gentleman came into Smikes's office that day. He was a friend of Smikes and, as he drew fourth his silver tobacco-box and daintily shook out a small morsel of the pungent weed, Smikes felt his mouth water. He remarked to Mr. Johnson that he had not chewed any for six days, and that he had refrained so long just to satisfy himself that anybody could chew or leave it alone. He was fully satisfied that it could be done, but he thought his was one of those temperaments that are really acted upon in a beneficial way by the temperate use of tobacco. Mr. Johnson said he thought so too, and as he handed Smikes his box, remarked that he had chewed regularly for thirty years, and didn't know as it had ever damaged him any. As Smikes rolled a large quid back into his left cheek he said he thought there was a great difference in men. He was satisfied that he could stop chewing at any time, but there were some temperaments to which a gentle narcotic or opiate was really a blessing. —*Daily Saratogian.*

A Frenchman once visited some acquaintances in the Highlands of Scotland. These well-meaning people had an insane love for the "beauties of Nature" and, with mistaken hospitality, roused the poor, ease-loving Frenchman every morning, hours before dawn, in order that he might climb some steep peak in season to see the sun rise. Presently another guest arrived, and the Frenchman, who had become thin and moody, approaching him said in a tragic whisper: "Aimez vous beautés de la nature? *Je les abhorre!*"

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ONEIDA COMMUNITY

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

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SPECIAL NOTICE.

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

ADMISSIONS.

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

ISHI—HUSBAND.

"Thou shalt call me Ishi; and I will betroth thee unto me forever."—*Hosea*, 2: 16, 19.

Ah! my heart is full of laughter;
I am very, very glad,
For I have a precious treasure,
Such as princes never had.
Ishi, Ishi is my jewel!
Mine he is while ages roll;
Angels taste not of such glory—
Holy Ishi of the soul!

All my love no tongues can utter,
All its wondrous depth and power,
Growing deeper, growing stronger,
Day by day, and hour by hour.
Ishi! Ishi! night and morning
From my lips that holy name;
All the while my soul exulting,
Beareth on the self-same strain.

Many beauteous names thou bearest—
Brother, Shepherd, Friend and King—
But they none unto my spirit
Such divine support can bring.
Other joys are short and fleeting—
Thou and I can never part!
Thou art altogether lovely,
Ishi! Ishi! of my heart.

Earthly loves are very lovely,
Passing, passing fair they seem;
But they come and go before me,
Like some bright and happy dream.
Thou art a reality,
Unlike to dreams from which I wake;
Those I cast aside as nothing,
Ishi! Ishi! for thy sake.

In thy own fair realms of glory,
In the Holiest above,
Choirs of angels chant the story
Of thy wondrous matchless love.
All my longings are contented,
All my wanderings turn to thee,
Pole-star of my restless spirit!
Ishi, all in all to me!

When the sun of life is setting,
When the shades of evening fall,
And upon earth's fairest vision
Cometh darkness like a pall,
Then, O Ishi! well beloved!
I shall see thy glorious face,
Finding in thy loving bosom
My eternal resting-place.

[*Selected.*

LEGAL STATUS OF MARRIED WOMEN —PAST AND PRESENT.

IX.

WE will now exhibit in greater detail the legal status of married women as it has been fixed by the legislation referred to in our last article. And as an example of legislation that has gone furthest in removing common-law disabilities, we will take that of the State of New York. As the law now stands in that State, any married woman may take by inheritance, or by gift, grant, devise or bequest from any person other than her husband, and hold to her sole and separate use, real and personal property and any interest or estate therein, and the rents, issues and profits thereof, in the same manner and to the like effect as if she were unmarried, and the same is not subject to the disproval of her husband, nor liable to be taken for his debts. These are in substance the provisions of the acts of 1848 and 1849. By the law of 1860, the same rights and powers are extended to property which a married woman acquires by her trade, business, labor or services, carried on or performed on her sole and separate account, and by the same law as amended in 1862, she may bargain, sell, assign and transfer her personal property, and may carry on any trade or business, and may perform any labor or services on her sole and separate account, without the interference or control of her husband, and the earnings of any married woman from her trade, business, labor or services, are declared to be her sole and separate property, and may be used and invested by her in her own name.

And any married woman possessed of real estate as her separate property may bargain, sell, and convey such property, and may enter into any contract in reference to such property, with the like effect in all respects, and may collect and use the rents and profits thereof, as if she were unmarried; and may in like manner, enter into any such covenant for title as is usual in conveyances of real estate, which are declared to be obligatory to bind her separate property in case the same is broken. And by way of further breaking up the legal union of person in husband and wife, it is also provided that no bargain or contract which she shall make in respect to her separate property, or any property which she may acquire in the use thereof, and no bargain or contract which she shall make in or about the carrying on of any trade or business on her own account, shall be binding on her husband or render him or his property in any way liable therefor.

Such is the substance of the provisions of the statutes in that State. These statutes have been the subject of frequent judicial interpretation and construction. And the courts of New York have held them to be *remedial* statutes, "intended to remedy and remove disabilities which were thought to be unwise, unjust, and a reproach to the civilization of the age," and that they should have a liberal and beneficent interpretation. In one case it was said that they were not intended to enable a married woman merely to take and hold property *jointly* with her husband, but to take and hold and dispose of it as if she had no husband, and to secure to her the beneficial use of it. In respect to property held by her at the time of the marriage, the statutes relieved her from the common-law disabilities incident to coverture, and continued to her, her rights in it as if she had remained sole. Such property continued her property *absolutely*, and with all the incidents of property "as if she was a single woman," that being the wording of the law. And the court goes on to say, in substance, that, property considered as an exclusive right to things, contains not only a right to use them, but also a right to dispose of them either by exchanging them for other things or by giving them away to any other person without consideration, or even throwing them away; and that the property of a married woman continues in her without qualification, and with all the rights which a *feme sole* or other person not under disability

could have or enjoy in regard to it. The statute gives the wife the property and she takes it with all the incidents of ownership absolute and unqualified. And on this reasoning it was decided that a wife may allow chattels which belong to her, to be used and employed by her husband in carrying on a business for their common benefit, and, provided they remain *in specie*, she does not thereby so devote them to her husband as to render them liable for his debts. It was also held in another case in that State, where creditors of the husband undertook to collect their debts out of property employed in business carried on in the name of the wife, by the husband acting as her agent, that she may not only thus acquire and use property, but may make bargains and contracts in relation to it in almost any mode known to the law or to the practice of the commercial community. In carrying on her trade or business, while it is done in her own name and for her own benefit, it may, like all other trades and business be carried on by herself personally, or through the agency of others. That there is no greater disability imposed upon her in respect to it, than upon any *feme sole* and that there is no reason or principle why there should be; and in her business, as in the purchase of property, she may employ her husband as her agent. He may act for her like any other person, and whether he is entitled to his compensation from her, and if so, how he is to get it makes no difference as to her right. That the law gives a married woman a right to trade and to purchase property; to purchase it for cash; to purchase it on credit; to purchase it personally; to purchase it through a medium of a third person, an agent, who may be her husband. If the intent be made known, the agency disclosed, the transaction honest, her title to the property so obtained cannot be questioned. And upon this judicial reasoning it was decided that unless the wife allowed her name to be used as a cover for fraud, and employed property thus used in business in her own name for the benefit of her husband by the fraudulent use of her name it could not be touched by his creditors. And parties claiming against her must show the fraud; for, for the purposes of her business, she is regarded as a *feme sole*, as *a person* distinct from and independent of her husband, and he stands in the same relation to her.

These principles would seem to be very broad and are stated thus fully to show that the judiciary in its construction keeps pace with the spirit of the legislation on this subject. But as we have before stated, they must always be understood as limited in their application to property which a married woman has at the time of her marriage, or which comes to her afterward by descent, devise, gift or grant, or which she acquires in trade or business carried on on her sole and separate account with her property. It is just as distinctly held that these statutes were not intended to remove the common-law disability of married women to bind themselves by their contracts *at large*. To be obligatory under these statutes, the contract must relate entirely to their separate property, or the trade or business in which they are engaged. Contracts made generally, without direct reference to their separate estate are not binding; they cannot convey property to their husbands, nor can they sue them for injuries to their persons or character. Their legal remedies and liabilities are correspondent to their rights of separate property. As before stated the law of New York is a fair sample of the most advanced legislation on the subject of the rights of married women. In the following States, viz., Maine, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa, Minnesota, Nebraska, Kansas, Mississippi and Nevada, and in the District of Columbia, and the Territories of Montana, Utah and Wyoming, the legal status of married women is made by statute, substantially what it is in the State of New York. In no other State of the Union, can a married woman carry on business in her own name, unless under exceptional circumstances or with the consent of her husband, and, even in the States above named, it is difficult to see how, in case of the married woman who has no property at the time of marriage, and who is not fortunate enough to receive any by descent, devise, gift or grant from any other person, her status is much different from what it is at common law.

T.

SELF-SURGERY.

Home-Talk by J. H. N.

THE difficulty in regard to judging evil in ourselves is, that it is too near us. We cannot see things that are in our very eyes. They must be a little distance off, that we may get a clear view of them. It is comparatively easy for us to see other folk's faults. We can criticise others, when we cannot criticise ourselves; and it is one good feature of our system of criticism, that it exercises us in sincerity and sharp-sightedness in judging character at some distance from us. But thorough self-judgment is possible and necessary, and sooner or later we shall have to inspect ourselves just as we inspect others.

Besides the mechanical difficulty of seeing things in our own eyes, there is a difficulty in our sensibilities; they gather round to confuse and hinder when we undertake to judge ourselves. To deal truthfully with our faults in the midst of our sensibilities, is almost impossible. But that is just what we must learn to do. We must learn to fight manfully in a battle with an enemy who has got nearer than our household, and nearer than our dearest friend—nearer than hand-grips or throat-grips—an enemy in the very presence of our inmost life.

We all know how hard it is to be thoroughly sincere with a friend; but it is infinitely harder to be thoroughly sincere with ourselves. God can enable us to do it, and that is what we must pray for. God stands far enough off, and is clear enough from the confusing sensibilities of the case, to be able to see us clearly and judge us truthfully, and if we submit ourselves to him, he can put his perceptions and his power and will into us, and so enable us to fight the closest of all battles—self-judgment. "The word of God is quick and powerful, sharper than a two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit." All things are open to his eyes. That is our hope. It ought to give us hope, that there is one who can look our enemy right in the eye. Even if we could see our enemy we should not dare strike, for fear of hurting ourselves. Here comes God to help us. He can see our enemy, and just where to strike him, and he is not afraid to do it. Let us put ourselves into his hands.

The enemy I am talking of, is what Paul calls the "old man." "Put ye off the old man," he says. What is the "old man?" It is yourself—it is your old life. And how are you going to put it off? That is a harder problem than that of the butterfly breaking out of a chrysalis, or the snake shaking off its skin. It is a sharp dissection, and we shall want sharp eyes and sharp knives to do it with. Let us invite the surgery of God.

THE UPWARD PATH.

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

THE method of progress in society, as in the individual, is expressed by the terms *action* and *reaction*.

Two bodies moving in different directions collide, and each gives and receives an impulse. The direct force is action, the resisting force is reaction, and the effect of both is to send the two bodies in a third direction.

Man grows up thus under the reaction of surrounding forces with which he is in contact. Climate, soil, situation, society, are among the influences with which he wrestles, whose reacting force sends him in a certain direction.

Those nations are found to be most progressive whose circumstances have laid them open to the most varied and abundant means of action and reaction. The interior of Australia, Africa, and the Asiatic Continent, where nature is so arranged as to seclude the inhabitants from communication with other races, are mostly given up to barbarism and stagnation. In Europe and America, where the natural configuration by means of rivers, lakes, estuaries, etc., favors communication, the race rises in intelligence and power.

Nations act on each other. The spiritual world acts on the visible. There is reaction between mortality and hades, or the living and the dead, between mind and matter, between man and woman, and between the past and present. History is a record of reactions.

The reaction between God and man in the Jewish nation produced Jesus Christ. The reaction between Christianity and heathenism produced civilization. The reaction between the Bible and popery produced protestantism. The reaction between Puritanism and ecclesiasticism produced the American Republic. The reaction between whites and blacks has produced slavery, with some advantage to the blacks. The reaction between North and South has produced abolition, with a mighty impulse of the nation toward the diffusion of universal freedom. The breaking down of the barriers of Eastern isolation and exclusiveness in India, China and Japan, is opening those vast hordes to the acting and reacting influences of Western life, in such a way that they must speedily come into line and equilibrium with more advanced peoples, or decline and disappear.

Action and reaction being thus the law of progress, man may be either the passive recipient, the involuntary subject of the law, in which case improvement is as it were forced on him from without, or he may rise to a point where he intelligently understands and seeks all the benefiting reactions which nature and providence have placed around him. The first is the infantile stage, the stage in which the race has to be painfully disciplined by rod and suffering, to move on in the right path. The last is the stage of maturity in which man ascends the throne of subjugated nature, and finds himself at home in the furnished palace which God has fitted for his manhood.

JOTTINGS AT THE CRITICISM CLUB

VII.

"Seek first the kingdom of God, and all these things shall be added unto you." This saying includes the highest wisdom even in respect to financial matters. Subordinate trade and all kindred matters to spiritual interests and good providences will attend all your operations.

In a true state of society men will be governed by truth, not by law; the wise leader will assume that his subordinates are conscientious and anxious to know the truth and be governed by it, and that his function is to discover the truth and set it clearly before them. This will require him to take time daily for reflection and prayer.

It is bad for any one to be regarded as an oracle; it destroys simplicity, and fosters excessive egotism. Whoever becomes an oracle becomes at the same time a bore. The true attitude is one of childlike simplicity and eagerness for improvement, in which persons are conscious of the limitations of their knowledge, and are continually acknowledging that they don't know this, that and the other thing. Any one truly wise will have to acknowledge that children can ask him a thousand questions he cannot answer.

The problem of all business is, how to combine inspiration with steady work. We are all the time in circumstances demanding steady work, and yet mere routine labor—labor without enthusiasm or inspiration—is of the nature of "dead works;" ruinous to health of body and soul. That kind of labor makes a man a drudge and servant though he be a Rothschild. Inspired, attractive labor, on the other hand, is an ordinance of life and health to body and soul. If we look about us we see that the Lord is in favor of steady work; everything in nature goes on with the regularity of clock-work; the spheres above have their appointed times and fulfill them; but it is all by attraction. We must find a way to move with their regularity and exactness, and at the same time be free from all compulsory influences. This is possible, but only by earnest waiting on God for inspiration.

SEALS.

BY F. W. SMITH.

III.

IN the eleventh century the substitution of seals for signatures became common. It was then the custom in France for the contracting parties to appear before a magistrate or other civil officer and get his seal affixed to the instrument; and in this case witnesses were often dispensed with. Then, when a ruler wished to renew a charter that he or his predecessor, had given, he merely affixed his own seal by the side of or under the former one, on the same original document.

Although unsealed instruments are known to have been used as late as the middle of the fourteenth century, yet cases are cited which show that the binding power of these was often contested after the middle of the twelfth century, and so the use of seals was more and more rigorously enforced from that time onward.

As the custom of sealing became firmly re-established and seals were considered to have such binding power, it inevitably became necessary to devise means to guard against the fraudulent use of them, and some rather singular contrivances were adopted. Thus, one would insert in a waxen seal a lock of his hair or a tuft of his shaggy beard; another would impress in the yet warm wax the print of his teeth. The following rhyming allusions to old English conveyances are to the point. The first is where "King Edward III. gave to Norman the Hunter

"The hop and the hop town
With all the bounds upside down;
And in witness that it was sooth
He bit the wax with his fore tooth."

Another taken from an old English book seems to be intended as a regular grant, but probably could not be authenticated as such. If it was operative there is no reason to doubt that it conveyed the entire estate and good will of the grantor. The parcels, as will be seen, are wanting:

"I, John O'Gaunt,
Do give and grant
* * *
Sutton and Putton
Until the world's rotten.
There is no seal within this roof,
And so I seal it with my tooth."

Then followed, says the gentleman who furnished this item, the impression of the grantor's molar in the parchment.

When seals had acquired such force that signing was considered unnecessary, the temptation to the fraudulent use of them must have been very common if people were then as subject to seasons of moral obliquity as at the present day; and hence it would be a matter of the greatest importance that the signets of sovereigns and other persons in authority should not fall into strange hands. Probably this danger was what created the office of "keeper of the seals" in the various monarchies. It was the ancient custom of the Romans to bury the signets of decedents with them; and when a pope died or was deposed his signet was always broken. At the death of Henry IV. of France, the chancellor who had the charge of his signet kept it entire, and for more than five years sealed with it false letters-patent of various grants.

The most general and effectual guard against fraud in the use of seals, was in the employment of counter-seals. The oldest known counter-seal was that of Louis de Bavière (1314), although some authors claim that Rodolphe, bishop of Halberstadt, had one in A. D. 1146. The use of counter-seals obtained earlier among the clergy, bishops and archbishops, than among the temporal lords; and we should naturally expect this because they were at that time the best educated class, and would more readily appreciate the dangers of fraud. As to the length of time which elapsed before signing was again considered necessary, Blackstone comments as follows:

"The neglect of signing and resting only upon the authenticity of seals remained very long among us; for it was held in all our books that sealing alone was sufficient to authenticate a deed, and so the common form of attesting deeds, 'Sealed and delivered,' continues to this day, notwithstanding the Statute 29 Car. II. c. 3. before mentioned revives the Saxon custom and expressly directs the signing in all grants of land, and many other species of deeds, in which, therefore, signing seems to be now as necessary as sealing, though it hath been sometimes held that the one includes the other."

KINDS OF SEALS.

The earliest seals were of course very simple. It has been found that seals made of clay were in use in very early ages among the people of Asia. Mr. Layard, in his "Discoveries in the Ruins of Nineveh and Babylon," says: "Not to mention the clay seals found attached to the rolls of papyrus containing letters written in the time of the Ptolemies and Romans, there are in the British Museum seals bearing the name of Shashank or Shishak, of Amasis II. of the twenty-sixth dynasty, &c." "It is turned as clay to the seal."

Clay seals have also been found in ancient ruins where the papyrus to which they had been affixed had entirely decayed and disappeared. A cement was also used in early times, composed of pitch, wax, plaster, and fat or grease. Wax was found to be a convenient substance, although it has been necessary to mix it with other substances to give it a proper hardness or consistency, and this has also been done to give it various colors. Small leaden seals have sometimes been affixed, especially by the popes of Rome. These were called *bulla* from which the epistles themselves have come to be called *bulls* or *papal bulls*. The signets of ancient times were of a simplicity corresponding to that of the seals. After a time, however, as the art of engraving developed, more elaborate imprints were invented. Signets were made of silver and even of gold. Nearly every kind of hard material has been used for signets at different times, such as porcelain, ivory, precious stones, etc., besides the various metals. In the twelfth and thirteenth centuries seals of metal seem to have been affixed more frequently than in the earlier or later times.

The sovereigns and great lords of Europe were fond of having for imprints engravings of their own royal persons seated on thrones or on horseback. These high dignitaries also sought to make a further distinction by using wax of different colors; for example, the cardinals used yellow wax until the middle of the thirteenth century, and since that time have used red. The various monarchs used white, blue, green, black, or wax of two or more colors, according to their fancy, oftentimes prescribing certain other colors for their civil and military subordinates. In the eleventh and twelfth centuries the use of white and transparent wax was often claimed as a royal prerogative, although the privilege of using it was sometimes accorded to the nobility. The use of green wax appears to have been no earlier than about the year 1200. Probably red wax was introduced a few years earlier, while yellow wax was used still earlier, before the close of the eleventh century.

Royal personages have often adopted for symbols, besides the crown and the throne, the globe, the royal baton, the sceptre, the hand of justice, etc. Almost invariably the names and titles of the owners were also engraved, although in some cases legends or mottoes were inscribed instead; such as "Spes in Deo;" "Signum veritatis;" "In hoc signo vinces," the motto of the emperor Constantine; "In nomine Christi," employed by Louis the Debonnaire, of France; "In onomate summi Kyrios," of Edward the Confessor, etc. Very frequently these mottoes were on the reverse-seal while the name and title stood forth on the regular seal. The early Christians caused various peaceful symbols to be engraved on their signets, such as a dove, a fish, an anchor, or a lyre.

The form of seals has always varied. They have been round, oval, half-oval, triangular, square, or oblong. Sometimes they have had the figure of a pentagon, a hexagon, an octagon, a heart, a horseshoe, or a pointed arch. In the twelfth century seals in the latter form were mostly used by the ecclesiastical dignitaries.

The size of seals has also varied according to the personal taste or dignity of the owner. Several interesting specimens of the royal seals may be seen in the Yale College Library. One, the great seal of King James I. of England is of a whitish wax, though now much discolored by time, handling and dust. In size it is six inches across, and about half an inch thick in the center; as large as a common table-saucer. Another is the seal of Queen Elizabeth, of green wax; neither of these is whole. A third, of red wax, is that of Oliver Cromwell, entire and well preserved. This last is less than three inches across and quite thin. A physician of Braunschweig, near Hanover, Germany, had in 1860 a collection of about sixty thousand seals, many of them taken from old docu-

ments. The oldest was dated about A. D. 1100.

METHODS OF AFFIXING SEALS.

Two general methods of affixing seals have been employed, viz: glueing or fastening them by adhesion to the document itself, and suspending them from it by cords or tapes of leather, cotton, wool, silk, or parchment. Seals directly affixed were in use among the Romans; and this method appears to be the more ancient one, and to have continued among the emperors of Germany until Frederick I., and generally in Europe until the end of the twelfth century when the custom of suspending seals arose. But the custom of suspending seals by a slender tape or ribbon would naturally create opportunities for fraud, by rendering it so very easy to remove the seal altogether. We may infer that this was found to be the case from the fact that in the fourteenth, fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, the use of suspended seals gradually disappeared, and seals consisting of a slender coating of wax adhering only to one side of the parchment were most common. In the following century the practice was instituted of making incisions in the parchment at the foot of the writing, in the form of a cross, a star, or a double cross, and then after turning up the corners so as to make a passage for the wax, to pour or melt enough wax into the aperture so that it should make a large surface on each side of the parchment, thus forming a very strong seal, and one which it would be difficult to remove fraudulently. In this way, too, the impression of the regular seal could be stamped on the obverse and the counter-seal on the reverse, quite as readily as in the case of pendant seals.

When several seals were affixed to the same act, the place of honor seems to have been in the middle at the bottom of the instrument. Occasionally seals were affixed at the top of the diplomas or letters-patent, but this was unusual.

ONEIDA CIRCULAR.

TIRZAH C. MILLER, EDITOR.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1873.

THE NATIONAL SOLDIER'S HOME.

WHEN the late war of the rebellion ceased and the glad news of peace was heard in every city and town and village of the land, it was at once apparent that, though the "cruel war was over," there were sad results left with us in the form of hundreds and thousands of invalid and and crippled soldiers. Many, very many of them were homeless and entirely unable to support themselves, on account of their disabled condition. The pensions that were awarded to them by the government were in most cases insufficient for their support, rendering their circumstances and prospects very gloomy indeed. Wise and thoughtful men considered the subject, and justly concluded that some further provision ought to be made for the heroes who had borne the brunt of many a battle-field, had saved the nation, and were now more or less dependent upon charity. The movement gradually culminated in the idea of a National Soldier's Home, and that idea has been realized in a manner worthy of the nation—worthy of any nation. Curiously enough, the war itself had already provided a fund which was amply sufficient, without calling on the government directly for a dollar. This fund, which amounted to several millions of dollars, was made up of money due to deserters, and to soldiers who had been killed in battle, and whose friends, if they had any, have never called for their pay. It seemed a very appropriate use to make of such a fund—to establish with it a great "National Home" for the benefit of invalid and disabled soldiers. With this end in view an act of Congress was passed in March, 1865, and a Board of Managers appointed of which the President of the United States, the Chief Justice, and the Secretary of War are ex-officio members. Nine other prominent gentlemen, in different States, were appointed by Congress as members of the Board, and at their first meeting they elected Gen. Benj. F. Butler as their president, who, we understand, has from the first continued to be the leading spirit in bringing the objects of the organization to a complete success. The act of Congress authorized the Board of Managers to establish one or more asylums, and under it they have established the central and principal one near Dayton, Ohio, with branches at Augusta, Maine and Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

On a recent visit to Dayton the writer had the pleasure of accepting an invitation from Mr. John F. Edgar of that city to ride out to the "Home." Dayton, one of the most beautiful cities in the West, with thirty-five thousand inhabitants, is the county-seat of Montgomery County, and is situated about midway between Columbus and Cincinnati. The National Road, which was built by the government some fifty or sixty years ago, runs through the city. Before railroads were thought of it was the great thoroughfare between the East and the West, and the splendid cut-stone arched bridges that may occasionally be seen along its line give evidence that the builders did not slight their work. A beautiful drive of four miles, to the west, along this road leads to the "National Soldier's Home." Soon after leaving the city we crossed the Miami river, which was just then at very low tide, though at certain seasons of the year it is worthy of its full name the "Great Miami." The road gradually ascends, and on reaching the domain of the Home and looking back, we had a beautiful view of the city of Dayton and the Miami Valley for several miles around it. The domain contains nearly six hundred acres of land partly covered by native forest and partly in a fine state of cultivation as a farm and vegetable garden.

As we approach the grounds from the east we pass through a handsome gateway and by a very pretty entrance-lodge which is kept by an old soldier. We enter a noble park of perhaps a hundred acres which has been well laid out in walks and drives, by a competent landscape-gardener. The buildings, some twenty or more in number, are centrally situated in this park, and all of them were built with special reference to the wants of their soldier inmates. At present the inmates number about twelve hundred, but at some seasons of the year the number increases to fifteen, and has been as high as eighteen hundred. They are, however, continually coming and going as furloughs are readily obtained, and railroad tickets are furnished at half-fare whenever they wish to visit their friends. Up to this time, about one and a-half million dollars have been expended on the domain and its buildings.

THE HOSPITAL BUILDING

stands the most prominent of all, and is a large and noble structure, built of brick with ornamental facings. It is two hundred and ninety-three feet long by about forty feet in depth. It is divided into six wards for various classes of injuries and diseases, and is thought to be the best constructed and arranged hospital in America. It cost $185,000, and is designed to accommodate three hundred patients. Next in prominence are the

BARRACK BUILDINGS.

These consist of about a dozen handsome, three-story frame-houses, standing about fifty feet apart, upon one side of a street or square. Each barrack is one hundred feet long by twenty-five wide, with Mansard roofs, of uniform size and appearance. They are neatly kept, and well supplied with closets and wash-rooms, and pictures adorn the walls. The barracks front a broad and level green, in the center of which is an ornamental band-stand something after the style of the one in Central Park.

EMPLOYMENT OF INMATES.

A good deal of thought and attention has been wisely given by those in charge, to the matter of furnishing and encouraging useful labor. All clerks, ward-masters, nurses, cooks, &c., are taken from among the inmates and are regularly paid for their work. Quite extensive workshops have been erected, and all who have trades are encouraged to work at them, others to learn a trade, if they are so disposed, and all the profits are given to the workmen. In this way many of those having families at a distance are enabled to send considerable money toward their support. The washing and a large part of the cooking are done by steam which is also used for heating the hospital and other principal buildings.

HEAD-QUARTERS AND LIBRARY BUILDINGS.

Detached from the other buildings is a handsome brick edifice one hundred feet long by thirty-seven in width. In the lower story are the offices of the deputy-governor, secretary, treasurer, quartermaster, adjutant and clerks. The entire second floor is used as a library and reading-room. It is adorned by over two hundred rare and beautiful pictures which have been presented by various persons to the Home. At the east end is the Putnam Library containing some two thousand volumes presented by Mrs. Mary Lowell Putnam, a sister of James Russell Lowell. Mrs. Putnam lost a son on a Southern battle-field and thus had her sympathies awakened for others who suffered in the war. Daily and weekly newspapers from nearly every State in the Union are sent gratis by the publishers. At a short distance from the head-quarters is the church, which is built of stone, in the Gothic style, and is a beautiful specimen of architecture. Near one end of the barrack-square is the Amusement Hall which is supplied with billiard- and bagatelle-tables and ten-pin alleys. In the second story are the quarters of the band with room for study and practice. The band is composed wholly of disabled soldiers and plays on the grounds every afternoon. Several very neat private residences are situated at different points, and are occupied by the deputy-governor, surgeon, chaplain, etc. Great attention is given to flowers and plants, and a large conservatory or greenhouse filled with them is kept in perfect order. From the rocks at the head of a small natural valley near the flower-garden a copious spring pours forth its waters and supplies in succession three small lakes which have been artificially made. On these are small row-boats and on one of the lakes we noticed four beautiful swans which seemed very much at home. Passing the lakes and crossing a rustic bridge we entered the deer-park where we saw some forty or more deer of all ages and sizes from fawns a few weeks old to bucks and does of four and six years. It was a very pretty sight to see twenty of them lying in a group in the shade of the old trees. Several of them were sent to the Home from Lookout Mountain. They are well cared for by an old soldier who was once game-keeper to the King of Prussia. In addition to these there is a little menagerie of wolves, foxes, a fine black bear, etc.

The Deputy-Governor of the Home is Col. E. F. Brown formerly colonel of the 28th regiment New York Volunteers. Captain Wm. Thompson furnishes all supplies and has general charge of the industrial interests. Both of these officers are very popular in the Home, and each lost an arm in the service of his country.

The discipline of the Home is very mild yet sufficiently strict to preserve good order. A daily

routine is gone through quite in military style. First is the firing of the morning gun at sunrise, soon after which the bugle sounds the *reveille*. After breakfast working-parties proceed to their employment, and at nine o'clock a sick-call is sounded, when all having any ailment to complain of may attend and will receive the attention and assistance necessary. Dinner at twelve; supper at six; and. at nine o'clock all are in their rooms. Soon after nine the bugle again sounds, the lights are extinguished and quiet reigns throughout the camp.

H. R. P.

COMMUNITY JOURNAL.

ONEIDA.

—Godfrey is the name of our youngest.

—Silk sales for the month of August, $20,246,85. Trap sales, $15,015.

—When Mr. T. came from W. C. the other day and Mrs. B. congratulated him on his health with the remark, "You are looking very well indeed, Mr. T." "I always did," he replied.

—A man having lost his way near our residence at Joppa inquired of Mr. Newhouse, "Can you tell me anything where I am?" "Yes," said Mr. N., "you are at Joppa." "Well," replied the man, "won't you be good enough to inform me how far it is to Jerusalem?"

—A young man from Copenhagen, Denmark, walked up from Oneida on Sunday (31st ult.), making a call of a few hours. He appeared much better informed about our principles than many who visit us from nearer home. He seemed particularly interested in what he had read of our system of criticism, and desired very much to witness the operation. If his visit had been longer, we should not in the least have objected to his presence on such an occasion. He was very intelligent, a person of remarkable observation, and interesting in conversation.——A young man from Wales called the day previous, who had also heard much about us in his own country.

—A few evenings since between the hours of six and seven the lawn presented a lively scene. The music of fife and drum in front of the house, drew laughing groups of men, women and children to the spot, where our two veterans, "Uncle Heman" and Mr. Underwood, senior, were playing a little for their own amusement. The "great big noise," as our boy Pip styled it, starting up so unexpectedly, seemed to make everybody feel unusually jolly; the little ones expressed delight by clapping their hands and capering about; the girls and boys alternately marched and danced and hopped up and down; while the grown folks were seated here and there on the ground, or promenading backward and forward by twos and threes until the musicians retired from the scene. Some persons overlooking the performance from their window, said it was a pretty sight, and gave them a pleasant impression of the home spirit that exists in the Community.

—On Saturday (30th ult.) the school-children accompanied by their teachers and guardians had a picnic on the "Island." The five little boys in pantaloons, with their three-year-old mates, Ruth and Blanche, were in the company and enjoyed the occasion quite as well as the rest. The children romped, fished, cracked butternuts and roasted corn until time for dinner, when they all sat on the grass and were waited on to everything nice by the older folks. Dinner over, and they were ready for another romp. After a nice swim in the creek, all hands sat down under a shady tree, and listened to the pieces which the older children had learned for the occasion. Each child mounted an old stump and repeated his or her verses in a loud voice. Applause followed each little speaker though at one part of the performance some persons were dilatory in manifesting their appreciation, when Ruddy, who had been a silent observer of the speeches of the children and the cheers of the audience, said in a tone of reproof, "*Vi-e! you didn't clop!*" The children sang a pretty ballad together, and all hands went home.

How they "rough it" at Joppa.—The following bills-of-fare for Sept. 4th were reported by a young lady who partook. The scientific terms and artistic touches are furnished by our editorial man-of-all-work.

BREAKFAST.

Fish and Meat.

Pike (*Esox lucius*), Bass (*Labrax lineatus*),
Cold Roast Beef.

Vegetables.

Potatos warmed in cream.
Tomatoes, Raw and Stewed.

Bread.

Rye, Wheat, Graham.

Drinks.

Milk, Cocoa, Chocolate, Malt Coffee with cream.

Relishes.

Butter, Pepper, Salt, Radishes, Vinegar.

For Health.

Hot Graham Mush.

Fruits.

Pears, two kinds; Apples, Watermelons, Muskmelons, two kinds; Canned Strawberries.

DINNER.

Game and Fish.

Ducks (*Anas* ———), Plover (*Charadrius*, Linn.) three kinds.
Pike (*Esox lucius*), Bass (*Labrax lineatus*) well fried.

Miscellaneous.

Milk, Cold Roast Beef, Fried Eggs.

Vegetables.

Baked Potatoes, Potato (*maître d'hote*), Sweet Corn cooked in Cream, Raw Tomato, Stewed Tomato.

Bread.

Rye, Wheat, Graham, Crackers, Toast.

Self-Denial.

Coarse wheaten mush, hot.

Relishes.

Pepper, Salt, Vinegar, Butter, Sugar, Cream, Radishes.

Desert.

Apple Pie, Apple Sauce, Canned Strawberries, Queen's Cake, Ginger Bread, Apples, Watermelons, Muskmelons, Pears, Chocolate, Coffee, Boquet.

—A party of our young folks spent a day last week at the Oswego Musical Convention, which was holding from Tuesday till Friday. At our request one of the number has sketched the affair as follows:

"Friday, Aug. 29th—the last day of the Annual Musical Convention at Oswego—was the one chosen as best for us to attend. Accordingly, the weather being the finest and all else propitious, we took the train for that city, and in due time were at our destination. After some waiting we succeeded in getting dinner at one of the many hotels thronged by eager people who had come to the city for the same purpose as ourselves. Dinner over, we started for the Rink in which the Convention was holding, stopping on our way at the Deep Rock Spring to test its delightful mineral water. Arriving at the Rink we were just in time for the Rehearsal which began at the appointed hour of 2. 30 P. M., and continued till about 4. 30, when the Mendelssohn Matinee opened. The number in attendance at the rehearsal was at first small but considerably increased as the time for the Matinee drew near. To attend this was a rare treat. The music to be sure was of a high character, and we were entirely innocent of any scientific knowledge of the art, yet we were pleased beyond expectation, and quite carried away with enthusiasm.

"During the rehearsal, the choruses were drilled for the evening performance. We were much interested in seeing the performers, vocal and instrumental, by the calm light of day, and it was a pleasure to watch the fascinating manner of the conductor, Mr. Carl Zerrahn, who richly merits the distinction he has won as the finest musical director in America. He seemed to us. indeed, a master-conductor; and not to make rapid progress under such a teacher would indicate a sad lack of musical aptitude. His power was irresistible, and he seemed to sway this choir of three or four hundred voices less by the graceful wave of his baton than by his earnest manner.

"At the close of the rehearsal, Mr. Parkhurst, the able manager, made a speech to the choir, ending by proposing a vote of thanks to Mr. Zerrahn, which was enthusiastically responded to. Then Mr. Zerrahn, in a few decisive words, such as seemed his wont, thanked the singers for their interested attention, delicately complimenting and encouraging them to further effort. The Matinee closed at about 5 o'clock, and we left the Rink feeling richly paid for a long sitting and for the trifle parted with at the entrance-door.

"At the hour of eight we were again seated in the well-filled Rink, having in hand the following

PROGRAMME.

1. "Gloria," from Mozart's 12th Mass,
Full Chorus.
2. Overture to "Le Lac des fees," . . . . . *Auber.*
Mendelssohn Quintette Club.
3. "In Absence," . . . . . *Dudley Buck.*
Schubert Quartette Club.
4. Fantasie for Violoncello on "Le Desir," *Servais.*
Rudolph Hening.
5. "As the Hart Pants,"—42d Psalm,
Mendelssohn Chorus, with Solos, Duets and Quartettes.
6. Selection by 48th Reg't Band, F. Schilling, Leader.
7. "See, the Conquering Hero Comes,"
(From Judas Maccabæus.)
Full Chorus.
8. Fantasie for Flute, on "Daughter of the Regiment," *Briccialdi.*
Edward Heindl.
9. "Gipsy Life," . . . . . *Schuman.*
Select Chorus of fifty voices, accompanied by the Club.
10. Scene for Clarinet, "The Little Beggar Girl," *Baermann.*
Thomas Ryan.
11. "Cuckoo," Song,
Miss Lottie McLane.
12. "Festival Hymn," . . . . . *Dudley Buck.*
Full Chorus and Band.

"It is needless to say that the choruses were one and all, grand and inspiring. For so large a choir to harmonize so well reflected credit upon their leader. The Schubert Quartette Club and the 48th Regimental Band were loudly applauded. Mr. Rudolf Hening's execution of the Fantasie for the Violoncello was to us truly wonderful. So faultless a performance of passages seemingly difficult for the violin, was bewildering to hear, and taught us to no more lightly prize that instrument, especially when in the hands of a skillful artist. The exquisite execution of the flute Fantasie, which was a warble of inexpressible sweetness, awakening every tender and deep emotion one seemed capable of feeling, proved to be the gem of the evening. Its witching effect will not soon be forgotten. Unhappily for the laurels of Mr. Thomas Ryan, his Fantasie for the clarinet came after the flute Fantasie and so could not be justly appreciated. He was undoubtedly as faultless a performer as Mr. Heindl, but the superior sweetness of the flute made it impossible to be equally pleased by the harsher tones of the clarinet. Miss Lottie McLane, the lady soloist from Syracuse, charmed

the audience both by the richness and power of her voice, and by the fascinating grace with which she sang. The Concert closed soon after ten.

"It is due to Mr. Parkhurst to say that his generous and cordial reception of all who came to attend the third Annual Convention of the singers of Northern and Central New York greatly hightened the pleasure of the occasion. E."

Friday, Sept. 5th.—A twenty minutes' visit this morning from Midland Railroad officials on a special train from Oneida. Gen. Superintendent Douglass, Director Merchant, with a few personal friends gave a hasty look at our home, leaving on the 9. 30 train for New York. We are always pleased to meet and entertain the managers of the Midland, and hope they will find time to repeat their call.

—The question is often asked, What do angle-worms live on? It is generally supposed that they live on earth, and there is plenty of evidence that they do swallow a great amount of it. Of all living creatures they are of the earth earthy, living both inside and outside of the earth. But I have had this year ocular demonstration that they eat something besides earth. Their meal-time is just after a warm, summer shower. On such an occasion I was walking across a rich plot of ground in the garden and looking down at the numerous large holes which the angle-worms had made, I saw a sudden motion quick as a flash as if something had disappeared in the holes. I then stood still, and looking around cautiously I discovered that there were scores of the happy fellows with their bodies stretched half or two-thirds of their length out of the holes, with their sharp noses feeling eagerly around, apparently in search of provender. This, one or two of them had found in the shape of a "red root," which the gardener had lately hoed up, and which had been dried in the sun; but now having been wet again by the recent shower the leaves had something the consistency of wet brown paper. This leaf the worm would lay hold of with his mouth and then exerting his contractile power would draw with all his strength toward his hole. But the plant was large, and after yielding an inch or two to the pulling of the worm it would spring backward away from him, his grip on the leaf apparently not being strong enough to retain its hold. I soon noticed that the leaf appeared to be frayed out and half eaten, thus proving conclusively that the angle-worm is a vegetarian. I had often before seen leaves drawn part way into their holes. H. J. S.

ARRIVALS.—H. W. Thayer, B. T. Thayer, M. H. Kinsley, A. E. Kelly, S. M. Mallory, and E. Whitfield from W. C.; H. A. Warne, from Chicago; J. R. Lord, from New York, and H. W. Burnham, from Philadelphia.

WALLINGFORD.

Saturday, Aug. 23.—There are so many sail-boats on the Lake now that some of the village-folk are endeavoring to get up a regatta. Rumor says it is positively settled and will come off next Saturday.

Wednesday, 27.—The town-people are full of enthusiasm for the boat-race next Saturday, which they really expect will be a grand affair. There are to be a sailing-match, a rowing-match, a sculling-match and a tub-race. Prizes, a silver cup, and goblet, silk pennon, etc.

Thursday, 28.—The Boat Club met in town last evening, to name the boats on the lake, and none of our folks being present, they called our boat the "Oneida." We like the name, and appreciated the thoughtfulness on their part. In our meeting to-night Mr. Hamilton said laughingly, "I'll appoint Commodore Nash, Captain Tuttle, and Lieutenant Bolles, to look after our interests in this matter."

Saturday, 30th.—A heavy shower during the night, and a decidedly lowering sky this morning were not very promising for the Regatta. By one o'clock the clouds had all dispersed and the weather was as fine as one could wish. Sail-boat after sail-boat appeared on the lake until there were twelve, rigged with every style of sail. There were besides many row-boats. There was a crowd on the eastern shore of the lake—five or six hundred at the least. We had a fine point of view from the brow of the hill below the house. At two o'clock the signal was given, and the sail-boats—just in line with the bridge—started out slowly, for the breeze was very light. The "Troubler," belonging to Mr. Steele, the book-keeper of Hall & Elton, shot ahead of all the rest by virtue of its superior sail, and turned the judge's boat just beyond the piers of the old Horsford bridge—the others coming after; the "Oneida," and another boat which we called "Smutty," because of its dirty sail, bringing up the rear. The breeze increased and the home-stretch grew quite exciting. The "Troubler" which went up so saucily, got far behind, and the "Rambler," belonging to Mr. Lane, won the first prize amid loud cheers from the crowd on the shore. The "General Grant," belonging to Mr. Hawes, seemed to be next; we grew enthusiastic for the sake of Julius, our carpenter, as he helped build it; but by making three tacks where one would have done, it lost time, and the "Hattie Bassett" swept in just ahead, "General Grant" taking the next prize, a silver cup. The "Troubler" came in fourth, and was the last one recognized by the judges as among the winners, if we except the very last boat, which was to receive a *tin horn*. For a long time we thought our "Oneida" would surely be the winner of that, and laughed to think what a fine joke it would be; but the "Black Maria" hung persistently behind, and at last carried off even that palm. It was a fine sight, that beautiful sheet of water dotted all over with white sails. A rowing match from shore to shore was next in order. Then from the further side three or four men waded out some distance into the shallow water, carrying tubs which they placed in the water, making a most comical effort to get into the tubs, and disappearing under the water each time. One man did at last succeed in paddling out some distance to the judge's boat and back, but this performance was only interesting from the fun it made. A sculling-match closed the entertainment. This was between three boats, and was quite an enjoyable sight. The whole affair was a success for the first attempt, and was very quietly conducted.

—The truth-telling, sincere spirit that begins by censuring us will finally praise us continually. It sees us just as we are; and it must therefore detect faults so long as we have any; but as our faults gradually disappear, it will praise us more and more, and end in everlasting praise.

UP THE VALLEY.

THE Oneida Creek valley presents a pleasing picture to the eye of the traveler as he rides along its rocky, eastern slope on the Midland Railroad. It is about ten miles long, and it has its wonders as well as its picturesque scenery. There, long ago the Oneida Indians fought, sang and danced and died; and a remnant of them hover about it still. Near its upper end the Oneida creek tumbles into the valley in a series of beautiful cascades, surrounded by enough rugged, rocky and wooded scenery to make a charming place to visit. The high ridges, or hills on either side of the valley, are composed mostly of limestone rock, and are said to be a rich field for the geologist.

The O. C. buildings are situated at the lower end of the valley; just at the point where it begins to lose itself in the great sixty-nine mile level of Central New York.

From the tower looking northward the visitor can get a fine view of this vast level. He can look ten, twenty and thirty miles away, and still on until all is merged in the blue horizon. But when he turns his face to the south, and that fair valley with its green forests and fields lies before him in such beautiful perspective, he holds his breath for a moment. For while his ear catches the sound of music that comes from the hall below, his eye, and perhaps his soul, lingers. Maybe the picture reminds him of something he has seen in his childhood, and he longs for wings that he may fly away there and rest.

Not long since I had an invitation to go up the valley as far as Munnsville Station to see some tracks of men and animals which were said to be plainly visible in the solid gray lime-stone rocks. I accepted the invitation of course, for I was pleased with the idea of such an excursion, but about the "tracks," I wasn't so clear. I once heard of an enthusiastic antiquary whose imagination was so lively on the subject of geological foot-prints that he could see tracks in almost any rock, even on the smooth side-walk in the streets; and with the aid of a little water "to bring them out," he could make them plain to any person, provided said person should be gifted with the proper amount of marvelousness combined with a powerful imagination. I thought very likely that the water and imagination would be necessary to enable us to find the tracks in question. However, we took the next train, and soon found ourselves at our destination.

Munnsville Station is nestled 'mong rocks on the east side of the valley, almost under the very cliffs above which the tracks may be found. After toiling for three-fourths of a mile up a steep road that led us through a great fissure or opening in the rocks, we arrived at the top where, after inquiring at a solitary farm-house we found the object of our search. I can only say that what we saw was acknowledged by all to be truly wonderful. We found what seemed two very perfect human tracks, besides others more or less imperfect, deeply imbedded in the solid rock. On the same flat surface of the rock, which might have been eight or ten feet in diameter, were tracks that closely resembled those of horses, cows, dogs, etc., some of them sinking more than one inch into the rock. This rock lies on the brink of a precipice, and in times of high water a little brook dances over its surface and leaps into the dark woody abyss below. No water runs there now; for the brook disappears among the rocks a short distance above.

It required no water, or effort of imagination to "bring out" those tracks. No indeed! For while we stood reflecting on the mysteries of time, and gazing into the dark abyss below us, our imagination not only saw foot-prints of the hairy pre-Adamite, but we almost fancied that we were peering into his dark cave, and saw the young Troglodytes sporting in the shadowy mist.

Among the surrounding rocks we found many fossil sea-shells, some of which were very perfect. After we had finished our antiquarian researches, my friends, according to previous arrangement, left me to wend my way home as I chose, while they went snipe-shooting. I wandered through forests and over rocks, in search of a cave that is said to be in that region, until I was tired, and when I found there was no train to take me home. I, too, wished for wings. Nevertheless my legs served me a good purpose after I once got on the railroad; and I felt well paid for my journey in witnessing the gigantic works that are now in operation along the road, filling in earth beneath high trestles, etc. J. P. H.

RATS AND TRAPS.

Milwaukee, Aug., 28th, 1873.

DEAR CIRCULAR:—When I was a boy, I was one day called into a room where were a company of ladies and gentlemen. One of the men began to examine my head, and among many other things, he said that I was fond of killing rats. As he was a stranger, I wondered how he knew. The fact was, I did spend a great deal of my time in setting and watching my traps; but I seldom got a rat for my pains. I can only remember catching one. The great trouble was, that the traps wouldn't hold the rats when they got in. About the only reward I realized was an occasional tuft of hair or a few drops of blood.

Two or three years ago, I was much troubled with rats. One of my workmen asked leave to set a trap, which he had and which he told me was a steel trap. Remembering my early experience I exclaimed pshaw! But he caught a considerable number and the vermin became quite scarce. Lately the rats became numerous again and I thought I would try my hand at exterminating them. I did so and had very good luck. One night we heard a queer noise around the house and in the morning discovered that a cat had got her hind leg in the trap, which, not being very securely fastened, she had carried away with her. When I looked for it I found it out in the yard fastened to the cat. I did not want to lose the trap and I wanted to relieve the cat of her suffering; but how was the thing to be done? Cats have claws and teeth and I doubted if she would have faith in my good intentions if I undertook to relieve her. An idea struck me. I seized an old coat, intending to throw it over her and thus secure her until I could get the trap; but I reckoned without my host. Away went the cat and the trap through yards and over fences.

I did not catch that cat and I never recovered the trap and was consequently without a trap for a long time. The rats came back thicker than ever. They seemed to know that the trap was gone. Well, I thought, if one trap will do so much good, what will not a half-dozen do? So a half-dozen I got and now I am happy. I keep them lying around in convenient places and we are no longer annoyed by rats. We think our half-dozen traps a good investment. We never lose any rats now if they once get into the traps. So we say to every one who is troubled with rats, get a half or a whole dozen traps and let them be in the runways of the rats, and you will be freed from the nuisance and that quite speedily. The Newhouse No. 0 trap is the best for our house-rat. O.

"YOU KNOW" AND "SAYS I."

[Perhaps the folks who cannot recount an incident without incessantly reïterating the phrases "you know" and "says I," may get a hint at self-improvement from reading the following funny story which we came across the other day in one of "Marryatt's Tales."]

The pacha, attended by Mustapha and the armed slaves set out upon their perambulations through the city of Cairo.

They had not walked more that half an hour when they observed two men sitting at the door of a fruit-shop, at high words with each other. The pacha held up his finger to Mustapha, as a sign to stop that he might overhear their discourse.

"I tell you, Ali, that it is impossible to hear those long stories of yours without losing one's temper."

"Long stories!" whispered the pacha to Mustapha with delight: "the very thing!—Shukur Allah! Thanks be to God!"

"And I tell you in reply, Hussan, that yours are ten times worse. You never have spoken for ten minutes, without my feeling an inclination to salute your mouth with the heel of my slipper. I wish there was any one who would hear us both, and decide the point."

"That I will," said the pacha, going up to them, "to morrow I will hear both your stories, and decide upon the merits of each."

"And who are you?" observed one of the men, with surprise.

"His highness, the pacha," replied Mustapha, coming forward. Both the men prostrated themselves, while the pacha directed Mustapha that they should be brought before him on the following day: and the vizier, having given them in charge to the slaves who had followed at a distance, returned home with the pacha, who was delighted at the rich harvest which he expected to reap from the two people who accused each other of telling such long stories.

When the divan of the following day had closed, the two men were summoned into the presence of the pacha.

"I shall now decide upon the merits of your stories," observed he. "Sit down there both of you, and agree between yourselves which of you will begin."

"May it please your highness, you will never be able to listen to this man Ali," observed Hussan: "you had better send him away,"

"Allah preserve your highness from all evil," replied Ali, "but more especially from the talking of Hussan, which is as oppressive as the hot wind of the desert."

"I have not sent for you to hear you dispute in my presence, but to hear your stories. Ali, do you begin."

"I do assure your highness," interrupted Hussan, "that you will not listen to him three minutes."

"I do assure you," retorted the pacha, "that if you say one word more, until you are ordered you will be rewarded with the bastinado for your trouble. Ali, begin your story.

"Well, your highness, it was about thirty years ago, *you know*, that I was a little boy, *you know*," Here Hussan lifted up his hands, and smiled.

"Well, your highness, *you know*—"

"I don't know, Ali; how can I know until you tell me?" observed the pacha.

"Well, then, your highness must know that ever since I was born I have lived in the same street where your highness saw us seated last night, and thirty years, *you know*, is a long period in a man's life. My father was a gardener, and people of his condition, *you know*, are obliged to get up early, that they may be in time for the market, where, *you know*, they bring their vegetables for sale."

"This is all very true, I dare say," observed the pacha; "but you will oblige me by leaving out all those *you knows*, which I agree with your comrad Hussan to be very tedious."

"That's what I have already told him, your highness—'Ali' *says I*, 'if you can only leave out your *you knows*,' *says I*, 'your story might be amusing,' *says I*—"

"Silence with your *says I's*," observed the pacha; "have you forgotten the bastinado? there seems to be a pair of you. Ali, go on with the story and remember my injunction, the felek and ferashes are at hand."

"Well, your highness, one morning he rose earlier than usual, as he was anxious to be first in the market with some onions, which, *you know*, are very plentiful; and having laden his ass, he set off, at a good round pace, for the city. There, *you know*, he arrived at the market-place a little after the day had dawned, when, *you know*—"

"Did you not receive my orders to leave out *you know?* Am I to be obeyed or not? Now go on, and if you offend again, you shall have the bastinado till your nails drop off."

"I shall observe your highness' wishes," replied Ali.—"A little after the day had dawned, *you*—no, he, I mean, observed an old woman sitting near one of the fruit-stalls, with her head covered up in an old dark-blue capote; and as he passed by, *you*—she I mean, held out one of her fingers, and said, 'Ali Baba,' for that was my father's name, 'listen to good advice; leave your laden beast, and follow me.' Now my father, *you know*, not being inclined to pay any attention to such an old woman, *you know*, replied, *you know*—"

"Holy Allah!" exclaimed the pacha in a rage to Mustapha, "what does this man deserve?"

"The punishment due to those who dare to disobey your highness' commands."

"And he shall have it: take him out; give him one hundred blows of the bastinado; put him on an ass with his face turned toward the tail; and let the officer who conducts him through the town proclaim, 'Such is the punishment awarded by the pacha to him who presumes to say that his highness knows, when, in fact, he knows nothing.'"

The guards seized upon the unfortunate Ali to put into execution the will of the pacha; and as he was dragged away, Hussan cried out, "I told you so; but you would not believe me."

"Well," replied Ali, "I've one comfort, your story's not told yet. His highness has yet to decide which is best."

After a few minutes' pause, to recover himself from the ruffling of his temper, the pacha addressed the other man—"Now, Hussan, you will begin your story, and observe that I am rather in an ill-humor."

"How can your highness be otherwise, after the annoyance of that bore, Ali? I said so: 'Ali, *says I*,—"

"Go on with your story," repeated the pacha, angrily.

"It was about two years ago, your highness, when I was sitting at the door of the fruit-shop, which your highness might have observed when you saw us last night, that a young female, who seemed above the common class, came in, followed by a porter. 'I want some melons,' says she. 'I have very fine ones, so walk in,' *says I*, and I handed down from the upper shelf, where they were placed, four or five musk, and four or five water-melons.

'Now,' *says I*, 'young woman, you'll observe that these are much finer melons,' *says I*, 'than you usually can procure; therefore the lowest price that I can take,' *says I*, 'is—'

"Why your *says I's* are much worse than Ali's *you knows*: leave them out if you please, and proceed with your story," cried the pacha, with increased ill-humor.

"I will obey your highness if possible. I stated the lowest price and she lifted up her veil—'I have an idea,' said she, as she allowed me to look upon one of the prettiest faces in the world, 'that they are to be had cheaper.'

"I was so struck with her beauty, that I was quite speechless. 'Am I not right?' said she, smiling. 'From you madam,' *says I*, 'I can take nothing; put as many in the basket of your porter as you please.' She thanked me, and put into the basket all that I had handed down. 'Now,' *says she*, 'I want some dates, the best and finest you have." I handed some down that would have been admired by the ladies of your highness's harem. 'These, madam,' *says I*, 'are the best dates that are to be found in Cairo. 'She tasted them, and asked the price; I mentioned it. 'They are dear,' replied she, 'I must have them cheaper;' and again she lifted her veil. 'Madame,' *says I*, 'these dates are much too cheap at the price which I have mentioned; it really is impossible to take one pa-

ra less; observe, madame,' *says I* 'the beauty of them, feel the weight, and taste them,' *says I*, 'and you must acknowledge,' *says* I, 'that they are offered to you at a price which, *says I*—"

"Holy prophet!" cried the pacha, in a rage, "I will hear no more of your *says I's*, if you cannot tell your story without them, you shall fare worse than Ali."

"May it please your highness, how will it be possible for you to know what I said, unless I point out to you what I did say! I cannot tell my story without it."

"I'll see that," replied the pacha, in a savage tone: and, making the sign, the executioner made his appearance. "Now, then, go on with your story; and, executioner, after he has repeated *says I* three times, off with his head. Go on."

"I never shall be able to go on, your highness; consider one moment how harmless my *says I's* are to the detestable *you knows* of Ali. That's what I always told him; 'Ali,' *says I*, if you only knew,' *says I*, 'how annoying you are! Why, there,' *says I!*" At this moment the blow of the cimiter fell, and the head of Hussan rolled upon the floor; the lips from the force of habit still quivering in their convulsions, with the motioning which would have produced *says I*, if the channel of sound had not been so effectually interrupted.

"That story's ended!" observed the pacha, in a rage. "Of all the nuisances I ever encountered, these two men have beaten them all. Allah forbid that I ever should again meet with a *says I*, or a *you know!*"

"Your highness is all wisdom," observed Mustapha; "may such ever be the fate of those who cannot tell their stories without saying what they said."

THE NEWS.

Walt Whitman is recovering from his attack of paralysis, and seen quite often in the streets of Philadelphia.

Thanks to the vigorous sanitary measures of the New York Board of Health, the city is entirely free from epidemic diseases, and the weekly mortality reduced from 917 for one week in July, to 613 for the week ending Aug. 30th.

Cloud, the oarsman, arrived at Louisville, Ky., last Tuesday on his trip from Philadelphia to New Orleans. His average speed has been fifty miles a day. He has only 1,450 miles more to row and 103 days in which to earn his $5,000 wager.

Dr. David P. Smith, of Springfield, Mass., has accepted the professorship of the theory and practice of medicine in the Yale College Medical School, at New Haven, which was held two generations ago by his grandfather, Dr. Nathan Smith.

On Saturday, Aug. 30, a bold attempt was made in Wall Street to swindle a broker by means of forged New York Central seven per cent. bonds of 1876. Forged bonds of other denominations were also discovered causing great excitement in Wall Street. A general examination of securities of all kinds will be made immediately.

The Hell Gate improvements at Hallett's Point are pushing steadily forward. The rock, which is three acres in extent, has been almost entirely honey-combed, the work at present being chiefly confined to cutting galleries from one tunnel to another. Everything bids fair that the final grand explosion will come off at the time appointed, July 4th, 1874.

The two Spanish vessels of war held by the British squadron in the harbor of Cartagena have been taken to Gibraltar to be there detained until affairs in Spain are in a more settled condition. The insurgent Junta at Cartagena refused to allow the vessels to leave and even ordered the forts and men-of-war to open fire on the British fleet, but after the forty hours for deliberation allowed them by the English Admiral the two vessels were quietly taken away without the firing of a single gun.

Gen. Sickles, the American Minister to Spain, says a good word for the present Republican leaders of that country. In a recent letter to a friend in Washington he writes, "It is a pity that the sincere and able men laboring to promote the welfare of Spain under Republican institutions, should meet with so much discouragement, and I might add, misrepresentation in the American press. The Spanish Republicans show unexpected fortitude and perseverance, and it is quite premature to predict the failure of the movement as too many do."

Gen. Spinner, U. S. Treasurer, has given a written opinion to several members of Congress in regard to returning into the Treasury the so-called "Back Pay" money. He doubts whether the covering in of this money without a consideration, and without legal authority or warrant of law will place it beyond the reach of the parties to whom it legally belongs. He suggests that by a last will or testament, stating as a consideration the love and affection borne for one's native land, the money can be effectually placed beyond the reach of the donor.

The new tunnel under Bergen hill for the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad was begun on Monday Sept. 1st. John McAndrews, of Scranton, is the contractor and agrees to have the work completed in twenty-one months for $800,000. The eastern terminus will be near the foot of Reservoir Street. The length of the tunnel proper will be 4,250 feet, and the width 28 feet, leaving space for a double track. The earth-excavation is estimated at 124,000 cubic yards and the rock-cutting at 78,478 cubic yards. Italian and Welsh miners will be employed, and the contractor agrees not to use nitro-glycerine or giant powder.

The *Augsburg Gazette* publishes a letter from Dr. Henry Schliemann who for three years has been occupied in excavating on the site of Illium. While digging about thirty feet below the surface he discovered the great circular wall of Troy, and soon after unearthed a quantity of copper shields, vases and kettles together with goblets of gold and silver filled with pearls, and a great quantity of ear-rings, pendants, bracelets, besides thousands of small rings, buttons etc., all made of gold. The character and position of the treasure found, indicate that it was hastily packed in a wooden case and abandoned on or near the the wall during the sack of the city and was immediately covered with the red ashes and stones of the adjoining palace. The Doctor is confident that he has discovered the treasures of king Priam which, according to Homer lay in a wooden box in the royal palace. Be that as it may, the discovery of these treasures will prove of very great interest to archæologists and will undoubtedly stimulate further explorations among Eastern ruins.

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ADMISSIONS.

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

CHRISTIAN MEDIUMSHIP.

Home-Talk by J. H. N., given twenty years ago.

EVERY believer in Christ may claim to be a "medium." The main fact in a Christian's experience is identical with what is claimed by the rapping mediums; that is to say, his spirit is in communication with spirits from the other world. And instead of this main fact of Christian experience being lowered in any degree by a comparison with the facts that the rapping believers deal with, it is raised immeasurably above them.

The simple truth is, that there are, as we are taught by the modern "mediums" themselves, a great variety of spirits, and all manner of states, classes and heavens in the spiritual world; and the only course of wisdom and safety is, for every one to inquire which of all the principalities and spiritual powers that we may be put in communication with, is the highest and best?

This distinction must be given to *Jesus Christ.* He is the superior spirit in the unseen world, as even the spiritualists themselves will not deny. There is a focus of central life and truth in that world, which is "far above all heavens," and which communicates with all heavens, so far as there is any truth in them; and that focus is Jesus Christ and the resurrection church. It is in that sphere that the human nature touches the divine; and there is the throne of God. Faith in the gospel brings us under the influences of Christ's spirit; we come into communication with him, and are instructed by him; in short we are made his "mediums;" and that is a higher claim than any that the rapping mediums make.

It is true that Christ adopts a very different method of communication from that of the rapping spirits, but the difference is greatly in his favor. He evidently prefers to deal with the *inner* parts of men, operating on their hearts, communicating life, and proceeding regularly from the inward parts outward. He puts his Spirit into men's hearts, and leavens them with his character, conforming them to himself. He molds, assimilates and digests them into himself. He chooses this interior method of dealing with his mediums; while the external circle of spirits choose to deal with men in physical ways, by rapping, and other operations on their bodily sensations, using their corporeal powers in the way of writing, or in communications by word of mouth.

Such was really the character of most of the communications between heaven and earth, under the Jewish dispensation. Indeed, the chief distinction between the Jewish and Christian dispensations is, that under the former, communications with God were of the external kind, wonderful and miraculous, addressing themselves to the senses, exciting marvelousness, etc.; while the powers of the Christian dispensation operated principally on character, entering into the innermost recesses of the spirit, and renewing the hearts and minds of men. So that the rappings, (including under this term all external and marvelous methods of communication,) even the best of them, supposing them to proceed from God and the angels, being only external communications, are therefore only on a level with the manifestations under Judaism, and in every sense inferior to the manifestations under the Christian dispensation. For a single example, look at the state of things on the day of Pentecost. There you see an integral exhibition of the influences of the Holy Spirit, including the external signs of the Jewish, and the internal signs of the Christian dispensation. On the one hand, there were prophesyings, speaking with tongues, healing manifestations, etc., greater and more wonderful than those reported among the rappers; and, on the other hand, there was, so to speak, a *solution and fusion of hearts*, so that no man said that aught of the things he possessed was his own, but they had all things common, and ate their meat with gladness and singleness of heart, praising God! This phenomenon does not strike one at first as so positively supernatural as the gift of tongues and healing; and yet, looking closely at the matter, you will observe that that was the main miracle wrought on the occasion —the making of men new creatures, cleansing them from all selfishness. That was the power of the Christian dispensation, in distinction from the Jewish. But no such phenomenon is seen among the followers of the rappings, and they do not claim, so far as we know, that the influences they are under seriously change their characters.

So, whether we look at the forms in which these manifestations of the rappings come, or the sources from which they come, they fall entirely short of the phenomena which we believe properly belong to Christian experience. The simple relation of a believer to Christ puts him in communication with a better and more central power in the heavenly world, and attracts upon him influences that operate more beneficially and more profoundly on his character.

To be mediums on this better plan, is to be baptized with the Holy Spirit, and to be in communication with heaven. It is the consummation which all Christians have been praying for, and toward which all religious experience tends. It is the blessing of the New Covenant, promised to the last days, in the

saying, "They shall not teach every man his neighbor, saying, Know the Lord: for all shall know me, from the least unto the greatest."

MODES OF SUCCESS.

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

ACCORDING to our favorite method of treating subjects under the form of dualities, let us propose a pair of couplets and see what is to be made of them. Thus:

INTERNAL, EXTERNAL,

To which duality of descriptive terms we supply the opposite-meaning nouns,

SUCCESS, DEFEAT.

If now we combine these two dualities to form a compound doublet, we find the words susceptible of a four-fold permutation. That is, the combination may take either of the four following forms:

1. Internal Success and External Defeat.
2. Internal Defeat and External Success.
3. Internal Defeat and External Defeat.
4. Internal Success and External Success.

The formula thus produced furnishes, we think, a classification of all human experience. Every man's luck comes under one or the other of these four heads.

Thus, a man may enjoy constant internal success conjoined with external limitation and impediment. This must be for a time the consciousness of all who are inspired to strive after great and unattained objects. The national liberators, like Alfred and Tell and Washington, were educated by defeat. The great inventors, like Watt and Stephenson and Howe, throve in spite of disappointment. The great Christians like Paul say, "Though the outward man perish, yet the inward man is renewed day by day." Inward success consists of ever-increasing fellowship with God, and nearness to the truth of things, and progress in this direction may co-exist with, and be favored by, external hardship. "I would rather be right than be President," said a public man. "My life has been one of constant obstruction without, but constant victory within," said J. H. Noyes.

Of the next class—those who "gain the whole world and lose their own souls"—society has many examples. All those who get rich in selfish and destructive ways, suffer, in the midst of their grandeur, a terrible inward defeat. So of those who acquire political fame and power at the expense of principle. It is not for us to judge in the place of God, but if a man's testimony may be taken concerning himself, the late Gerard Hallock, who was long the editor of a powerful city journal, was a noted example of inward deterioration in the midst of success. An illustration of this class was the man referred to in the common proverb, who won an elephant in a lottery. And not different in effect was the case of the soldier who boasted of his success in a skirmish. "Halloo! Tom, I have got a prisoner." "Bring him along." "But he won't come." "Well, come without him then." "He won't let me!"

Of the next class—those who suffer both inward and outward disaster—it might not perhaps be allowable to cite as examples such names as Aaron Burr and Jefferson Davis; but the cases of Haman and Benedict Arnold, offer themselves as types which none will dispute. All thorough criminals and detected villains come to this at last. It should be observed that what is within tends ever to outward embodiment; and hence that defeat established in the spirit, goes on to complete itself, sooner or later, in a total discomfiture. So the appearance of outward success accompanying wickedness, is deceptive and has but short continuance. David sets forth the fact most impressively in his song:

"I was envious at the foolish, when I saw the prosperity of the wicked.
For there are no bands in their death: but their strength is firm.
They are not in trouble as other men; neither are they plagued like other men.
Therefore pride compasseth them about as a chain; violence covereth them as a garment.
Their eyes stand out with fatness: they have more than heart could wish.
They are corrupt, and speak wickedly concerning oppression: they speak loftily.
They set their mouth against the heavens, and their tongue walketh through the earth.
Therefore his people return hither; and waters of a full cup are wrung out to them.
And they say, How doth God know? and is there knowledge in the Most High?
Behold, these are the ungodly, who prosper in the world; they increase in riches.
Verily, I have cleansed my heart in vain, and washed my hands in innocency.
For all the day long have I been plagued, and chastened every morning.
If I say, I will speak thus: behold, I should offend against the generation of thy children.
When I thought to know this, it was too painful for me;
Until I went into the sanctuary of God; then understood I their end.
Surely thou didst set them in slippery places: thou castedst them down into destruction.
How are they brought into desolation, as in a moment! they are utterly consumed with terrors.
As a dream when one awaketh; so, O Lord, when thou awakedst, thou shalt despise their image."

Finally, that there is a class of those who are thoroughly successful, both in the inward and the outward sphere, heaven, with its pure and glorified martyrs, its crowned kings and priests, is the sufficient proof.

In view of this classification of the different kinds of success, a wise man will have no hesitation in choosing the inward article as that to be sought first. Outward reverses even will be welcome to him, so long as they promote his soul's success, by drawing him nearer to the mind of God. He will not desire, nay, he will pray earnestly against, outward prosperity, on any other condition than that it shall reäct favorably on his spiritual state. And thus when external prosperity comes to him, as come it will at last, it will be but the expression and complete investiture of what is more beautiful within.

REVIVALS IN NEW YORK CITY.

VIII.

NEW HAVEN Perfectionism as defined in our last chapter, was believed by many to have been the legitimate result of the revivals. Those who had taken an interest in the "great awakening" had no doubt but that it was in answer to their prayers that God would "save his people from their sins, and that his will should be done on earth as it is done in heaven." Still, the new faith had but few friends who dared to confess it before the world. Opposers there were many. Among the adherents to the unpopular cause were Mrs. Gray and her mother. The female prayer-meeting which they attended, no longer exhibited that spirit of unity and co-operation that had always characterized its proceedings. These two women, with a few others, were virtually excommunicated; their presence was no longer desired. "The spirit that would exterminate heresy by the sword is not yet dead," said Mrs. Steele to a friend, when she learned that persecution had followed her daughter from the sanctuary to the school where she earned her daily bread.

In those days the religious part of society had much more influence over the municipal affairs of the city than at present, particularly in the management of the public schools. And when it became known that Mrs. Gray advocated "Perfectionism," and was herself a believer in it, it was enough. No further delay for action was necessary. Up to this time Mrs. Gray had had the reputation of being an excellent teacher, giving entire satisfaction to the patrons of the school. But now that she had become a "Perfectionist" they feared she would teach her pernicious doctrines to her pupils. The committee for hiring teachers was instructed not to re-engage Mrs. Gray after the expiration of her term. The gentleman on whom the painful duty devolved of discharging her, was a kind-hearted man, possessing too much honesty to equivocate when Mrs. Gray confronted him with the question, "Am I rejected, Mr. Gorham, entirely on the ground of having embraced views that are regarded by the church as heretical?" He answered in the affirmative. She replied, "I thank you, sir, most sincerely for telling me the truth about it, for I can cheerfully submit to whatever circumstances God arranges for me."

It is not strange that church members of thirty-five years ago were nearly terrified out of their senses at the thought of being stigmatized as "Perfectionists," when such influential ministers and editors as Joshua Leavitt could write: "In its extreme form, it (Perfectionism) is said to be very gross. The adherents are represented as maintaining that the moral law is abrogated as a rule of duty; that a believer does not violate any law, nor commit any sin; otherwise he is no believer. That the Holy Spirit dwells in all believers, so as to direct all their acts; that Christ, coming in the flesh, is come in them and is acting in them literally" A leading Methodist paper also joined in the chorus: "Be it remembered that the senseless and blasphemous dogma of sinless perfection has always been repudiated and reprobated by the Methodists and has only found favor among the Presbyterian brethren of New Haven and elsewhere."

Dissatisfied with the standard of religion in the churches, and more so with her own attainments, Mrs. Gray read the Perfectionist writings with the deepest interest. Neither the threats

of excommunication nor the bad odor of Perfectionism had any effect in deterring her from seeking the truth on a forbidden subject. Often while walking the streets would she repeat to herself the verse,

"The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not—I will not desert to his foes:
That soul—though all hell should endeavor to shake—
I'll never—no never,—*no never, forsake!*"

And while reading, and meditating, and standing firmly on the ground she had thus far gained, the truth came to her that she needed something more than a single conversion. Her conversion under Mr. Finney had not saved her from sin and self-condemnation. Her temptations and trials were very great. The separation from her husband and children still caused her much suffering. The question, too, would arise, again and again, "Could I have taken a wiser course than I did?" "Gladly would I have laid down my own life," said she to a friend, "could I have saved my husband." In order to remove everything from his pathway to repentance, Mrs. Gray wrote him a long letter asking his forgiveness in all things wherein she thought she had offended, begging of him not to look at her short-comings, but to look to Christ and the sacrifices He had made to save his soul. But no reply came from him. Instead, he cowardly and meanly added insult to injury by falsely affirming before the court that his wife had deserted him for other men. And then, through perjured witnesses, he obtained a divorce and married again, carefully keeping the knowledge of his proceedings from Mrs. Gray.

In the mean time Mrs. Gray became more and more absorbed in the study of the Perfectionist writings. In them she discovered that what Mr. Finney and the new-measure school called a *conversion* was nothing more than the beginning of one, a change of mind on the part of the sinner. Believing with all her heart that the Perfectionists had got hold of new and important truths, she thought of her old pastor and resolved to call on him at a venture, not knowing what kind of treatment she would receive at his hands. In regard to the new faith he was non-committal and warned the anxious inquirer against delusions, heresies, and fanaticism. She got very little help from Mr. Finney, but left him so depressed in spirits that life seemed quite insupportable. Soon after that interview she had an experience which she has described in her own graphic way:

"I returned here after my call on Mr. Finney in an agony of despair. My hope that I was a Christian had been taken from me by reading the "*Perfectionist*;" it seemed as though the flood-gates of hell were opened, and temptations to the most repulsive wickedness overwhelmed me. Friends had forsaken me, Christ had turned me away as unworthy of his presence, and I seemed to be shut up in the bottomless pit among the damned. Recovering from the terror that had at first seized me, I yielded to an impression that I richly deserved all this for the sin of unbelief. No other sin seemed half so horrible. I felt that God had done all that he could, in giving up his Son to die an ignominious death that I might live. To the taunts of demons and vile spirits, saying, 'Where is your Christ now? Why don't he come to deliver you? Do you believe in him still?' My soul replied, 'I do believe in him still, and ever shall.' During this time I was on my bed, and, according to my mother's testimony, apparently unconscious. She was alarmed about me, but had no liberty to go for any one, or to attempt to awaken me. The first sign of returning life, she said, was my uttering these words, 'There, I have it now, it is *faith* that I want, not my faith, but the faith of Jesus Christ.'"

How the good providence of God helped her to find that precious gift, will be related in our next.

GLASS AND GLASS-MAKING.

VIII.

WITHIN a few miles of the O. C., in the quiet village of D——, is a factory where the common cylinder or sheet window-glass is made. Glass-blowing is, in consequence, one of the "sights" of the neighborhood, and the factory is quite a place of resort, especially for sleighing parties. Occasionally a load of our own folks pay it a visit. Some one who went there last winter was so much interested in what was to be seen as to make some notes. These notes have come into our possession, and as we always prefer informal descriptions of such things we will append them:

"A visit to the glass-factory when they were blowing had long been desired by me, and I was much pleased on receiving an invitation from L. to accompany a party that were going there the next evening. But one drawback to the anticipated jaunt presented itself. It involved a sleigh-ride, of fully ten miles, on what promised to be a decidedly cool evening. Now, personally, this mode of traveling is not a favorite one with me, being usually more productive of cold hands and feet than of pleasure; but in consideration of the end in view I was fain to lay aside my fears and boldly join the enterprise. The time set for starting, was 8 o'clock P. M., but we were unavoidably delayed till nearly nine. At last we were off—two sleigh-loads. The evening though cold, was clear and still. The sleighing was excellent; our horses fleet; the night air crisp and bracing. Overhead the starry constellations, many and familiar, looked kindly down on us,—Orion with his glittering belt, Perseus, Cassiopeia's Chair, and most brilliant of all, the Great Bear completing his majestic sweep around the pole. On arriving at O—— we left H. who was going to New York. Another mile and a-half and we had arrived at our destination. There was no one to be seen, but we soon found our way to the door of the furnace-room. Opening this, a novel spectacle presented itself. In the midst of a vast and dingy apartment, fitfully lighted by roaring flames, stood the furnace, a huge structure of brick. On two sides of it a series of openings, 'the working-holes,' gave vent to angry flames, and allowed a glimpse into the sea of fire within. Ranged along on narrow platforms level with, and immediately in front of, the 'working-holes,' were the glass-blowers all at work. We were courteously shown to a raised platform at one end of the room which commanded an excellent view of the scene. There were perhaps eight or ten men busily blowing on one side of the furnace, and as many more on the other. Two men worked at each hole, apparently spelling one another. The 'blower's' field of operation was confined to a wide plank not more than twelve feet long, and raised, as were the 'working-holes,' to a considerable hight above the floor. Immediately below the 'blowers,' was a pit, the object of which will appear as we proceed. The workman, pipe in hand and protected by a mask, walks boldly up to the 'working-hole,' thrusts in his pipe, and after a few dextrous manipulations draws forth a red-hot ball. Applying his mouth to the other end of the pipe, the fiery ball swells visibly. It is then placed in the 'marver,' an iron block used for shaping the mass. Here it is kept turning, the workman all the time blowing. It soon becomes considerably elongated by this process, and removed from the 'marver,' it is alternately blown and swung like some giant pendulum in the pit below, which serves to still further increase its length. By this time the mass has assumed the final form, that of a large cylinder, and only lacks in length. But continuous manipulation has somewhat cooled the glass, and it is now re-heated by insertion for a few moments in the 'working-hole.' This accomplished, it is again blown and swung in the pit below. Then the same round of processes is repeated. At length, a finished cylinder, it is carried to the platform where we stand, and laid at our feet. Here is the nondescript ball of ten minutes ago transformed into a glistening, transparent tube five feet long and a foot or more in diameter. Truly a miracle of art!

"We lingered here sometime, watching the skillful maneuvers of the workmen. But even the practiced blower sometimes fails. While we were there one man made an undoubted fizzle of his cylinder, and the thing was carried off amid sundry encouraging remarks from his fellows. These blowers, by the way, though active and energetic, seemed to us as a class somewhat pale and worn. How can it be otherwise? This scorching heat, this turning of night into day—for when the glass is ready the blower must be on hand be the time midnight or midday—must tell, slowly but surely, on the strongest constitution.

"We next visited the 'flattening-oven.' Here the cylinders are converted into sheets. The process is this: the cylinder as finished by the blower is cut longitudinally and then introduced, gradually that it may get accustomed to the fierce heat, into the interior of the oven, where it rests upon a revolving table of special construction. Here it soon collapses, and the flattening process is completed by the workman, who, equipped with a sort of long handled flat-iron made of wood, rubs it down smooth as one would iron a shirt. The crystal sheet is then lifted with a pair of mammoth tongs onto a truck or car, where it cools slowly. It then goes to the cutting-room. In our curiosity to see the flattening process we crowded around the oven door, not entirely mindful perhaps of the liabilities of the situation. Soon we became conscious of that peculiar odor which arises from scorched cloth, and upon investigation A. discovered that even woolen clothing could not with impunity be brought in contact with a red-hot poker.

"Further on was the cutting-room. Here busy hands slice up the large sheets, with the aid of a diamond, into panes of various sizes. The glass is then sorted into four different brands, 'Crown,' 'Crystal,' 'Cylinder' and 'Canal,' and packed for market. Cheap and unlimited means of transportation is furnished the Company by the Erie Canal which runs directly past their doors.

"Retracing our steps we spent some moments around a cozy fire in the Company's office. Immediately adjoining the office is a store kept by the firm, where the operatives and their families are furnished goods at cost.

"Our ride home was enlivened by one of those occurrences, which so frequently diversify sleighing parties, to wit, a tip-over. But no harm was done, and can any sleigh-ride be considered complete without one of these merry mixtures?"

This concludes our sketches on "Glass and

Glass-Making." We make but little claim to originality in their preparation, having obtained the most of our material from various Cyclopedias. We are also indebted to a paper in Harper's Magazine. Our work has been mainly one of selection and arrangement. If in the information we have collected, our readers have found some new facts—facts which to many of them perhaps would have otherwise been inaccessible—our object will have been fully attained. V.

HUMILITY.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

The bird that soars on highest wing
Builds on the ground her lowly nest;
And she that doth most sweetly sing
Sings in the shade, where all things rest;
In lark and nightingale we see
What honor hath humility.

When Mary chose "the better part,"
She meekly sat at Jesus' feet;
And Lydia's gently opened heart
Was made for God's own temple meet:
Fairest and best adorned is she
Whose clothing is humility.

The saint that wears heaven's brightest crown
In deepest adoration bends:
The weight of glory bows him down
Then most when most his soul ascends:
Nearest the throne itself must be
The footstool of humility.

ONEIDA CIRCULAR.

HARRIET M. WORDEN, EDITOR.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1873.

It won't do to think of the world as an everlasting pic-nic and pleasure-party. If you do you will get yourself into a tight place by and by. The better way is to think of it as a sort of infirmary where, under the providence of God, we are taking treatment—criticism—for one thing or another. The least we can do is to keep pretty whist and not quarrel with the Doctor. A. B.

THE REAL AND THE UNREAL.

THE interior world is sometimes called the shadow-land; but to a true conception it is neither shadowy nor unreal. That the outward world is not the only reality, is but a part of the universe, is the teaching of every one's consciousness. And in the philosophy of Paul it is ranked as but an interior part: "we look not," says he, "at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen: for the things which are seen are *temporal*, but the things which are not seen are eternal." To the outward eye and the materialistic conception, the inner world seems unsubstantial and vague; and yet the consciousness comes ever-returning that such a world exists. Who has not had at times a perception, transient perhaps, yet vivid, of an interior universe opening inward from the central point of the heart? Who has not stood on the threshold and gazed into a world luminous with a mellower light than that of the sun, a realm of truth and beauty and unspeakable harmony, where the soul, unconscious of evil, is subdued with the deepest joy at mere existence? And was it an illusion, and of such stuff as dreams are made, or is the outward world an illusion and a sham? One thing is certain, the outward *is* temporal, and its fashion passeth away; its "cloud-capped towers and gorgeous palaces" dissolve, and what men would believe eternal, melts at the touch of time and changes with the passing year. And we believe that the realm of the real lies toward the interior, and that the outward that seems so substantial, is real only where it touches the interior.

Man stands at the confluence of two vast worlds. On the one hand is the outward, stretching far away from him till it fades into the inane; on the other are the convergent lines of life and spiritual space leading to God. The center of all life and good is God—the reality of all realities, the essence of all that is substantial. And in proportion as we approach the interior, we touch and drink in life and find truth and solidity. The lines of life converge and meet in God; the lines of death diverge and recede from him.

To all things there is an interior and an exterior—essence or soul, and surface, form, outward visibility—spirit and letter. And to all pertains the language of Christ; "The letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life;" that is, if we deal with the exterior, the surface or form of things, we find but shadow and deception. The surface of things, in consequence of its contact with evil, is dead; and in proportion as we come into connection with it, and seek happiness from it, we lose sympathy and unity with the world of life—with God and the heavenly hosts; and only as we turn to the interior vitality of things, do we find the central good—happiness and health for soul and body. And all the struggling of the soul after rest—the longing for some immortal aliment—the weary disgust with which the soul returns from its outward search to the work of central inquiry, are instincts inviting us to the "better land" of interior life and reality. These yearnings were not given to mock and torture us; they *must be* the tokens of an accessible reality.

Our own interior, the soul-center of our being, is *all* that we *are*—it is the substance that makes us realities. And the only things that do us any good, are those that enter into us and touch our interior life. Christ said to his disciples, "The words that I speak unto you, they are spirit, and they are life;" and it was because they touched the core and soul of their being, that they were so. Such words have a soul *in them;* and it is this soul which conveys to us their real effect. The simple word will do us no good: it excites expectations that will never be fulfilled; it gives a show of truth, but the apparent benefit turns out to be chaff. And again we repeat, this principle, that the letter is dead but the spirit is life, can be applied not only to the Bible and to language, but to the whole circle of existence; all things have these two sides to them, letter and spirit, interior and exterior; in all transactions there is letter and spirit: and from all facts and events, both great and small, we get benefit or disappointment according as the view we take of them is exterior or interior. Viewed from the outside, they may appear dead and meaningless, but looked at from the interior point of view, every event will be found to be full of *meaning and life.*

God is the source of all good, knowledge, truth, beauty and enjoyment, and in him these things are only to be found. But God is a spirit, and those that seek him must seek him in spirit and in truth. He dwells in the interior of things, and is not to be found in the outward and inane. And if in our search after truth, beauty and enjoyment, we stop in the outside, the crust, and take up with the "fleeting show" of the sensuous world, we shall inevitably be disappointed and find cheats and not realities.

And in this great interior where God and Christ are, is all that is of worth in the universe. There are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge. The instances of individual genius which have surprised the world from time to time with productions of imperishable beauty in poetry, music, and the creative arts, are but so many jets bursting up through the crust of superficial life from the interior heaven of harmony. We wonder at the results produced—attribute them to the fortunate possession of genius, and seek to know no more: when the truth is, there is a door in our own hearts through which we may enter into that wide world of beauty, of which the highest productions of genius are only specimens and reminders. And that is the resurrection world and realm of life. There is where Christ and the Primitive church, the angels and the hosts of heaven are; it is the home of all the beloved of God. T. L. P.

A great many people think they are in love when, in fact, they are only hungry to feed on somebody. That is the true (?) love that does n't run smooth. What we all need to pray for is something that will salt our salt, and sweeten our sugar, and put love into love.

COMMUNITY JOURNAL.

ONEIDA.

—Sowing wheat, digging Early Roses, gathering wind-fall apples and pears, picking green corn and tomatoes—these are the things that busy the outdoor workers just at present.

—Cool mornings and evenings now, with a mellowing, ripening influence in the penetrating warmth of mid-day. Crickets are singing, the maples and ivy are showing their first dashes of red, and the grapes are purpling royally.

—The fruit-packers are canning corn and tomatoes this week, and bottling pears and plums. This business is so systematized and goes on so quietly that only those immediately connected with it realize that anything is doing at the fruit-house.

—Notwithstanding the fire-blight has again made its appearance in the pear orchards, as mentioned a few weeks since, the yield of this satisfying fruit is very abundant. To see the trees so heavily freighted that the slender limbs are borne nearly to the ground, their graceful pendants flushed by the ardor of king Sol, is truly a melting sight.

—This is a famous year for butternuts, every tree on the farm bearing to its utmost capacity. These fine afternoons

"When young and old come forth to play
On a sunshine holiday"

perhaps they cannot spend an hour more pleasantly than by seeking the shade of one of these trees, there to gather and crack the white-meated nuts. You may return with stained fingers, and lips a little tinged, but 'tis nothing compared with the pleasure to be had on the occasion.

—Our flower-garden is now at the hight of autumnal beauty. It is all aglow with balsams, calliopsis, amaranths and nasturtions; blazing in zinnias, dahlias, celosia and scarlet geraniums; while above all tower the giant sunflowers burning down upon us. Mr. B., the florist, is quite an enthusiast, but it requires deeper knowledge than that of a novice to appreciate the improvement he has made in some varieties of flowers. The petunias, under his skillful hand, are brought to great perfection.

—Our dyer formerly had so much trouble to find in market a satisfactory article of Nitrate of Iron, used as a mordant in dyeing, that we have recently commenced the manufacture of it ourselves. The careful training of one of our young men, Mr. C. A. Burt, under Prof. Johnson in the laboratory of the Yale Scientific School, has well fitted him to engage in this business. He confidently expects, with the aid of Mr. King, an old and experienced nitrate manufacturer, to turn out an article that shall earn for itself a reputation

equaling that of our preserved fruits or the New-house traps.

—A party walking to the Villa met a company of tramping gypsies who saluted them with the interrogatory, "Is there a Community like the Wallingford Community about here?" Being answered in the affirmative they patronizingly added, "We have just come from Wallingford." Whew! Has the fame of the Community gone abroad as a tramp-station? The tramps used to tell us sometimes at W. C. that they were traveling from Buffalo or Rochester to some place east, and we didn't always think they meant it. But perhaps they did, and intend to make our home one of their regular stations. "Some men have greatness thrust upon them."

—Just across the hall from our composing-room is the box-room. Step in there between the hours of ten and eleven in the forenoon and you will find it "swarming with many-fingered life," for at this time all of the older children come there for a "bee." The material for the various boxes used in the Silk-department is cut out by machinery, and after that, under the superintendence of Miss Constance, the children quickly put it into shape. The older ones perform the most difficult parts of the labor—putting the gold-bronze paper on the edges of the covers, glueing the outer paper to the boxes, etc., while the younger ones do the simpler work. Walter and Deming, little fellows five years old, ply their nimble fingers in turning down the edges, while those next older deftly stay them with firm brown paper. They are all cheerful, busy workers and commended by Miss C.

—We are listening to Robert Dale Owen's "Debatable Land" at seven o'clock. The following note from J. H. N. read at the first reading, introduced us to the book:

"The fore part of Owen's book is an address to the Protestant Clergy, showing them by elaborate historical arguments and facts that the Reformation was a failure, and why it was a failure. There is much in it that is interesting and instructive, but it is likely to be rather dry and abstruse to our folks. There are some things that are quite offensive to us, as for instance his slashing criticisms of Paul, which remind one of Swedenborg and Boyle. Private readers perhaps will do well to read the whole of it; but for a public entertainment I would recommend to begin at the 154th page. The remainder of the address to the 180th page, and Book I. of the main work, extending to the 280th page, will still be argumentative and comparatively dull; yet I think our folks will generally understand and appreciate this part. All that comes afterward will be intensely interesting and mostly matter of fact. It would add much to the interest of the whole, if there could be a preliminary course of reading, showing that Owen was an atheist in early life, and tracing his connection with Animal Magnetism, as set forth in "the Berean" under an article on that subject. His present position is that of a special and devout champion of Christianity; with various drawbacks of course, but none of any consequence in relation to the alleged miracles of the gospel, or even of the Old Testament. You will find him to be the great head-center of Spiritualism, *marshaling all its forces to the support of Christianity*. That is just what I always expected and predicted as the out-come of Spiritualism, but I confess I was astonished to find that Robert Dale Owen himself was, in some sense, the Paul, whose conversion and championship has brought it about. And it should be understood that his advance with all its drawbacks is far beyond, not merely the position of the old atheists or the new materialists, but beyond that of the Unitarians and Emersonians, inasmuch as he heartily endorses and fortifies the entire record of Bible miracles, which the Massachusetts Rationalists, following the German, are always carping at and frittering away."

—Of all our visitors the minister is the most curious. He is reserved about himself; he never registers his name; it is by accident if we find out his dignity; but he seems to think that this poor family is amenable to the right of search, inside and out, from garret to basement, and by every self-appointed committee that is pleased to take up the investigation. He comes saying to himself, This is the day, and this is the man to solve this provoking mystery. He prys and pushes, and it is treason for us to have a private apartment, or any affairs that we reserve from the eyes of strangers. A recent specimen of this class afforded us some amusement. "Madame," said he to a lady that he met, "I want to see the *internal* workings of this institution; can you give me any directions by which I can do that?" "I will speak to the guide," said she, "he will take you round." "No, I have been round," said he; "I have seen your house and grounds; all very fine, but show these things to other visitors; I came to see the *interior* working of the concern; can't you take me somewhere and show me that?" He was conducted to the printing-office and school-room, and to various centers of home industry, but he continued gruff and dissatisfied. He tried a door that would not open. "I will open that door for you," said a young man, taking a key from his pocket, "but there is nothing to see there, only silk-boxes, desks, counters, and so on. "Poh," said the inquisitor, "I don't want to see them; can't you tell me where I can go and see the *internal* workings of the institution? That is what I want!" Desperate man! what was he thinking of? Did he imagine that we could show him a main-spring all coiled up somewhere in a glass case? or that we could take him to a sanctum deep in the recesses of the house where a man is closeted pulling wires? or, less metaphorically, did he think we could show him the heart and brain of this live Community? He went away chagrined at seeing nothing that he came to see. "He ought to have been invited to offer himself for criticism," said one hearing of his dilemma; "that would have given him the best idea of the internal working of this institution, he could possibly get." But a wag whispered, "I would have told him that the institution didn't work only nights and had to have darkened rooms, just as the spirits do. That would have satisfied him."

—Tuesday (9th), the sun rose bright and clear, and, earlier in the morning than usual could be heard the pattering of little feet along the hall, and children's excited voices saying "We are going to Joppa to-day"—"This is the day we are all going to Joppa," etc., etc. Before train-time the ten little ones, ranging from three to five years old, were ready with their attendants to start. "I've never been to Joppa before," said little Rutherford; and indeed, it was the first journey for them all. "Mr. George," seated in the cars with two little black-eyed boys in his lap, might easily pass for the father of twins, but when we got out at Fish Creek station, with our ten so nearly of an age mustered on the platform, every guesser on the train had to give up until told to what family these children belonged. It is half a mile from the station to the ferry, and, as the road is very sandy and we had our baskets to carry, we were in doubt whether the children could walk so far; but good luck attended us; a farmer with his team drove up to the platform and agreed to take our load. So we put in our baskets, and soon the little band were all snugly seated on a blanket in the bottom of the wagon. A cluster of such merry, innocent faces is a rare sight, and the farmer knew it, for he looked around and smiled many times before he reached the ferry. We walked behind to see that none of the ten fell out, and before starting off in the boat counted them again to make sure that all were there. "I aint afraid on the ferry-boat, am I?" said a four-year-old bravely. The pulling of the boat across the river by means of a rope stretched from shore to shore was witnessed with intense interest by the youngsters, and no doubt it afforded the plot for innumerable plays in the future. The Lodge was soon reached and greeted with exclamations, "Is this our nice new house?" "Is this Joppa?" "Let us move our Community down here!" Shoes and stockings were soon off and play-clothes on; they were ready for a game on the sandy shore of the lake; miniature wells were dug, mounds built and railroad embankments raised. Mr. Dutton, our gymnast, turned hand-springs and summersaults to the wonder and delight of the juvenile spectators. The little ones keeled over and over to their heart's content, chased grasshoppers and waded along the margin of the lake with their trowsers rolled up. But if you had seen them go in bathing and had heard their shouts of laughter, you would not soon forget it. They seemed like a band of cherubs, or like so many cupids as they waded, rolled and tumbled in the clear, warm, shallow water. Next came luncheon, and then a row out on the lake with permission to dip their hands into the water over the sides of the boat and make a ripple with their tiny fingers. "When I was out in the boat," said Dorr after we got back, "I saw a man shoot a bird with a fire-cracker." "That was n't a fire-cracker," responded Pip, "that was a gun." "Yes it was a fire-cracker," maintained Dorr, "for I saw it." After an hour's nap up stairs, all hands were ready for dinner, and then a row on the river, and it was time to go home; and home they went without a mishap or a tear. Since their return, the exploits at Joppa are rehearsed daily, especially the bath in the lake. "We went out in the real deep water and jumped in it," say the little boys, and add in an impressive voice, "And we *didn't die*, nor we *didn't get drowned neither!*"

—On Wednesday last (10th) we had a call from another musical genius—registered on our book as "Harry Hardy, Rochdale, England." When a short, thick-set young man, with sharp, spirited eyes, a good-natured mouth and waggish air, walked on the stage and seated himself before the piano, we anticipated something common-place; but when he once plied his nimble, musical fingers to the keys, we thought differently. To be sure he dashed into a song of the low-comedy sort without the least hesitation, shocking the fastidious taste of many not a little. But the execution of even this style of song was very clever. His manner of standing and accompanying himself with his left hand, and as the fit seized him, gesticulating with his right, playing and dancing and singing and acting all at once, keeping the most perfect time and tune, and throwing all the grotesqueness possible into his attitudes, was inexpressibly funny. Such flexibility of face and features, body, hands and fingers! Who and what was Mr. Harry Hardy? A low comedian or a "variety-man?" He seemed equal to anything in the theatrical line, we thought. "If he only would add refinement to his dexterity," said one, during a pause in the entertainment, "what a splendid musician he would be." "Ah!" replied another, "it is dangerous for people who are brilliant in one line to attempt something in another. Probably comic singing is his forte." But we did not know our man. After another song, which excited the risibles of the audience to the last degree, he struck into a piano solo, a *pot-pourri* of opera- and other airs, which went far beyond any piano-playing ever heard in our Hall. The instrument seemed

alive; we were reminded of tinkling bells, a shower of pearls, rippling water, rushing wind, rockets and cannon—everything, in fact, suggestive of sound and action. Chromatics rushed on one another in perfect torrents, and arpeggios chased up and down the key-board like chain-lightning. But with all the haste there was moderation—with all the crash of sound there was intense musical feeling, so that when he modulated into the sweet old air of "The Last Rose of Summer," and came to a variation quivering with triplets and trills, the melody sounded clear as a flute to the end. "He *is* an artist, after all," was our comment at the close, "a veritable genius." We afterward learned that he never "took lessons" on the piano, but, being a genius and "all music," as a friend of his termed it, was not long in becoming a professional pianist. He has been in this country but five years. He has traveled with Mrs. Scott Siddons and Parepa Rosa. A wonderful little man, truly!

Thursday, Sept. 11th.—Gen. Tom Thumb and lady, Commodore Nutt and Miss Minnie Warren, accompanied by their agent, Mr. Bleeker and niece, drove up from Oneida at a little before eleven today, and spent several hours with us. We stared at these famous little men with their big titles and dignified ways, and at their pretty little lady companions, while they inspected the "renowned" Oneida Community! The brave General has a flushed face and a figure inclining to corpulency, with a gravity of demeanor beyond his years, for he is only thirty-five; his wife, she that was Lavinia Warren, is thirty-one. The gallant Commodore is a Saxon-haired young man of twenty-eight, in natty attire, and Miss. Minnie Warren, a perfect little cherub of twenty-five years, preserves her maidenhood in spite of the blandishments of the accomplished Commodore. At half-past twelve the Lilliputian quartette held a reception in the Hall, passing in review our brigade of light-infantry after a preliminary hand-shaking all round. The sportive Commodore then sang a comic song or two. Then the showman stepped forward (a veteran who has served twenty years under Phineas T.), the distinguished commanders and the ladies forming a front-face line to the audience, and the "ladies and gentlemen," our family and hired people, were told that the General's father was a large man and likewise Tom's brothers; but why he should be a man in miniature was not explained to us. Further, that two big brothers intervened between the birth-days of the two sisters before us, and that the Commodore's father was a man of more than ordinary weight and dimensions. Then followed a brief account of a tour around the world which the veteran had conducted with vast success. The Tom Thumb troupe left New York in June, 1869, traveling westward. They performed with *eclat* at the court of Brigham, in Utah, at San Francisco, and all up and down the Pacific slope. In November they sailed for Yeddo, Shanghai and Hong Kong, performing at those places in the native theaters before crowds on crowds of heathen Chinee Ceylon and Australia were explored, and then, landing at Madras, the little invincibles traversed three thousand miles of Indian soil, encountering all the hardships incident, as pluckily as greater people do. Egypt and the Holy Land came next, and then a long sojourn in the United Kingdom, whence they sailed for New York; arriving there just three years and one day from the date of departure. Let us put on record a fact fresh from the mother's lips, that there *was* a little, a very little Thumb born once, and that it lived to be two years and three months old. The photographs extant of a little baby-mother, happy and smiling, with a doll of an infant in her arms, are genuine.

Saturday, 13.—A wild alarm from a Midland engine followed by loud shouts and cries that "The trestle is on fire!" awaken us from our slumbers at three o'clock in the morning. A glance through our south windows, shows us no less than three fires fiercely fanned by the strong southern breeze. A hurried dressing, a rush for pails and dippers, a half hour's busy application of water, and all is safe. The passenger-train from the south, long over-due, cautiously creeps over the weakened structure, and we retire.

NOTES OF AN EVENING MEETING.

Monday, Sept. 8th.—Mr. Noyes.—It is evident that the prosperity of the Community, while it is having a great influence in favor of Communism and religion, is also having an influence on some people that is unwholesome. At any rate the impression comes upon me frequently that we are creating a great deal of discontent. That is the effect on many who seem to be very friendly to us; and perhaps it is most noticeable in those who have had much correspondence with us and have got into a great anxiety to join us. The influence of the Community on them seems to be to make them very discontented; and the effect of that discontent on me is to keep me under a great burden. I feel as though we were exciting hopes and aspirations that we cannot fulfill. I judge that those of us who have much to do with the correspondence of the CIRCULAR and with that class of visitors who come here to see if they cannot get in, are very likely to be affected with something corresponding to their discontent. This reflex uneasiness is a grievous burden, and one that we ought to consider, and try to get rid of. It preys on me more than anything else; it is a constant load and anxiety, and it comes by spiritual infection. I don't know of any disease that we are liable to that is worse than that; and in some way or other we must clear it out if we would have a happy family, and make a home for the good spirit of heaven; we must keep out of the covetousness and lust that expresses itself in so much of our correspondence. I hardly know what to say to people who are so urgent to join us, and I wish the Community would take hold and help me about the matter.

W. A. H.—I have been burdened some in that way myself; my conscientiousness would get to work on the subject. I have not been troubled so much lately as I was when I had more to do with the correspondence of the CIRCULAR.

N.—I suppose that a large part of this longing which harasses people, is really *lust;* it is perhaps no better than the feelings of a beggar who considers only his own miseries and looks with envious hankering on everything that is better. It is really a spirit that would devour us. It is just the same lust that wicked men have for money or for any other good thing; it is purely a selfish coveting. If this is true, then we are not bound to satisfy it. God never will fulfill such aspirations; they are bound to be disappointed. And this brings up for consideration the distinction between true prayer and false prayer. There is an infinite amount of false desire and false prayer going on; and whether it is directed toward us or toward God it is the same thing. James makes the distinction between true and false prayer when he says, "Ye ask, and receive not, because ye ask amiss, that ye may consume it upon your lusts." Christ says without limitation, "Ask and ye shall receive;" but he evidently does not consider it true asking when people ask that they may consume it on their lusts. Before we can get a true idea of prayer and make good use of it, we shall have to learn what is lust, and what is asking amiss. This is the great distinction that we must clearly understand in dealing with those who want to join us; and we ought not, and must not, sympathize with and be burdened by lust; we must not listen to prayers that come from that direction.

H. J. S.—I don't know but some of our bad experience in taking in members was intended to give us wisdom in this matter.

W. H. W.—This talk brings to mind the way in which Christ was thronged and set upon by the multitudes in whom his miracles had created desires and expectations which were really lusts. He turned on them and accused them of following him for the loaves and fishes, and upbraided them for having a mercenary spirit.

W. A. H.—The thing that has troubled me is, the case of folks that seem to be perfectly honest in their devotion to our principles, and are really very anxious to join us. I don't know as we ought to be burdened even by such people. What can we do for folks that are sincere in their love for us?

E. E. O.—I think the fact that there is such a Community as the O. C., is enough to keep a person contented whatever may be his condition. I think so about my friends and tell my mother so. I don't feel anxious about her coming here. I felt so about myself before I came; I felt as though I could wait forever; and then the way was opened unexpectedly for me to come.

N.—I think that distinction might be made very summarily; if the longing which the Community excites in people makes them unhappy, it is a false thing—it is a wrong, and an abuse of the Community; for a true appreciation of the Community will make everybody happier right where they are, whether they join it or not; it will increase their happiness and not their misery.

A. B.—That is a good point to make. Any one who takes the CIRCULAR and accepts its teachings, has access to the truths and spirit of the Community, on which we depend for our happiness; and that should make him tolerably happy just where he is.

W. A. H.—I have felt about taking in new members, that after all it is the Lord's work. If he wants people to join us he will find a way for them to get in. When we have done the most toward helping people into the Community we have sometimes had the poorest luck.

N.—Children sometimes get into a state where they are perfect nuisances to their parents. They want, want, want something all the time, and it seems to me that this is the effect the Community prosperity is having on many of our correspondents. It increases their wants a great deal faster than it satisfies them. It gets them into a whining, teasing spirit, that destroys their own enterprise in the world and makes them feel that they can lop on us and make us carry their burdens. I think it is our duty to bring up our friends and correspondents not to tease and whine; that is the way we bring up our children. We must have conscience on that side as well as on the other.

[*Note by J. H. N.*—The above conversation was held in the unguarded freedom of a family meeting without view of publication, and by no means expresses *all* that we feel and think about our outside friends and correspondents. Many of them give us every way more help than they ask from us.]

CORRESPONDENCE.

[A botanist traveling in the great Yo Semite Valley, writes thus to a friend in the O. C., of his journeyings:]

Yo Semite Valley, July, 30th, 1873.

MY DEAR FRIEND:—From out my cool hiding-place, 'neath the snowy "Bridal Veil Fall," I send friendly thoughts across the continent, and bid them seek your home and heart. I think you would like to be here. In this mighty illuminated register of the eternal world-forming laws of nature, I'm sure you would gaze with awe, and be thankful for the revelation. It is many days since we (the

school-teacher of last summer's campaign, and myself) begin our devotion at this shrine. The days glide by with hurried preparations; long walks for flowers 'neath the sheltering rocks, skurrying rides across the flat enclosure to a distant lake to see the sun rise on the mountain-peaks mirrored in its bosom, or in weary clamberings up the flower- and snow-crowned peaks that sentinel Yo Semite.

More than a month since, we left our far home, and have passed through the combe and along the ridge of the high Sierras, discovering many a rare flower, grove of trees and grassy valley. But for other weary leagues every sign of vegetation near the earth was totally eaten up by numerous flocks of sheep, and on still other leagues of the road there was a thick coat of dust, overlying flower, fruit and foliage.

We travel with our own conveyance, and are much better equipped for pressing flowers than last season, though relying still on eastern botanists to classify our new specimens. I shall have no time to prepare and forward plants, even to Prof. Bolander, until the flower-season is over. Then after he reports on my specimens, I will arrange for the six eastern botanists with whom I have agreed to exchange.

This will require a good part of the winter, but I shall forward them as soon as possible. On my arrival here two excellent botanists, Dr. Kellogg and Mrs. Carr, both of San Francisco, were just about starting out of the valley on a tour towards Mono Lake, to be gone till cold weather. I regretted that I could not have the benefit of their learning. We went two days with them and climbed "Clouds Rest," a lofty peak 10,500 feet high. The top was clothed with *Primula suffruticosa* and *Penstemon confertus* var. *purpurea*, Gray. Although this peak is nearly as high as Lassen's, yet it is so much further south that the flora is less varied and there is but little snow.

Calaveras County, Cal., Aug. 5th.—Long hours have I been wandering in the Mammoth Grove—wandering, wondering and worshiping. The longer I gazed the more monstrous these giants of the forest appeared; the more I measured and counted and estimated and compared, the more I was astonished and impelled to lay my hand on my mouth and murmur, "Mighty, living monuments of a past and prodigious race; we thank you, God, for this assurance based on three thousand years experience, that *man* may live forever." I cannot describe the "Big Trees," but the following extracts from a printed description, will give you some idea of them:

"The grove contains ten trees each thirty feet in diameter, and over seventy that are between fifteen and thirty feet. Hittell, in his "Resources of California," says: "One of the trees which is down—'The Father of the Forest'—must have been four hundred and fifty feet high and forty feet in diameter.' In 1853, one of the largest trees, ninety-two feet in circumference and over three hundred feet high, was cut down. Five men worked twenty-five days in felling it, using large augers. The stump of this tree has been smoothed off, and now easily accommodates thirty-two dancers. Theatrical performances have been held upon it, and in 1858, a newspaper, *The Big Tree Bulletin*, was printed there.

"Near the stump lies a section of the trunk; this is twenty-five feet in diameter and twenty feet long; beyond lies the immense trunk as it fell, measuring three hundred and two feet from the base of the stump to its extremity. Upon this was situated a bar-room and ten-pin alley, stretching along its upper surface for a distance of eighty-one feet, affording ample space for two alley-beds, side by side. * * * *

"South of the 'Pioneer's Cabin,' seventy yards in the center of the Grove, is a tree two hundred and eighty feet high, seventeen feet in diameter, singularly hollowed out on one side by fire, and named 'Pluto's Chimney.' The 'Chimney' made by the fire is on the north side, and extends from the ground ninety feet upward. A hundred feet north of the 'Pioneer's Cabin' stands the 'Quartette' cluster, the highest of which is two hunhundred and twenty feet; and fifty yards east of this is a healthy young tree thirteen feet in diameter, two hundred and eighty feet high, named in 1865 by a San Francisco lady, 'America.' It has been well named. * * A few steps further brings us to the 'Fallen Monarch,' the base section of a hugh trunk which has to all appearance been down for centuries. It is still eighteen feet in diameter, though all the bark and much of the wood have been wasted away by time. What is left is perfectly sound; but the upper half or two-thirds, which struck the earth with greatest force in its fall, has all disappeared, and trees nearly a century old are growing where it struck. This tree must have been over three hundred feet high and twenty-five feet in diameter. * * *

"Standing near the uprooted base of 'The Father of the Forest,' the scene is grand and beautiful beyond description: the 'Father' long since bowed his head in the dust, yet how stupendous even in his ruin? He measures one hundred and twelve feet in circumference at the base, and can be traced three hundred feet, where the trunk was broken by falling against another tree; it here measures sixteen feet in diameter, and according to the average taper of the other trees, this venerable giant must have been four hundred and fifty feet in hight when standing. A hollow chamber or burnt cavity extends through the trunk two hundred feet, large enough for a person to ride through; near its base a never failing spring of water is found. Walking upon the trunk and looking from its uprooted base, the mind can scarce conceive its prodigious dimensions; while on the other hand tower his giant sons and daughters, forming the most impressive scene in the forest. * * * *

"Emerging into the open space near the carriage road, we reach 'The Beauty of the Forest,' the "Two Sentinels,' and 'Old Dowd.' These are of the first and second class. One of the 'Sentinels' measures three hundred and fifteen feet in hight. In this part of the Grove close observation will detect a number of young trees—say from ten to three hundred years old, and from forty to two hundred feet high. They are all growing finely, and promise—barring accidents of wind and fire—to be well-brought-up, middle-aged trees of their kind in about one thousand years."

Having returned in June last from a trip of two hundred miles up north, I started June 20th southward, accompanied by the school-master of last summer's excursion and two lady teachers. We proceeded *via* Webber and Independence Lakes to the grand mountain sea of Tahoe, where we botanized and sailed for two weeks, when one of our ladies becoming quite sick both had to be taken home, while the school-master and myself continued our lonely way. But the scenery of the mountain soon dispelled sadness. Celebrating the "Fourth" in a large open grove of *Pinus contorta* (called here Tamarack) on the prettiest cove of Tahoe, we pushed on with our little black ponies and covered wagon to Fallen Leaf Lake, and enjoyed for a long evening the snow-capped mountain reflection in its placid bosom. Then up through valley after valley, past rock and spur and lofty peak, until ninety miles were past and a vast forest of immense pine trees received us. Disdaining to question any one or consult the guide, on we slowly moved past sugar pines that must measure seven or eight feet in diameter, when the school-master exclaimed, "Nothing can beat them but the Sequoias." We here resolved to extend our trip one hundred miles further, as it might be the last chance in our lives to visit the Yo Semite valley. So said, so done; but not till after many a weary mile through soil-denuded mining-lands, many a league of rolling red dust and under a flaming torrid sun. From this assemblage of horrors it was to the advantage of Yo Semite to be suddenly dropped three thousand feet behind its cool sheltering walls. We think there never was such a delightful place. Capt. Hall's eternal home in the icebergs, alone can excel it in dog-days. There for two weeks we looked and bathed, and fished; walked, rode and climbed, from end to end, from side to side, from lowest cave to highest peak, and all the while the wonder grew. "Whence came this mighty chasm, through peaks that part the sky?"

Now we resolve to add a fourth number to the wonderful things to be seen on this trip, and turning aside into Nevada we propose to take a dive into the deep shafts of the Virginia silver mines. Could we but recover there the coin spent on our journey here—forbid the sordid thought! 'Tis enough, our trip will be rounded, our wagon loaded and our memories thronged; who could ask for more? From my bower among the yews, I greet you, I think of you.

Your friend in the amiable science of Botany,

J. G. L.

—It is hard to make a choice of the most beautiful passage in a book which is so gemmed with beautiful passages as the Bible; but it is certain that not many things within its lids may take rank above the exquisite story of Joseph. Who taught those ancient writers their simplicity of language, their felicity of expression, their pathos, and above all, their faculty of sinking themselves entirely out of sight of the reader and making the narrative stand out alone and seem to tell itself? Shakspeare is always present when one reads his book; Macaulay is present when we follow the march of his stately sentences; but the Old Testament writers are hidden from view.—*Mark Twain.*

THE NEWS.

The will of the late Lewis Tappan is contested by his daughter.

The Danish Government has directed the Order of Internationals to be dissolved, and two of its principal officers have been sentenced to State prison for three years.

The last installment of the French war idemnnity has been paid and the German government has notified the French officials that the German occupation of France has legally ended.

The Pullman Palace Car Co. have ordered its conductors to exclude all peddlers from its cars except at the request of passengers. Now let all car and railroad companies follow suit.

A party of Mormon emigrants while passing through Paris on their way to America, were notified by the Prefect of Police that if they attempted to hold their religious exercises in public they would be expelled from the city.

On Saturday, Sept. 6th, the great block of buildings in Havana, known as the Plaza Vapor, was destroyed by fire. Upward of 2,500 people who occupied the buildings are homeless, and nearly all lost everything. The total loss is variously estimated at from $3,000,000 to $8,000,000. The insurance is only about $500,000.

The *Daily Graphic's* balloon did not start for Europe on Wednesday. In an attempt to inflate the monster air-ship it became so unmanageable that it was found necessary to cut a large hole in the canvas and allow the gas to escape. The present prospect for a successful aërial voyage to Europe, or anywhere else in that balloon, looks exceedingly dubious.

The Geneva award of $15,500,000 was paid into the U. S. Treasury on Sept. 9th, by Sir Edward Thornton, British Minister at Washington, and Edward Mortimer Archibald, Consul General at New York. The certificates of deposit were furnished by three prominent banking firms of New York, acting as agents of the British Government. Drexal, Morgan & Co., Morton Bliss & Co., Jay Cooke & Co.

Some idea of the magnitude of the packing business in Baltimore may be gathered from the statistics furnished by one of the twenty-five houses engaged in this business. J. C. Mahony & Co, consumed 700 bushels of peaches per day during the past season, and during the oyster season about 3500 bushels per day of oysters were packed for summer use, and 1500 bushels of raw ones were packed in ice each day for winter use.

The expedition of Prof. Marsh, of Yale College, has

been very successful. He has discovered no less than twenty-one different species of the horse family, all American. Some were no larger than a fox. Also fossil mosquitoes, flies and bed-bugs, bats, monkeys, 'possums, foxes, huge turtles, crocodiles, lizards, serpents, a gigantic pachyderm nearly as large as an elephant, a ruminating hog, a gigantic rhinoceros, extinct camels, and one carniverous animal larger than a lion.

Senŏr Castelar has demanded as conditions upon which he would accept office that he be impowered to increase the army, purchase 500,000 rifles, organize the militia, impose forced loans, if necessary up to five hundred million reals, to meet the expenses of the war against the Carlists and insurgents. He also demanded the authority to suspend constitutional guarantees when in his judgment such means become necessary. The Cortez unanimously voted to confer all the powers demanded.

The *Paterson Guardian* says: "The lease between the New Jersey Midland and the New York and Oswego Midland Railway Companies has been consummated. The lease is perpetual and guarantees the payment of seven per cent. interest on the bonds of the New Jersey Company, after their floating debt is paid which will take about three months. The lease can at any time be nullified by the New Jersey Company if the New York and Oswego Company fail for three successive days to fulfill their part of the contract."

Traces of the missing crew of the Polaris have been discovered near Littleton's Island. From the journal left by Capt. Buddington we learn that the Polaris never left her anchorage after the departure of Tyson and his party, but remained in the ice until August, 1873, when she sunk at her moorings and was abandoned by the crew who had used parts of the vessel in building two boats. It is supposed that Captain Buddington and his men have been picked up by some whaling vessel and are now on their return home. The Tigress will, however, continue the search.

The great sale of the Hon. Samuel Campbell's entire herd of short-horns took place at New York Mills on Sept. 10th. It was largely attended by stock-raisers from all parts of the United States, Great Britain and Canada. The sale began at 1 P. M., and by six o'clock the entire stock of 113 short-horns was sold, realizing $354,220. The English delegation, including Lord Elmersdale, were among the most active of bidders and carried off the great prize cow, the 8th Duchess of Geneva, for $40,600. A five-months' calf of this cow was sold to A. G. Alexander of Kentucky, for $27,000. Eleven cows of the Duchess family sold for $238,000, an average of over $21,700. Of these, six go to England, at a cost of $147,700, and five remain here at a cost of $91,700.

THE FLY PEST.

DEAR CIRCULAR:—The article in a late number of your paper on the fly pest, will be fully sympathized with by all house-keepers. We have tried various remedies to abate this nuisance the present season, but none more effectual than the following: A simple frame a little smaller than the lower window-sash covered tightly with fine netting, inserted in the window on a hot summer's day, will exclude the flies without excluding the air. A wire net answers the same purpose but it is more expensive. A late writer has told us a good way to clear the flies from our rooms:

"Cut old newspapers in strips, an inch or an inch and a-half wide, nearly the whole of the sheet, leaving only about two inches uncut at the top. Take a smooth round stick about two feet long (or according to the hight of the room), and laying three or four of these cut papers together, wind the uncut part about the stick. Tie the paper on with a strong twine, very tightly, so that it will not slip, leaving the long ribbons of paper hanging loose, and you have a most effectual fly-brush. Keep one on hand for the kitchen, and two for the parlor and dining-room. If the flies have secured an entrance during the dishing of dinner, when it is served, spread a large piece of netting over the table to protect the food from dust, and let two persons take each a fly-brush, and standing opposite the door, swing the brush in concert through the room swiftly, toward the door, and it will be amusing and gratifying to observe how hastily the intruders will vacate the premises."

The above operation may be greatly facilitated by darkening the room; the flies will readily take wing for the adjacent lighter apartment, and if still pursued, from there to the next, and so on till they are fairly out of the house. Then is your time to fortify yourself against their further invasion, by barring your windows with netting. After breakfast is out of the way and the morning chores done, the flies should be driven abroad, windows and doors guarded, and thorough vigilance instituted; and you may succeed in freeing yourself from flies. This is the only genuine preventive, and I am aware that it is practicable in none but rather small houses.

O. H. M.

—The following story of Signor Blitz is told as having happened on a Western train some years ago: "As the cars stopped, an apple-boy rushed in, and Blitz, after patronizing him, cut open an apple and took a silver half-dollar out of it, greatly to the boy's astonishment. 'If that's the kind of fruit you sell, I'll take another, said Blitz, which he did, and lo! there was another half-dollar inside it. Blitz assuming great excitement, then asked the boy what he would take for the whole basket of apples, saying it would be a grand speculation. But the lad refused to sell even at five cents apiece, and on leaving the station, Blitz saw him seated by the wall, cutting open his unsold apples, in a vain search for silver half-dollars." [*Selected.*

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Sept. 15,

Oneida Circular.

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ADMISSIONS.

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

THE GEOLOGIC DEVIL.

Home-Talk by J. H. N.

THE doctrine of eternal evil, or the uncreated origin of the devil, as taught in the Bible, is obviously, to some rather distasteful. Suppose we try to shift the ideas on this subject from the line of theological teaching to the teaching of geology. In speaking of *eternity*, as related either to good or evil, one can hardly be said to know what is meant by the term. It is a word which conveys to us really no comprehensible idea. Leaving, therefore, that word out of the account for the present, we will keep within limits of what we can comprehend. As instructed by geology, we can think of a lapse of time that seems nearest to eternity. We can think of millions of millions of ages that have certainly passed away.

Now taking the periods recorded in geology for eternity—the best eternity we can get any account of out of the Bible—what do we find? We find there were animals existing back, apparently, at its very beginning. We trace them in the rocks, until they are lost in the obscurity of primeval matter. What kind of animals were they? Well, they were in many respects like the animals found now, of the fish and reptile tribes. But the most certain thing about them is, that they were savage, murderous creatures, who devoured one another more mercilessly even than their corresponding types do now. We therefore know that as far back as we can see into the eternity that is past, wherever there was life there was *war*. The fishes found in the earliest rocks, with their bristling spines and terrible teeth and thick scales, suggest to our imagination the old armor-clad robber-barons of the middle ages. There is every sign of their having been terrible ruffians. The animals of later times have comparatively a much milder appearance.

Now the question arises, what is this animal life which we find existing thus from the beginning? What shall we call it? It is most indisputably selfishness; and that is exactly the nature of the devil, as I understand it. It is carnality armed with scales and teeth—"pure cussedness," as a Yankee humorist would say. Among such animals, there could be nothing but war. Gouge and be gouged, kill and be killed, was the law. It was hell; what else could you make of it?

Now I understand that salvation consists in being saved from the spirit of such animals. That is precisely the hope of our race. Men in the flesh are confessedly like animals, selfish and predaceous; their relations to each other are of the saurian character. They are saved to a certain extent from gross manifestations of brute ferocity by the external influence of civilization. But after all, look at trade, and what is it? It is like the immemorial predacity of animals—one eating the other—the strong robbing, persecuting and abusing the weak; it is a tempered form of misery and destruction. Its spirit is one which seeks its own; and in order to get its own, destroys whatever intervenes, without regard to right or conscience. Now that is what I think of as the devil. The spirit of heaven—the spirit of the day of Pentecost—is the opposite of all that.

With this definition of the word devil, understanding by it the brute spirit that robs and devours its neighbor, we are sure that it has existed from the beginning of the geologic periods at least. We see distinctly the traces of it at work during all the epochs this side of the Plutonian fires. Evil in this form presents itself to the eye through the whole of the geologic eternity.

If this is true of evil, it is also not less true of good, though the latter has not always been so manifest. The signs of good must be sought deeper. I fully believe that there has been in existence side by side with evil through all those ages, not only a Good Being, but a family of beings, with a spirit opposed to that of the brutes—a spirit of Communism. They were God's angels. That is a fact that the exclusively scientific will not perhaps receive, because they cannot see it. But a miserable outlook its denial gives them; they have all the evil without the good. While the infidel can see that there have existed from a *quasi* eternity, living personal beings, full of a selfish, murderous spirit, on the side of good he cannot see any real being, but only an abstract principle. He can see the devil, and is obliged to see him; but to see God, is a matter of faith. The devil, as the rocks declare, has been incarnate from the eternal ages; but we are only beginning in these last periods to discover and talk about the reality of God. I believe that God and the communistic family which are co-eternal with the serpent, have been brooding over the whole creation, have guided it, and made it serve progress and improvement. They have worked the evil principle into forms that have made it useful, causing the sheep to succeed the shark, and the cow to displace the crocodile. Thus evil, if endless, is limited by the presence of all-surrounding, persistent good.

THE THREE BIBLE-SOCIALISMS.

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

THE Old Testament in its treatment of marriage leans somewhat to the polygamic form of it. Moses recognized this form and provided for it in the Jewish law; and the example of the great Israelites, Abraham, Jacob, David and Solomon, seems to lend whatever sanction their acknowledged charac-

ter as the heroes of the Old Testament can give to the polygamic system.

The New Testament, on the other hand, while it tolerates both monogamy and polygamy, leans as decidedly in its teaching and most illustrious examples toward celibacy. Paul advised marriage only as a last resort and refuge from a worse evil. His own example and that of Christ, are very emphatic on the side of entire continence.

Thus the letter of the two Testaments and the literal examples of their chief exponents look in opposite directions, one favoring polygamy, the other celibacy. How are they to be reconciled? Evidently by going beyond the *letter* in both cases, and discerning the *spirit* of the Bible teachings on this subject.

In doing so we find that the Old Testament code of sexual morality was adapted to a state of selfishness, and was intended to regulate it, not as a finality, but with a view to a future condition in which a nobler law should rule. As Moses was not a competitor but a forerunner of Christ, so marriage whether plural or single, was but the schoolmaster to a better social state.

Again, the New Testament rule of celibacy, as recommended by Paul, was evidently but a provisional measure, looking to the avoidance of troubles and distraction during the transition which was about to usher the church into the full unity of the Kingdom of Heaven. "The time," said Paul, referring to the approaching Second Coming, "is short: it remaineth that both they that have wives be as though they had none: . . . and they that buy as though they possessed not; . . . for the fashion of this world passeth away." It did pass away for the Primitive Church within that generation, and with it the occasion for Paul's provisional advice.

In a word, while the *letter* of the Old and New Testaments differed as to the details of sexual conduct, each proposing the course that was best adapted to its period, the *spirit* of both is only satisfied by that final relation of complete brotherhood, in which "they neither marry nor are given in marriage, but are [in respect to unselfish relations] as the angels of God."

We may therefore classify the three principal socialistic variations of the present day as follows:

The Mormons, representing polygamy, stand on the letter of the Old Testament.

The Shakers, representing celibacy, stand on the letter of the New Testament.

Bible Communists, representing the unselfish organization final Christianity, stand on the spirit of the whole Bible.

ENVY.

ENVY is of a more interior character perhaps than any other of the works of the flesh, and is therefore the longest lived and most ineradicable. It is a virulent poison in the moral system, and it works more ill to our neighbor, and if we may make comparisons, has less affinity with the character of God than any of the propagations of Satan which curse human nature. In the Bible it is classed by Paul with murders, drunkenness, fornication and the like; and the tenth commandment distinguishes it as one of the things most hateful to God. The histories of Cain and of Saul portray this sin in all its deformity. "The Lord had respect unto Abel and to his offering, but unto Cain and his offering he had not respect; and Cain was very wroth and *his countenance fell*, and he slew Abel, because his own works were evil and his brother's righteous"—a murder capable of the least palliation conceivable. In the same bitterness of envy, Saul became the enemy of David, and practised mischief on him continually. When the women answered one another as they played and said Saul had slain his thousands, and David his ten thousands, Saul was very wroth, and he eyed David from that day and forward. David could not by the most noble magnanimity, by returning him good for evil, disarm his malice; and he pursued David until his own untimely death. Both Cain and Saul had the priority and natural advantage of their rivals, and had they been equally righteous would not have had their rule disputed; so that their envy was doubly inexcusable. For envy, the brethren of Joseph sold him into Egypt, and for envy, was Jesus delivered of the Jews to Pontius Pilate. Murder seems to be the ripe fruit of envy, which has in its seed malignity of every degree.

In the present state of civilized life, the direct external demonstrations of this passion are slight; and in this day of superficial reformations, numerous as they are, it has eluded notice and rebuke. But it is busy enough beneath the surface, and sufficiently disastrous in its effects. It is "rottenness in the bones" of the social body. It comes between brothers, and severs the closest friends. It is Mordecai at the gate of many a man's house, who would be happy if some one else were not happier. It consumes the life of thousands in all ranks; and it is the special bane of the lower ranks of society. Indeed we are safe in appealing to the common conscience for a witness to all that we have said about the guilt and misery of envy; for the Scripture saith not in vain—"The spirit that dwelleth in us lusteth to envy." And though we are differently constituted in this respect, he must be singularly happy to whom these words could never apply.

Believers, in their childish state, have not escaped the temptations of envy. Paul found it in the Corinthian church, as appertaining to babes in Christ—to those who had *not* arrived at the full stature of men in Christ Jesus. Charity, which *envieth not*, is the mature attainment of a son of God—of one who has advanced from the first to the second class of believers, or from the "legal carnal" to the spiritual state. There are some things in the circumstances of believers which particularly expose them to temptations from this lust of the flesh. Self-depreciation is natural to the childish state, when we are chastened, and are judging ourselves that we should not be chastened, and are much occupied with mortifying revelations of human nature in the old man: and as literal poverty is often the parent of envy, so the poverty-stricken spirit dwells with a morbid exaggeration upon the blessings of others and its own distresses, till it has to struggle with envy as in a death-grasp. Again, in a society of believers a great variety of characters, and extremes of condition, mental and external, are brought into unusual contiguity, and this presents strong invitations to envy. Comparisons are natural as life. Besides, God's ways are not as our ways; and in his spiritual bestowments he often makes the first last, and the last first. He receives the prodigal son with rejoicing and feasting; and some who have served him many years are ready to say, "Thou never gavest us a kid that we might make merry with our friends."

But when that which is perfect is come—when we have received charity and are fully born of God—envy will be destroyed. Love and envy cannot dwell together; one will destroy the other; and in believers, love will conquer. It will certainly displace envy, if we hold fast the beginning of our confidence. All the truths of the gospel, as they are apprehended in the heart, go to strengthen us in love, against envy. For instance, the doctrine of Paul in 1 Cor. 12, concerning spiritual gifts and the organized church—that there are many members yet but one body; and the eye cannot say unto the hand, I have no need of thee, nor again the head to the feet, I have no need of you; and whether one member suffers, all the members suffer with it; or one member be honored, all the members rejoice with it. One spirit will diffuse a mutual delight, though a particular sense in the body may be more immediately the receiver. Again, the words of Paul in the same epistle, "All things are yours, and ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's," present a perfect antidote to envy. A man cannot envy his wife or children; they are his, and in all their blessing and honor he is doubly blessed and honored. We cannot envy the saints, for they are ours; and all that God gives them will fill our cup of happiness. And certainly when we are in perfect union with God we shall rejoice as he does in all the happiness and glory and beauty that he can make abound, and self will be as a drop in the bucket, and as small dust in the balance. Our love to him will make us feel most heartily that he has a right to do what he will with his own, and we shall choose to be set every one of us in the body as it hath pleased him.

The spiritual glory and beauty which will shine forth from a society where envy is displaced by love, will be a world's admiration. There is nothing which gives such an unwonted charm to natural character as freedom from envy. It is the same as simplicity—and expresses itself in pure impulsive delight—in happiness and beauty, wherever it is seen, without having always a miserable reference to one's own concern in it. Such loveliness will be the adorning of the children of God: and if envy made the countenance of Cain to fall, love, which rejoices in all happiness, shall make the countenance of its possessor radiant with beauty. H.

—In all we do we must give attention to these three things in their proper order: first, spiritual benefit; secondly, usefulness; and, thirdly, present pleasure and appearance.

THE LAST LESSON.

THE apostle John, who is looked upon, I believe, as a herald of the Second Coming, and as a representative of the standard of holiness attained by the Primitive Church at the last hour, sets forth that standard in a most emphatic way and by repeated assertions. He seems to have meant it as a test in those days of universal corruption and false profession. He says, among other things: "If a man say, I love God, and hateth his brother, he is a liar: for he that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?" I wonder if others have been as much puzzled by this passage as I have; as though it were possible to *see* God as we see our neighbor. John had always seemed to me to put our neighbor before God by insisting, as he appears to do, on our loving him first. But I have lived long enough to get at his real meaning. I had to learn many lessons before I could appreciate this last one—this "cap-stone" of the temple of holiness. I have come at last to see that unless I can take my place harmoniously in the social economy of heaven, as it is now in the course of development here below, there can be no salvation for my soul. This impression is the deepest I have ever received. The truth seems to reach me now in a focus, as it were. I might say on *this* "hang all the law and the prophets;" yes, the love of our neighbor is to be the test of our standing in the sight of God—indeed, it is the only means of true happiness. Paul, therefore, makes a great account of the spirit of charity—a spirit that finds its happiness so decidedly in harmony, that it will love its very enemies rather than not love at all. Were I to select one feature more than another of this charity as a prerequisite for the heavenly state on the part of all, it would be: "seeketh not her own." For the spirit of heaven to take full effect, there must be reciprocation. It will not do for one half to be unselfish, and the other half selfish. We can imagine the blessedness that would ensue from every one, striving to make his neighbor happy. A great deal is made of unity and agreement, because they show a good spirit. Heaven itself would not be what it is without charity. Every one knows how Christ insisted that before we attempted to approach God in any way, we must first be at peace with our neighbor. We have to do with one another at any rate, and the only satisfactory course is to acknowledge God in one another; for if we cannot approach Him *indirectly* by honoring Him in one another, we are certainly not fit to entertain Him *directly*: and this I think is the tenor of the quotation from John. We might ask, how is it that when probing our relations to God, we are so often referred by some inward monition to our relations with those around us. Is the one still a test of the other? Can we not get around that "*first* be reconciled to thy neighbor?" It is a question that concerns us all deeply, for many have assumed such relations with God as will not stand the test of the judgment. They will therefore be compelled to hear the unwelcome "I never knew you."

R. S. D.

MAKE HOME BRIGHT AND PLEASANT.

More than building shadowy mansion,
More than dress and fine array,
More than domes and lofty steeples,
More than station, power and sway.
Make your home both neat and tasteful,
Bright and pleasant, always fair,
Where each heart shall rest contented,
Greater for each beauty there.

More than lofty swelling tides,
More than fashion's luring glare,
More than mammon's gilded honors,
More than thoughts can well compare—
See that home is made attractive
By surroundings pure and bright:
Trees arranged with taste and order,
Flowers with all their sweet delights.

Seek to make your homes most lovely,
Let it be a smiling spot,
Where in sweet contentment, resting,
Care and sorrow are forgot;
Where the flowers and trees are waving,
Birds will sing their sweetest songs,
Where the purest thoughts will linger,
Confidence and love belong.

There each heart will rest contented,
Seldom wishing far to roam;
Or if roaming, still we cherish,
Memories of that pleasant home.
Such a home makes man the better—
Pure and lasting its control;
Home, with pure and bright surroundings,
Leaves its impress on the soul.

[*Exchange.*

CORRESPONDENCE.

[A gentleman from Canada who visited us a few weeks since, gives an account of his journey, and his impressions of the Community, in the following amusing letter:]

——, *Ontario, Sept.* 3, 1873.

DEAR MR. PITT:—On the 30th of last June I started for New York to meet my sister and brother-in-law, who had taken pains to cross the Atlantic for a week's visit in Ontario. You may imagine the pleasure it afforded us to meet after eleven years' separation. I had resolved (if well) to call at the O. C. on my way. I saw in the CIRCULAR a short time previous the statement that T. L. Pitt was in Canada; and as you had not called on us, I hoped you had returned. I spent a short time at Niagara, but cannot express my admiration at that magnificent sight. Onward I sped, and finally alighted at Oneida. On inquiring at a saloon how far it was to the Community grounds, I was informed that it was three miles; and on being pressed to hire a conveyance I intimated my intention of walking, on which a talented individual replied, that rather than see me walk he would take me there for twelve shillings! He must have felt a great sympathy for my poor legs, which sadly required a stretch after so long a ride. I started again full of hope and a long-pent-up desire to see the O. C. I was some way down the track, looking eagerly right and left for a glimpse of the mansion, when I met an individual, and asked, "Where is the O. C?" He replied, "Just behind that clump of trees." Coming at last in sight of the mansion I sat down and gazed on the peaceful habitation, when the first thing that came to mind was, "Peace be within thy walls, O Jerusalem." Bracing up, I put for the building and inquired for Mr. Pitt, but was informed you were away; then my heart sunk and I began to consider how I was to get a footing there. I next inquired for Mr. S. Newhouse, also away. Now, thought I, "I'm euchered" (excuse the phraseology). However, I made more inquiries for a Mr. Hutchins; for, mind you, I had the sagacity to inquire for the trappers. To a gentleman who was so kind as to escort me to the reception-room I expressed my sorrow at Mr. Pitt's absence; but was somewhat relieved by being told, "We will take care of you, never mind." I must here thank the lady receiving the visitors for her *kind courtesy*. Mrs. T.'s kindness leaves a lasting impression. Whilst in the reception-room two ladies and a gentleman, or rather two women and a man entered, wrote their names in the Register, and showed suppressed laughter. I felt powerfully disgusted. I think it would take Darwin sometime to get all the monkey out of such individuals. At last I was introduced to Mr. Hutchins, junior, who recognized me, but I should not have known him had I not been told it was he. Now, thought I, I shall not pass for an imposter. Mr. Hutchins gave up all the afternoon to show me about. I went all over the buildings, from the tower to the cellar. I congratulate you on the beautiful neatness of everything. I must not forget the ladies' linen-room, all so tidy. I don't believe we can become temples of the Holy Ghost and have clean houses and dirty cellars. All must be clean. This I noticed at the Community. There was the same equal carefulness distributed everywhere.

The farm was delightful, but I did not like the manure system. It savored somewhat of the Mechi system, though not a success. All honor to Alderman Mechi, the first *agronome* in the world, undoubtedly. I have made farming a study for many years, both in England and Flanders, and longed for half a day with the farm superintendent, though no doubt that gentleman does not wish to be bothered. Tell him, with my respects, not to forget a little gypsum under the barn, and some dry absorbent, as sawdust or peat.

I must not here forget a half-hour's chat with Mr. Cragin in his little office—truly a delightful half hour; many thanks to Mr. C. for his kind sympathy and courtesy. That half hour will not be easily forgotten. I was next introduced to a Mr. ——, a trout-fisher; one, I was told, who is personally acquainted with all the trout in your section. It was amusing and pleasing to me to see the sympathy that existed between sportsmen and fishermen. I must here say that Mr. Trout-fisher's face left a most pleasing impression, and I wish him many a pleasant time at Joppa. I'm sure he is a famous fisher, and you can't do without him at Joppa. Your collection of birds, eggs, etc., is *famous*.

Your library is splendid. Believe me, I saw many of the advantages of Bible Communism. I had some fears about the Community, for we are all liable to attacks from Satan. My fear was, that worldly prosperity, ease and luxury might creep in and gain a footing, to the detriment of your peace. And another was that might not the Community become a little golden calf? A good man has said we must be weaned from the church as well as the world. May we all take for our motto *Jesus only*.

The little rose-garden was beautiful. I should like to know some more of the Community folks; for those whom I saw seemed to me to bear a white seal in their foreheads, and such company is always delightful. I thought I was in the "delectable mountains." I see by the CIRCULAR that your neighbors about Joppa have shown you some attention. Happy neighbors; I envy their opportunities. Should any Community folks pass here they may find rest and a guide, food and fire.

On my return home I found a photograph of the Oneida Chateau awaiting me. I immediately had it framed, and it now hangs in our little room where my eyes gaze on it many times in a day. Many, many thanks for this kind favor. I enjoyed a nice dinner at the Chateau, and Mr. Hutchins kindly drove me to the station in the evening. I have mentioned these few things to show you how kindly I was received in your absence. Last week I drove a Roman Catholic priest (who is a relative of one of my neighbors) to the Strathroy station.

He is in office in Brooklyn. I mentioned to him that I had been to see the O. C. in New York. He turned round and said, "Were you not disgusted with them?" I replied, "No sir, I was not." I don't know what he thought of me, but I pitied *him*. Your CIRCULAR continues to interest us much. I spoke much about the Community to my sister, who expressed the suspicion that she thought I was going to join the Community. I assured her I had *not even a thought* of doing such a thing. I am a staunch admirer of what I should call *almost perfection*. If the Community were not governed by some higher impulse than ordinary morality it could not exist. I will once more wish that "peace may be within your walls," and happiness among your people. I hope to become more and more acquainted with Bible Communism, and trust, though an outsider, I may be able to add my testimony that this is the truth. Is Christianity to finish with profession? Nay, but it must shine in the practice. Richard Weaver said if he went into a dirty house and was told Christian people kept it, *he would not believe it*. I am no admirer of Methodism, but, Well done Weaver.

Hoping to hear from you at your leisure I remain ever your attached friend, ——."

ONEIDA CIRCULAR.

HARRIET M. WORDEN, EDITOR.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1873.

ABOUT OUR VISITORS.

A CYNICAL stranger assured us lately that he considered us "a very narrow-minded people, because we lived so much within ourselves, and did not come in contact at all with the progressive minds of the age." This criticism seemed too absurd to be treated seriously. We had imagined that compared with ordinary households we lived in the very focus of publicity and progress. Why scarcely a day in the year passes in which we do not "entertain strangers." During the summer, our grounds and garden-walks are thronged with visitors; and from ten to fifty eat daily at the Community table. Not a few of these strangers are persons of distinction; men who have made their mark in the business world—or have achieved excellence as artists, musicians, elocutionists or authors. They are people with "ideas" and come here purposely to study our social experiment; often "takin' notes"—and then telling all the world through some paper what they saw and heard while here. Such people do not leave us without exchanging intellectual wares, or exhibiting their artistic gifts. Within the last three weeks we have entertained intelligent and progressive people, not only from all parts of the United States, but from the cultivated nations of Europe. A Hungarian artist—a Danish student—a Polish gentleman, formerly attached to the military staff of the Pacha of Egypt, a Swiss governess, and English tourists of all classes, traveling on business, or to see the wonders of the New World, made it a special point to visit the Oneida Community. Following these came a very superior pianist and comic vocalist, who had accompanied Mrs. Scott Siddons two years, and afterward Parepa Rosa, in a professional tour. He gave in our Hall an impromptu concert—a rich and rare entertainment. The next day the world-renowned quartette, General Tom Thumb and wife, her sister, and Commodore Nutt, made their first appearance on our stage, and charmed not only our own family, but a large circle of neighbors and visitors. And *our* season is by no means over yet. The sort of people who visit us do not flit altogether when fashion withdraws from the great watering-place hotels, to hold her court in the city. They come when we least expect them; and I do not know as we should be taken by surprise if the Archbishop of Canterbury himself should drop in on us one of these days.

With such opportunities for seeing and conversing with superior people, with a unique and varied correspondence, with a library overflowing with the latest papers and periodicals, and with, we modestly think, a rather marked tendency to freedom and originality of thought among ourselves, we venture to hope that the charge of narrow-mindedness will fall to the ground. Unless indeed, as we sometimes surmise, liberal-mindedness means with our critics an unbounded receptivity to every person and opinion that comes along—a wholly indiscriminating acceptance of whatever mental pabulum is offered without power to digest, reject or select for ourselves. If that is liberal-mindedness, I suppose we shall have to confess that we are narrow-minded.

C. A. M.

FIRST STEPS.

SOME people are in haste to have the Community grow. "Why is it so slow," say they, "in making converts?" Softly, friends. Everything in its time. The first business of the Community has been to win the power *to be*. With it as with every reform, there have been two dangers to master, one working from within, and one from without. Treachery and desertion on the one side, and persecution on the other, have stood ready to destroy it from its birth; and not till both of these elements were outgrown could the Community be said to exist. Let us see how it has met them.

In the first place, at New Haven, where the religious part of the movement begun in 1834, both internal evil and external prejudice were too strong for it. The nucleus of believers there formed, was broken up and scattered to the winds. The cohesive germ remained only in one man, J. H. Noyes. After a year or two of confusion, he rallied a small band at Putney for another attempt. This time the movement was successful on the internal side. The unity there developed was too strong to be overthrown; the friends held together in spirit, but they had no defense against outward enemies. Persecution came, and again the infant organization was broken up and dispersed.

The next rally was at Oneida; and here, the Community is achieving, we think, a victory on both sides. It has developed a strength to protect itself from parasites and false elements within; and has so far disarmed prejudice as to be free from the danger of serious persecution from without.

To pass these three stages in the defensive life of the Community, has taken time; and any one who will study the philosophy of its progress will see in these stages a sufficient answer to the question why the Community has not gone forth in efforts to make converts.

G. W. N.

Our John says he wants to make a mark in the world. I hope he wont! I hope he will let it alone, and not mark it at all—it has been scratched enough already! My neighbor over there has been cutting down all the trees on his hill, and I suppose he thinks he has made a great mark in the world. And the everlasting young man has been to our house with his girl, and written his name on the plastering; he wanted to make a mark in the world, you see. I tell you it is a shame to have to "make your mark." The only man in Hampshire Corner who ever "made his mark" was Levi Proctor, and he did n't amount to much except at hog-killing and fox-hunting.

A. B.

AMONG OUR ARCHIVES.

V.

THE diary kept by J. while at Andover reminds us not a little of the experiences of James Brainerd Taylor. He has resolved to remain a young convert for ever; but he has not yet discovered the fact that salvation from sin in this world is among the possibilities attainable by man, and therefore suffers much from condemnation. He has seasons of spiritual comfort and is unflagging in his zeal; but his body pines under the strain to which his mind and spirit are subjected.

In July, 1832, he writes:

"On the 18th of September, 1831, I hope I gave my heart to God. There was much of delight, and, as I view the case now, much of sin in my first spiritual exercises. I became so much absorbed in meditation on the goodness of God and on the novelty of my situation, etc., that my mind seemed to lose its faculty of self-control and I was for several days at the mercy of my imagination. My physical system sunk under the intensity and protraction of the discipline, and I was forced to direct my mind by every means in my power from reflection on religious subjects. In this fact I can see a reason for the spiritual declension which succeeded and which maintained its dominion over me during the following winter. I determined from the first to become by permission of Providence a minister of the gospel, and commenced soon the study of Hebrew. My health was such as forbade much application or much effort of any kind, and accordingly I came to Andover on the first of November unprepared to enter the seminary, and in a state of spiritual desolation. However my health improved by the diet and exercise of the seminary, and in four weeks I was admitted to the class and began to feel encouraged somewhat in regard to spiritual matters. My habits of devotion were irregular and I just contrived to live along, as I may say, from hand to mouth, with my understanding convinced, but my heart and practical principles at variance with it. I meditated much on divine things, but to little profit.

"On the 25th of December, while on my knees in prayer, I devoted myself to the missionary cause, and then after a long interval of darkness once more held sweet communion with God. From this time my standard of Christian duty and responsibility began to rise, and the thought for the first time began to develope itself that I must habitually live *entirely* for the service of God. After a season of considerable spiritual enjoyment I began again to sink. There seemed to be a general declension in the seminary. Disputes, excitements, levity, and trifling with the Scriptures and sacred things became exceedingly prevalent among us, and the Holy Spirit was grieved away. I seemed under a constraint to float with the current, and lost much of my spirituality and love of prayer and meditation. About the last of April, after a tedious session of six months, I returned home. There I had leisure and solitude, and in view of my backslidden state, and as a preparation for uniting with the church, I gave myself up very much to devotional exercises. I found much enenjoyment in this, and I trust my views were profitably enlarged.

"On the 13th of May I made a public profession of religion. With the new responsibilites of my situation I made new resolutions of devotedness to God, and determined no longer to live at the low-rate piety which is so common in the Christian church. Christians in the region of Putney at that time were in an exceeding dull state. I found little opportunity for active service, and my health, which had not recovered the shock it received six months before, was such as did not allow of much independent exertion. A few days

before the end of my vacation, I rode to Chesterfield with Miss Abby White, and I bless God that her conversation was made edifying to my soul in a very remarkable degree. I received an impulse which I trust I never shall lose.

"I returned to Andover on the 29th of May, determined to commence a new and independent course of life, to set myself against the current of unhallowed levity, which during the last term threatened to sweep away the last vestige of piety from among us. By the blessing of God I was enabled to begin, and I found a satisfaction in confessing my sins and expressing to some of my classmates, especially my roommate, my determination in regard to my future course. I found others who could sympathize with me in opposition to the prevailing sins of the seminary, and a prayer-meeting was established with a view to effect our purposes. I have enjoyed much in those meetings and we trust our prayers in some measure have been answered.

"Having sounded the minds of my friends at home in regard to my becoming a missionary and finding no formidable opposition, I no longer felt any hesitation about declaring my intentions, and I now feel that I am indeed set apart for that work. I have promised before God, angels and men that I will hold myself ready to go into foreign service when and where I shall be called. May I never regret the promise, though it leads me to the stake!

"*July 1st, Sabbath.*—My health is unexpectedly improved, and I was able to attend and enjoy the exercises of God's house, but dared not exercise my mind much for fear of a return of my nervous difficulties. In this state of body it is almost impossible for a sinner of my stamp to live near to God. Nevertheless I was enabled to watch my heart and to feel a tenderness of conscience which is always refreshing. I went to my meeting in Boxford after service P. M., and was wonderfully sustained in an exhortation of an hour's length on the subject of prayer. My success was so much better than I expected that I was much troubled with spiritual pride on my return home. I was much exhausted after my effort, and walk of five miles, and went to bed expecting a bad Monday.

"*July 2d.*—Suffered much from low spirits today. The main subject of my meditations was my own insignificance. I thought of the majesty and glory of God, and in imagination went out into space until I could survey in one prospect the universe which he governs, and then as my thoughts reverted to myself I could plainly see that my annihilation or banishment from God would make but an imperceptible gap in creation or in the ranks of heaven. Why then should I presume that I am a favorite with God? There is no reason why I should attract his notice and love more than millions of my fellow-men. The question then should not be, Does God love me? but, Do I love God? Do I love him for what he *is*? for I can never recommend myself to him by loving him for his peculiar love to me, for giving me a hope of heaven. There is much in such meditations to disturb the soul. I trust they will produce humility.

"I had a long conversation in the evening with A. D. Smith about that subject which has been much on my mind, the declension of piety in the seminary. He feels as I do, and I have reason to believe he will do something. We unbosomed ourselves to each other, and traced out the course which our minds had followed for months and years past. Found abundant matter for sympathy in regard to our contests with the wickedness of our hearts On the whole I was much edified. We discussed the missionary question with all confidence and freedom. I have hopes that he will be led to devote himself to that blessed enterprise. We protracted our conversation till after midnight."

COMMUNITY JOURNAL.

ONEIDA.

—Our table is abundantly supplied this season with a good quality of musk- and water-melons, which are grown at Joppa.

—The fruit-growers are picking and packing Flemish Beauty pears for the New York market. This variety is very nice this year and we have harvested one hundred and seventy-five bushels.

—Our photographic studio is closed for this season; not, however, till the artist had caught more than one happy expression, which has been imprisoned by the sunlight for our gratification in time to come.

—Dorr, a doughty three-year-old, announced with awful gravity at the Villa dinner-table on Saturday, that "Aunt Mary was sick." There is a long and interesting story connected with "Aunt Mary's sickness," but it may be found in a nutshell in the twenty-third verse of the thirtieth chapter of Genesis.

—Our hired people at the fruit-house and laundry have a pleasant way of making their tea. Each one brings her "drawing," puts it in a general pot, and at the right time, it is all made together for the whole. They have found one tea-pot better than a dozen. Good! Let it spread, till they not only have tea, but "all things common."

—The foundry-men are rejoicing in a new water-wheel, a turbine from the O. C. machine-shop, and known in this vicinity as a "Holmes wheel," so named from the inventor, our venerable friend and neighbor, H. W. Holmes, of Siloam. This improvement, with the new crane now erecting under the supervision of E. P. Inslee, will enable us to undertake large castings with a fair prospect of success.

—One of the many things for which we are thankful is that we have pleasant neighbors. Those around us years ago, were not always disposed to treat us with friendliness or even tolerance. But time has wrought a change; some, who were formerly bitter, have moved away, and circumstances seem to have affected the feelings of others who remain, till now, we often gratefully acknowledge favors shown us by them. The present mutual good feeling is pleasing, and we trust it will never be less.

—The superintendents at the laundry have thrown out the Shaker washing-machines and substituted the Nonpareil machines, manufactured by Oakley & Keating, of New York. These, for several reasons, give better satisfaction. It is easier to keep them clean and in running order, while the clothes are more easily handled and not so liable to be torn. Two of the small Potter & Parin flat-iron heaters are used this summer and liked because they do not throw so much heat into the room as a larger heater, which is preferred in the winter.

—This is the season of greatest activity in all departments of Community industry, and the foremen are crowding sail to meet the demands on them. The harvest time of the trap-business comes in autumn, and there is lively handling just now of springs, jaws dogs, swivels, etc., etc., at W. P. The silk-department, having recovered its hands from their hop-picking holiday, is putting in its "best licks;" and the same may be said of the fruit-preserving department, which, do its best, cannot fill all the mouths that are open toward it and expectant. A Community "bee" occasionally helps them through a pinch at the preservatory.

—Our youngest is unnamed. It is the fifteenth boy out of twenty-five children born to the Community within four years. "Sarah said, The Lord hath made me to *laugh*, and all that hear will laugh with me." We have heard this laugh of the mother-to-be, from whom the gift has seemed to be withholden, and it is the happiest laugh in the world. It is the running over of pure joy. It has rippled and echoed in all the quarter of the house where we room ever since the year begun. Will she laugh in her extremity? we said. She carried it through with smiles between, but the laugh came when she saw her baby—the same laugh with superadded joy—and all that heard laughed with her, except the father, who vented his feelings in a flood of tears.

—One of our young women, accompanying a gentleman on business, recently called at the hotel of a neighboring village. It being a cold day, the landlady invited her into the kitchen to sit by the stove. After a few moments' silence, she was accosted by one of the women in this manner, "How old are you?" Answer. "Twenty-four." "Dear me," said her inquisitor, "You're awful fresh-looking and young. I heard your folks had to work from morning till night and had no rest." She was told that we do our work and enjoy it, but find plenty of time for rest; to which she replied apologetically, "I didn't believe the story, for you look so young." Soon another woman, with a patronizing and confiding tone, vouchsafed the pleasing information. "My sister and I drove by your rat-factory the other day." This was startling intelligence, and our friend hastened to inform her that the building she passed is devoted to manufacturing the rat-*trap*, not the *animal!*

—The son of the "Canadian Trapper" is our "special artist," our comic singer, our printer; and apt in all he turns his hand to. He is a bundle of jollity, wit and good nature. He is generous and obliging, willing in emergencies, full of friendliness and amiability. When you find some innocent hoax going, like the ivy in our composing-room glowing with red-morocco blossoms, or a mirth-provoking representation of some ludicrous dilemma, "taken on the spot," you may be sure his ready hand is in it. If you hear strains from some ancient fiddle at a most unexpected time, or from some unlooked-for quarter, puzzling you to tell whether they come from that sweet-toned bird, the guinea hen, or are the mellifluous notes of the katy-did, you may certainly know the violin is yielding to his manipulations. He is never done with his surprises. You must needs be wary not to be overtaken by him. We were tripped the other morning. From the press-room, we heard the clatter and thud of the job-press, mingling with the soft, liquid ripple of the harmonica; surely we thought, he cannot be running both at once. Stepping quietly to the door and peeping in, we found him, driving the press with his foot, both hands engaged in laying on and taking off the sheets; his instrument held before his mouth by a light wire frame fastened to his shoulders, and the music flowing sweetly on.

—On Monday the 15th inst. a corps of men began work on the home cattle-barn preparatory to changing it into a factory for fruit-preserving, box-making, printing, and home industries generally. It is a large building, one hundred and sixty feet in length, and seventy feet in breadth, and promises, when made over, to give our businesses a great deal of elbow-room and relieve our housekeepers not a little by giving them the wieven of the Tontine. The cow-barn has always been in the way of the Community. When the writer came here in 1853, the barns were just across the road from the old mansion-house, and not far from where the seminary is now standing. They were however moved that year some thirty or forty rods further

north, and put into a shape quite wholesome and tasty we thought. But we were not thoroughly awake to barns and nuisances then; for that very year a horse-barn was built almost opposite our dwellings, and when eight years later, we came to build our new house, we found ourselves face to face with a stable and piggery every time we looked out from our front windows. By the purchase of new farms, and by the increased productiveness of our old ones, we were, ten years ago, compelled to build the present cattle-barn. It was put some thirty or forty rods away from our dwellings, and was thought to be a great way off. The old barn was converted into a horse-stable six or seven years ago, and the then horse-barn was made into a store and counting-room and has been a pleasure ever since. Things were getting to seem about right. At any rate many of our pioneers were active farmers who could do chamber-work at the barn and not lose faith in the good time coming. And may be some of us thought of heaven on earth as a farm large and nice with barns big and handy. But the heavens have thought otherwise; and now our in-door businesses have pushed against the barns and told them to "move on." We have called our barn the "Ark" for a long time, and now we shall call it the "Arcade."

ABOUT NOSES.

"A good nose is requisite also."—*Shakspeare.*

THERE is always a suggestion of humor in a big nose. The comical Artemus had a nose of goodly dimensions, and a departed playmate of mine whose composition was clear fun and jollity, had, like the great humorist, little twinkling eyes, between which rose a huge proboscis. When I see a man bearing before him a pronounced feature of this kind, happily unconscious of its proportions and quite complacent, as he rightly may be, I cannot but admire it as one of nature's telling effects, and am led to observe the characteristics of its possessor and trace if possible their correspondence with his nasal structure.

The nose has the advantage of the other organs in point of position. True it wears a fixedness of aspect; possessing neither the changing expressiveness of the eye, nor the mobility of the supple mouth; but projecting right from the center of the facial group, it stands forth a bold, well-defined promontory, imparting strength and dignity to the countenance.

Among the medium-sized noses of no particular style, which appear on the majority of faces, the true aquiline or eagle nose with its high and perfectly sprung arch, stands forth as gratifying to the eye as a star of the first magnitude amid the lesser lights of the starry vault. The bold curvature of the organ imparts an air half-defiant to the face which bears it, and does indeed suggest a resemblance to the massive, curling beak of the eagle. No flowery beds of ease for such a man, his destiny is to follow whither his nose leads, and this he will do spite of opposition or intimidation. His activity, however, is of the physical rather than the mental kind, making him executive, pushing and bound to achieve success and secure a place for himself. His individuality asserts itself without effort of his. Such are the eagled-nosed men of my acquaintance.

The Roman nose, though lacking somewhat the bold contour of the aquiline, is not less striking. The sharp swell just below the bridge is the marked feature which makes its identification easy. My fancy rare pictures the Roman legions on the march—a long line of these formidable looking noses moving irresistibly onward; a sight to inspire terror in the barbarian breast. It is a nose indicative of strength, power and noble ambition, also shrewdness and mental capacity. It implies action, but of an intellectual kind. Independence, originality and often genius belong to the lucky ones who support this unique ornament.

The modified Roman, also called the "cogitative nose," with its wide nostril, denotes great mentality and culture. Students, writers, thinkers, orators and statesmen adopt this style of nose.

The Jewish nose is the Roman nose slightly hooked; but this little variation of nose-outline becomes a broad one in the comparison of characteristic traits. Eager acquisitiveness, love of gain, the instinct that looks sharp for self-interest, craft, cunning, indomitable perseverance and desire for power over others, are the qualities belonging to this type.

The long straight nose, broad or thin, but prominent, may be called the American nose. Its owner is commonly a keen, penetrating, wide-awake individual, who refuses to be ignored, and who moves in society as a distinct atom, and is as readily selected from the mass as his pet feature.

The celestial, vulgarly called the "turn-up" nose, is a pleasing variation among the bolder types. It indicates wit, cleverness, quickness at repartee, and a disposition modest and unasserting; preferring to follow rather than lead. Then there is the scolding nose, sharp and pointed, the pug, the broad puffy nose, and the little stunted, feeble nose.

The rarest of all nose-types is the classical Grecian. Long and shapely, it betokens repose of character, a harmoniously developed being, one moving in easy and graceful unison with others, and possessing qualities of gentleness and moderation; a lover of the beautiful and artistic wherever found. Such a nose and such traits, has my friend B., an amiable and agreeable companion. When he speaks, his low, modulated tones are accompanied by a slight swaying of the head, and when he dwells on the beauties of nature and the pleasures of angling, there is a mild waving of the dexter arm.

The unchanging aspect of the nose has been adverted to; but it is certain that very gradual changes can be effected in the form of that organ even in the case of adults. It has been noticed, for example, that a rigorous course of mental discipline increases the hight of the nose; that as our sympathies broaden, and as we become cultured and refined, and as our moral nature gathers force, the nose takes on finer lines, growing larger and handsomer, and so in some degree becomes an index of our onward and upward progress. J.

Trust that man in nothing who has not a conscience in everything. And in your own case remember this plain distinction, a mistake which has ruined thousands,—that your conscience is not a law: no, God and reason made the law, and have placed conscience within you to determine; not like an Asiatic Cadi, according to the ebbs and flows of his own passions, but like a British judge in this land of liberty and good sense, who makes no new laws, but faithfully declares that law which he knows already written.—*Sterne.*

BIRD-LIFE.

III.

THE result of a close watch of the robins at their nest (also of the cat-bird and yellow bird) was a conviction that the male bird has little or nothing to do with the process of incubation. Even in the case of the dove (which is perhaps the most devoted of birds) the male has been known to sit only a few hours in the twenty-four, and even that labor may have been an exception. From the nature of the case, one would think it could not be otherwise. It is difficult to conceive how close sitting could be insured under a system of alternation. Such a mode is a little too much, I think, to expect from birds. Twice I had seen cock robin at the nest, when he seemed to be going through some kind of operatic performance; but he was soon dismissed by his partner, whose bearing clearly showed that he was not wanted. He took it, however, good humoredly and went on singing.

Some days before the eggs were hatched her ladyship took to stirring them up occasionally. This puzzled me at first, especially when upon each stirring she would incline her head a little, as if to listen; but I was soon reminded that it was necessary for the eggs to be moved sometimes to prevent their spoiling; yet imagine the instinct! This she did more than once a day certainly, and with such a business-like air too, her head always turned down a little after each stirring, anticipative, I suppose. That which mainly engrossed my attention throughout, was the bearing of the creature. There she was, asking favors of no one, and acting her part as though she had been used to it from time immemorial! She would sometimes leave her nest for about ten minutes, how often, I cannot say. It is to be remembered, however, that incubation is a time of rest, so that there can be but little call for nutriment. Well, motherly care keeps up the stirring until at length she stirs up to some purpose.

On a set day, behold a new era opens; *both* birds appear at the nest. But who told them this time to come furnished with *grub?* and how came master robin to know that his mate had got through with hatching? He had not been seen at the nest for a week or more. But even now he is only there to inaugurate the new era. After a few flourishes, he is found to subside again into his own element. So I take it that his part is merely to attend at each inauguration, of which we will say there are three, viz: the laying the foundation of the nest, the breaking of the shell, and the flight from the homestead. Friend B. B. (almost as great a bird-lover as myself) had remarked that he thought it certainly required both birds to do the work of raising the brood, that the very object of pairing was that they might help one another and that in those cases where the young needed no care from the first moment of hatching, there was no pairing at all. All of which seemed reasonable enough, but however true in general, it has been pretty well shown, I think, in this case at least, that the female robin would be equal to the task without the slightest help from her redoubtable partner. As regards the cat-bird and yellow bird, I have ascertained, as aforesaid, that while they have nothing whatever to do with the process of incubation, in other respects they take but a very subordinate part. Indeed, there are signs occasionally in the barn-yard that the hen is jealous of the interference of the cock in brooding time. Some males we know, are given to the practice of devouring their own young. The male among birds, if not chargeable with the same offense exactly, would seem to suffer from the ill-savor that attaches to his sex from a perversion so monstrous.

But why take a mere utilitarian view of the case? What do we know of the play of life between the birds? What do we know of their language? Their very motions are full of meaning. There may be much sympathy going on between them, as indeed is shown by birds of all sorts collecting together at the cry of distress, and even expressing their sympathy, which I have known them to do. And the male bird may help his mate more from sympathy than necessity in some cases, thus rendering his course somewhat irregular. I like the politeness of birds. The dove for instance, never loses his, even after pairing, as *men* are apt to do, alas!

The fact is, the mother is the mother the world over. No male can take her place in the nice little attentions required by the young, and I find

that her alleged devotion to her brood has not been mere sentimental talk. On the 6th of August, the brass band that accompanied the great pic-nic here on that day, took their stand right under the tree containing the robin's nest, but the faithful creature abated not one jot in her foraging trips, either for the racket of the band, or the movement of the mass of visitors, seven hundred in all!

One word more. The programme of the young robin family, especially during the last week of nidulation, was as follows: eating (they had no ice-water), dozing, picking their feathers, stretching and flapping the wing, which last, by the way, they did most effectually; for as they soon became too big for the nest, they took to the edge, and then for the first time got the notion of a "jumping-off place." And sure enough, on the morning of the fifteenth day from the shell, all three "launched forth into space" followed by their faithful guide, who drew them off to a place of safety, and they are now "reckoned among the robins!"

R. S. D.

SEALS.

BY F. W. SMITH.

IV.

THE EFFECT OF A SEAL.

FROM what has been presented in the foregoing pages it is evident that the real function of a seal is to act as a token or evidence of authenticity and authority. It is a silent, inanimate witness which, clinging faithfully to the instrument to which it has been affixed, testifies that the writing is what it purports on its face to be; that it has been seriously executed by the parties; and that it has not been signed by accident or in thoughtlessness. This was, at least, the original and strict idea of its meaning. But we may still ask: Wherein lies the real force and virtue of a seal? Is it in the material of the seal, in the peculiar engraving or imprint of the signet, or does it lie in the very act itself of affixing and stamping the seal, be the material and imprint what they may?

It cannot be that the material of which the seal is composed has anything to do with its binding force, for we have seen that the material has varied greatly, from the earliest times down to the present, without at all disturbing the effect of the seal. Neither is the size or color important; a small seal of yellow wax has all the binding power of the largest and most elaborate seal of gold. Can the effect lie in the character of the figure impressed, *i. e.*, in the peculiar engraving upon the stamp or signet?

In early times it evidently did to a degree; witness the cases of Jezebel and Haman before mentioned. Imprints of important signets were known and carried authority with them. And this is also true in the case of royal and government signets from those days to this. A few great signets can be generally known to all men who have any occasion to know them, and from the nature of the case, but a few. But as far as ordinary sealing of deeds, contracts, and so forth, is concerned, this feature cannot be important. And we learn from old law that it is not: "If four make a deed, two may make one seal, and the other two another seal; and this shall be averred, and shall be a good deed of all four." "If twenty make a deed, and all seal it at the same time with one and the same seal, yet it is good, and the deed of all. One piece of wax may serve for all the grantors which are named within the deed, if every one of them puts his seal upon the same piece of wax, or if another do so for them, and if the words in the deed imply so much, viz., if it be said in the deed, *in cujus rei testimonium sigilla nostra apposuimus*, or words to the same effect." "Twenty men may seal with one seal on one piece of wax only, if all lay their hands on the seal together." "If a man seal a deed with the seal of another man, it is good enough."

These opinions prove conclusively enough that in contemplation of the common law, the peculiar impression had nothing whatever to do with the binding force of seals in the affairs of business; and it is apparent that if "twenty men may seal with one seal, on one piece of wax only," or if "a man may seal a deed with the seal of another man," and yet the deed be valid, we must look beyond the character of the impression or of the substance on which it is made, for that quality of seals in which lies their binding force. We may be constrained to make two classes of seals as we progress beyond this point, for the peculiar impressions made by seals of state and royal seals clearly help to give them force and authority, while this is not the case with the less important seals of trade. As to these latter, the material of which they are composed and the nature of the impression being both indifferent, we are forced to the conclusion that their whole strength and virtue lies in the act of affixing them. We may, then, consider this the essence of sealing as prescribed by the common law, for this mere act of affixing a seal of some sort is strongly enforced. The old law says, "That cannot be the deed of any who does not seal it."

Looking now at the present law and custom in the United States in regard to the use of seals, we see at a glance that the indifference formerly manifested by the law as to the substance of seals and the character of the impression made on them, has proved an incroaching thing.

"In the Eastern States sealing, in the common-law sense, is requisite; but in the Southern and Western States, from New Jersey inclusive, the impression on wax has been disused to such an extent as to induce the courts to allow (but with certain qualifications in some of the States) a flourish with the pen, at the end of the name, or a scroll, to be a valid substitute for a seal. This is destroying the character of seals, and it is, in effect abolishing them, and with them the definition of a deed or specialty, and all distinction between writings sealed and writings not sealed. Whether lands should be conveyed by writing signed by the grantor, may be a proper subject for municipal regulation. But to abolish the use of seals by the substitute of a flourish of a pen, and yet continue to call the instrument which has such a substitute a deed, or writing sealed and delivered within the purview of the common or the statute-law of the land, seems to be a misnomer, and is of much more questionable import." In England also strict sealing has been greatly modified: "In modern practice the kind of seal made use of is not regarded, and the mere placing of the finger on a seal already made is held to be equivalent to sealing."

During the last century wafers of wheaten flour, and even bits of colored paper made to adhere by mucilage or gum, have been very generally substituted for waxen seals on deeds, contracts, and so forth.

This in itself was a breaking away from the strictness of the old common-law definition as given by Lord Coke, *sigillum est cera impressa;* but when the law goes further than this and allows the validity, as a seal, of a floursh of the pen on the paper of the instrument, without requiring any additional substance whatever to be affixed or suspended, it virtually admits that the old necessity which required sealing as indispensable to the validity of deeds and similar instruments, no longer exists. And because the law never deviates so widely from old established customs and precedents until it is forced to it by the present wants of the people, we may reasonably infer that now, when almost every business man can write, and his handwriting is known and can be identified, at least by his immediate acquaintances and customers, the people do not consider sealing necessary in many cases where it was formerly imperative, and that they are seeking to escape from the requirements of the old law as to its performance.

A case has already been contested in the courts where the validity of seals or the fac-similes of seals printed at the same time and by the same agency as the printing of the certificates of a railway company which were to be afterward signed by the president or treasurer while as to the seal nothing was left to be done, was called in question and denied; the decision being that they were not seals.

The logical conclusion from what has been here presented, is that, seals having as we have seen, steadily decreased in importance during the last few centuries, as education and intelligence increased; and the conditions which enforced sealing having so far changed that the law, though it has not yet ventured to abrogate the use of seals, has nevertheless been forced to virtually repudiate their necessity in the transactions of trade, thereby destroying their real force and effect; all ordinary forms of sealing must, under the present drift of custom, eventually disappear.

THE END.

THE NEWS.

The London papers say the potato disease is spreading rapidly.

Dr. Nèlaton the great French surgeon has partly recovered from his recent illness.

The Universalists are in Convention at Washington, D. C., with the Rev. Dr. Minor of Boston as President.

The evacuation of the territory of France by the German army of occupation, was completed Sept. 16th.

A serious riot took place at Tralee, Ireland, on Sept. 16th. The police were finally obliged to charge the mob with fixed bayonets.

The attempt to repair the broken cable of 1865, has failed, and the Great Eastern has arrived at Portland, England.

One hundred tons of American bar-iron sold in Liverpool on Monday, Sept. 15th, at £11 10s., thus underselling the English market.

The friends of George Opdyke deny the rumor that he is about to resign the Presidency of the New York and Oswego Midland Railway.

Gen. Edwin S. McCook was assassinated at a public meeting in Yankton, Dakota, by P. P. Wintermute, a banker, because of a dispute about railroad matters.

The great storm of last week on the Black Sea was very destructive to life and property. Over seventy vessels were wrecked near the mouth of the Bosphorus, and nearly all on board perished.

The yellow fever has been raging at Shreveport, La. All who were able left the plague-stricken town, and the condition of the sick and dying is reported as "fearful to contemplate." Help is now coming in from all quarters, and the number of cases is decreasing.

Prof. J. A. King, accompanied by four friends, made a successful ascension in the balloon, "Buffalo," from the city of Buffalo on Tuesday, Sept. 16th. The party expect to make the longest inland voyage on record if the weather is favorable. The balloon is one of the largest ever made, holding 95,000 cubic feet of gas.

The new line of ocean steamers between New York and Hamburg, known as the Eagle line of the German Transatlantic Steam Navigation Company, sent out its first steamer, the Göethe, on Wednesday. Seven additional steamers are now building on the Clyde for this line and are to be named after the great German poets, Schiller, Herder, Lessing, Wieland, Gellert, Klopstock and Korner. Each will have a capacity of 3,000 tons burden and 3,000 horse-power.

P. T. Barnum announces that if a balloon does not cross the Atlantic this fall he will spend 50,000 dollars

if necessary, in having the experiment tried next year. He evidently does not intend to make the attempt in a cheap balloon, for he says: "As at present advised, I shall have the silk manufactured in China, put together and prepared under the direction of scientific men in London, an experimental ascension made from the Sydenham Crystal Palace grounds, then bring the balloon to America, and make the Transatlantic trip from New York. I trust the public will believe that when I put my hand to the plow I shall not look back."

The *Daily Graphic* balloon made another attempt on Friday to start on its famous Transatlantic voyage. But it did n't go, not much. Here is an account of what did take place: "By 4 o'clock the crowd had increased to great proportions, and all watched eagerly the rounding bulk, which rose and enlarged so slowly that its advance was almost imperceptible. The great volume of imprisoned gas tugged at the lines that held it down, and the enormous globe swayed gently in the moderate breeze. The throng around the guarded ropes pressed thickly, and from without the inclosure, from windows and house-tops, and coigns of vantage for many a mile around, tens of thousands of eyes watched the uneasy air-ship. All seemed going on well. Without a single warning sign of ruin, without any marked increase in the easy wind, without a movement or noise to announce collapse, suddenly a rift opened in the crown of the balloon, close by the valve. The gas struggling to get free immediately expanded the gap, and, with a running sound of tearing and ripping, but with no explosive outburst, the great balloon split from the top downward, fell in and northward, collapsed in an instant, and lay prone as if beaten down. Three hundred thousand feet of gas were spilled in an instant. There was one great shout from the multitude, and then a rush for the prostrate balloon. The ring was broken in and the crowd made room for itself everywhere. The police soon partly cleared the roped-in space, and then Mr. Steiner, Messrs. Goodsell and Donaldson, who for a moment had run aimlessly to and fro when their calamity came upon them, gathered together, conferred, and made explanations. Messrs. Goodsell announced that the thing would not be given up so. The burst balloon should be immediately examined and, if possible repaired. If it could not be made to serve, a new one should be made, of silk if necessary, and completed at the earliest possible day."

OUR CLOCKS.

FROM my room can be heard the striking of eight or ten different clocks, but never for once have they been known to mark time in unison. Awaking in the night I often find diversion in listening to the incessant ticking on every side, and in noting the varied rhythm of the oscillating pendants, some being slow and measured, some sharp and decided, some quick and nervous, but all going at once, and giving a monotonous unrest to the otherwise solemn stillness of the hour. Presently the gloom is broken by the ringing tones of the large Hall-clock announcing the time of night. Then my neighbor's clock over the way, on another key and with a decidedly accelerated movement, promptly repeats the refrain. As the sound ceases a clock in the south sitting-room hurriedly endorses the assertions of the other two in softly modulated accents. Catching the last note the clock in the dressing-room next drawls out the number as if too sleepy for the exertion. Then ensues a pause of full a minute, when an unmusical little clock below-stairs corroborates the previous strikers in a very emphatic manner. Then clocks Nos. six and seven, one up- and the other down-stairs, as if vying with each other in speed, but regardless of pitch, start off at the same instant; but No. six, losing time, the remaining strokes have the effect of contrary-motion. A sepulchral-toned recorder round the corner next joins in the carnival, as if just roused to the importance of its duty. As the last note vibrates on the ear, up starts a little clock in the Mansard-attic, pitched an octave above all the others, and snaps out the oft-repeated number in spiteful accents, as if provoked at its own tardiness. When this shrill striker begins I know the clocks have all sounded, for this one is always the last. The ticking goes on as before and I muse on the disagreement of our time-tellers, though I conclude that on the whole it is a mercy; for what a terrible din of dissonant sounds would they make all striking at once!

Not long since a stranger stopped the night with us, sleeping in a bed-room on the ground-floor. In the morning he said he had slept but little, and had found considerable amusement in listening to our clocks as one after another sounded the hour of night. Before morning, he had succeeded in identifying a dozen different time-pieces by their several tones, which he said varied from a minute to a minute and a-half in striking. He did not exaggerate the matter much. Here is a house full of clocks—no two of which, I speak it sadly, were ever known to perfectly agree. GITANO.

HEAR! HEAR!

WE feel desperately inclined to give a howling protest against the rapidly-increasing nuisance of steam-whistles—locomotive-whistles, factory-whistles, steam-boat-whistles—everywhere the same infernal screaming and hooting. In some parts of the country the pest takes the form of enormous cast-iron steam-gongs, which emit a sort of muffled roar, barely endurable three miles away, but near by, enough to drive one crazy with the apprehension of impending disaster. In New Haven, a city largely devoted to schools and institutions of learning, there is a most intolerable succession of hoots and roars from steam-whistles and steam-gongs, intermingled with factory-bells, railroad-bells, school-bells, little bells and big bells, until one shuts his book in despair and wonders what all creation is coming to.

Even now as we write at 11. 30 P. M., we hear two Midland trains out there in the "cut" puffing and screaming at each other as if they were determined to see which could make the most noise. There they go, a succession of short, sharp hoots, followed by a prolonged blast which seems to say to the sleepy brakemen, "*Wake up!* WAKE UP! WAKE UP!! up! up! up! WA—A———KE UP!!! Was there ever such a row? A feline serenade with bull-dog accompaniment right under your window, is Eolian harps and dulcet warblings, compared with that hideous, ear-splitting instrument of torture, the modern steam-whistle. Is there no remedy? G. E. C.

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ADMISSIONS.

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

LEGAL STATUS OF MARRIED WOMEN —PAST AND PRESENT.

X.

AMONG the States named in the last article whose legislation upon the rights of married women is nearly the same as that of New York, Michigan should have been named. In that State a married woman's disability in respect to making contracts is less perhaps than in any other. Several other States have legislated upon married women's property rights, and have changed in many respects their status in this regard from what it was at common law. In Arkansas, Connecticut, Delaware, Georgia, Indiana, Maryland, Missouri, New Jersey, Ohio, Oregon (by constitutional provision) Pennsylvania, South Carolina, Vermont and West Virginia, and in the territory of Washington, statutes have been passed and are in force, which, with some variations and exceptions which the purpose of these papers does not require to be particularly specified, provide that the property belonging to a woman at the time of her marriage, and all property which she may acquire or receive after marriage by purchase, gift, grant, devise, bequest, or inheritance, shall be and remain her separate property, free from disposal by her husband and from liability for his debts. And as a general thing in these States, where personal property is included with real in the statute, full power of disposition is given with it, as also the power of devising real property, as if unmarried, but not the power of conveying such property by deed, unless the husband join with the wife in executing it. In Florida a married woman may protect any property which she may have at the time of her marriage, or which she may acquire or receive thereafter, from being subject to the rights and liabilities of her husband, by having a record made of the same in the county clerk's office within six months after the marriage or after such acquisition. In California, in addition to rights of property to be hereafter specified, a married woman, for the purpose of enabling her to support herself and children, if she has minor children, may obtain from the proper court an order or permit authorizing her to conduct business separate and apart from her husband, and to sue and to be sued in her own name without joining her husband as a party, thus in relation to her business giving her all the rights of a *feme sole*. In some of the other States above named, as in Ohio, in case of insanity, intemperance, neglect or desertion of the husband, a married woman may, by order of court on a proper application, be invested with power to do business in her own name, and to control and use the proceeds of the same, free from control by him or liability on his account. In Rhode Island, Virginia, Kentucky and Tennessee, so far as the writer is able to learn, no change in the common-law status of married women, worthy of notice, has been made by legislation. Their status as to property rights in Louisiana, Texas and California is somewhat peculiar and deserves special mention.

Though there is some diversity, at present, in those States arising from special legislation, yet the general principles and features of that status remain nearly the same, and a single statement with reference to them will be sufficiently accurate for the purpose of these articles. The common law of England does not prevail in these States, except as it has been adopted in them to some extent in late years by statute. Their system of laws is based upon the Spanish system of jurisprudence, which was modeled according to the ancient civil law of the Roman empire. Under that system, and so in these States, husband and wife are not, as under the common law, regarded as one person; the existence of the wife is not merged in that of the husband. This is most certainly true so far as their property rights are concerned. When property is in question the husband is not a *baron*, nor is the wife a *covert*, meaning by the former, as the common law does, a lord and master, and by the latter, a dependent creature under protection and influence. The husband and wife are co-equals in life, and at death of either, the survivor remains the head of the family. All the property, both real and personal, owned before marriage by the husband and wife, or acquired during coverture by either, by gift, bequest, devise, or descent, is the separate property of each. As to all other acquired property, especially that which is the produce of the common industry and labor of both husband and wife, they have a *partnership* or *community* of acquests and gains, the same being the common property of both. In California however, the law requires an inventory of the wife's separate property to be made and recorded as notice of her title. The husband during the continuance of the marriage is the head of the community and manages and controls the property for the common benefit, and upon its dissolution by death, if there are no children, the survivor takes the property; but if there are children, it is distributed between the survivor and the heirs, the method of distribution varying somewhat in each State. In Texas this system of jurisprudence is more completely carried out than in Louisiana or California. Courts there, have decided that property purchased during the marriage, whether the conveyance be made to the husband or wife separately or to them jointly, is presumed to belong to the community; that there is no presumption that property in the possession of the conjugal partnership belongs to the husband rather than to the wife, and when the matrimonial union has continued for any considerable time, that the presumption is strong that the property belongs to the common stock of acquests and gains. And as to the surviving wife becoming the head of the family, the Supreme Court of that State says "the staunchest advocates of the doctrine of woman *merger* during the existence of marriage, will not assert that sex of itself disqualifies a female from being the head of the family. Even the common law, hostile as it is to the rights of married women, confers on the single woman or spinster as she is called, the civil rights and capacities of man. She requires no guardian to protect her person or property. In legal contemplation, and in fact, she is capable of managing and disposing of her possessions and interests prudently and advantageously. The statute" (that is, of Texas) "does not declare that the head of the family must be of the stronger sex, and the occupant, whether of the one sex or the other is, entitled to all the rights and exemptions pertaining by law to the position." By the common law, during coverture the separate and legal existence of

the wife is extinguished, and as a consequence all suits in court in relation to her rights must be in the joint names of the husband and wife or in his name alone. But the courts of Texas hold that these disabilities and the ground on which they stand are unknown to their system of jurisprudence. There may be many exceptions, but as a general rule, under this community system between husband and wife in these States, they may deal with each other as with other persons, and the absence of the husband for a considerable length of time gives the wife a right to manage, control and dispose of the common property as well as her separate property, and she may make such contracts respecting it as are necessary for its preservation and the support of herself and children. The relations of husband and wife under this system form a peculiarly interesting subject to one who has been accustomed to view marriage and the legal status of married women only in the light of the common law. T.

ERRATUM.—In the last number of "Legal Status" page 289, 3rd column, 2nd line from top for "disproval" read "disposal."

RELIGION AND ART.

Home-Talk by J. H. N.

CHRISTIANITY, in its best estate, was developed in a marriage conjunction of the Jewish and Greek races. The Kingdom of Heaven, in the apostolic age, was a duality in which Jewish religion was the primary or male element, and Greek civilization was the female element. Its esoteric formula must have been, Religion animating Art and Art glorifying Religion.

This idea of primitive Christianity carries my mind back to a passage in our growth at O. C., in which the same two elements had a happy blending. It was during the ten years previous to the removal of the CIRCULAR to Wallingford (from 1854 to 1864) that the life of the Community blossomed into an art-career. And what a transition was that! It was, in the first place, a time of wonderful enthusiasm in business and invention. Our industry became to us a school of design. While the trap-business was rising and pouring its wealth into our treasury, the invention of machinery, by which we advanced step by step to the perfection of that business, was a work of art. And so of other labors and strivings. Especially we were at work in that early time on the artistic evolution of social and sexual harmony; beginning with the crudest state of Communism, and working out principle after principle in the art of love.

But the character of that career as one in which religion animated art and art glorified religion, exhibited itself most conspicuously, perhaps, in the course we went through in music. Nothing could be more crude and foolish than our musical attempts when we first began; but we went on with our practice until the Community was full of the musical spirit, and had attained a skill that suprised ourselves and everybody. Finally that development of music took to itself stage auxiliaries, and we were able to produce concerts which were enjoyed by thousands as first-class entertainments. During the latter part of the time our music was to a great extent original; nor did we borrow much from others in any way; but presented the public with our own productions in poetry, music, scenic representations and tableaux. Perhaps the O. C., under the impress of the heavenly spirit, was as fair a miniature of the old Greco-Jewish combination, as could be produced with the means and appliances then at command. Our religion would have delighted the Jew, and our art would have delighted the Greek. Those elements were harmonized in our experience, acting and reacting to make each other fruitful. Religion animated art and art glorified religion. Art was subject to religion, and acted as the servant of it. It did not take the reins into its own hands and go on its own separate way, but when it had done its work of service to religion, it retired and went into seed-sowing for things to come. I do not think the heavens have lately looked down on anything more remarkable or pleasing than the continence with which the O. C. musicians brought their labors to a conclusion in 1865, and betook themselves to new courses of improvement, starting for a development of art on a larger scale.

Now something like that must be repeated with endless variations in all our career hereafter. The combination of religion and art is the very leaven of progress. Wherever there is spiritual life, that combination more or less manifestly presents itself. If we follow the essential inspiration of Christianity we shall go on and repeat on larger and larger scales the strains of our early faith-and-art career at Oneida. We have got our musical phrase, and shall be working it out in new echoes and variations forever.

Evidently God wills that we shall not settle down in a contracted routine of art. He will have us make a home in the church for all beautiful things; and the tendency will be for us, in every branch of business, to make a study of its virtues until it becomes to us a fine art. Instead of loving business as a coarse means of making money, we shall reduce it to harmonic principles, and make it blend with all that is beautiful and true. We shall assume that faith and love can dwell in it and animate it, and thus the old discord between the soul and body shall pass away. Religion shall enter into and enjoy business, and business shall rise into the dignity of a fine art and glorify religion.

REVIVALS IN NEW YORK CITY.

IX.

AFTER the trance-like state in which Mrs. Gray saw her need of a saving faith, the subject was in her thoughts continually. She studied the Bible and noticed the contrast between the Old Testament and New; the word faith occurring but twice in the former, while in the latter it is the all-absorbing theme. She had little confidence in the stability of her own faith, and what she desired was to say with Paul, "I am crucified with Christ, nevertheless I live, yet not *I*, but *Christ* liveth in me."

As the *Perfectionist* had already furnished so much new truth, Mrs. G. turned to it again for further light on this all-absorbing subject, and anxiously awaited the next issue. At length it came, and almost the first article that caught her attention was on "Faith" (written by J. H. N.), the first sentence of which contained that notable passage in Hebrews, "He that cometh to God must believe that he *is*, and is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him." Hungry as she was for truth, to say that Mrs. G. read that article with interest, would but feebly express her feelings. In it she found nourishment as real to her inner life as food is to one's animal life. It seemed written for her special benefit. She was the inquirer there represented, the pupil sitting at the feet of the great teacher.

Mrs. Gray had been asking for light, for a way out of sin and condemnation; and in this article her prayers were answered. Finally coming to that critical point where the inquirer is confronted with the question, "Am I ready, without further evidence, relying solely on the testimony of God, to confess Christ in me a whole Savior?" With sharp emphasis the question came to her, "Am I willing to make this confession before these witnesses?" (her mother and two other women). Her heart said "yes;" but her tongue seemed suddenly paralyzed. She could not speak. A fierce struggle ensued—a battle between the head and heart. She was perfectly conscious, she afterward said, of two opposing spirits within. To her it was a life-and-death conflict. Her own strength was gone; she was powerless. Then saying to herself mentally, "It is the Lord's battle, not mine; let his will be done;" instantly her tongue became loose and she exclaimed, "I will confess whatever my heart believes, let it cost what it may." She continued: "I confess that Christ is in me a Savior from all sin." Mrs. Steele who up to this time had advanced step by step with her daughter, now felt that she was left behind. She had stumbled at the question of *confessing* what she did not *feel* to be true. So she said to her, "Do you *feel* Christ in you?" "Certainly not, replied Mrs. Gray, for it is not a question of feeling, but of *obedience to God*, as you will see, mother, if you will study the faith article as carefully as I have done. God says in his word, that he has given me his Son, and not only to me, but to you and to all flesh; the apostles simply confessed a *fact*—and one that is good for all time—when they confessed that "*Christ is come in the flesh*."

Mrs. Steele soon satisfied herself by a more attentive examination of the article, that she, too, must take a step in the dark, so to speak, and say, "Let God be true and every *feeling* a liar that contradicts his word." Mrs. Steele's confession of an indwelling Christ, was not long withheld, causing no little rejoicing on the part of mother and daughter that they could still walk side by side in their religious beliefs.

It having been said that Mrs. Gray lost her place as teacher, on account of her religion, the reader may wish to know something of her means of support. Mrs. Steele, before the death of her husband and while in easy circumstances, with no thought of changes that would make them less so, had a passion for doing good to the poor which took a practical turn in this wise: While engaged one day in the distribution of tracts in the district

assigned her, she made the discovery that a seamstress sufficiently skillful with her needle in making vests and pantaloons for the Broadway tailoring-establishments, could earn very fair wages and not injure her health by overwork. So the thought came to her, "Why not learn the trade myself? I am a little proud of my skill in doing fine needle-work." By earning a few dollars in this way, Mrs. Steele saw she would have additional means for helping the poor. The idea grew with her, and after making it a matter of prayer, she gained the consent of her husband to undertake the work, with the advice to keep the plan as private as possible. Securing the services of a young woman, an expert in the business, Mrs, Steele soon proved herself an apt apprentice, and in a few months her work was pronounced quite equal to that of her instructor. Sewing by machinery was scarcely dreamed of in those days, so that skillful needle-women, particularly on men's apparel, were always in demand. This benevolent freak of hers as some of Mrs. Steele's friends playfully called it, proved in the end to be a very wise one; for afterward when adverse fortune overtook her, and her husband died, she clearly saw that the instinct given her years before to learn the art of clothes-making, came from him who numbers the very hairs of our head. During the girlhood of Mrs. Gray, her mother had taught her to do as good work as herself. Both Mr. and Mrs. Steele were advocates of the theory that parents, however wealthy, should teach their children some trade by which they could earn an honorable competency independently of inherited fortune. When Mrs. Gray was driven by persecution from her school, her mother who still took work from a Broadway clothing-establishment, had plenty of business for her at home in which she could earn better wages than by teaching.

Mrs. Gray and her mother being regarded as confirmed "Perfectionists," their house quite naturally became a place of resort for all those who believed in a progressive religion, and that perfect holiness was the only true standard of a Christian life. Indeed, the callers at Mrs. Steele's residence were not all "heretics," for many of her former associates who, through fear of the "*Jews*" dared not avow their sympathies openly for her, availed themselves of the cover of night, to call on their old friends, that they might judge for themselves respecting the soundness of the new faith. Among them was the wife of a prominent merchant, Mrs. E. The faith article had fallen into her hands, and she too, like Mrs. Gray read it eagerly. Mrs E. was the daughter of a Presbyterian clergyman, a woman of rare gifts and highly cultivated. She was a leading woman in the organization of benevolent and reformatory societies. In the course of a few months (in the fall of 1837) credence was given to a rumor that Mrs. E. had embraced "Perfectionism." "It cannot be," exclaimed one and an another, "that a woman, so talented, so active and so devoted to religion and missionary work at home and abroad, has received the hated heresy." But Mrs. E.'s own frank confession, when interrogated, placed the matter beyond all doubt. Many of the leading members of the church who had for years regarded Mrs. E. as one devoted to the cause of Christ and thoroughly opposed to heretical doctrines, were utterly confounded. They could say nothing for they had nothing to say. Mrs. E.'s high social position and unspotted character put her above the attacks of the most prejudiced.

"*MODERN SKEPTICISM.*"

THE above subject is admirably handled in a book entitled "Miracles Past and Present," by William Mountford. It is called by this writer the "Anti-Supernaturalism of the Present Age," and is treated as an all-pervading presence, an atmospheric condition, a spiritual influenza; or as something which has shut over the realm of human intellect like a monstrous fog-bank, or like a long, low, dense cloud, occasioning spiritual twilight; something which affects every body's freedom of thought at present, but which will pass off by-and-by like an eclipse. He takes a similar position to that of Robert Dale Owen in his "Debatable Land," that the supernatural is only the natural to the eye sufficiently open, and there may be many things out of the so-called "order of nature" which are still not out of the order of the universe. Miracles, which are exceptions to all the laws at present understood, may yet be the effects of real natural laws hereafter to be discovered. He respects the "rappings," not as a high order of miraculous manifestations, but as timely "signs," and as appearing to the confusion of infidel science, weak and foolish though they may be.

We have not mentioned this book however, to review it, but with the purpose of making occasional extracts from it; and first we quote the following on the use and meaning of the phenomena just referred to:

TRUE DIGNITY OF THE RAPPINGS.

There is a proverb, that "any stick is good enough to beat a dog with." And the first stick out of the thicket of Spiritualism silences the argument short and sharp, and as incessant as the barking of a dog, which has been kept up so long, and especially in Germany, about the Order of Nature.

By the rappings which come upon a table in the presence of a medium, the laws of nature call out against the philosophy of Baden Powell; and they protest against the notion of Buckle, as to there being nothing new to be expected; and they deride the contemptuous self-complacency of Froude; and they explode the dreary vantage-ground whence Büchner would deny the immortality of the soul.

And now, perhaps, some one will wonder whether the writer thinks that his argument is a cure for skepticism. For every variety of skepticism, he certainly does not think that it can be. There is skepticism which is a part of good sense. And of skepticism as a mental disease there are degrees, just as there are varioloid, small-pox, and confluent small-pox. There is a mild skepticism, which is simply the spirit of the age, and there is a skepticism which is the result of undue constitutional tendency combined with the temper of the times; and of the same thing, viewed as a disorder, there is an extreme degree, which may be called confluent skepticism, and which mostly is incurable. It is more common in Paris than in this neighborhood. It is the state of a person with whom everything runs to doubt. It is a mental state in which a man might see a miracle, only to wonder whether it could be done again; and who would not believe either, though one rose from the dead; and who, if he saw nine men out of ten raised from the dead, would only doubt nine times the more, as to whether the remaining tenth man could possibly be raised. This is confluent skepticism; and it is what converts even remedies themselves into disease.

There have certainly, however, been intellectual Christians, who had been caught at their studies by the spirit of skepticism and been manacled by the logic of science, and who had be en unable to get themselves exorcised or liberated by the greatest divines of Protestantism, who yet have felt themselves freed by the first sound of those unaccountable rappings, and able to enter "into the temple walking and leaping, and praising God;" being enabled to pray and trust and hope, by having learned that the Order of Nature is not everything, and that their souls may perhaps be free of it, and free for something higher. And these persons have continued in the same state of joy and freedom and holy hope, comparatively careless as to whether the rappings had been spiritual or demoniac; being only too happy with simply believing them to be something supernatural, something toward a proof, that perhaps the heavens are not brass against us, and that the Order of Nature does not close about our souls like a living tomb.

That the writer hereof should ever have had this to say, of his own knowledge, would have seemed to him in those days, when his faith was according to "Mill's Analysis of the Human Mind," to be just as unlikely as his becoming a dancing dervish; or a silent, barefooted Trappist; or a turbaned hadji, squatting on the ground, and intent on the Koran, all day long, at Mecca; or a missionary to the ten lost tribes of Israel; or a Roman prelate pleading with cardinals, against the Devil's advocate, and for the canonization of monks and nuns. But the world is wide, and the world of thought is wider still.

We find in *Planchette*, (by Epès Sargent), an account of Mr. M.'s personal experience in connection with Spiritualism, and as it derives interest from and adds interest to the foregoing, it is here quoted:

MR. MOUNTFORD'S EXPERIENCE.

We have before us a letter, received by us, dated Rochester, N. Y., Feb. 16, 1850. It is from the pen of a friend, an English gentleman of high culture, who, at our request, availed himself of a brief stay in Rochester to look into the subject of the mysterious knockings. He made two calls on the Misses Fox, to hear the rappings, and wrote us as follows in regard to them:—

"My opinion of the rappings is that they are human, very human, sinfully human, made to get money by. If really there is a ghost in the matter, then quite certainly he is very fickle, something of a liar, very clumsy, very trifling, and altogether wanting in good taste. It would indeed be painful to me, exceedingly, if I thought that any man on this earth, on dying, had ever turned into such a paltry, contemptible ghost.

"Yet at a distance from this place, as I understand, there are men affecting philosophy, and even a skeptical philosophy, who are ready to believe, and who do believe, that these Rochester knockings are a spirit. A very ridiculous spirit! An untrue ghost, a very pretending ghost! a ghost of no reverence or awe whatever! Indeed, a ghost that is no ghost at all!

"Here, now, I have written what will satisfy your curiosity about this absurd business. My experience in it will be useful to me, in regard to superstition as a disease of the human mind. I have learned something from the errand I have been on. But to me the knockings themselves are not nearly so wonderful as the echoes they make in the city of New York."

The gentleman who wrote this letter subsequently made a very careful investigation of the phenomena, as manifested through the mediumship of the late G. A. Redman, and became fully convinced of their genuineness. He accepted the spiritual hypothesis as to their origin, and is now (1868) after years of examination and reflection, both in this country and in Europe—an unwavering believer, and one who can give solid reasons for his belief; thus justifying that remark of Novalis, who says. "To become properly acquainted with a truth, we must first have disbelieved it, and disputed against it."

SELECTION APPLIED TO MAN.—Apropos of Mr. Galton's project of improving the human race by means of selection, Mr. M. C. Furnell, a surgeon in the Madras army, writes to the "Lancet" that the proposed experiment was extensively tried during a long period in India. The Brahmins, eminently a governing class, have married only among themselves for centuries, and the result is a race of men who have in a great degree secured for themselves, among their fellow-countrymen, the attri-

butes especially for governing, for which Mr. Galton contends. It might be objected that the Brahmin has succumbed to the European, and before him to the Mussulman; but the objection has little force. As a warrior he has had to yield to his more daring foe from the north or from over the seas; but whether under Mussulman or under British domination, every detail of government and often the mainsprings of government have been worked by the intellectual and astute Brahmin. If the British in India were not recruited as they are by the periodical immigration, they would succumb in a generation or two before this race, as did the Moguls to the Mahrattas. Hence there is no doubt that in the course of time, but in a quieter revolution, the Brahmins will again be the masters of India. "Even now," writes Mr. Furnell, "they really govern in most parts of India; the impetuous and self-willed Englishman is the ostensible head, or collector, or judge, or what not, but his principal subordinates are Brahmins, and their father and fathers before them were in the same place and position; and you have only to watch the common people salaaming to them to feel how thoroughly they are the masters of the situation."

In a physical point of view the Brahmin is also a man of mark. Any one who has spent a few years in India can readily pick out a Brahmin from a crowd of natives. It is not his dress that distinguishes him, for often he goes about with no more clothing that a waist-cloth; he is to be known from the cleanly appearance of limb and features which betokens the well-bred man. In fact he is no more to be confounded with the common herd, than a racer with ordinary hacks or dray-horses.—*Galaxy.*

ONEIDA CIRCULAR.

HARRIET M. WORDEN, EDITOR.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1873.

VARIOUS VIEWS OF DEATH.

IT has long been a common thing with sentimental religionists to glorify death. Who does not remember how they used to sing in old times:

"Why do we mourn departing friends
Or shake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends
To call us to his arms."

Or this:

"And when the shades of evening fall,
When life's last hour draws nigh,
If Jesus shine upon the soul,
How blissful then to die."

In later years the Spiritualists have taken up this strain of extolling death as the liberating angel and grand usher of heaven. Even Robert Dale Owen talks about death as a "brief transition slumber," a "triumphal change," "God's last and best gift to his creatures here."

Finally the Positivists, without any heaven to go to, or any Jesus to carry them or meet them there, have fallen into the same sentimentalism. Death to them is the one great convenience and comfort of life.

This streak or freak of all popular literature, from the oldest psalm-books to the last essay of the free-thinker, has undoubtedly produced the modern school of suicide, which serenely justifies our taking the business of self-liberation into our own hands.

The confusion of thought in this death-worship, is remarkable. Because death seems to be the only way out of trouble, people fall to praising that which they consciously hate worse than wormwood. It is as if they were longing for transportation, say to England, and should thereupon get up the theory that sea-sickness is a most lovely experience. "How blissful then to *puke!*"

No body can make us believe that death, even for one's country or for anything else, is "sweet." When people die they forget their poetry, and make up awful faces. Does any one like even to look upon a gasping, groaning death-struggle—to say nothing of going through it?

There must have been a great amount of hard canting before the Methodists could have relished such doggerel as this, written, it is said, by Charles Wesley:

"Ah! lovely appearance of death,
What sight upon earth is so fair?
Not all the gay pageants that breathe,
Can with a dead body compare.

With solemn delight I survey
The corpse when the spirit is fled;
In love with the beautiful clay,
And longing to lie in its stead."

Victoria Woodhull, with all her heresies, is looking for a better end of earth's drama than the old gasping method of exit. She closed one of her late harangues before fifteen thousand people, with a prophecy which is worth reprinting as a sign of the times. Here it is:

* * * "When you shall have gained this glorious victory, [the emancipation of woman from marriage-slavery], then shall come the possibility of another and a better saying of St. Paul: that the last enemy that shall be destroyed is death, for you will then be free to enter upon the search for the elixir of life with which to conquer death. There is an elixir of life that, when found, shall banish death; and there shall be no more death, since it, too, shall be swallowed up in victory. Then shall the redeemed souls of earth sing the gladsome song; "Oh, death! where is thy sting; oh grave, where is thy victory?

"The origin of human life is in the sexual unity of man and woman. The continuation of human life must be sought for in the same, and it will there be found. Mark me well, for I mean what I say and say what I mean: In a perfected sexuality shall continuous life be found. A stream never dries up so long as the spring from whence it flows sends forth its crystal waters. So also shall life not come to an end when its springs shall not cease to send forth the vitalized waters of life, that earth's otherwise weary children may drink and live.

"And, behold, the most despised of all human things, that which has been held too obscene to be talked about except in the dark, will become the salvation of the world from sin and consequent death. The stone that the builders rejected shall become the head of the corner.

"Then shall the resurrection come also. Then shall they, who have in ages past cast off their mortal coils, be able to come again and resume them at will, and clothe themselves with flesh; and thus, also, shall a spiritualized humanity be able at will to throw off and take on its material clothing, and the two worlds be once more and forever united.

"Such to me, my brothers and sisters, is the sublime mission of Spiritualism, to be outwrought through the sexual emancipation of woman, and her return to self-ownership and to individualized existence. And may Heaven's choicest blessings make it come quickly."

ANTI-MORT.

THEN—AND NOW.

ONE afternoon during the present summer, as I was sitting on a rustic bench watching a game of croquet, an old man came along and took his seat beside me. He was quite communicative, favoring me with his recollections of former times. He lived at Oneida Castle when all this land was a part of the Indian Reservation, and no white man dwelt for miles around. Dense woods and tangled swamps covered hill and valley, with here and there an acre cleared in Indian style, innocent of fences, roads or lawns. Where our house now stands, dwelt old Nicholas and his son in a cabin. One dark night they brought home a jug of whiskey. In the morning a heap of ashes marked the spot where the cabin had stood. Both Nicholas and his son were burned in their home. It was supposed at the time, that when they were in the heavy sleep of drunkenness the back-log rolled down and set fire to their cabin, and they being insensible, were smothered by the smoke and consumed with their dwelling.

Where then the forest swayed, now thrifty orchards and smiling vineyards grow; where then were tangled swamps, now quiet herds are pasturing; where then a weary squaw toiled slowly along a narrow foot-path with loaded basket on her tired back, are now Indian women treading broad highways that lead to the station of the Midland Railroad. Through the old Indian Reservation now roll the swift railway trains. Old Nicholas and his son in their lone cabin, had little to comfort their daily life—no home enjoyments, no pleasant memory of the past, no inspiring hope for the future, no capacity for higher enjoyments. They sought by intoxication to forget their loneliness, and if possible to obtain a semblance of happiness. But they are gone; their race has passed away like the smoke from the ruins of their hut. Where their cabin sunk to ashes, has risen a mansion within whose walls live two hundred happy men and women. Flower-gardens, smooth lawns and shaded walks surround it; within are books, pictures and instruments of music. Children of a higher race, born under the best conditions that love and science can bring about, now fill the air with the sound of their merry voices, as they chase each other over the close-mown lawn, and in among the carefully kept shrubbery. This new race, with food for body, mind and heart, with education in business, with love and religion to fill their coming days, with ability to create and keep a happy home, have rightfully supplanted old Nicholas and his son.

J. B. H.

MY FARM.

I have a farm; 'tis rugged, rocky, small,
And round it creeps a tumbling, spotted wall.
And by it proudly goes the great highway,
Where covered wagons chuck and grind along
With four big horses, and dog and bucket
Beneath their axle-trees. It feeds a cow,
A sheep, a scrambling, horned goat, and has
A cobbly patch for beans and tucket corn.
And somewhere near its very center, is
A peaty bog, where grow your plumy ferns,
And arrow arum, twisted flags and fetid
Hellebore—a sort of black despondency
Within its heart, you see. Beyond this slough
There is a shaly, stony slope, all lush
With tangled brush, and stunted trees,
And hanging vines; and down it comes
A tinkling rill which springs from underneath
A jagged, tott'ring cliff, o'erhung with moss
That swings like wool upon the flanks of sheep.
And over this a shade of oak and 'nut,
And purpling ash and pine. My farm—it is
Not much for bread or meat, you say; and yet
'Tis mine, and in the flush of spring I have
To build a tower, love my love, and sow
My seed, obey my God, and tell my dream,
And in the fragrant autumn-time I mean
To garner nuts and wine, and cribs of solid corn.

A. B.

COMMUNITY JOURNAL.

ONEIDA.

—Mr. W. has called our attention to a singular freak in a Cape or Pot Marigold (*Calendula* ——) growing in our flower-garden. Six well-developed and symmetrically-arranged flowers have grown from each of the involucres of several of the first or normal blossoms. These secondary flowers do not show themselves until the regular ones have quite matured and gone to seed. This freak would seem to teach us, as perhaps the vegetable morphologists have already done, that the involucre of the Com-

positæ, as well as the whole flower itself, is nothing but an exceedingly shortened branch with sometimes a flower-bud in the axil of the abortive leaf or scale. Has any one ever noticed the like in any of the Compositæ? We have observed this sport in the Cape Marigold for some years.

—A lady from Boston, a very charming lady, was taken into our nursery yesterday where she admired particularly a little boy with brilliant red hair. "Do you know," said she, "that is my pet color? My husband has red hair, and my godfather had red hair," and here she mentioned several other near friends who had the same colored hair. After she came out, she told us that the story was abroad that all our small children are red-headed. She never believed it, she said, but she was a little surprised to find only one sorrel-top in all the flock. This lady did not see the five youngest, who are unweaned, but, if our word may be trusted, she saw the only one of the twenty-five born within four years whose hair is red or any shade of that color; unless you imagine incipient brown to be a shade of red, which some of our folks, who are fond of the sunny hue have vainly tried to do. And among the older children there is only one so marked. The mother of the Noyses had red hair and she crowned seven of her nine children with the same halo, only two being crowned by their father whose hair was dark brown. What this fact has to do with the story the lady reported, others may guess, but in mentioning it here we would not imply that none of our little ones are of Grandmother Noyes's stock; not at all! The laws of descent permit skipping over the heads of the first generation.

—The time of fairs has come. There is a State fair, a single-county fair, a twelve-county fair, and two town fairs that we might take part in, not to mention the two-months fair of the American Institute held in New York city, and that bigger and longer affair across the water, which they call a World's Fair. The Community is generally solicited to show its productions at whatever fair is going about here, and it is a question of no little moment how we shall conduct ourselves in the midst of so many inducements. We had some discussion of the matter the other evening, and settled on a few guiding principles: one is, that we will not exhibit at the fairs for the sake of the premiums we may get. The original object of fairs, such as are held in this country, was to stimulate improvement; money was an entirely secondary consideration. We shall stick to the original idea. So far as pecuniary results are concerned we shall be well satisfied if we are remunerated for the trouble and expense of preparation, etc.; and if this could be effected without our receiving any money-premiums it would suit us all the better. Another principle we have settled is, that we will not make any exhibition that we think will excite jealousy on the part of other exhibitors. We would rather keep away from the fairs altogether if we cannot participate in them with the good will of all. In general, however, we have had only urging on all sides to attend the fairs, and thanks afterward for our efforts to make them successful.

—One of our silk agents tells the following story:

"About a month ago I called on a customer of ours, Mr. ———, who keeps a large clothing-store in Utica. While in his office he brought out a package of silk, left with him by another manufacturer, who claimed it to be 'pure dye,' yet offered it much cheaper than we can sell ours. I told Mr. ———, I would like to test the silk, as I doubted its purity a little. He gave me some of it, and on my return home, our dyer put it to the test. The trial was not very satisfactory. There were two kinds of silk in the parcel; part of which on examination proved to be well 'stuffed;' but owing to there being two kinds we were unable to tell how much or little it was weighted. However, I returned the silk, reported the facts, and told Mr. ——— the result was not quite satisfactory; that we were inclined to think he had made a mistake and taken the silk from the wrong bundle, and suggested another trial, and that he be sure of the right silk. He readily consented, and, as I was on my way East, I gave him the address of Mr. B., our dyer, to whom he forwarded the silk. I had not seen Mr. ——— since, until last Wednesday, when he at once asked me how the second lot turned out. I replied, I supposed we should lose his custom, yet I must tell him that our dyer pronounced the silk to be, as the manufacturer claimed, 'pure dye.' Indeed, it stood the test so well, that, if the circumstance did not make it seem impossible, we should think it was our own make of silk. He could keep his countenance no longer, and exclaimed, 'It *was* your silk; the first lot however *was* taken from the right package; that was Mr. ——'s silk.' He said 'twas such a rare chance to test us that he could not forbear availing himself of it. He appeared as much gratified with the result as I was."

A RARE CHANCE FOR ANTIQUARIES.

—A lady in the Southern part of the State, makes us the following tempting offer:

"*Sept.* 18, 1873. I have read many descriptions about you as a Community. and among other things that you have a number of old coins and books. I have a very large collection of ancient coins, (numbering about 2000 pieces) mostly of foreign countries, which I think would make a very fine addition to yours. They were collected by an eminent physician for his own private museum. My Greek and Roman coins consist of about seventy-five pieces of silver and copper. My oldest Roman coin is dated 640 years B. C., and I have others nearly as old. I have six of Cæser Augustus in the year I, and of the other emperors down to the year 395, A. D. From Edward I, I have some under nearly all the sovereigns down to Victoria. I have the crown piece of Oliver Cromwell, which is very rare. As for my United States collection, I have some rare pieces, it is but not as full as that of other countries. I have about eight hundred pieces catalogued, and two hundred that are not. It is one of the best collections of foreign coins in the country, and all in a good state of preservation. I have had many chances to sell different pieces, but would not break up the collection, but thinking that you as a Community would like to purchase, have taken the liberty of writing to you. I have also a large collection of ancient books. Some dating back to 1513—1525, and so on, down. Also a large collection of minerals and curiosities which I would like to sell. They were gathered from all parts of the world, and it would take years and a fortune to collect them; but I will sell them at a bargain if you wish them. Any description or information you would like about them, I shall be happy to give you. Hoping to hear from you by return mail, I remain,

Yours with respect, ——."

—One of our business agents visited the American Institute last week; of the Fair now holding there he says:

"It will probably be as great a financial success as the one of last year, as the demands for exhibiting room are much greater than the managers can meet. We noticed some fine looking fruit from Colorado—the only fresh fruit to be seen at the fair. Twenty years ago the fairs of the American Institute were mostly exhibitions of fresh fruit, vegetables and flowers with all kinds of improved implements of horticulture and farming. Now there is but little in this line to be seen, and the leading attractions are manufactured goods of various kinds, machinery, etc., with fine music. These fairs have been noted for the introduction and advertisement of new articles of manufacture and inventions, and here enthusiastic patentees will discourse to you by the hour, if you will listen, on the great merits of their respective inventions. The silk manufacturers make an admirable display of their goods. Among the exhibitors of this industry are the Nonotuck Silk Co., one of the pioneers of the business in this country; the Singer Manufacturing Co., which has a large silk mill at Newark, New Jersey, and the Cheney Brothers, of Hartford, Conn. The O. C. have on exhibition a silk spooling-machine, and one of Dunn's patent machines for measuring silk—showing that silk can be measured accurately without extra labor in spooling—an invention long needed by silk manufacturers. The most novel and interesting display in the silk line is that made by Mr. Newman of California. He has a large case containing quantities of yellow cocoons and also white ones with fine specimens of raw silk raised and worked by his family and also articles made from the same. On a table adjoining his case he had his fixtures for reeling silk from the cocoons, which were placed in a basin of hot water and with a small hand-reel he wound off the silk before a crowd of interested spectators. His raw silk was of superior quality, resembling that imported from France. Mr. Newman is very confident that silk can be successfully produced in California. He is a great enthusiast in silk culture, and thinks that this industry should be under the patronage of the U. S. Government. The machine department when completed will be more extensive than heretofore. Printing-presses from three or more manufacturers will be running. Looms, knitting-machines, steam-pumps and saws of various kinds are entered in this department. Among the novelties of the fair this year will be a full corps of shoe-makers with all of their machines in operation for making boots and shoes. In the center of the building is a fine music-stand and one of the leading bands in the city furnishes excellent music for the thousands who nightly crowd the rink. We noticed but few of the old managers, though Secretary Chambers with his pleasant face is still seen about the place, as active as ever.

WALLINGFORD.

Sept. 4th.—We are the busiest of the busy, both at the house and at the printing-office. A look into the press-room to-day would have discovered the four presses and the ruling-machine all going, every available table piled high with printed matter; six great boxes of sheets nailed up to go to the binders; several men at work on the hydraulic-press-room; Mr. B. taking measurements and making calculations as to the gearing required to run this press, as in a few days a long job of pressing is coming on. In the midst of this bustle comes a telegram from Osgood & Co. saying the paper for the next edition of "Twenty thousand Leagues Under the Sea" has been shipped and urging us to "put it right through." Later comes a letter in which they write: "Can you not manage to put it right on and run nights or over time to give us the book? Our stock is reduced to 300 *copies*, and at the very quickest we shall be out of books long before we can get the new edition. We need hardly say this will be *most disastrous* to us and we *beg* you to do all you possibly can. * * *Don't fail us*, if you have to run *all night* on it for a while." We are thankful for so much business.

Tuesday, 9th.—The pond is drawn down very low for the convenience of the town, now building the new road.....Two gentlemen called yesterday, one of whom was from Boston, and Mr.

H. had some talk with him. He seemed to have wonderful confidence in the Community; said he had read the "Oneedy CIRCULAR, but had an idee he could larn more by conversation than by reading our books." There was one of our books, however, which he would like and he believed it was called "Male Con- con- con-." Mr. H., inwardly amused at his dilemma, thought he would let him work his way out of it, which he finally did, and the pamphlet was given him. Several days ago another gentleman called and confidingly told Mr. H. he had a copy of one of our books and he wished to get another for a friend of his, but did not mention the name of the book. Mr. H. knew quite well *what* he wanted, but went quietly and brought him a copy of "Salvation from Sin" which the man accepted without looking at it. When he has read this he may be prepared for the other.

—The following is cut from a personal note; the scarcity of news from W. C. induces us to insert it.

"I landed in New York, Friday, in the midst of a driving rain, a regular north-easter, and such mud! After attending to some business I grew quite sick of the rain, the mud, and the general sense of discomfort and misery, and so concluded I I would come up here.

"On Sunday, at 12.45 P. M., six of us started for the sea-shore. E. H. Hamilton, J. Hawley, Carrie, Libbie, Florence and the writer. We resolved to try a new route instead of the old turnpike which you know is long, and sandy, and hilly and dull. So we went directly over through Wallingford village turning to the right, off through the quaint old town of Northford; it was a beautiful road through those hills and dales of old Connecticut. After leaving Northford we followed the valley of Farm-river ten miles to Branford and reached our house at 4.30. E. H. H. and I made a general rush for oysters, clams, etc. Found lots of them over the river at 'old Greens'—a sort of 'Sewell' of this region,—hunter, trapper, oysterman, fisherman, etc., etc.

"After a grand feast at six o'clock, we cleared up the dishes and then, what do you suppose Carrie and I did? I know you will imagine all sorts of things, but you won't guess right; so I will tell you. We lighted a lantern and went a botanizing! Just picture the scene. Two individuals with an old oil lantern emitting a most dismal flicker of a gleam—scrambling over the rocks, peering cautiously into cracks and crevices, poking here and there among the scant vegetation in the fond hope of finding *Solidago sempervirens*, a certain species of golden rod. And we found it too; after an exhaustive examination of that hugh pile of rocks directly in front of Bristol's, we did find one poor half-grown, half-blown, half-wilted specimen clinging to a ragged spur of granite. We carried it to the house in triumph, and with great display proceeded to analyze it. Next day we found a wagon-load of splendid specimens on the 'Long Beach.'

"Clamming at six A. M. next day, then breakfast, a stroll on the beach off east to the 'Hamilton Cove,' gathering shells, a surf-bath at high water, and at two P. M. we started for home *via* New Haven and the long, dull turnpike. Altogether it was a pleasant affair.

"While E. H. H. was settling with Mr. B., he heard the following story about the Community. It seems that the widow who owns the Hamilton Cove was talking with Mr. B. about the Community people, and the various stories afloat in regard to them. Finally the widow inquired, 'Is it true that the women of the Community have one finger cut off so as to distinguish them in the dark from the world? I have heard that it is so.' Mr. B. replied that he had noticed Mr. Hamilton had lost several fingers, but that the women of the Community seemed to be all right."

NOTES OF AN EVENING MEETING.

Monday, September 22, 1873.

[After some conversation in reference to the book, "Debatable Land," which we had just finished reading, several persons present, related their experience in dealing with the "rappings" previous to entering the O. C. Some one reported that a lady from Boston who visited here recently, expressed much surprise that we did not have communication with the other world. Still, her own experience had taught her that it was better to keep away from the influence of Spiritualism. At the time when it was gaining a foothold in Boston, and nearly every one was interested in the matter, she was querying whether she had better meddle with it, when it occurred to her to open the Bible. The passage her eyes fell on was, "Refrain from these men and let them alone." This settled her mind, and she has had nothing whatever to do with them. She said she had no doubt as to the genuineness of Spiritual manifestations, but she saw no good results coming from them. Suicide was not uncommon among those most deeply involved in them, as she knew from the fact that people often came to her husband's drug-store to get antidotes for poison in such cases. After one and another had spoken of their views of the book, their own impressions as to Spiritualism, etc., the following remarks ensued:]

J. W. P.—After all, I think that this world is a pretty good place *now!*

W. A. H.—It is one grand feature of the gospel of Christ, that it makes us contented with our circumstances and enables us to rejoice in them whatever they may be.

Mr. Noyes.—I am free to confess that I should like to have palpable, open communication with the other world in some wholesome, rational way—the sooner the better. I don't see but that the same thing that has taken place in regard to Socialism, is going to take place in regard to Spiritualism. We remember that after the Owenites and Fourierites got through with their experiments and found they were failures, we had to take up Socialism and make a good thing of it. I see no reason why the same thing will not have to be done for Spiritualism. The signs are that we shall have to take up communication with the spiritual world and carry it through to the establishment of open relations with the Communists in the other world, which the Spiritualists have never done, as is evident from the fact that they cannot form Communities. In spite of the aversion we may have toward Spiritualists, it is a fact that the most advanced part of that sect have gradually adopted in substance our doctrine of Free-Love, our doctrine of Stirpiculture, and, last but not least, our doctrine of Victory over Death. They are certainly approaching us, so far as theories are concerned. They are selecting and appropriating our most pleasant and attractive doctrines; but in the end they will have to take hold of the conservative part of our system—Male Continence and Criticism; and the spirits that are guiding them will have to come in contact with the spirits that are guiding us. The development of the great system of Criticism, which is in fact the power of the day of judgment, will have to come in this world and the other world. People cannot take part of our doctrine and leave the rest. Free-Love and Stirpiculture will not work without Male Continence and Criticism. The principles of character-criticism will break out among the Spiritualists by and by, and then a higher class of spirits will come into the field.

W. H. W.—I think what is very much needed now is criticism to purge and purify Spiritualism.

[Mr. Easton spoke of the tendency of Spiritualists to Universalism.]

Mr. N.—It is not their mission to teach theology —as they themselves acknowledge—but to confirm the Scriptures and disarm Infidelity, which they are doing most effectually. They are placing themselves at the mercy of the spirit of judgment, so that every mouth shall be stopped and all the world become guilty before God. No matter what their doctrines are; they are confirming the Bible and disarming Infidelity, and the end will be the day of judgment.

W. A. H.—It is a singular fact that, while the "rapping" manifestations began with the Shakers, and the Shakers always have been courting the Spiritualists, and are at the present time making great exertions to affiliate them, the spirits and Spiritualists show no tendency to adopt the Shaker principles; and on the other hand, while we have never sought them, but on the contrary have avoided them most scrupulously, they have, as has been said, adopted one doctrine after another of ours, and show an irrepressible tendency to unite with us in one way and another. It seems to me that Spiritualists have improved a great deal. Owen is very different from what he was formerly. His respect and even zeal for the Bible and Christianity is wonderful, when we remember what he was in the times of Fanny Wright. After accepting all the Jewish miracles and searching everywhere up and down Christianity for Spiritual manifestations, the wonder is that he could not see a trace of supra-mundane visitations in the revivals of the evangelical churches.

Mr. N.—I have no more personal fellowship with Spiritualists as a mass than I ever had, and don't expect to have very soon; but I see what they are doing, as I always have seen; and now is the time when their mission is coming to its culmination in the conflict with Positivism. The Old World has sent us a scientific denial of God and immortality, and in punctual response, the New World rends the veil of immortality, and ushers actual ghosts and miracles upon the scene. My attitude toward Spiritualism always has been what it is now, as you can see in the article on "Animal Magnetism" and other parts of the "Berean." We took a similar attitude toward Fourierism; that is, we read their papers and took a great deal of interest in what they were working out; but we criticised them, as we criticise Spiritualists, and for the same things, viz., Universalism and semi-Infidelity; and after they subsided we took up their Socialism and carried it through, and acknowledged the light we got from them.

LADY CLARE.

BY TENNYSON.

Lord Ronald courted Lady Clare,
I trow they did not part in scorn;
Lord Ronald, her cousin, courted her,
And they will wed the morrow morn.

"He does not love me for my birth,
Nor for my lands so broad and fair;
He loves me for my own true worth,
And that is well," said Lady Clare.

In there came old Alice the nurse,
Said, "Who was this that went from thee?"
"It was my cousin," said Lady Clare,
"To-morrow he weds with me."

"O God be thanked!" said Alice the nurse,
"That all comes round so just and fair:
Lord Ronald is heir of all your lands,
And you are not the Lady Clare."

"Are ye out of your mind, my nurse, my nurse?
Said Lady Clare, that ye speak so wild?"
"As God's above," said Alice the nurse,
"I speak the truth: you are my child.

"The old Earl's daughter died at my breast;
I speak the truth as I live by bread!
I buried her like my own sweet child,
And put my child in her stead."

"Falsely, falsely have ye done,
O mother," she said, "if this be true,
To keep the best man under the sun
So many years from his due."

"Nay now, my child," said Alice the nurse,
"But keep the secret for your life,
And all you have will be Lord Ronald's,
When you are man and wife."

"If I'm a beggar born," she said,
"I will speak out, for I dare not lie.
Pull off, pull off the brooch of gold,
And fling the diamond necklace by."

"Nay now, my child," said Alice the nurse,
"But keep the secret all ye can."
She said "Not so; but I will know
If there be any faith in man."

"Nay now, what faith?" said Alice the nurse,
"The man will cleave unto his right."
"And he shall have it," the lady replied,
"Though I should die to-night."

"Yet give one kiss to your mother dear!
Alas, my child, I sinned for thee."
"O mother, mother, mother!" she said,
"So strange it seems to me.

"Yet here's a kiss for my mother dear,
My mother dear, if this be so;
And lay your hand upon my head,
And bless me, mother, ere I go."

She clad herself in a russet gown,
She was no longer Lady Clare;
She went by dale, and she went by down
With a single rose in her hair.

A lily-white doe Lord Ronald had brought
Leapt up from where she lay,
Dropt her head in the maiden's hand,
And followed her all the way.

Down stept Lord Ronald from his tower:
"O Lady Clare, you shame your worth!
Why come you drest like a village maid,
That are the flower of the earth?"

"If I come drest like a village maid,
I am but as my fortunes are;
I am a beggar born," she said,
"And not the Lady Clare."

"Play me no tricks," said Lord Ronald,
"For I am yours in word and deed;
Play me no tricks," said Lord Ronald,
"Your riddle is hard to read."

O and proudly stood she up!
Her heart within her did not fail;
She looked into Lord Ronald's eyes,
And told him all her nurse's tale.

He laughed a laugh of merry scorn;
He turned and kissed her where she stood:
"If you are not the heiress born,
And I," he said, "the next in blood—

"If you are not the heiress born,
And I," said he, "the lawful heir,
We two will wed to-morrow morn,
And you shall still be Lady Clare."

CONCERNING AUTHORS.

Numerous instances are upon record, proving that the emanations of mind have been attended with severe and laborious industry; and we may as well cite a few perhaps, here. So scrupulously fastidious was Pope as to nicety of expression, that it is known he seldom committed to the press anything till it had passed under his repeated inspection and revision, sometimes keeping it by him even a year or more for the purpose; and his publisher, Dodsley, on one occasion deemed it easier to reprint the whole of his corrected proofs than attempt the needed emendations. Thomson, Akenside, Gray, and Cowper, were equally devoted in their elaboration of a line; and Goldsmith gave seven long years to the perfection of his inimitable production, the Deserted Village; producing, on the average, something like three or four lines per diem, which he thought a good day's work. Hume and Robertson were incessantly laboring over their language—the latter used even to write his sentences on small slips of paper, and after rounding and polishing them to his satisfaction, he entered them in a book, which afterward was again subjected to a final revision.

Many an immortal work, that is a source of exquisite enjoyment to mankind, has been written with the blood of the author, at the expense of his happiness and of his life. Even the most jocose productions have been composed with a wounded spirit. Cowper's humorous ballad of Gilpin was written in a state of despondency that bordered upon madness. "I wonder," said the poet, in a letter to Mr. Newton, "that a sportive thought should ever knock at the door of my intellect, and still more that it should gain admittance. It is as if a harlequin should intrude himself into the gloomy chamber where a corpse is desposited in state." Our very greatest wits have not been men of a gay and vivacious disposition. Of Butler's private history, nothing remains but the record of his miseries, and Swift was seldom known to smile. Lord Byron, who was irritable and unhappy, wrote some of the most amusing stanzas of Don Juan in his dreariest moods. Hood, the great punster, is another case in point. In fact, an author's style is always but a doubtful indication of his heart.

Burke had all his principal works printed once or twice at a private press before submitting them to his publisher. Johnson and Gibbon were exceptions to these, it is true; they wrote spontaneously, and their first draft was the only one they gave to the press; and yet the majesty and beauty of their diction remain unsurpassed at the present day. The French writers, Rousseau and St. Pierre, carried their scrupulosity to an amusing excess. The former used to write out his new *Heloise* on fine gilt-edged paper, and with the two-fold affection of a lover and a parent, repeatedly rehearsed his effusions to the ravishment of his own delighted ears before sending them to the printer; and the latter transcribed his *Paul and Virginia* no less than nine times, with the view of rendering it as perfect as any mundane thing may be. Sheridan, it has been well observed, watched long and anxiously for a bright idea, and when he was visited with one, he sought to attire it suitably, and afterward discovered no less assiduity in rewarding it with a glass or two of generous port. Burns was another hard worker with his brain; when his fickle muse jaded, he used to rock himself on a chair, and gaze upon the sky, patiently waiting her inspiration. He was fastidious to a fault in the perfecting of his phrase and rhythm. The same delicate sense characterizes Byron, Scott, Moore, Campbell, and Bulwer, the last of whom used to victimize the printer for seven successive revises. We might swell the list of laborious writers still further, but it is needless; and yet we have not alluded to many who devoted their whole lives to a single production, like Dr. Copeland, whose renowned Dictionary of Practical Medicine has already occupied his undivided attention some twenty-five years.—*Salad for the Solitary.*

THE NEWS.

The epidemic of yellow fever at Shrevesport, La. continues unabated.

A grand hotel, costing $1.000,000, to be known as the "Windsor," has just been completed in New York.

The Senate Committee on Transportation, has been investigating the railroad and canal facilities of Canada.

The steamer Ironsides, went down in a very heavy gale on Monday the 15th, off the harbor of Grand Haven, Mich. A number of lives were lost.

Gen. Custer's division of the Yellowstone Expedition has arrived at the explored regions on the Yellowstone after a forced march of five days across a desert region 140 miles in extent. The object of the expedition has been accomplished. 20,000 square miles of hitherto unknown country have been explored; the Indians routed in two battles, and the survey of the Northern Pacific Railroad completed to the Yellowstone valley.

A fire in Chicago on the 17th of September consumed about sixty houses, and at one time threatened a renewal of the scenes of two years ago.

The King of Italy is visiting Berlin. Rumor gives a political significance to the event. It is held by good authorities that the visit has to do with the attitude of Germany toward the Papal See, which has become quite hostile, in consequence of Bismarck's summary dealings with the Jesuits. The Italian Government fears that, if, as seems probable a monarchical government be established in France, a movement will arise in the latter country for restoring to the Pope his lost temporal sovereignty. Hence the cultivation of friendly relations with Germany.

The Castelar government in Spain seems to be gaining strength. The Carlists are suffering defeat in the North. Most of the insurgent cities are surrendering to the Madrid authorities, and it is rumored that a loan has been secured in Paris. The insurgents who control the iron-clads which revolted from the general government sometime ago are threatening the city of Alicante, but according to the latest accounts the British fleet had interfered. The pacification of the country seems likely to be accomplished under Castelar.

The remnant of the Polaris expedition which remained with the ship when the Tyson party was left on the ice-floe, has arrived safely at Dundee in Scotland. All are in good health. According to their report the separation from the party on the floe was accidental and unavoidable. The fastenings by which the ship was secured to the ice gave way at midnight of the 15th of October, 1872, in a severe gale, and she drifted into open water, leaking so badly as to force them to take to the nearest shore. There they passed the winter with some help from the neighboring Esquimaux. In the spring they built two boats from timber procured from the ship and set out to work their way south to Cape York, where whalers are often to be found. After a perilous voyage, on the 23rd of June they discovered the whaler, Ravenscraig of Dundee, and were taken on board. They were afterward transferred to the whaling steamer, Arctic, which brought them to Dundee. The members of the party say that Capt. Hall died a natural death.

The event of the past week upon which public attention has been concentrated is the financial panic in New York city. For several days previous to Thursday, the 18th of Sept., premonitions of the coming storm were heard. On the 14th occurred the failure of Kenyon, Cox & Co., largely interested in the affairs of Daniel Drew. The discovery of heavy defalcations in the Brooklyn City Government, and corruption among Trust Company officials who had been speculating in railroad securities with the City funds, the failure of Francis Skiddy and several others, combined with an active drain of currency to the West to move the crops, and other causes now unknown, led to a rapid development of a feeling of distrust of all banking-houses connected with railroads, which precipitated on Thursday, the 18th, a panic which carried down the great banking-house of Jay Cooke & Co. and has since swept the street in spite of the most strenuous efforts to oppose it. The failure of the New York house of Jay Cooke & Co. was followed by the suspension of their Philadelphia and Washington branches. The panic was aggravated by the failure of the New York and Oswego Midland Railroad which has been in difficulties all summer. Richard Schell, a banker connected with Vanderbilt, also failed. On Friday the panic reached its hight and compelled the suspension of about twenty bankers and brokers, prominent among whom were Fisk & Hatch, the popular negotiators of Government securities. Saturday the Union Trust Co. and the Bank of the Commonwealth failed, and the panic seemed on the point of increasing, when the Stock Exchange and Gold Exchange adjourned, thus putting a stop to business and allowing breathing-time over Sunday. On Sunday the President and Secretary of the Treasury were in New York and listened to the appeals of prominent financiers for assistance from the Government by the issue of the currency reserve of

$44,000,000. The President decided that he had not legal authority for such a step, but ordered the sale of unlimited quantities of U. S. bonds. The banks, represented by a committee at the Clearing House, resolved on the issue of loan-certificates to the amount of 75 per cent. on good securities deposited with the Clearing House Association to the amount of $10,000,000, and made arrangements to support each other. On Monday the situation appeared more reassuring, but the Stock Exchange was not opened. On Tuesday occurred the failure of Henry Clews & Co., which threatened to start the panic anew, but though no money was to be had, and the $10,000,000 of Clearing House certificates and $10,000,000 from the Government sale of bonds were instantly absorbed without reducing the rate of interest, and reports of failures of country banks were constantly coming in, the difficulty did not extend to the mercantile classes; not a failure among them having occurred. On Wednesday no additional heavy failures took place, but no prices were affixed to stocks, and no rate of interest was quoted; in fact the business of Wall Street came nearly to a dead stand, which continued Thursday and Friday. Failures of banks in the small cities West and South are reported, and the Clearing Houses in the large cities, have followed the example of New York, and suspended the payment of currency, except for actual commercial and maufacturing needs. How long the dead lock can continue without injury to the National Banks and the commercial interest is a question which causes much anxiety.

Two hundred miles of the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada have been changed from the broad to the narrow gauge. The rest of the road, four hundred and fifty miles, will be changed in October. An immediate increase of business is confidently expected to follow.

A revival of Catholicism, caused by the misfortunes of the Pope has been for some time in progress in France, and pilgrimages from all parts have taken place to the shrines which are sacred to certain miracle-working Saints. The movement has extended to England, and the world is wonderingly witnessing a pilgrimage of English devotees to the shrine of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart at Paray-le-Monial led by some of the highest dignitaries of the Church in England.

THE FINANCIAL TORNADO.

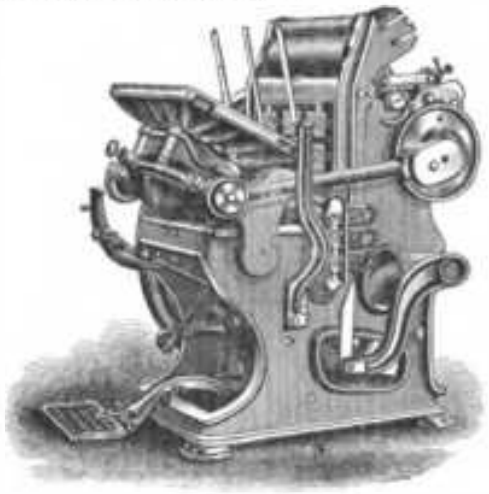
A WEEK ago or more, the press and telegraph were scattering the news, that the celebrated house of Jay Cooke & Co., the great American bankers and brokers, had suspended payment; and then followed, swift upon the heels of that announcement, the suspension of numerous other bankers and brokers, and, finally, the closing of the Stock Exchange; lest, perhaps, the bottom of Wall-Sreet., the moneyed center of the nation, should fall out and send pell-mell the vast horde of bulls, bears, brokers, and bankers, with scores of defaulters, *alias* thieves, to the bottomless pit of irretrievable bankruptcy and ruin.

Well, put the most unfavorable construction on this financial tornado which the truth will allow, we look upon it as a blessing, rather than a curse; a blessing even to the victims themselves, if rightly received. Indeed, it is a hopeful sign that the body-financial has still sufficient integrity left, to throw off the effects of the ruinous system of long credits, hypothetical and fictitious capital in trade—a system wholly at war with all the principles of permanent success. We are not opposed to moneyed institutions that are called into being by the needs of commerce; but all financial institutions beyond that, will, sooner or later, assume the character of gambling and unjustifiable speculations, which, in the very nature of things, become parasitical and a prey on the vitals of healthy business. But, thank heaven, there is one unalterable, imperative law of compensation, that whatever a man, or a society, soweth, that also shall he reap—a law that applies equally to all classes of people, and to all the varied pursuits in life, be they moral, spiritual or physical, and the reaping-time often comes when least looked for.

G. C.

THE "UNIVERSAL" PRINTING-PRESS.

BELOW we give a cut of the "Universal" printing machine, manufactured by Hamilton & McNeal, Rochester, N. Y.



In March last we purchased a quarto-medium "Universal," and are so much pleased with it that we think it no more than fair to notice it in the CIRCULAR. It is very compact, taking up no more room than the common eighth-medium presses. We have tried the machine thoroughly on nearly all kinds of work and find it perfect in every respect. The graduating scale for regulating the impression is very complete—we have not changed the corner screws to the platen but twice since we have had it—the impression being regulated by a single screw in a second's time from a full "form" to a single line of type for a card, and without changing the blanket. With the fountain we have no difficulty in printing two or three colors at a time. We are informed that the "Universal" is considered by New York printers to be the best in the market. Its superiority over other presses is probably owing to the fact that the inventor was for several years engaged in fine job-printing. We should be pleased to show the merits of the press to any one. It is certainly a very wonderful machine, and remarkably simple.

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

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A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF HOME, SCIENCE AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

Published by the Oneida & Wallingford Communities.

ONEIDA COMMUNITY, OCTOBER 6, 1873.

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THE UNITED COMMUNITIES.

ONEIDA COMMUNITY

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

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SPECIAL NOTICE.

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

ADMISSIONS.

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

WHAT IS PRAYER?

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Unuttered or unexpressed—
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.

Prayer is the burthen of a sigh,
The falling of a tear—
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try—
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice
Returning from his ways,
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, "Behold he prays."

Prayer is the Christian's vital breath—
The Christian's native air—
His watchword at the gates of death—
He enters heaven with prayer.

The saints in prayer appear as one
In word, and deed, and mind,
While with the Father and the Son
Sweet fellowship they find.

Nor prayer is made by man alone—
The Holy Spirit pleads—
And Jesus, on the eternal throne,
For sinners intercedes.

O Thou by whom we come to God—
The life, the truth, the way!
The path of prayer Thyself hast trod:
Lord, teach us how to pray.

CHRIST AS HE IS.

IF we believe that Jesus Christ "is the *same* yesterday, to-day and forever," we have only to find out what he *was*, to know what he *is*. He has once revealed himself familiarly to men, dwelling among them, and left a genuine representation of his spirit and character in the gospels, which he caused to be written. The history of the Primitive Church is also a store-house of material for forming an idea of what he *was;* and all the true impressions we get of his character in that day, apply to his present character. If we conceive of the Jesus that then was, as condescending and compassionate, easy to be entreated, forgiving sins, comforting, and not condemning, he is the same now. If he was a companionable friend of men and women, he is not less so now. If we appreciate his power to cast out devils, and heal diseases, and feed the hungry, when he was on the earth, he has the same power still. If we believe he communicated his spirit to others, inspired his disciples with utterance, boldness, and unquenchable zeal, he can do the same now. If he was able then to give those who received him power to become the sons of God, he is able now; and all the grace and spiritual blessing which was bestowed then, is still in his hands to give, and his heart is still equally good.

The circumstance that he is *invisible* should not affect our faith; because when he was on the earth his personal presence was not necessary to the action of his spirit. He could heal a sick man at a distance by speaking the word only; and he manifested his clairvoyance constantly. But what is more, when he ascended on high, *all power* was given him in heaven and *on the earth*; and he promised his disciples that they should do greater works than he, *because he went to the Father*, which he fulfilled in their subsequent history. So that we must conceive of his ability as immensely increased, and his disposition not changed by his personal absence. H.

THE LIBERTY OF SLEEP.

Home-Talk by J. H. N.

OUR natural wants create corresponding institutions. For instance, the natural want to eat and drink creates the institution of regular meals three times a day. The want is one thing, and the institution by which that is supplied is another. A man's desire to eat and drink would not necessarily take the periodical form; he might want to eat at irregular times if his appetite only were concerned. But after the business of eating and drinking has become an institution of three meals a day, men go to their meals whether they are hungry or not, and thus habit usurps the place and power which naturally belong to appetite.

In this way our institutions generate our vices. The habitual form tempts to intemperance oftener than the normal want. Sexual excesses come as much from the institutions which are created to supply the demand of amativeness, as from the passion itself. And so of all the other passions. The operation may be seen in the familiar reactions of trade. The demand of a neighborhood for goods is a natural want. That want creates a store, and the merchant (going to work for his own interest) practices on the passions of the people around him, and often makes them buy more things than they need. The institution not only supplies demand but inflames and increases it.

Suppose we apply this philosophy to sleep. We have a natural demand for rest which has created an institution of going to bed at a certain time and giving oneself up to sleep for eight or ten hours. I judge from my own experience, and from what I see and hear of the experience of others, that the evil powers take advantage of this state of things to oppress us. In consequence of being in bondage to the institution of going to bed, people often sleep when they do not need sleep.

They sleep many times under a bad influence, so that their sleep is worse than nothing. They sleep in a kind of lethargy, and have bad dreams, nightmare, and semi-paralysis, so that they arise in the morning more tired than when they went to bed. It cannot be necessary that we should undergo all that; there must be a release from such an oppressive institution.

My faith is that Jesus Christ can help me, on the one hand, to sleep when I want to, and get refreshment; and on the other hand, *not* to sleep when I have no appetite for it, or when sleep is a lethargy from which I awake feeling as though I had been hard at work.

People think that insanity comes from loss of sleep. Doubtless loss of sleep generally precedes insanity; but it is possible after all that insanity may be caused by a wrong kind of sleep, as well as by the loss of it.

We ought to get power over sleep, both positively and negatively—power to sleep when we want to, and power to refrain from sleeping when we have no need. We ought to have the power to sleep *on purpose*, with a view to recuperation, and not with a view merely to pleasure. We ought to have power to use sleep as a means of the highest efficiency in business, and seek it for the sake of the kingdom of God and its righteousness.

Of course no rule can be made about it, and there is no use in putting oneself under bondage of conscience in such a matter; but it will be well for all of us to watch and pray for improvement in our control of the matter of sleep.

Perhaps if we could get the right kind of sleep when we do sleep, we should need but little of it. I find that a very short time of really healthy sleep does me more good than a whole night of uneasy, narcotic sleep. I frequently just touch the edge of sleep, hardly losing consciousness for a second, and wake as much refreshed as though I had slept all night. On the other hand I sometimes sleep heavily all night, and then awake more tired than when I went to bed, feeling as though I had been at work in a tread-mill.

We hear a great deal of exhortation to people to be regular in their habits about sleeping—to sleep enough, and all that; but I never hear exhortations to people to avoid bad sleep. I believe there is as much distinction between good sleep and bad sleep as there is between good sleep and being drunk. Sometimes after awaking refreshed a person is tempted to sleep longer, and so will wake up a second time feeling bad. When that is the case he has certainly slept too much. We ought to study this subject with the understanding that there is such a thing as sleeping too much as well as too little.

The working of a healthy brain is an alternation between healthy sleep on the one hand, and healthy thought on the other. To be really healthy, a man must have freedom in both directions. There must not be any compulsory sleep, and there must not be any compulsory thought. You must have liberty to think or refrain from thinking, and to sleep or refrain from sleeping, as the best interest of your life requires. Any other state than that must be partial insanity. If the mind is subject to compulsory thinking on the one hand, or compulsory sleeping on the other, it must be more or less diseased. A sound mind can vibrate easily and freely between sleep and thought, and get strength from both.

AMONG OUR ARCHIVES.

VI.

WE continue our extracts from J. H. N.'s journal of his life at Andover:

"*July 3d.*—Was enabled in some good measure to keep my resolution about sobriety and useful conversation; but I find I must be esteemed an austere, unsociable man, if I would faithfully maintain a prayerful frame of mind. Well, be it so! Why can I not endure as well to be deemed a fanatic here as in the thoughtless world? I must do my duty, and in order to do that I am fully convinced that I must assume an independent standard. I hope my object is not merely to get to heaven, but to attain here the holiness which reigns in heaven. Shall I say my circumstances are unfavorable? It is a question of Satan. Everything is favorable, except my own abominable perversity. There is nothing in my circumstances or in the limitation of the grace of God, that should prevent my becoming as holy and devout a man as St. Paul. I was much delighted in my evening meditations with a view of the seeming contrariety, but real and glorious harmony, of the divine attributes as displayed in salvation by Jesus Christ. Mercy and justice in their brightest forms meet and mingle here without discord. The highest hatred of sin, and the most intense love of the sinner are made consistent. Wisdom, goodness, mercy, justice, holiness—all shine with equal luster.

"*July 4th.*—Was greatly troubled about my state by reading an account of Brainerd's conversion and President Edward's reflections on it. My religion is of too dubious a character to afford me much comfort, and yet my health is so poor that I cannot conscientiously impose on myself the effort which is necessary to faithful self-examination, though I would most gladly make it if my body would bear it. How desperately miserable must be the state of one who postpones all consideration of the subject of religion till weakness and pain warn him of death! I had a very edifying conversation with good Mr. Jewett. He is a holy man. Supposing the bad state of my health owing partly to the want of amusement, I bought a violin to-day; but from the first experiment I fear that this amusement will draw away my affections from divine things. I pray that God will maintain his supremacy in my thoughts and desires.

"*July 5th.*—I came reluctantly to the conclusion, this day that I am a subject of the dyspepsia, and determined to give up study for a few days. It is a hard thing to maintain religion in such a condition, and of course my diary will probably contain more mourning over the maladies of my body than of my soul, until I secure health. I think, however, there is a tenderness of feeling accompanying the melancholy of disease which is somewhat favorable to spirituality. I have been several times much assisted in prayer, since I have hardly been capable of making a manly intellectual effort. I think I shall know how to be grateful for health, if God restores it. I am obliged to spend much time in amusements and diversions which seem unprofitable. I must then engage in them as a matter of self-denial for the glory of God. I must make health my object, and the salvation of souls my motive, and then diversion will become a part of religion.

"*July 6th.*—My health is marvelously improved by abandoning study and thinking; but the thoughtless mode of living which makes men grow fat brings sad desolation to the soul. They who have ruined their health by reckless excess and indolence, must be content with occasional glimpses of the glory of God. My present troubles are the legitimate consequences of past sin. I finished the biography of Brainerd to-day. He died at the age of twenty-nine. All his labors and sufferings, his piety and usefulness, were crowded into eight years, and most even of that time was spent in precarious health. He could not have husbanded his time better if he had known he was to die so young. His time of personal usefulness was short; but his time of historical usefulness will end only with the world. What a blessed example! It seems presumption to aspire to piety such as his; and yet our great examplar went beyond him. We are required to imitate Christ; no other standard is high enough. I long to see such men as Brainerd in heaven.

"*July 7th.*—Was sick and stupid in the forenoon, but in the afternoon felt an unaccountable exhilaration of spirit, and endeavored to improve it by meditation on divine things. It seemed as if I could form some conception of the felicity of heaven. I had evidence in my own feelings that nothing but the clogs which the body imposes on the soul, can repress the elasticity of a mind conscious of the favor of God. How glorious the thought of intellectual freedom! The soul will never be ripe until it gets rid of its husk. This single idea would be enough to constitute a mere mathematician's heaven; but the Christian when he longs for emancipation thinks of his Bible and the glorious and endless trains of thought connected with salvation by Jesus.

"*July 8th, Sabbath.*—Read the Bible with unusual relish this morning and could not refrain from blessing God for the gift of such a book. O! that I might have more of its spirit! I do not love Christ with that sensible affection which I know ought to fill my soul to overflowing. I have not the desires for the salvation of souls which seem so seasonable. I have not that sense of my own sinfulness which the Bible commands, and that unbending abhorrence of everything opposed to holiness which God requires. I fear there is much hypocrisy in my conversation on these subjects. I express the dictates of conscience and understanding as the feelings of my heart. I pass off for zeal that which perhaps desire of applause produces. O God! cleanse thou me from secret faults! I was greatly assisted in giving instruction to my Bible-class to-day and after much effort succeeded in gaining their attention. Attended the missionary meeting in the evening. Heard several letters from Mills and Gordon Hale, which were written to the Society of Inquiry fifteen years ago. They were far beyond the spirit even of the present age, and to this day we are but repeating the arguments which they used. What an influence has even the bare name of such a holy man as Mills! Had a very good Christian conversation in the evening with Tyler. He cannot yet decide to be a missionary. I believe he will.

"*July 9th.*—Received a visit from my old friends, Prentiss and Hubbard, to-day; held a long conversation with Prentiss on the subject of religion. He seems to have passed through the regular experience of a Christian, and yet it can hardly be possible that he is indeed a regenerate man. He thinks, and I believe sincerely, that he is a Christian and hopes and promises to wake up; but he has strayed a great way into the purlieus of sin. I endeavored to induce him to cast away the old law and begin again; but I fear for him exceedingly. He is unsettled in his habits of mind, and a thorough reformation under present circumstances is not to be expected, though it may be hoped for. My conversation with him produced a pleasing

effect on my own mind, inasmuch as it led me to doubt myself and to cast myself on God. I remained in a tender and prayerful frame of mind during the day; but in the evening engaged in unprofitable and wicked conversation, and thus fell back into a state of darkness and insensibility. Self-examination was a disagreeable task.

"*July 10th.*—To-day I have groaned under the consequences of my sin of yesterday. Prayer was a burden, and additional sin brought additional darkness and trouble into my soul. In the afternoon I searched the Bible and the library in regard to a question of conscience, and found beyond a doubt that I had been committing a heinous sin. I was never more deeply convicted of my meanness, of my desperate wickedness before God, and of my utter impotence in resisting temptation. I prayed, I wept, and I trust God gave me repentance. O, that I could set up a monument on this spot which would evermore remind me of my promise to God! The thought occurred to me today with much force, that I have a work to perform in the Lord's vineyard and why should I not set about it now with all my energies? Perhaps my Master will deliver me from this fleshly prison sooner if I begin now than if I wait.

"*July 11th.*—Was under constant conviction of sin to-day, and I almost despaired of overcoming the wickedness of my carnal nature. I *know* that nothing but sovereign grace will deliver me from self-destruction. Oh, it is an evil thing and bitter to sin against an enlightened conscience! I hope I shall be made willing ere long by this painful discipline, to become wholly divorced from detestable *self* and wholly united to Christ."

SCIENTIFIC KNOTS.

Extracts from "Miracles Past and Present."

But, says Renan "A miracle at Paris before experienced *savans!*" Elsewhere, too, he explains more exactly what would suit him as to a miracle; that it should be wrought under conditions as to time and place, in a hall, and before a commission of physiologists, chemists, physicians, and critics; and that when it has been done once, it should, on request, be repeated. And no doubt, to the writer, this appeared to be a very fair way of dealing with miraculous pretentions; and no doubt, too, of his most emphatic opponents, there are many to whom in their secret thought it would be a puzzle, if such a proposition had been made to Jesus at Jerusalem, why it should not have been accepted at once for the market-place, or the court of the temple. For Renan is simply strong in that way of looking at things, which is characteristic of this present age, and which commonly is called skeptical, but which, also, sometimes is called practical and even business-like. Not jocosely, but in all seriousness, every now and then are put forth and read invitations to the miraculous such as that which Ernest Renan makes. One man writes in abstract, scientific terms, and another in plain English; but both one and the other mean the same thing. "Let miracles come to me in my study, and show themselves inside of my crucible, while my friends are all standing around, and at the moment exactly when it shall be said that we are all ready, and then I will believe; though of course, even then, I should not be absolutely forced to, but still I should, I think. And now what do you say to that?" And there really is nothing to say to it. Martin Luther, indeed, said once what probably he would have remarked again, if he had heard this scientific, common-sense proposal, that for certain, sometimes, over some of his creatures God Almighty must laugh.

But now, as to miracles, it is not pretended that they are absolutely at the ordering of any man as to time and place. But, indeed, is it so that science treats a subject even less foreign to its own domain than miracles?

Are earthquakes, as reports, accounted incredible, as not occuring at a time and a place known beforehand and submissive to the directions of men with clocks and spirit-levels, and with magnetic and other machines all ready for use? And, indeed, a miracle coming to order would scarcely be a miracle. For, coming to order patiently, punctually, and as a scientific certainty, it would by that very fact have parted probably with something essential to its nature as commonly understood. * * *

David F. Strauss, the famous writer on the Gospels, says that he himself cannot believe in a miracle until he has had a solution of the philosophical views which he entertains against the possibility of such a thing. So that with him, even seeing would not be believing, unless, by good luck, there were some sophist standing by, more cunning than himself, who could unloose for him, in his mind, the knots of his own tying. Any man, down in the depths of learning, or up on the hights of science, in a difficulty of that kind, is to be pitied, because of the pains which he must have taken before he could have got there in his senses. But now for David F. Strauss himself pity is not the word, but sympathy. And the sympathy to be felt for him is profound, and as though for a pioneer in the grand advance of civilization, who had got bewildered in a thicket, and at whose position only they can laugh who cannot even faintly conjecture what it is to try a step forward in theology under religious responsibility. Still, however, it is a certainty that such an avowal as that which Strauss makes of himself, is the self-exposure of "philosophy falsely so called."

And now let us consider the arguments against the supernatural from the uniformity of human nature. * * * Human nature, it is supposed, is everywhere and always the same, and as uniform as a law of nature; so as that everybody knows of himself whether a spirit has ever been seen anywhere, or a vision ever been had, or a miraculous cure ever been experienced. Now certainly human nature is everywhere human. But then what is this humanity? For, before beginning to deny from it as a ground, it should be absolutely certain how far the ground reaches. Plainly, we are not all the equals of Plato, or Solomon, or Newton. And if, now and then, individuals have proclaimed themselves sensitive to a world of spirit, it would hardly seem to be a greater variation in human nature than what is common in every city, where one man wallows in the mire of sensuality, while another feeds on the fruits ripened on the topmost boughs of the tree of knowledge. And certainly a seer does not vary from a Troglodyte more than Plato does; and so why should he not be believed in, on good evidence as to his character?

But, indeed, for those who hold that man is body and spirit, why should it be incredible that there should be varieties of spiritual experience among men, considering that some men do nothing but live to the body, while others live earnestly to the spirit?

If there be a spirit in man, and a spirit with the powers of a spirit, why should it be reckoned a thing impossible, that it should make itself more distinctly felt in one man than another? But why should it be beyond belief or expectation even that, now and then, there might be a person with whom some faculty of the spirit should be more than dormantly alive?—the eye for spirits even, if any should be near; the ear for more than mortal sounds; and the spiritual understanding for a prompting other than that of flesh and blood?

QUEER WAYS.

ONCE upon a time, as the stories say, the Community had a series of discussions on the subject of manners, which had both a ludicrous and a serious side. The habits of different individuals came up for remark and many peculiarities of manner were set forth in a ridiculous light by some of our best mimics. O. had a way of winking and shrugging his shoulders, very disagreeable to all who saw him; L. made up faces, often twisting his countenance into most curious shape. Sometimes when certain principles were up for discussion he would throw back his head and put on one of his queer expressions, as much as to say, "I can't swallow all of that." D., R., T., A and H. had the annoying practice of biting their finger-nails; F. handled her fork like a drum-stick; Z. when embarrassed stroked his beard in a distracted manner; M. pinched her ears until they were crimson. One young woman confessed to the habit of chewing paper, whereupon some one rejoined, "Indeed she does; when in my room she will often tear a strip off from paper lying on my desk, and first I know it is in her mouth." This was mortifying to the young woman, but the exposure was beneficial. E. sat ungracefully in his chair; W. scratched his head nervously; K. when in thought twisted the corners of her apron; S. when sitting, kept one foot swinging; B. had a very ludicrous manner of protruding his tongue; U. annoyed those near him by constantly drumming on the arms of his chair; Y. pulled out his watch and opened it as often as once in three minutes; P. with many others, had a sad habit of tilting in his chair. The allusion to this particular custom led to a talk on the subject of habits in general, which we have lately read with some interest. Imagine the family circle gathered round the large stove in our meeting-room at Wallingford. An attack is made on P. for tilting his chair, to which he replies, "In what manner is it particularly offensive?"

Q.—Well for one thing it mars the walls and the floor. If you want to sit in any particular attitude why not have your chairs fitted for it?

P.—I generally tip my chair back after I have been sitting for some time and want a change.

C.—If the chair-legs were shorter behind, the difficulty would be obviated, I think.

P.—Well, I don't defend it, but we often have a great deal of sitting to do. We could all get this change and ease if we only had rocking-chairs.

Q.—Well, let's all have rocking-chairs then. I should say that a man of your standing should *have a rocking-chair!* (Laughter followed, in which P. disclaimed all desire for a rocking-chair, and protested that he preferred doing without.)

Q.—I have been invited to criticise the practice of sitting on one foot. What comfort there is in it I don't know. But to say the truth, the custom is unbecoming; (here several young ladies convicted, gave a conscious titter.) In regard to the men carrying their hands in their pockets, I think that the only genteel way of disposing of your hands is *this*, (putting his thumbs in the arm-holes of his vest. and poising his head in a consequential way).

N.—It won't do us any harm to pay particular attention for a time to this subject of manners. It will have a good effect, and we shall probably never forget the lessons we are now learning. I don't propose to make a business of enacting laws, or to think too much on these matters; what I should like would be to give the subject special attention for a while, and then let it take care of itself. I suppose among certain genteel people, much time is spent on these subjects—training their children in parlor etiquette, etc. If folks notice bad manners and are annoyed by them, they will be apt to ridicule them in private ways if they do not have a chance to free their minds occasionally in public. The improvement we are trying to make in regard to our manners is not trifling. The principle is the same as it is in music. In studying music we often fall into the delusion that the minutiæ of music are not of much consequence; but success depends on the amount of our painstaking. So it is in anything. We must get a high standard and learn to live up to it. As Paul says, "Christ loved the church, and gave himself for it: that he might sanctify and cleanse it with the washing of waters by the word, that he might present it to himself a glorious church, *not having spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing.*"

Following this, the proposition was made that no person should be allowed to put his hands on or near his face, for a week. The result of this rule was amusing. Q. was caught rubbing his head on several occasions, and in desperation put both hands firmly down with the remark, "I begin to feel as if I were in a *strait-jacket.*" L. coming in late the same evening created a great laugh, by

seating himself and stroking his beard most tenderly.

The next evening, however, the scene was different. P. sat erect in his arm-chair, busying himself with folding and unfolding his handkerchief; E. very straight with head up, and hands behind him; C. in a prim attitude occasionally playing with his fingers. And every one with a critical eye turned on somebody else was behaving most elegantly. Twice J. and D. began tilting their chairs, but numerous fingers pointing at them, set them aright. For a week most punctillious behavior was required, after which the rules relaxed somewhat. Still to this day, the impression of that week's experience is not wholly effaced.

B. HAVIOR.

RECEIPT FOR MAKING A HOME.

You find it hard to make a home?
I'll tell you what's the matter:
Your heart must ever cease to roam,
Your tongue to make a clatter. R. S. D.

ONEIDA CIRCULAR.

HARRIET M. WORDEN, EDITOR.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1873.

It will pay the readers of the CIRCULAR to turn back to the tenth number of "The Legal Status of Married Women," and re-read that article, just to feel how much more genial the civil law is, than the common law, when it comes to give the status of married women. The transition from considering the wife under the common or British law to that of viewing her under the civil or Roman law, is as pleasant as the change from winter to spring—or from some rough northern forest to a land of vines and smiling meads. The one has come to us from our barbarian ancestors and has the mark of the savage on it. The other has come to us from Rome and the ancient civilization, and has an inborn gentility and refinement. Being much older than the common law, it has had time, perhaps, to outgrow the barbarism of its youth. It was not even codified, we believe, until Justinian, one of the Christian emperors, did it in the year 534, A. D. One naturally inquires what it was that made the civil law so much more gentle to the wife; was it primitive Christianity? or Greece? or Egypt? Cannot some of our legal friends tell us? It looks as if the agitators for woman's rights were only bringing the English world up to the point where the old civilization left off. T. B.

LET'S PAY OUR DEBTS.

YOUR half-read man who lives in the present and is suckled by the newspapers, makes altogether too much noise about what we call our modern achievements,

The rail-road,
The telegraph,
The sewing-machine,
The reaping-machine, and
The printing-press.

Let him pay his debt to the man—if he can find him—who invented

Edge tools,
Earthen ware,
Cloth,
The wheel and axle, and
The alphabet.

I guess there would be less noise if that old gentleman should step in some day and put a stop to things till he made us pay him a tremendous royalty for the use of those little inventions of his. They are small but mighty; they are old but it is their everlasting youth which keeps things going.

A. B.

SOULS IN BUNDLES.

THE late Mr. Thoreau, writing to a friend who had complained of having a certain poverty of inner experience, tells us that his neighbor Emerson found himself so poor at times that he was even obliged to seek the company of men. Thoreau's opinion, if we apprehend it rightly, was that a man should dive deeper into solitude, deeper into contemplation, and deeper into himself, indeed, whenever he finds himself poor and hollow. There is, we think, a big vein of gold running in the direction which Thoreau has indicated; and it has not been so thoroughly worked as it might be or as it ought to be. Yet Emerson would seem to be practically the wiser of the two, for he chose to hunt for gold wherever he could find it; he recognized the uses of men, and the uses of society, which is only a vast number of men and women organized more or less wisely.

In one way and another we get a great deal of this doctrine of individualism, and philosophy of solitude, preached to us. It would seem as if German Reformation, French Revolution, American Revolution and Abolition of Slavery have not yet done enough for the individual. The old tussle between the heads of society and the individual still continues. The individual has not yet made for himself the solitude he wants; has not yet got top of society. Indeed, would it not be a spectacle to see the individual atop of society?

Some democrat who can never get enough elbow-room, tells us that souls are not carried to heaven in bundles. And straightway your country editors excerpt the passage and print it in the corners of their newspapers. This is a very comforting doctrine for all such readers as intend to saunter up to heaven some day after the great crowd has got pretty well in. We judge, however, that it would be best for a man to accept an offer of being saved in a bundle with his neighbors, should such a chance ever present itself.

It is becoming more and more apparent to us that happiness is not exactly the product of solitude and independence. You may, in fact, say that final happiness is something incident to souls in bundles. It is a sort of triangular arrangement of God and my neighbor and myself. It is the result of organization. Touching this matter of organization, we venture to say that there never was a democrat who did not, in contemplating the question of his own happiness, consider that he must have an organization large enough at least, to include himself and one woman. But if your idea of organization does not get beyond the family, and does not include church and state, how, we ask, is God going to reach us with his judges, prophets and seers? For if there be one man who stands nearer God than the rest of us, it is important that we should be able to lay hold on him and partake of his unction.

If we pause here to consider how far happiness is dependent on the possession of wealth, and then, how far the production of great wealth is dependent on organized capital, we shall learn that happiness is a product of men in bundles. The masses of wealth piled up by railway corporations and manufacturing companies, are fast shaming the single-handed farmer who goes a-field with a pair of brindle oxen. It sometimes appears as if our common people had become educated for wealth and palaces, and that things had come to a stop until some scheme could be devised by which men shall be put into possession of wealth commensurate with their imagination and powers of enjoyment. As things now are, a poor student or mechanic going to New York, must take passage on a North River steamer which dwarfs him by the splendor of its saloons, and he must stop at palaces which seem to have conspired to shame him out of his isolation and drive him into some great organization. Thus, we may be beggars at home, but we must lodge like kings and queens when we go abroad.

Looking at the world through this idea of organization, we perceive that we must re-adjust our notions in respect to the relative value of all the different talents. The greatest talent is the talent for organization, and the greatest genius is the genius for being organized. All the great prizes of wealth and happiness appear to be held in store for the geniuses of that sort. We are told that the meek are blessed and that they shall inherit the earth. We may not agree as to who these are, but in the mean time it will not do any harm to inquire if they are not the men who will submit to be organized, and who will, if need be, wear ugly blue overcoats, and walk in platoons with men whose coats are just as ugly. A. B.

The great study in the conduct of life is the *Philosophy* of *Ordinances*. Every thing that we do, even the smallest act, *opens a door*—turns a key, which lets in upon us an influence from heaven, or an evil wind from Hades or the world of bad spirits. The act is often not half so important as what follows the act. We may judge of any thing we do by the sensations afterward, whether it has let in Christ or damnation; we can eat and drink Christ and we can eat and drink damnation.

COMMUNITY JOURNAL.

ONEIDA.

—Rev. D. P. Smith, of Iowa City, Iowa, father of D. E. Smith, of the O. C., has been spending a few days with us. Mr. S. is traveling for his health, but, on invitation, addressed us last Sabbath evening, (28th) though he has long since retired from active ministerial labors. His text was from 1st Timothy, 20th verse, "Keep that which is committed to thy trust." Mr Smith is a vigorous speaker, and gave us an excellent discourse.

—D. E. S. says: "As several of us were coming up the walk the other morning, we saw a full-grown partridge fly toward the house and light in the grass under the central window of the north wing; it soon jumped down into the opening before the cellar-window. On our near approach it took wing again, and flying swiftly round the south tower, was out of sight in a moment. This is one of the shyest of American birds, and I never before heard of it coming so near an inhabited building."

—Mr. Joslyn, who has been with us for twenty-four years, enjoyed, a few days ago, his first ride on the cars since coming here. He has been confined at home, being unable to get around without crutches. But the Midland runs temptingly near. Accompanied by his son he rode up the valley to Norwich, spent a few hours in riding about the place, and returned on the afternoon train. He said, that only one from whom such pleasure had been so long withheld, could imagine his sensations. His face beamed with the satisfaction his lips did not express.

—Thanks were offered the other evening for the fine weather we are having. Frosts have threatened us sharply several times, but have not really come yet; their delay gives joy to the farmers and fruit-growers. At one time 'twas feared the tomatoes would not ripen, but one hundred bushels were packed one day last week at the fruit-house. Aside from these reasons for being thankful for pleasant weather, we are very glad for the pure enjoyment

of it. On one of these rare days B. J. was heard to say—'twas before we read of little Shockey—"I tell you what! such a day as this makes a man feel that God hasn't forgotten him."

—The fruit-packers report one day's work; canned, ready for the market,

1224 quarts of	Corn.
232 " "	Pears.
227 gallons of . . .	Tomatoes.

—A lone apple-blossom, with four tiny pink buds encircling, and as sweet as the flowers of spring, was plucked from an old apple-tree that stands beneath our office-window, just as the last September day smiled us adieu, and the cool breath of October was upon us. Poor wee thing! "All blooming alone" we found it, while "its lovely companions" long since came to a well-rounded fruitage. Not being "born to blush unseen," however, it was attached to the outmost twig of the tree, and, as the wind swayed it gently, was very easily discerned from the mass of foliage. Rather than see it perish, we picked it, and—sweet little posy—it seems to us a link between the past and present, uniting spring and autumn.

—Our sales for September were:

Hardware.	Newhouse Traps, .	$20.561.48
	Hawley & Norton Traps,	959.77
	Chucks, . . .	2.507.36
	Jack Screws, . . .	150.00
	Blinn's Hinges, . .	22.50
	Foundry Castings, .	243.89
		24.445.00
Silk.	Of our own make,	$21.966.28
	" foreign " . .	373.69
	Weaving, . . .	387.20
		22.727.17
Preserved Fruit.	. . . .	337.23
Chemical Works.	Nitrate of Iron,	497.01
	Total sales for the month,	$48.006.41

—"Ever since mother Eve meddled with the fruit that she had been forbidden to touch, her children the wide world over, have shown kleptomaniac tendencies in regard to horticultural products. That this is an instinctive and, probably, hereditary impulse is shown by the fact that it afflicts, more particularly, the young and thoughtless." These reflections arose in the minds of some of our silk-room folks when trying to meet the difficulty they have in keeping the youngsters of their flock out of the orchard. In vain they pass around apples and pears; the inborn instinct to club the trees and fill themselves with hard, green fruit is all but irrepressible.

—We are often edified and strengthened by the heart-felt testimony of different members of the family—the offering of contrite hearts which are acceptable to God. The following grateful acknowledgement of the "Things that I thank God for," was made by a young man at one of the evening meetings:

"First of all, that I have been taught to know God, and have found that he rewards them that diligently seek him.

"That suffering softens my heart and drives me nearer to Him.

"That I enjoy the blessed privilege of membership in His church.

"That my heart is filled with a lively hope that I am in the way of salvation.

"That I feel an ambition, daily growing stronger, to devote myself, body and soul, to the service of Christ.

"That I am deemed worthy of God's love and care."

—The rippling waters of the Sconondoah, near which our Willow-Place factory is situated, occasionally run low in summer obliging us, as a machinist jocosely remarks, to boil down the water to get the power out of it. The Sconondoah, though a small creek, has the proud distinction of having, by chemical analysis, the hardest water on the line of the N. Y. Central R. R., and it fully sustains its reputation in its action in our boiler. A few week's use without applying the tannate of soda was sufficient to cause the formation of a scale so thick that no after application of tannate availed. Presently the tubes began to leak, the thick scale keeping the water away from the tube-sheet which is exposed directly to the fire. Various remedies were tried in vain. At last it became impossible to keep up steam as the water put out the fire. A new boiler had already been ordered, but the end came sooner than we expected, and we are bridging over a three week's hiatus by renting a fifteen horse-power tubular boiler of Wood & Mann, Utica, N. Y.

—One of our Johns, who recently spent a vacation of several weeks at the Villa, writes:

W. C., Sept., 1873.

"DEAR WILLOW-PLACE:—You may think my promised note long delayed, but I shall have to plead "very busy," and tell you how I got along. In the first place, the train expected at 9.50 did not reach O. C. until about 11 o'clock. We should then have been in time for the eastward bound Central train at 11.23 but we missed two of our packages, (we had nine in hand including umbrellas, etc.), and I had to go back to the Midland Depot for them. So we waited in the O. C. room and took the next train at 1.18.

"Mr. —— enjoyed the grapes I carried for him and seemed glad to see me. Monday evening he did not say a word about the Community and we had quite a pleasant chat about old times, etc. But Tuesday morning he began to talk against the O. C. I begged him not to begin any controversy about the Community at this time; tried to show him how useless it was to spend words and life in that way; told him that he would not probably change his opinions if we should talk for days, and that I certainly should not change mine. It was of no use. He kept on with his talk. I told him I thought he was not treating me well in abusing my friends when I had called to make a friendly visit; I finally told him I was expecting to stay until afternoon and then take the night-boat to New York, but should take the next train if he went on in that way. He kept on. What I said seemed merely to furnish him with text for more debate, so exercising my right to free locomotion, like 'Fred. Trover's Little Iron-clad' Jew, I takes my monies and my shirt and I leaf him."

—One of the young men engaged in the hardware department found his experience unsatisfactory. In a note addressed to the family he says: "I had lost the light heart I felt at the beginning of the season. In looking about me for the reason, I saw it was because I had allowed business to absorb the whole of my attention, and had dropped my hour for prayer. I am now resolved to be faithful to this, and take my hour every day, let business be ever so pressing." Several expressed their interest in his experience.

W. A. H.—I think it all important that we be faithful to that ordinance, no matter what the pressure of business may be. It is an inlet to the revival spirit. It seemed to us at the time it was proposed like an inspired suggestion and we found great benefit from it. It is not worn out yet. Just at this time when all our departments are crowded with business, it may be possible that others have done as A. did; but faithfulness to that means of grace will react favorably, not only on ourselves as individuals, but will help to revive the practice wherever it has come into disuse. It requires a good deal of earnestness to be faithful to our hour of prayer, as I have found by my own experience.

Mr. W.—It is very true that it takes earnestness and self-control to turn away from external things. We must find a way to have our thoughts and attention under control or it will be comparatively profitless for us to have an hour for retirement. Christ can do this for us—he can bring our thoughts into subjection to himself.

Mr. N.—It is a good idea now in the pressure of business to read the latter part of the 6th chapter of Matthew. That was Christ's hard-pan in regard to money matters. If people will read that every day until they get it by memory, and reflect on it pretty well, it will help control this rush of business. That is really the fundamental constitution of the Oneida Community. That is what is at the very foundation of my business character, and it is the foundation of the business character of the Community as a whole, and we shall never prosper on any other foundation than that. We ought always to take plenty of time and especially in such busy times as these to thoroughly understand that constitution. There is a way to harmonize that with all necessary business, but we shall have to be spiritual students in order to do it. Now, for instance, to show how such a principle as that may actually relieve the money-market. At one time when there was a hard pressure on us, I proposed that we should go without any new clothing for a year. That was calling us to "take no thought," but it relieved the pressure at once; and it would relieve the pressure of all Wall Street if those moneyed men there could get their wives to pursue that policy. I feel a comfortable degree of safety with the education the Community now has, and their willingness to live by these principles. If we should have a hard pressure this fall it would be easy for the Community not to call for another piece of clothing for a year. That is the financial advantage and safety we have by studying Christ's principles and making up our minds that we *can live them*.

—The following glowing description of scenes and adventures was sent us by an enthusiastic Joppaist:

"The west windows of our cottage look out upon the longest stretch of Oneida Lake. The waters in the northwest have no rim but the sky. The view on an arc of twenty degrees is as limitless as that at old Joppa on the Mediterranean. The tongues of land each side of that sea-view taper down to a point. Beyond each point there is a dot or two of dim forest rising apparently out of the water. The tops of the trees are visible, while the stems and the land they stand on are hidden by the convexity of the earth. Between the dots there is nothing but heaven. At all times, and especially in the gorgeous sunset of a hazy day, this Joppa-landscape is beautiful even to fascination. One can see there the "isles of the blest," standing as portals to the infinite. Our people sit under the trees on the shore and dream of the ocean and eternity.

"An inch or two below the sky-line in the boundless part of the view, there is to be seen, on a fine day, a small fixed something rising out of the waters. Sometimes it is difficult to find it without a glass; but it is always there, a dim dot, reminding one of a distant buoy. Frequently by close watching we can discover that large birds are soaring above it or wheeling round it; and now and then with the telescope we make out the solemn form of an eagle perched on its top.

"Curious about the mystery of this something, J. H. N. one fine day left trolling by the shore and pushed his boat out into the lake toward the place of sunset. After a long pull at the oars, he reached the dot and found it to be the top of a tree-trunk, which in some way had floated out into the middle of the lake, and there planted itself by the sinking of its root-part in thirty feet of water, lifting its broken stump some three feet above the surface. This protruding part, insignificant as it seems from the shore, is several feet in diameter, and offers to the eagles and other birds of prey a convenient resting-place, where they scale and de-

vour the fish which they pick up in their rovings about the lake. The signs and relics of their feasts were abundant, and a flock of them were actually dispersed by the coming of the boat.

"After several subsequent visits to this lonely station, Mr. N. conceived the idea that the birds which frequent it might properly be called on to furnish a specimen for our museum. Accordingly after a consultation with the "Canadian Trapper," he equipped himself with a No. 2 single-spring "Newhouse Superior" steel trap and a bunch of moss, and sailed alone for the rendezvous. The wind was lively and the lake was rough; so that it required some pluck and perseverance, first to reach the spot, and then to do the business of the occasion. It is no light job to set a trap with a stiff spring in a boat tossing up and down on the waves, and place it handsomely on a stump outside. But with one or two accidents, such as getting a thumb caught in the jaws intended for the bird, and after considerable tugging and perspiration, the trap was set on the vertex of the stump and nicely covered with moss.

"The next morning a party of three, including Mr. N., proceeded to look for results. As they neared the station a speck of white appeared on the leeward of the stump. 'It is only the foam of the waves,' says one. They draw nearer and begin to distinguish *two or three* white spots that are evidently alive. 'It is a flock of ducks,' says another. Nearer still, they perceive certainly that it is one great bird, whose wings they mistook for ducks. 'We've got an eagle!' they cry all together. And yet they were mistaken. They went prepared for a fight with the great representative of American pluck; but on closing with their captive, they found that *its feet were webbed*, and that it looked more like a huge dove than an eagle. It snapped at its captors with some spirit, but was easily secured, and on their way home they learned from a sportsman that it was a *Gray Gull*. From its size it might well be mistaken for an eagle, for its wings when spread measured full five feet from tip to tip.

"From inspection and from the books, Mr. C. A. Burt, our Yale naturalist, gathers the following scientific account of it:

"The bird belongs to the order of *Longipennes*, or long-winged swimmers, to the *Laridæ* or gull family, and is of the genus, *Larus argentatus*, Linnæus. In plain English—it is the common Herring Gull. It is abundant in North America, both coast-wise and in the interior, frequenting large rivers as well as lakes. The gulls are related to the tern family; indeed some of the smaller gulls closely resemble the terns; but they can generally be distinguished, as the gulls are much larger with a stouter build. When flying they winnow the air in a steady course, unlike the buoyant, dashing flight of the tern. They are thoroughly cosmopolitan. In general, large numbers are seen together; not only at breeding places, but during migration, and in winter, when their association depends on community of interest in the matter of food. This is almost entirely of an animal nature, and consists principally of fish. They seem to be always hungry, always feeding or trying to do so. They swim lightly, owing to the smallness of the body compared with its apparent dimensions with the feathers on. They commonly build their nests on the ground and lay from two to three eggs which are variegated in color. They breed in arctic regions. This species varies much in color, and in fact is continually changing as it grows older, requiring from two to three years before it assumes the normal color, which is nearly white. The American gull is much larger than the European in all its parts, which is also the case with several other water birds. Our specimen is a very large one of its kind. The spread of its wings is sixty inches, length of body twenty-six inches, and, being young, it is of a silver gray color, spotted with white, with black wings and tail."

"The capturing party, though at first a little disappointed, finally concluded that their prize was worth more than an eagle. It is more rarely caught, at least in this region, and far more beautiful. Instead of the ruffian-look of the great bird of war, it has the peaceful eye and graceful form of the dove—the bird of peace. Its wings are the very ideals from which painters must have drawn the wings of angels. The eagle, with its clumsy, half-closed talons, is unfit for land or water, and only at home in the air. But our bird clearly has the freedom of all the elements, earth, air and water. Flying doubtless is its speciality, and its enormous length of wing qualifies it to compete even with the swallow.

"It was taken by a single toe, and was sent to O. C. alive and uninjured. It is now, by the skill of the taxidermist, a permanent ornament of our museum—'a thing of beauty and a joy forever' (if the moths permit). When the O. C. shall become a nation, we trust it will take the Great American Larus for its ensign, instead of the Eagle."

A TRAP.

DEAR EDITOR:—The article in a recent number of the CIRCULAR entitled "The Geologic Devil" is very suggestive. It would appear as if the scheme of creation were intended to embrace not only an exhibition, but a criticism of evil on a large scale. It is a view of the matter that tends to reconcile us to many a revolting fact which would be hard to receive as coming from the hands of a being such as we conceive our God to be. It seems then, that long before the evil spirit took possession of man, it was rampant in the brute-world, which must have been purposely invented as a theater for the display of his most amiable qualities. This view of the subject may be made to account for the rapacity so prevalent at all times among the brutes. But it was not until the evil principle had got possession of man that its traits could be fully shown—for in him it found a medium that could be turned to better account. But while the evil one has undoubtedly sucked the good out of man, he has by so doing, subjected himself to a species of criticism he little suspected. There is something ludicrous in the idea of putting Satan on the anxious seat, as it were—but he has not participated in man's lot without taking on some of man's susceptibilities. It was a cunning trap laid for the capture of Satan. He might never have been got at without the help of a plot whose object was to invest him with unwelcome conscience. I shall no longer wonder how it is that even the incorrigible do sometimes give tokens of repentance.

O. C., Sept. 28th, 1873. R. S. D.

CENTRAL PARK.

New York, Oct. 1st, 1873.

DEAR CIRCULAR:—Beautiful as the Central Park is in its outward features, it is always made still more charming to the writer by the thought that it is owned in common, used in common, and enjoyed in common. Free to all on condition of conformity to regulations made for its preservation and the general good, it is a perpetual argument proving that Communism lies at the bottom of man's truest and deepest enjoyments. Only selfishness blinds the eyes of the New York public that they do not see the inspiring lesson this Arcadian mosaic of the city teaches. As it is, the lesson is imperceptibly exerting an influence on all, which time will use in the furtherance of the beautiful, the true, and the divine in man.

No other city or suburban resort can at all compare with the Park in popularity. All days of the week multitudes go thither on foot, on horseback and in vehicles. At this season of the year nursery-maids with infants in their arms or in little carriages; laughing, frolicking children, accompanied by father, mother, aunt, sister or other guardian; groups of merry girls, bevies of young ladies, troops of gamboling boys, throngs of young men, husbands with their wives and families, staid old couples, and youthful lovers are here seen wending their way in different directions, all intent on enjoying the beautiful, in common with the thousands whom they meet.

"Oh isn't it lovely!" "What a delightful place!" "Beautiful! beautiful!" "See that rustic summer-house!" "Charming! charming!" "Look, there is a pretty lakelet!" "O what a wealth of verdure!" "Just look at that sparkling cascade!" "See the statues!" "What a profusion of trees and shrubbery!" "Why there's a merry-go-round, and such pretty ponies!" "Yes, and there are swings for us children!" "O, my! O, my! look at those goats drawing little carriages in which are children!" "O, mamma!" "do let me go and take a ride!" "Why, what's that? If it isn't an elephant!" O, there is the museum with the birds and wild animals!" "Music in the air, too!" "Why, yes, that's Dodworth's band playing in the pavilion!" Do look at the swans in the lake, and O see the little row-boats with people in them!" "What a beautiful fountain!" "That's the statue of the angel at the pool of Bethesda." "Let us go and see the camera-obscura!" These are the exclamations one hears on every hand as he pursues his rambles.

Comprising about eight hundred and sixty-two acres, with an infinite variety of landscape and sylvan scenery—here picturesque, there romantic, yonder rural, and with a multitude of other pleasing features—the Park presents an almost exhaustless variety of attractions. It is interspersed with meadow, hill, dale, rolling bank, knoll, lawn, terrace, mall, ravine, cliffs, glade, dell, hedge, grove and wood. Here and there are beds of beautiful flowers and choice exotics; and artistically arranged resting on pretty pedestals are large iron vases of rare flowers. An extensive conservatory adds to the attraction of the grounds. Here are unique summer-houses some of which are shaded by dense foliage, majestic oaks, dwarf and giant trees in clumps and single; luxuriant shrubbery, sequestered bowers, vine-clad arbors, cosy shaded nooks, romantic retreats, wooded rambles, labyrinthian, circular and serpentine walks, picturesque foot-paths, and promenade avenues bordered with vistas of over-arching trees. Special roads for equestrians and spacious and extensive carriage-roads are amply provided; and there are rills, ponds, streamlets, "loch," lakelet, lakes, fountains, cascades and springs trickling through creviced rock. The great Croton Reservoir, whose capacity is upward of 1,000,000,000, U. S. gallons, presents a vast sheet of water which, with its environments, affords a scene of imposing grandeur. Now and then may be seen a cave, tunnel, wild defile and deep transverse road. In many directions one meets with beautiful arcades, archways and bridges of various forms and fine architectural appearance. The newly-built and novel Belvedere invites all to enjoy the charming view presented from its look-outs. Buildings of ornamental design and architectural beauty used as places of refreshment and for other purposes, add to the variety of objects. A hall of sculpture and art, museum of art and natural history, menagerie, zoological and aquatic gardens, and life-like statuary placed here and there on the grounds, form some of the attractive and valuable features. Conspicuous on a prominence stands a pretty circular building, in which is exhibited an improved camera-obscura, the only one of the kind in the country, which is universally popular, and should be seen to be appreciated, for its wonderful optical powers and suggestiveness.

At every point the eye rests on scenes that

strike the mind with exalted thought and fill the soul with delight. The locality of Owl cave is wild and weird. The rustic arch near this cave and in close proximity to the Lover's bower, presents an exceedingly picturesque appearance. From the *Pergola* overlooking the mall and lawn, an extremely novel picture is presented, notably panorama-like on concert afternoons and Sundays. The views from the grand terrace are charmingly beautiful. Standing on Bow bridge we have a fine view of the lake with aquatic fowl disporting themselves in its waters, canopied boats gliding to and fro, children sailing their tiny craft and feeding the swans, the air resounding with the hilarity of the sailing parties, who now and then break forth in sweet melody, while from the echo-bridge comes floating to our ears the song of a merry party on the lake, the enlivening chorus of which we catch:

"For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll take a cup of kindness yet
For auld lang syne."

Hie we to the Belvedere; from the balconies, galleries and tower-windows of which we look out on a scene as surpassingly beautiful as it is in the immensity of its scope. Dull in spirit must be he who is not thrilled on beholding this kaleidoscopic scenery warmed and brilliantly toned with nature's variegated colors.

One of the grandest views, undoubtedly, may be had from the top of the old "Block House," a relic of the war of 1812, situated at the extreme northern end of the Park, between Seventh and Eight avenues. Facing the north, as one turns his eye to the east and then sweeps round to the west, a superb spectacle greets his vision. Beneath him, a few rods off, are rich vegetable gardens, with Lion Park and Belvedere overlooking them. Stretching out in the distance are the avenues and Boulevard. About a third of a mile to the east, is seen the trestle-work of the New York, Harlem and Albany railway. Afar off, the East river is plainly discernible, also Ward's Island, Randall's Island and Flushing Bay. To the north may be seen Mount Morris, Convent of the Sacred Heart, Central Bridge (now replacing the old McCombs Dam Bridge), and looming in the far distance are High Bridge and the new Croton Tower. To the west are seen Miss Susan King's mansion, Leake and Watt's Orphan Asylum, Palisades of the Hudson, and a variety of intervening objects, interspersed with green fields, shrubbery and trees in full foliage.

Animated by the passing to and fro of pedestrians and parties on horseback and in carriages, enlivened by the cheery voices of the throng, the warbling of the birds, the Eolian-like music of *Zephyrus* as it toys with the leaves and plays among the trees, with sheep grazing in the meadow and cattle browsing on the hill, the visitor on entering the Park and taking what direction he may, finds himself surrounded by scenes of surpassing loveliness; he fancies that he is entering enchanted ground. And stoical indeed must be he who looking on this grand idylic creation is not led to feel the inspiring influence of its charms and be moved in his heart to render a tribute of praise and gratitude for this bounty of the city, and gift of the ever-glorious God, the master-architect and real owner of it all.

M. L. B.

A BIG STORY.—Connecticut sends us the last and most wonderful snake story. A farmer working in his field saw a large black snake lying dormant. He struck the reptile with a rake, when, to his astonishment, a large striped snake ran out of its mouth. He struck the striped one, when out of its mouth ran thirteen short snakes. Alarmed at the astonishing multiplication of snakes, he stopped hitting them, but is convinced he might have increased the number indefinitely.

—*Harper's Weekly.*

MY TWO GRANDMOTHERS.

"Over the brook to Grandmamma's,
Down by the greenwood tree;
In a pleasant spot is my Grandmother's cot,
And a dear old lady is she.

"Over the brook to Grandmamma's—
'Tis but a few steps more;
Already I see the cot and the tree,
And Grandmother sits at the door.

"Over the brook to Grandmamma's,
A mile or more I've been;
She opens the gate that I need not wait,
She longs to let me in.

"Over the brook to Grandmamma's—
She's looking for me I know;
Her table is spread with honey and bread,
And milk from the brindle cow."

OF all the delights of childhood, none are engraven so pleasantly on my memory, as the hours I spent in company with my two old Grandmothers. Both long ago passed to the "land 'o the liel,"—for there's where I am sure they must be, dear good souls—whose only object in life seemingly, was to make every body else as happy and comfortable as themselves. Not at all alike were those Grandmothers of mine, saving in the desire of each to gladden the hearts of us children. In other respects they were most opposite. To my youthful fancies, the cupboards of the one and the pockets of the other were unfathomable receptacles of good things to come.

Grandmother M., a wiry little woman, all nerve and muscle, with the most good-natured, benevolent face in the world, lived in the country. Her small frame-house and its surroundings were all of the delightfully old-fashioned sort. Rows of cherry-trees shaded the well-worn foot-path that led to the steps of the rustic porch, and antiquated rose-bushes, hollyhocks, lilacs and climbing vines, cool and fragrant, set off with modest grace the homestead where she unceasingly, but uncomplaining, toiled from dawn till dusk. She brought up a large family of boys and girls, each of whom had married and added grandchildren to the parent-stock, until they could be numbered by the score. The good old lady loved them all—pitied their ills and sympathized with their joys—as tenderly as she had with those of her own little ones in the years gone by. Often have I heard the tale of my own infancy; how my mother, young, enthusiastic and gay, all inexperienced in domestic matters, knew too little of baby-tending to properly nourish me; how I grew pale and poor, and how my unhappy parent appealed to the old lady in her extremity, when the dear good woman (a thousand blessings to her memory!) touched by my helplessness and my mother's girlish ignorance, cherished me as if I had been her own, and made mine a healthy, happy babyhood.

Many is the time I've been sent to Grandmother's of an errand, when the kind face would meet me at the door with, "Poor child! how tired you must be after so long a walk; dear little creature," and drawing the easy-chair in front of the stove, seat me in it, saying, "Now rest you darling, while your old Grandma gets you some bread-and-milk, for I know you must be hungry, dearie;" sure of which, off she would go, soon returning with a shining basin well filled with the creamy fluid and the rich Indian bread "crumbed in," which I devoured with a relish only known to childhood. The tin basin and iron spoon accompanying, are vividly associated with all the the visits I ever made to Grandmother's snug little homestead. To her mind I was always half-famished or weary—or both; and it was her first thought to feed and soothe me. Indeed, she allowed herself no rest while I had a want uncared-for or a wish ungratified. How well I remember her voice, so low, affectionate and tender—every tone an echo of a sympathetic heart! Her words were sedatives to my ruffled temper, and lenitives to my keenest grief, and no one knew better than she, how to apply them. I wonder if every body's Grandmother is anything so kind as was mine.

Such a good, indulgent, sympathetic old Grandmother was she, that the children of the whole neighborhood, including scores of her own grandchildren, were ready to rise up and call her "blessed." I have often heard it said that "Grandma M., didn't know how to say no," and would divide her last crust with any one who asked for it—and I believe the saying to have been founded on fact. Certain it is that her home was always thronged with perplexed neighbors and supplicating friends, who found Grandmother ready to pour balm into their wounded breasts and the oil of kindness into their impoverished souls.

But for me, wild, impulsive, ungoverned child that I was, Grandmother's benevolence was most dangerous. Her aversion to seeing any one suffer, disposed her to cover my most flagrant faults and so shield me from punishment. I knew full well I could find a defender and protector in her. Well it was, that my visits were of rare occurrence, or I fear I should have been quite spoiled by her well-meant but mistaken kindness. At the age of eight, I went to live many miles away, and never but once did I see Grandmother again.

Ten years later, when I had learned more of good and evil, I called on the old lady. She had left the homestead and was living with her youngest daughter several miles from her former residence. She met me with open arms and seated me in a chair just as if I were a child again. She knew I "must be hungry," and hurried to the pantry to satisfy my starving condition. Then we talked over the old scenes and she asked me questions of my later life and experience. In the course of our talk, I discovered for the first time that she was an extreme Universalist. We had quite a good-natured dispute on the subject of evil, in which the old lady declared that she "hoped every body would be saved," and trusted that Satan with the rest would escape the bottomless pit. She was then eighty years old but as energetic as ever, taking many steps on my account. She would have made me stop many days with her, but my time was limited. We parted lovingly and I never saw her afterward.

What I remember of my other Grandmother, must be told in a separate chapter. GITANO.

THE NEWS.

Wilkie Collins, the novelist, is in New York. He comes to this country on a lecturing tour.

The suffering town of Shrevesport, La. continues to appeal for aid. The fever is abating only for lack of victims.

The great Italian tragedian, Salvini, is playing in New York. Critics are unanimous in classing him among the most eminent artists of our time.

Admiral John A. Winslow died on Monday the 29th. His life was remarkable for one notable incident, the sinking of the famous rebel cruiser, Alabama, off the coast of France in 1864, by the U. S. sloop-of-war Kearsarge which he commanded.

The Sixth General conference of the Evangelical Alliance began its sittings in New York on the 2d of October. The Alliance was formed in London in 1846, and is intended to include nearly all the orthodox Protestant sects which more or less nearly adopt the Calvanistic theology.

The dispatches received in London from the Ashantee war report that the natives are in a semi-starved condition and unable to move against the English until the end of the rainy season. This state of things the telegram pronounces "satisfactory." An American vessel was seized by the British in the act of selling powder to the natives.

The long Alabama controversy between the United States and Great Britain is finally ended by the comple-

tion of the labors of the American and British Mixed Claims Commission which sat to pass upon claims arising from the depredations of rebel cruisers and the claims of English residents in the Southern States during the war. The claims submitted for its action amounted to $95,000,000. The claims allowed are about $2,000,000, and are against the United States.

Recent discoveries in Southern Illinois have developed vast beds of iron ore of a very superior quality and very advantageously situated for working. These deposits are found about twenty-five miles north of Cairo, within one mile of the Mississippi river. The ore is remarkably free from impurities and is pronounced by skilled judges to be superior in quality to any ore yet discovered in the West.

The insurgent iron-clads, Numancia and Mendez Nunez, bombarded the city of Alicante on the 27th of September. The commanders of the foreign fleets made all exertions possible within their instructions to prevent the attack, but did not succeed. At the last moment the German commander proposed to interfere but the British and French fleets would not join him. The bombardment was continued seven hours and vigorously replied to by the shore batteries, when the iron-clads withdrew in a damaged condition. They sailed the next day for Cartagena. It is generally believed that the failure to capture Alicante will result in the surrender of Cartagena, and thus end the intransigente insurrection. The Carlists in the North have met with a series of damaging reverses.

The action of the governing committee of the Stock Exchange in closing the public sales of stock, and the adoption by the principal banks throughout the country of a currency for settlements among themselves composed of loan certificates, thus setting free the greenbacks generally used for that purpose, resulted in staying the panic which began on the 18th of September. But it remains to be seen how much practical benefit is to accrue from a course, which, though it saved many Wall Street speculators from destruction, almost stopped the wheels of commerce, and is still felt in ever-widening circles among the smaller capitalists and manufacturers throughout the country. At one time during the week the forward movement of the grain crop to Europe seemed endangered from the impossibility of negotiating exchange; but, happily, this difficulty has been overcome. At last accounts confidence was much restored. On Tuesday, the 29th of Sept., the Stock Exchange in New York was re-opened and no additional failures took place. The prices of stock, however, were kept down, substantially, near the bottom of the panic depression and it is evident that a lower scale, in the speculative shares at least, is permanently established. A number of the New York papers are agitating the idea of an extra session of Congress and a return to specie payments. But the views of the inflationists appear likely to prevail, especially since it is pretty well known that the necessities of the Government point toward the issue of the reserve of greenbacks in the treasury, which the President, in a letter to prominent New Yorkers, has as good as promised. If this takes place we may expect on the completion of the fall trade and the release of the immense volume of currency now hoarded, a new era of speculation, to be finally followed by another crash.

"Father, did you ever have another wife besides mother?" "No, my boy; what possessed you to ask such a question?" Because I saw in the old family Bible where you married Anna Domini, 1849; and that isn't mother, for her name is Sally Smith."—*Exchange.*

THE LENOX TOWN FAIR.

ONE of our members who visited the late fair at Oneida, thus speaks of it: "The display in Floral Hall was less full than last year but more select. A pendant ornament formed by looped-up, slender bands of a white substance soft and downy, very prettily designed and graceful, first caught my eye on entering. The material proved to be strips of cotton cloth raveled and twisted; cheap but deceptively beautiful! An ingenious and fanciful gewgaw made of straws threaded together in geometric forms swung airily aloft. Cheapness and beauty again combined. Then there were wreaths and crosses done in wax, chaste and elegant, a cunning little Swiss chateau with a live clock in its tower, a handsomely inlaid chair with a music-box concealed in it and a highly finished picture-frame carved by hand. Canary birds swinging in gilded cages filled the air with their twitterings. Flowers in great profusion, fruit, fresh and preserved, jellies and wines and all kinds of bread, cake and pies, gratified the eyes of the beholder. The merchants of Oneida advertised their wares in costly glass cases and in other conspicuous ways. People can't but get a lift socially and æsthetically from these annual gatherings. What they see that is beautiful and useful at a fair, they will naturally covet for the adorning of their own homes. Of the display of stock, both bovine and equine, farming implements, vehicles and useful machines I do not feel qualified to speak. Nor of the shows big and little on the grounds, for I did not attend any of them, nor of the "agricultural horse-trot" for I cannot talk horse. For an account of all these things another pen must be invoked." J.

TO AUTUMN

BY JOHN KEATS.

Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness!
Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun!
Conspiring with him how to load and bless
With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves run—
To bend with apples the mossed cottage trees,
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core—
To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells
With a sweet kernel—to set budding, more
And still more, later flowers for the bees,
Until they think warm days will never cease,
For Summer has o'er-brimmed their clammy cells.

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store?
Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find
Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,
Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind;
Or on a half-reaped furrow sound asleep,
Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while thy hook
Spares the next swath and all its twined flowers;
And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep
Steady thy laden head across a brook;
Or by a cider-press, with patient look,
Thou watchest the last oozings, hours by hours.

Where are the songs of Spring? Aye, where are they?
Think not of them—thou hast thy music too:
While barred clouds bloom the soft-dying day,
And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue;
Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn
Among the river sallows, borne aloft
Or sinking, as the light wind lives or dies;
And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn;
Hedge-crickets sing; and now with treble soft
The red-breast whistles from a garden-croft,
And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

HINTS TO YOUNG WRITERS.—Commence with your finest writing and most beautifully-rounded sentences. Introduce your subject in your most elaborate style, be poetical, rhetorical, didactic, as your mood may be, and when you think fit, gradually drop into the discussion of the subject-matter. When the article is finished, begin at the opening sentence, and read it until you find you have commenced to say something to the point. Stop at this place; strike out everything before it, and let your article begin just there. You will then probably find that it opens well, and that by collecting all your labored composition in one place where it can be readily stricken out, you will have saved yourself all the trouble that would have been necessary had it been scattered through the article.—*Scribner's Monthly.*

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PUBLICATIONS.

(Sent from the Office of the Oneida Circular by mail, post-paid, on receipt of price.)

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

ADMISSIONS.

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

LEGAL STATUS OF MARRIED WOMEN —PAST AND PRESENT.

XI.

WE have seen that at common law in some criminal proceedings, discrimination was made against married women. New York abolished many years ago the law of *petit treason* as applied to the killing of a husband by his wife, and the provision for such abolition may still be found in the Revised Statutes of that State, but as far as the writer is able to learn, this is the only case of it, (*i. e.*, *petit treason*), ever having been recognized as existing in any of the United States. The other feature of criminal law to which reference has been made, namely, the *exemption* of married women from legal responsibility for the commission of many acts, otherwise treated as crimes, if her husband be present, on the ground that she is in such cases under the compulsion of her husband and is under a duty of obedience to him which shall excuse her, is in existence in all the States where the common law is recognized as prevailing.

We have spoken of one disability mutual to husband and wife, said by law writers to be founded partly upon the principle of union of person in husband and wife, namely, their disability to give evidence for or against each other. The only exception which the common law allowed was in cases of seeking security of the peace, and in cases of personal violence. In all other cases, the rule was applied so rigidly, that even though the parties interested in the particular litigation should consent to it, the evidence was not allowed. No matter how great or important the truth might be, nor how a knowledge of it was obtained, if either of the parties litigant was the husband or wife of the witness, his or her mouth was sealed. This rule has been gradually broken in upon by modern legislation. In New York, the husband or wife of any party is competent as a witness in a civil action in most respects, but not as to confidential communications made by one to the other. The same is true in Ohio, and in this State they are also competent and compellable to testify as to communications made by one to the other or acts done by either in the presence of the other, if such communications are made, or such acts done in the known presence, hearing or knowledge of a third person competent to be a witness. In California, Iowa, Kansas, Minnesota, and Oregon, and some other States, the common-law rule has been gradually encroached upon in respect to their competency as witnesses in civil cases. In Iowa, Nebraska, and Mississippi they have been made competent witnesses *for* each other in criminal cases. The absurdity of the rule that suppressed truth when the witness offered was the husband or wife of one of the parties in a court of justice, on account of the supposed identity of person and interests in husband and wife, is everywhere beginning to be seen and felt.

That feature of the legal status of married women which subjected the wife to punishment by her husband provided he did not exceed the "office of a husband for lawful and reasonable correction," has, in this country at least, entirely disappeared. Public opinion has abolished it. The defense to a charge of assault upon his wife, that he, the husband, committed the offense charged by way of inflicting "lawful and reasonable correction" upon her, would be laughed at in almost any court. Though the husband might perhaps restrain his wife of her liberty under many circumstances, without rendering himself liable to be charged with assault or false imprisonment, yet with the present tendency toward freedom in granting divorces, acts of that nature would be regarded and held as tending to sustain a charge of cruelty which is almost everywhere a ground of divorce.

The tendency of judicial reasoning and decision everywhere is to overthrow the doctrine of *merger* as applied to a married woman during coverture. There is an important decision lately made in Kentucky, a State where little has been done by legislation to modify or change the common-law status of married women. The Court of Appeals have held that a husband has no control over, and cannot open his wife's private correspondence. In pronouncing the opinion the court said, "Any such ungracious interference with her confidential correspondence would impair social confidence and disturb domestic peace, and ought not to be encouraged by the judiciary, especially as it could do no other good than to gratify a jealous and prying curiosity. According to befitting decorum, and in every valuable sense, such letters written to her to keep, and read, and cherish are hers; and if she for reasons satisfactory to her own taste and judgment, choose not to give or show them to her husband, she has a right to keep them to herself as her own inviolable property; and a confiding wife will never withhold from a true husband her confidential letters without good and sufficient reason. The existing code of both British and American law recognizes the personal individuality and moral responsibility of wives, and consequently, guarantees their freedom of thought and interchange of sentiment. Their ideas are their own; their affections are their own, and their emotions are their own. Here and now a husband must not be a tyrant, ought not to be a spy on his wife, who is neither his slave nor his mistress, but should always be his free and equal companion." The spirit of the above expresses well the changes which have taken place and are going on in the *legal status* of married women, and with this we may well bring our review of the subject to a close.

T.

THE END.

GOD'S CONTENTMENT.

Home-Talk by J. H. N.

IF we want to be contented, there are two things with which we must be thoroughly reconciled; first, with the original constitution of the universe, whatever that is. If it is a combination of good and evil, if there is a God on one side and a devil on the other, and chaos between, no matter what, the original constitution of the universe is as it is, and can not be helped, and we must be contented with it. If we are discontented with that, there is no contentment for us. We must cease to wish that the great whole were otherwise. We must

not long for a universe that is free from evil. It can not be. It is not so, and, we may say, God can not make it so.

The next thing is to become reconciled to God—to recognize him as the supreme personality in the universe, one whose purposes cover everything, and be contented and satisfied that he should manage the destinies of men, believing that he manages all things well. If you become contented with the universe as a whole, including good and evil, and with God as the representative of good and the supreme controller, you will have a sure foundation for comfort and happiness; but life will be dark and gloomy in any other state of feeling.

Reconciliation with God is the sum of the whole. Be reconciled to God and you will be reconciled to the universe. All you have to do in order to be reconciled to him is to open your heart to his Spirit, and feel as he does. There is no doubt but that God is contented with himself and with the universe around him. He is happy. I can surely see and feel that. Every body can who knows any thing about him. But he would not be happy if he were not contented. And with all that he knows, if he is contented, he has reason to be contented, and we need not trouble ourselves to find out why he is so. It is enough that he knows why he is happy and serene. He is the God of peace, he is the blessed God, the God of all consolation, and of hope, the God of glory. All that could not be in any sense true of him, if he were not thoroughly satisfied with himself and the universe around him. With all the wisdom and knowledge that he has, he would not be contented if evil were predominant. So then if we can come into union with him, and take in his feelings and faith, we can be perfectly and eternally contented—happy at the bottom of our hearts, and I may say, happy at the bottom of our hearts in the midst of all manner of tribulations.

It is on this basis that we can carry out Paul's exhortation, "Rejoice evermore, pray without ceasing, and in everything give thanks." Paul evidently did that. No man in this world ever went through such persecutions and tribulations as he did; but he was cheerful and exultant in them all. It is because he was contented with the eternal conditions, and had touched the heart of God, and found him happy.

THE NERVES OBEDIENT.

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

ALL pleasure and pain seems to be a matter of the nerves. The nervous system is a grand musical instrument, whose strings vibrate exquisite harmony, or excruciating discord, according to the hand which sweeps over them. Hence the variableness of our sensations. To-day we feel well every way—firm and buoyant in spirit, clear in mind and body. To-morrow, perhaps, there is a creeping dullness—an inward labor, and general loss of tone in the system. Then there is a period of positive pain and discord, fever-and-ague, tooth-ache, headache, ect. Then we suddenly throw off the evil action, and return to a state of healthy rest. Some will attribute these changes to our outward habits and dealings with matter, and of course seek for a remedy in dieting, bathing, and exercise; but to us this seems a most insufficient theory. It is like attempting to regulate the derangements of a factory, by going outside and altering the shape of the pond and the course of the stream. This may be desirable among other things, but the main difficulty should be sought for in the machinery itself. So we are satisfied that the various derangements and distresses of the body are to be traced to the nervous system, and through that to the spirit. The real difficulty in every case is not *outside* of us, in doing this, or failing to do that, but is *inside* of us; and there we must meet and *conquer* it.

What we want primarily, is, to submit our nerves to the Spirit of truth; to make them obedient and discriminating in favor of good. The nerves are all the time bringing reports to the brain from every part of the body, and these reports constitute our good or bad sensations. If the nerves are in a disobedient, unconverted state, they do not report truthfully, either good or evil. They stimulate good sensations into undue excitement and excess: and they magnify and exaggerate evil ones out of all proportion to the truth. A tooth-ache or a little pain in the body is made to swallow up for the time being all other thought and sensation. This is manifestly a wrong state of things, and we believe may be cured. The nerves may be brought into a state of obedience and fear of God, where they shall report themselves truthfully, and in a way to serve faith. Let us vow that the truth shall reign in all our nervous system, as well as in our mind and heart.

ON THE WAY TO IMMORTALITY.

[Extracts from "Miracles Past and Present."]

The child unborn has its senses for the world upon which it is to emerge: eyes for the light by which it is to see; ears for those waves of sound through the atmosphere by which it is to hear, and infantile instincts, serving for life and prophetic of it, and which it delights a mother's heart to recognize. And indeed a child in the womb has not only an eye for seeing about the world into which it is to be born, but an eye also which will fit a telescope upwards and a microscope downwards for exploration; and has also congenital faculties, through which it will grow into the ways of the world, and fill a place in society. And just so, in this womb of nature, wherein "the creature waiteth for the manifestation of the sons of God," human beings have all the spiritual faculties which are to fit them for the spiritual world,—eyes of the spirit, a spiritual understanding, ears with which to hear what the Spirit saith, and—O strange, unearthly, but sure experience!—a susceptibility by which "the Spirit also helpeth our infirmities; for we know not what we should pray for as we ought: but the Spirit itself maketh intercession for us with groanings which cannot be uttered."

All that is here attempted to be said, about persons in the flesh being open to effects from the world of spirit, is strong conviction, is inmost knowledge to the man who has ever felt the Spirit praying inside of his spirit, and informing his prayers, with an earnestness, and faith, and wisdom which were a wonder to himself, and an awful mystery, when at the end he said "Amen." And the inference from this is what St. Paul shall declare. And the words are from his grand argument on the struggle of the creature in its earthly environment, and against it, and they are that we mortals are "waiting for the adoption, to wit, the redemption of our body."

"There is a natural body, and there is"—the apostle does not say that there is to be, or shall be, but that there is—"and there is a spiritual body." And the Greek word for renewed life after death recognizes that statement of St. Paul in a manner which the Latin-English word "resurrection" does not, commonly. By dissolution in the earth, "bare grain, it may chance of wheat, or of some other grain," shows what a body had been latent in it, though invisible, yet alive and wonderful, "first the blade, then the ear, and after that the full corn in the ear." And there is not a man living but has in him latent a spiritual body, endowed already with all those faculties, by which hereafter he may be free of the heavens, and feel himself at home in the house of many mansions, and as St. Paul would say, no stranger or foreigner, but a fellow-citizen with the saints, and of the household of God. The saint on earth has in him already all that he is to be in the great hereafter.

And thus for a human being with a twofold constitution, by which, mentally, he is adapted to this earth, and spiritually also to a new earth, under new heavens, it might seem that not impossibly or incredibly a person might now and then, and through some one or other of the thousand sensibilities by which he is an immortal soul, have experiences outside of the sphere of the natural man. And unless barred from such a supposition by a divine revelation, it might seem reasonable to anticipate that sometimes, with the weakening of "the body of this death," the latent faculties of the immortal spirit might even begin to manifest themselves. And indeed than the preternatural experiences of the dying, there are no phenomena perhaps in mental history which are more common. Said Schiller, for his last words in dying, "So many things are becoming to me so much plainer than they were." And no doubt the light in which he had wished to live was brightening on his soul. But more express even than this is the multitudinous testimony, which might easily be gathered, as to the death-bed experiences of persons within the last few years, and by which it would seem as though the departing spirit were sometimes met, before parting from the body, by some sign of the new world near it, by unearthly music perhaps, or by some spirit who was once an old friend, or by some vision of glory unutterable.

But also, in the same manner, and for analogous reasons, strange preternatural experiences, originating with spiritual causes, may reasonably be credited, for persons of peculiar conditions, whether congenital as to the body, or accidentally incurred by disease, or occasioned perhaps by an unusual sensitiveness, as to some of the forces which are necessary to vitality, electric, magnetic, odic, and others perhaps more occult than they. Thus somnambulism supposes the natural eye to be asleep, while the eye of the spirit sees through it. In clairvoyance there is sight independently of matter, as to the substance of the eye, and whether bandaged or not, and as to walls or long distances; and yet, as an effect of looking through a material eyeball, the spirit sees material objects. But indeed, wonders would seem to be likely enough, as the experiences of spirits in the flesh, and immortals on their way to immortality."

—True prayer is the natural language of a heart filled with love to God. It is *unstudied*, because, it is simply the promptings of the Spirit within; *unaffected*, because the desire to please God predominates over the desire to please man, rendering the suppliant sincere and single-hearted; *regenerating* in its influence, because it brings us into communication with resurrection leif.

CENTRAL PARK.

New York, Oct. 8th, 1873.

DEAR CIRCULAR:—"Central Park," says one of the superintendents in his report, "is daily proving a necessity as well as a blessing to all classes, to the rich and the poor alike; each enjoys its pure air and inhales the perfume of its flowers." Here is Communism acknowledged as a fact, officially endorsed and accepted by the people, in their cheerful contribution to its support, and their assent to its supreme blessings, in their enjoyment of them.

Rustic seats, easy benches of various patterns, and comfortable settees divided in compartments with arms, rustic cottages for the toilet and other needs, are provided for the thousands that throng here daily. There are thirty-five row-boats that ply on the Lake, manned by skillful oarsmen and at the use of all for a trifling sum. In the course

of a season, no less than 127,000 passengers are carried in these boats. For the lover of athletic sports grounds for ball-playing and a common playground (the Green) are furnished with nature's rich carpet of green-sward, on which all who choose, may engage in proper games and pastimes. A croquet-ground and swings for ladies, a merry-go-round ("the carrousel") and other provisions for children, and a mammoth vine-roofed rustic summer-house for picnic-parties, add to the charms of the Park. Near Bow bridge, on the west, is a photographic-stand where pictures are taken in the open air by E. K. Miller, the "lightning photographer." The charges are very reasonable and many resort to it for their pictures. On the Mall may be found miniature carriages drawn by goats and guided by foot-boys, in which children may ride for a nominal sum. The circuit of the Park, occupying nearly an hour and a-half and traversing about nine and a-half miles, may be made in one of the "Park carriages" for only twenty-five cents. These carriages accommodate twelve, and may be found at the Merchant's Gate, corner of 59th-street and Eighth avenue and at the Scholar's Gate, 59th-street and Fifth avenue, from 7 A. M. till 9 P. M., and may be taken anywhere in the circuit. No smoking nor parcels nor any kind of luggage are allowed in the carriages. They present an attractive appearance and are very extensively patronized. The admission fee to the camera-obscura is only fifteen cents.

Refreshments at moderate rates may be had at the Casino, Terrace restaurant, Zoological Garden restaurant, and Mount St. Vincent restaurant. At the Spa (mineral springs) one may partake of mineral water for a slight charge. Fresh pure milk may be imbibed to the extent of one's appetite at the dairy without any great expense.

Stationed in all parts of the Park, in gray uniform, are officers of police. As a class they are noble-looking men and generally polite and thoughtfully considerate in their attitude to visitors, patiently answering questions of strangers and suave in reminding a new visitor of any trespass he may inadvertently commit. In addition there is a force of keepers who are not a whit behind the officers in civility.

In the afternoon a bit of Oriental realism presents itself on the lawn in the appearance of a docile camel gaily caparisoned and driven by his keeper, dressed in Eastern costume and bearing at a distance the mien of a noble Arab. Unfortunately for the romance of this feature, on a nearer approach to this picturesque-looking Arab the illusion of his kinship to Araby is dissolved by his failing to appreciate his part in the play. Instead of enacting the character in which he is dressed, on seeing a well-clad person with children approaching him and looking inquiringly, he may open his mouth and destroy the Oriental mystery about him by winking with his right eye and exclaiming in a good rich brogue, "Yeze, may have a ride if ye plaze. Och! (to the camel) be aisy now wid ye. Fhat d' ye mane! Fhat y' re 'bout?"

On Saturday afternoons during the summer and early fall an immense throng may be seen in the Park wending their way to the Mall. Here, at 4 o'clock, in the music pavilion on the lawn a free open-air concert is given by a favorite band under the leadership of H. B. Dodsworth, when the public are allowed to walk on the lawn and other grassy places. A great concourse gathers around the pavilion, presenting a gay and animated scene remarkable for the peaceable and polite demeanor of all.

In the afternoon of Sunday, the great gala day at the Park, a constant stream of pedestrians pours into the inclosure with a large number of equestrians, while multitudes of vehicles, some of which bear a resemblance to the "wonderful one-hoss shay"

> "That was built in such a logical way
> It ran a hundred years to a day,"

roll through the avenues and give life to the scene.

The entrances ("gates"), which are designed ultimately to present an imposing architectural appearance, are thus designated; Scholar's, Children's, Miner's, Engineer's, Woodman's, Girl's, Pioneer's, on the Fifth avenue; Artist's, Artisan's, on 59th-street; Merchant's, Woman's, Hunter's, Mariner's, All Saint's, Boy's, Stranger's, on Eighth avenue; Farmer's, Warrior's, on 110th-street. Sixth avenue on the south of the Park leads to Artist's gate, and on the north of the Park it leads onward from Farmer's gate. Seventh avenue on the south of the Park leads to Artisan's gate, and on the north of the Park it leads onward from Warrior's gate.

The length of the Park, extending on the south from 56th-street to 110th-street on the north, is about two and a-half miles; width extending from Fifth avenue on the east to Eighth avenue on the west about half a mile. The entire length of the carriage-roads is about nine and a-half miles; "bridle-roads," about five and a-half miles; walks, about twenty-seven and a-half miles. The area of the new reservoir is one hundred and seven acres; old reservoir, thirty-five; Pond, 59th-street and Sixth avenue, five; Lake, twenty; Conservatory Water, two and a-half; Pool, two; Harlem lake, twelve; Loch, one acre.

There are upward of thirty bridges, among which, for their picturesque and architectural beauty, may be mentioned Bow bridge, (Bridge of Flowers), Terrace bridge, Rustic bridge, Balcony bridge, Grotto bridge, Marble bridge, Oak bridge, and Rock bridge, which is mainly the work of nature. The bowers, arbors and summer-houses number not far from forty.

One of the original and ingenious features of the Park is the four transverse roads connecting Fifth and Eighth avenues, intended for public thoroughfares, and so constructed as to pass under, and thereby not to interfere with the Park roads nor obtrude on the sight. No trade-carts or wagons are permitted on the grounds.

According to data furnished at the Park office of Police, collated from the Park commissioners' reports and tendered by Lieutenant Robert P. Schofield, to whom the writer here takes pleasure in acknowledging his indebtedness for valuable information and who deserves to be honorably mentioned for his courtesies and pleasing manners, the average number of visitors daily to the Park, excepting Saturdays and Sundays, during the most favorable season of the year is about 25,000. On Saturday, the concert day, it increases to about 30,000; on the three finest concert days of the year the average number on foot and in carriages was 95,000, of which about 49,000 were pedestrians. The greatest number known to visit it on Sunday is 109,000, of which 89,000 were on foot. During the twelvemonth ending Sept. 1st, 1873, it is estimated that about 12,000,000 visitors were at the Park.

The original cost of the land was $5,028,844.10; the expense of construction up to Jan. 1st, 1872, was $7,419,798,40. When the land was bought it was a barren place, with little shrubbery and few trees, and with rock abounding almost everywhere a few feet below the surface, and in many parts visible to the eye. In fifteen years it has been transformed into as beautiful and attractive a spot as can be found in the country. Few parks in the world excel it.

To the landscape architects, Frederick Law Olmstead and Calvert Vaux, with the coöperation of Messrs. Mould, Munchwitz, Pilat, Pollard and Crane are the public indebted for the conception and superintendence of the execution of the special and general artificial features and improvements in the Park.

The extent and variety of the Park preclude all weariness from sameness; and so many and constant are the additions made and improvements introduced, that one never tires of repeating his visits. The visitor is always making some new discovery or getting a fresh appreciation of some old feature.

Considered in a sanitary, social and æsthetic light, Central Park is of inestimable value. The student, the poet, the philosopher, the philanthropist, the devout, may here recreate and refresh themselves and return to their pursuits with renewed zeal and a more glorious inspiration. The worker, man or woman, may here come, and seeing the grand fruits of labor guided by skill be cheered in heart, inspired with a more exalted appreciation of the dignity of all useful labor and roused to new enthusiasm and improvement. The sick in body or mind, or the lonely or the sad, may here resort and find sweet repose and solace, and looking on all the loveliness, draw in fresh inspiration and faith to find God back of all intervening darkness. Lovers naturally gravitate to this place, and here they may enhance their bliss, and, for the time being, let imagination color a picture of delight and surround themselves with love's elysium. The lover of God beholding the ever-changing, ever-beautiful scenes around him, may here see the wondrous work of the Divine hand as manifested through man's mediumship and catch glimpses of heaven as he discerns the communistic nature of God and gets a foretaste of his kingdom on earth as shadowed forth in the communism of Central Park.

M. L. B.

—Happiness comes not from place, but from a meek and quiet spirit.

A SCENE FROM "TRISTRAM SHANDY."—"As the ancients agree, brother Toby," said my father, "that there are two different and distinct kinds of *love*, according to the different parts which are affected by it,—the brain or liver,—I think when a man is in love, it behoves him a little to consider which of the two he has fallen into."

"What signifies it, brother Shandy," replied my uncle Toby, "which of the two it is, provided it will but make a man marry, and love his wife, and get a few children?"

"A few children!" cried my father, rising out of his chair, and looking full in my mother's face, as he forced his way betwixt her's and Doctor Slop's—"a few children!" cried my father, repeating my uncle Toby's words as he walked to and fro.

"Not, my dear brother Toby," cried my father, recovering himself all at once, and coming close up to the back of my uncle Toby's chair,—"not that I should be sorry hadst thou a score; on the contrary I should rejoice,—and be as kind, Toby, to every one of them as a father."

My uncle Toby stole his hand, unperceived behind his chair, to give my father's a squeeze.

"Nay, moreover" continued he, keeping hold of my uncle Toby's hand,—"so much dost thou possess, my dear Toby, of the milk of human nature, and so little of its asperities,—'tis piteous the world is not peopled by creatures which resemble thee! and was I an Asiatic monarch," added my father, heating himself with his new project,—"I would oblige thee, provided it would not impair thy strength,—or dry up thy radical moisture too fast,—or weaken thy memory, or fancy, brother Toby, which these gymnics, inordinately taken, are apt to do,—else, dear Toby, I would procure thee the most beautiful women in my empire, and I would oblige thee, *nolens volens*, to beget for me one subject *every month*."

A little girl was asked what was the meaning of the word happy. She gave a pretty answer, saying: "It is to feel as if you wanted to give all your things to your little sister."

OCTOBER.

Behold for us the year has poured
Its richest wine,
And perfect now, advances toward
Its mild decline.

Each day as thus it sadly wanes,
Is merged in dreams—
Like music's long-forgotten strains
The summer seems.

But though around the year we see
Dim shadows grow;
Still in our hearts, Oh may there be
Its pristine glow!

Then time with its unceasing flow,
Its storms may bring;
But cannot chill the hearts that know
Perennial spring. G.

ONEIDA CIRCULAR.

HARRIET M. WORDEN, EDITOR.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1873.

THE REIGN OF UNITY.

THE ages of the reign of sin have been ages of *Division*. Sin itself is centrifugal, driving away from God and unity; and, falling in with this tendency, God has made still further and positive arrangement for scattering and so weakening its forces. The following great facts of human history show both the providential and the natural working of this law:

1. Death as an ordinance of division.
2. Diversity of language.
3. Dispersion of the race by distance.
4. The separation of Jews and Gentiles.
5. Family exclusiveness.
6. Property exclusiveness.

These are all manifestations of the law of separation, consequent on sin.

Christ came to displace sin, and bring about *unity*. The centripetal force, the law of attraction and return, began to work 1800 years ago. Let us see what has been done since.

1. The partition between the Jews and the Gentiles was taken away.

2. A beginning was made on the day of Pentecost, of restoring unity of speech. Modern zeal for the study of languages has followed up this beginning, and has been connected constantly with the Bible.

3. The breaking up of exclusive familism was begun in the Primitive Church; and modern socialism is following after.

4. A beginning was made of breaking up property exclusiveness, which is also now endorsed and agitated all over the world.

5. Dispersion by distance is passing away. A hundred years ago, large parts of the earth were unoccupied; and while they invited emigration, the facilities of communication were so poor that nations living a thousand miles apart, were almost the same as dead to each other. Now the earth is nearly occupied; separation by withdrawal to new localities is impossible; and telegraphs and steam-power are fast annihilating all separation by distance.

6. Division by death is passing away. The facts of the "spirit manifestations," show that the barrier between the living and the dead is overcome, and the two worlds are ready to flow together.

These things clearly indicate the approaching unity of the dispensation of the fullness of times; when "*God will gather together in one, all things in Christ:* both which are in heaven and which are on earth." †

THE AGE OF STEEL.

WE have the age of steam, the age of machinery, and the iron age; why not the Age of Steel? It is possible to show that the prevalent use of iron, the multiplication of machinery and the ready application of steam-power, are largely due to the existence of steel. For example, iron owes its tenacity and susceptibility of being worked into any desired shape, to the fact that it is beaten while hot by a steel hammer, on a steel anvil, or passed between steel rollers. Even cast-iron must be wrought upon by hammer, chisel and drill before it is ready for use. It will appear as we proceed that from iron has sprung a vigorous scion that has aided in developing the parent-stock and applying it to uses that are simply incalculable. If this be so, to speak of the age as one of iron rather than steel, is no more appropriate than it would be to speak of the age of water instead of the age of steam. Iron and water represent two great maternal sources from which have sprung offspring whose wonderful powers have revolutionized the world.

The broadest field for the exhibition of the utilities of steel, where its record has been the most brilliant and its deeds immortalized in imperishable metal monuments erected by its aid, is the profoundly important one of machinery. There is scarcely a machine in the world on which steel has not been employed, either directly or remotely, in shaping and fitting together its parts. The paper before you, received its form by pressure between steel-faced rollers; the information it conveys was stamped on it in its passage through a press that was fashioned by tools of steel. The furniture of your room was dressed and matched by the steel tools of the carpenter. The fabrics you wear were woven on the steel-made machines of the cotton and woolen mills. The vehicles in which you ride are the joint production of the workers at several trades using the inevitable steel tool, edged, pointed, faced, or serrated as the case may be. The apparatus which warms you and cooks your food, was constructed by the same tool. In short, in the artificial world of man's creating, there is hardly an object that does not bear some trace of the formative power of steel.

But it is in the machine-shop that the merits of this substance are best known and most highly appreciated. It is here that costly machines have been collected for the utilization of its enormous capacity for work. That ponderous planer yonder firmly grips a slender steel tool that will in time reduce the largest casting to chips. Its equally solid neighbor, the lathe, has secured in its "rest," the same resistless agent that will cut any revolving object into whatever shape you please. No operation can go on without its assistance, and its constant functions are to file, scrape, cut, punch, bore, drill, turn, plane and pound. By its aid the tools for all the arts and trades are fashioned. From the making of a pin to the building of a locomotive it is concerned in every mechanical process—a substance indispensable and unreplaceable, and one lying at the foundation of all the industries of the world.

That quality of steel which renders it capable, as we have seen, of shaping all other metals, is imparted by subjecting it in quick succession to an ordeal of fire and a baptism of water. The change produced in its texture may be thus explained: Steel is a compound of iron and carbon, containing not more than one and a-half per cent of the latter. When the metal is heated to a cherry-red, the atoms tend to repel each other, causing a change of their relative positions. The plunge in cold water crystallizes the carbon, giving the metal its extreme hardness, and from the increased moleclular tension its brittleness also. This quality of becoming hard is one of the most interesting of metallic changes. Of the two elements which combine by a natural affinity to make steel, we find that one is a material which, when crystallized as in the diamond, becomes the hardest of all substances. Steel is thus rendered the most available of all the metals for the use of the mechanic. It can be wrought into the most elaborately devised forms, shaped so as to perform almost every conceivable operation and then by a simple process be made hard and durable.

The "familiar" of the modern is always and forever this self-same steel. No pocket god of the heathen was ever borne about so faithfully, or so often consulted. With his trusty, steel-bladed knife, the boy whittles his way through to manhood. Then come the lighter duties of pointing pencils and quills, and paring rampant finger-nails. Womankind are not less in bondage to king steel; but with them, he takes the highly useful form of the scissors and the needle. But over both sexes his majesty holds an absolute and never-ending sway. J.

COMMUNITY JOURNAL.

ONEIDA.

—The children occasionally go out for an hour or more with some of their attendants to gather butternuts. They have learned to know that these are cheery nuts in winter.

—Some one has pinned on the bulletin a stem from a strawberry plant bearing six good-sized ripe berries, with as many green ones, and four blossoms. Brave little plant!

Tuesday, Oct. 7th.—The hills lying off to the south-east of us were seen this morning with a light covering of snow. C. C. H. returned this afternoon from the fair now holding at Utica, and he reports that snow fell in that city to the depth of an inch last night, and continued falling until noon to-day. The fruit gatherers call for help to save the grapes from an impending frost. After dinner there was a general rally and many pounds of luscious, purple clusters were rescued. Another force has spent the day in picking tomatoes for the packers.

Wednesday, Oct. 8th.—Negotiations have been making a week or two past for a picnic, planned by the Midland R. R. Co., and to be held on our grounds to-day. A telegram yesterday told us to expect a party of thirteen coaches. We made preparations. This morning a second telegram read, "The excursion a failure! There will not be over fifty persons, and most of them will bring dinners." We were probably the only ones concerned who did not feel disappointed. A very happy surprise was in store for us. At noon an extra train brought a small party, including the 48th Regiment Brass-Band of Oswego! At two o'clock music in the Hall, when the audience again had the pleasure of listening to the inimitable comic singing of Mr. Harry Hardy, who was also visiting us to-day. His playing of the two overtures, the "Caliph of Bagdad" and "Tancredi," did ample credit to his skill as a pianist, and elicited loud and hearty applause from the audience. At four o'clock the band gathered in the quadrangle, and played for an hour. Their music was delightful. Although we missed a clarinet, and one or two other instruments that were in the company when we heard them last, we listened to those who did come with much pleasure. Their rhythm and intonation are quite faultless. Their selection of music indicates a high musical standard, and their rendering of it, an excellent taste. The passages where the clarinet is introduced, have a peculiarly pleasing effect, and we thought them well played. The Oswego 48th Regiment Brass-Band is quite a favorite with us, and we consider

it a particular favor of Providence that sent it here to-day.

—Master Humphrey has gone "on the cars" to W. C. to spend a short time. A friend writing to his mother about his arrival says: "He runs all around with the little whip his father had bought him on the way, and enjoys himself highly. This morning he came into the kitchen where we were dressing chickens for dinner. He watched the operation awhile, then exclaimed, 'Oh, what lots of *slivers* they have got in them.' Then noticing the spurs on their feet he cried, 'Why, they have got *thumbs*, too!'"

—The desolation of house-cleaning is upon us. What is more dreary than the topsy-turvy, hurly-burly, helter-skelter, no-where-to-sit-down feeling that comes with this bi-annual onslaught? It is in its working somewhat like an epidemic. Home-life is flowing placidly on, when suddenly some morning house-cleaning breaks out in a remote part of the house. Out with the windows, down with the curtains, up with the carpets, hustle the beds out of doors, push every piece of movable property from its accustomed place, then "lay to" with brooms, mops and pails. The disaster spreads; room after room catches the infection; no rest is known till every crack, crevice and corner is most rigorously dealt with. It can't be helped. It is in the nature of woman. But "through night to-day." So after all the bustle, comes order and quiet, and with it a wholesome sense of freedom from dust and cobwebs as refreshing as sunshine after a fog.

—Mr. C., aided by our baker, has made an important improvement in our Blodgett oven. Heretofore, we have had much trouble from the burning out of the short pipe which connects the stove with the two upright pipes at the back of the oven. This pipe has usually lasted only about three weeks, causing much vexation and expense in replacing it. Mr. C.'s improvement consists in substituting a sheet-iron box, about twelve inches square, which extends across the oven on top of the stove, and connects with the stove in the middle, and with the two upright pipes at each end. This fixture largely increases the heating surface and at the same time avoids the concentration of the current of hot air at one point, which proved so disastrous to sheet-iron in the former arrangement. The economy in time and fuel promises to be quite wonderful. It formerly took an hour and a quarter to bake one lot of bread. He now finds that less than half an hour is sufficient, using no more fuel than before for the same length of time. This is the second improvement our bakers have added to these really excellent ovens.

—Our Georges—nine in number—are in general not one too many, though circumstances do sometimes lead to the wish that part of them had been differently christened. A Jehoiakim, or a Zerubbabel among them, though rendering them less easily addressed, or euphoniously named, would at times be preferable. Suppose you are playing a four-hand game of croquet, and three of the company are Georges. An enemy has dealt sorely with you; it is now your strike and wishing to do something brilliant, you call out to your partner: "George, where is your ball?" "Here it is," from all three in chorus. This is confusing. The only remedy is to tack on the surname—say George Hokum, Slokum, Pokum—then you are understood. These Georges are not large men; only one is above the average. He is six feet two inches in hight and weighs one hundred and ninety-eight pounds. This shows he has done a great deal of growing, for they do say that when he came to live in this world, there were only four pounds of him! Two of them are quite short, measuring respectively, five feet, four, and five feet, five. There are five, each of whom weighs less than one hundred and twenty-five pounds. Though not great individually, the collective, aggregate or total George is something magnificent. He towers upward for forty-two and one-half feet and weighs one thousand and seventy-two pounds. Half a ton of him! Besides, he has arrived at the age of discretion, being three hundred and six years old. Yet no one of them seems aged. The eldest is sixty-nine; he is upright and as vigorous as his sons. Two Georges are engaged in the hardware business; one in the printing-office at W. C.; another is a book-keeper; two more are not fastened to any particular industry, but with others, aid in many ways to make our home a pleasant one. The eighth George is yet in the incipient stages of manhood, with life before him and a keen relish for it. And last, though not least, George is our doctor.

—We have received from the Rev. George J. Mingins, Superintendent of Missions, New York, the Forty-sixth Annual Report of the New York City Mission and Tract Society. It is a thick, handsomely printed quarto-pamphlet, and contains full and interesting reports of missionary labors among the destitute, the neglected and the criminal classes of New York city. It contains also a list of the missionaries and the numerous chapels and schools belonging to the Society and many other statistics connected with this great field of philanthropic labor. Mr Mingins made a brief visit to the Community last month, and left a most pleasing impression of the earnest, untiring benevolence and great practical sagacity which fit him so eminently for his work.

—Mr. Cragin, who is in New York, makes the following mention of the great religious convention in session there:

New York, Oct. 6, 1873.—"The Evangelical Alliance now in session in this city is creating more interest than was anticipated by its most sanguine friends. It holds two sessions daily at Association Hall, which is more than filled every time. No doubt many are attracted thither from motives of curiosity, and a desire to hear the distinguished foreigners.

"Among the many celebrated divines from Europe I know of none who seems to have the cause of religion more at heart, and withal whose discourse was more enthusiastically applauded, than the converted Pagan—the 'Reverend Narayan Sheshadri.' Attired in Hindoo costume, with white turban on his head, a long, loose, drab tunic falling to the floor, covered by a white frock which reached to his knees, his copper-colored complexion was in strong contrast with the hue of his garments. He presented a singular appearance among the pale-faced brethren in their close-fitting suits of black. His voice was clear, musical and full, and he was distinctly heard whenever he spoke.

"Last evening (Sunday) the Alliance held meetings in two places, as there is no building in the city large enough to accommodate the thousands who wished to be present. On reaching the Academy of Music an hour before the appointed time, I noticed the street and sidewalks in front of the building were crowded with men and women who were quietly and even patiently waiting for the doors to be opened. It was estimated that there were at least three thousand people. Having the good fortune to secure a seat near the speaker's platform, I took the opportunity, when the first hymn was given out, to turn round and view the audience. The sight was truly grand. The three tiers, one above the other, encircling the amphitheater, were filled to their utmost capacity, and the light from the thousands of gas-jets above gave unspeakable brilliancy to this sublime spectacle. The scene had, no doubt, an exhilarating effect on the speakers, most of whom were foreigners—addressing four thousand attentive listeners, and supported by the two hundred sympathizing peers beside them.

"As the speaking was impromptu, and the speakers limited to ten minutes, they evidently put in their best 'strokes' at once, instead of approaching the summit of their elocutionary efforts by gradual steps. Some of the English delegates were eloquent, and were heartily applauded. A clergyman from Geneva, addressed the audience in French, on the 'State of Protestantism in France.' Although I could not understand a word that he said, yet I was entertained by his earnest manner and almost frantic gesticulations. I watched his countenance closely, and judged by it, that he was giving us a very discouraging view of evangelical piety in his native country. And this was confirmed by the next speaker from London, whose knowledge of the French language gave him the advantage over many of us.

"The Evangelical Alliance undoubtedly presages an advance in the right direction, in the union of the sects against their common enemy—modern infidelity."

—A pleasant visitor in the person of Prof. J. B. Turner of Jacksonville, Illinois, recently spent a day with us. He is a native of Massachusetts, a graduate of Yale College, and has been for many years largely and actively engaged in promoting the educational, agricultural and horticultural interests of Illinois. For fifteen years he was a Professor in Illinois College. He was a personal friend of President Lincoln, and in our evening meeting related the following facts relative to Mr. Lincoln:

The first incident he said he would tell, not because it was one of the most interesting, but because it might be an encouragement to some of the boys. "After emigrating to Illinois, I had a situation as Professor in what was then the embryo of the present Illinois College. We taught all sorts of studies to all sorts of people in those days. Among our students were two young men sent by a widowed mother thirty miles away. I was directed to organize them into a grammar-class. They stayed two or three months and then went home to get in their mother's hay. On arriving home they found their mother had hired a big, brawny man to help them. This man asked them where they had been and what they had learned; and they told him they studied grammar under Prof. Turner of Illinois College. He was anxious they should teach him what they had learned, and told them he would provide material for light if they would teach him evenings. They were very ready to do this, and were much astonished to find that he could learn after a hard day's work, faster than they had been able to do at school. That hired man was afterward President Lincoln.

"Mr. Lincoln had two extreme sides to his character; one of great gravity and seriousness, and when you saw him in that mood you would think he was one of the saddest men in the world. The other mood made him as sportive as a kitten; and one thing that was very strange, these moods sometimes played on his face at the same time, giving an effect like clouds and sunshine on a field. That is one reason why you never see two pictures of him alike. I think he never did look twice the same in his whole life."

Prof. Turner then related some incidents connected with the election and assassination of Mr. Lincoln.

"It so happened that I announced to him the certainty of his nomination. He did not believe it. After his election I became convinced from things that I heard, that the rebels meant to kill him. Those things did not amount to proof for others,

but they were proof to my mind. One thing was the talk of a wealthy old Southern woman on her death-bed, about a plot for that purpose. The people around her took it for insanity; but I took it for history, and wrote to Mr. Lincoln that it was my belief that there was a plot on foot for his death. I thought Presidents Harrison and Taylor were poisoned. I was convinced of the reasonableness of my fears when I heard that provisions had been sent Mr. Lincoln by express, as presents, and I advised him not to eat anything that was not provided for him by his wife and family, and not to let people know when he was going to Washington. He wrote back, thanking me for my care of him, but said he did not believe there was any one mean enough to do such a thing, unless some mad man should undertake it. I felt so anxious when I heard that he was going publicly to Washington, that I went to see him about it. I called at his office and house and could not find him, but learned that he had gone to visit his mother and bid her good bye. I followed him there and asked him if it was true that he was going to Washington in that public way. He said 'Yes.' I told him that he was a dead man if he did. He said he could not help it; he was in the hands of his friends and must do as they said. I saw that he felt a little anxious then. Somebody tried to kill him before he got out of the State of Illinois. An iron obstruction was screwed on the railway track, but was discovered before the train reached it. A hand-grenade was placed in the car, under his seat, but this was also discovered and removed. You all know what happened at Baltimore. There his friends took him in hand and brought him to Washington by a special train. His going as he did, showed his natural confidence in his fellow-men; he could not believe any one wanted to harm him. He did finally have fear enough to put him on his guard a little; but I did not get over my anxiety all through his first administration. After Mr. Lincoln was re-elected I was with a friend a few miles outside the city of Washington, when he arrived, guarded by twenty fine-looking cavalry-men on each side of his carriage. I told my friend I was the best pleased with that of anything I had seen in a long time, for it showed that the President was learning to take care of himself. After that the anxiety left me, and I thought no more about assassination, until my wife came screaming into the garden one day where I was, saying the President was shot and was dead. It made a great stir in our town of Jacksonville; such a gathering I never saw there before. Men came together as though terror stricken by an earthquake, and women wept and moaned as though they had lost some special friend."

Mr. H. inquired if Prof. Turner could tell us anything about Mr. Lincoln's religious belief.

The Prof. said, "His religious views were very much like his face, variable. In his early life he was a skeptic. He associated with unbelieving and ignorant men, back-woodsmen; but after he felt his cares as President, and particularly after the death of his son, I believe he was, as he professed to be, a sincere believer in Christianity. When he left Springfield for Washington, he asked the Christian people to pray for him. That was not a mere form—he did nothing merely for form—and his last words to his old friends were, that they should remember him and pray for him."

The Villa, Oct. 10th, 1873.

DEAR JOURNALIST:—As you are a woman I trust I may be suffered to say, before I say anything else, that I am fond of babies. I could have no possible sympathy with that cynical philospher, who, when asked how he liked babies, replied: "*B-b-boiled ma-am.*" On the contrary, like every well-constituted man, I lean strongly toward King David's opinion in regard to children: "Happy is the man who hath his quiver full of them." Especially happy may he be if they are the children of stirpiculture.

With this bit of explanation I will venture with some timidity to say what I had first in mind. It is truly astonishing to the contemplative mind to observe what a number and variety of toys one child can swing. What an elastic business the toy business must be! We hear of "corners" in money and stocks, and of "corners" in wheat and petroleum, but I never yet heard of a "corner" being made in children's toys. This is the more unaccountable to me because I know of so many babies who I am confident could easily make a "corner" in the toy-market if they had a good chance. One of these ambitious saplings lives at the Villa, and the broad liberality and absence of conventional order with which he distributes toys about the premises, promises great things. I had a good mind to give you a catalogue of his playthings, but am dissuaded for a number of reasons. The array is so endless that I should take too much of your valuable space and involve myself in great mental perplexity. Then again, though I might not be able to tell where they are not, I can scarcely tell where the bulk of them is. There has not been much partiality shown in their distribution in and about the house. Perhaps this even-handed bestowal foreshadows judicial talent. Do you think it does? You are a mother and ought to know about these things.

This boy-baby who lives at the Villa is fond of playing on the lawn, and hence it happens that his playthings are somewhat thickly scattered over the grass. There they try the temper of the knives of the lawn-mower, and the temper of the man who pushes the lawn-mower. The man and the machine have stood it about equally well thus far. This fact has caused me some perplexing thought in regard to the superiority of mind over matter. Do you think there is any doubt about the superiority of mind over matter? The last thing cut in two by the lawn-mower, was a lead-sheathed mouth-organ. After making a clean thing of this the mower balked on a bureau-castor.

The man who tends the lawn has times of being ironical. He said the other day that it was surprising how well the grass had done this summer considering its drawbacks. I thought he was referring to the cold summer; but presently he said that if we had another two-year-old boy, he did not think we should need any lawn-mower, the playthings would keep the grass down. I concluded that it was one of his ironical days. I guess most folks have times of being ironical.

One day a friend who is fond of the ornamental, strolled out on the lawn to see a Kilmarnock which grows there. As he turned on his heel to get another view, he ground a small tin horse-and-wagon into the soil.

"Dear me!" he exclaimed, "what's that?"

"One of Giovanni's playthings," I answered.

It was *hors du combat*, but I consoled my friend by telling him that I had an impression there was a small caravan of such toys somewhere about and I did not think it would be missed. As we went toward the house, my friend unfortunately stepped on some object which rolled under his feet and nearly threw him over backward. On recovering himself he put on his spectacles and examined the ground carefully. Nearest his foot was a small wooden cup with a fresh piece broken out of the rim. My friend looked thoughtful and said:

"What a splendid crop of children's toys you would have if such things took root!" I agreed with him in that and we went in and sat down.

That evening while listening to reading in the sitting-room, I chanced to stretch my feet under the table at the same moment that a neighbor opposite did the same thing. Straightway there was a loud whirring sound like the winding of a dozen clocks. I might have been alarmed, but my neighbor smiled a calm smile and said it was only one of Giovanni's playthings. I looked under the table and there was the head of the caravan; a large tin horse-and-wagon. We had caught it between our feet.

I have read somewhere that most of the Oriental cities stand many feet above their ancient sites. The sand of the desert blowing over them for centuries, and the gradual accumulations of their inhabitants through the ages gone, have raised the soil and covered their ancient foundations. Do you think we are in danger of anything like this? We are a stirpicultural people, and as I said before, it is astonishing how many toys one child can swing. But this is too startling a thought to pursue. I leave it with you. B. Z.

WALLINGFORD.

Sept. 27th.—An unusually heavy fog this morning, in the midst of which a party of six started for the sea-shore. These fogs are generally succeeded by fine days, and we anticipate one for our friends.

—The work on the new road is progressing. The culvert is finished, and the embankment on the south side completed to within a few feet of it. A twenty-four inch track, on which the earth is moved in a small horse-car, has been laid from the sand-bank to the "dumping-place."

—For two days past, M. has had his men and teams engaged in drawing earth and repairing the road between the turnpike and factory; also the drive-ways about the house and barns. Our winter's supply of coal is drawn, and Mr. K. is now making the most of the fine weather to finish up the fall work.

Sept. 30th.—Rain has come with cooler weather, making fires acceptable. But with the Printing Co., so far as attention to business is concerned, 'tis all one—rain or shine. Their enthusiasm is damped by no obstacle and knows no failure. They are up at an early hour and off to business; some of them even are away before daylight. Between three o'clock Saturday P. M. and nine o'clock Monday A. M. seven forms—21,000 impressions—of Messrs. Osgood & Co.'s book were thrown off. Seven forms more will finish the job. The Wallingford town-fair commenced to-day. They have a good showing of stock and other articles. M. took over his two Holsteins.

Wednesday, Oct. 1st.—A slight frost last night, but to-day is beautiful—favorable for the fair. Mr. K. is gone to Meriden with grapes, pears, quinces, cauliflower, etc.

—Some one reports a joke at Mr. B.'s expense. While at the sea-shore he and Mr. P. went over to the island in hopes to catch white fish for breakfast. After fishing sometime without success, Mr. P. proposed to go over to the fishery and buy some. The men seemed very ready to give them all they would take and refused to accept anything for them. It is well known that this kind of fish is not caught for the market, but for a fertilizer, being of little value for food as they are so extremely bony. Mr. B. said he noticed a twinkle in the fisherman's eyes, but suspected nothing. The white fish were thrown away, and one of the men was heard to say he "would as soon cook a lot of pins!"

EVENING CONVERSATION AT W. C., OCT. 4, 1873

—After some conversation about matters connected with our printing business, Mr. N. said:

"What I like about the industry here is the combination of the sexes in it. It is a model industry in that respect. My impression is, that the women carry full half of the work. I have not much confidence in anything that does not combine the sexes, whether in the line of industry, politics,

education or religion. I do not believe education is really a normal, wholesome thing, without a mixing of the sexes in it. I think the college, and all the schools at Yale (the present company always excepted) are old-bachelor concerns that God is not much pleased with. The education going on here in this industry is more healthy and normal. I do not think much of the Evangelical Alliance, on account of its old-bachelor character. It has no women in its councils. The next generation will certainly expurgate everything that does not bring the sexes together. Wall street would have done better if it had encouraged the female brokers. It is having a hard time of it now.

E.—It could not have done worse. I think the Evangelical Alliance will not amount to much, if it discusses nothing but ideas and doctrines. It must get a new savor of progress, and do something practical to take hold of the hearts of the American people, and strike a very hard blow at infidelity.

N.—My philosophy about this matter of the mingling of the sexes is this: the foundation of all good active improvement or prosperity in anything, education or industry, politics or religion, is *inspiration*. You cannot succeed with dead works. Without inspiration all that you do is dead. It may make a show, but it is a dead body. The main question then in regard to prosperity in business, education, etc., is: What is the surest way to put ourselves in a receptive attitude toward inspiration? How shall we get it? How shall we get that enthusiasm which nothing but heavenly inspiration can give? That is what will bring us profit. I believe inspiration comes from a dual God—a Father and Mother. We cannot get the highest and best inspiration, "the water of life that proceedeth out of the throne of God and the Lamb," except as there is an appreciation of that dual life in them—except as we are in heart a combination of male and female ourselves. The enthusiasm in which every living thing is generated is the enthusiasm born of the commingling of male and female. That is the philosophy that governs everything.

F. W. S.—I think we shall have to study out some plan of home education on that principle, before we shall be satisfied.

N.—The further we go in a course of education that takes us away from our mothers and sisters and sweethearts—the more knowledge we get which they are supposed to be too childish to have anything to do with, the greater fools we are.

—The wisest man expressed his taste in a song of love.

FREDERICK DOUGLASS IN THE WEST.

A WESTERN Professor, whose personal recollections of Lincoln and the part which Illinois took in the late war, gave us recently an evening of rare entertainment, contributed also some reminiscences of Frederick Douglass which were racy and characteristic. Speaking of Mr. Douglass as an intellectual man the Professor said that with the gravity, dignity, and breadth of mind that would qualify him for a senator, Mr. Douglass combined the finest conversational powers and a marvelous adroitness in handling an audience. Some years before the war when Southern Illinois was bitterly southern in its hostility to the negro, Frederick Douglass was invited to lecture by the College students before their Lyceum. They were not particularly friendly, to abolitionists; but they wished to make a good speculation and so invited a lecturer whom they knew would draw well. Not a hotel in town would receive Mr. Douglass, and he became the guest of our Professor. When the hour for the lecture arrived, the clergy and the officials who should introduce Mr. Douglass to the audience and sit with him on the platform were all missing. Mortified at their recreancy our Professor stepped forward and introduced Mr. Douglass, and sat by him during the lecture. The house was a perfect jam, more than half the audience having come for the purpose of getting up a row. In half an hour Douglass had them perfectly in hand, thoroughly fascinated bv his eloquence and knowledge of human nature. The more savage the audience, the more he sparkled and rippled and fairly overflowed with wit and good humor. In this lecture he introduced the anecdote of the elder Dumas—who when accosted by a diminutive dandy of a Frenchman with, "Is it true, Monsieur Dumas, that your father was a negro?" replied, "Yes Monsieur, my father was a negro, and my grandfather was an ape! My pedigree begins where yours ends!" There was no row, and the audience went home laughing. The next time that Frederick Douglass came to lecture the hotels were still closed against him and he made his home as before with the Professor. But on his third visit he found the popular feeling changed. The war had purged Illinois of much of its colorphobia and Frederick Douglass found ready admittance to the best hotel in town. In his lecture he slyly alluded to the circumstance that he was now stopping for the first time at one of their hotels—adding, "And a very excellent hotel it is, too." The subject in this lecture was Self-Culture. When nearly through, he said in a serio-comic way that "he had hoped to be able to get through with one lecture without bringing in the everlasting negro—but no—go where he would, and speak on what subject he might, he always had to lug in the negro." As a closing hit he told in his droll style of the Irishman who asked his comrade on his way home from one of his lectures, "And faith! Pat, what did ye think of the nager?" "Nager? did ye say he was a nager?" "Arrah, he's half nager any way." "Be jabers if half a nager can do like that I should like to know what a whole nager could do!" M.

"MAIST ONIE DAY."

[The following beautiful lines were composed by Timothy Swan, the well-known author of the old tunes, "China" and "Poland," when in the seventy-third year of his age. They were sent to his son, then a resident of New York:]

"Ye ken, dear bairn, that we maun part,
When death, cauld death, shall bid us start;
But when he'll send his dreadfu' dart
We canna say.
So we'll be ready for his cart
Maist onie day.

"We'll keep a' right an' gude wi'in,
Our wark will then be free fra sin,
Upright we'll step thro' theck and thin,
Straight on our way;
Deal just wi' a', the prize we'll win
Maist onie day.

"Ye ken there's Ane wha's just and wise,
Has said that a' his bairns should rise
An' soar aboon the lofty skies,
And there shall stay;
Being well prepared we'll gain the prize
Maist onie day.

"When He wha made a' things just right,
Shall ca' us hence to realms of light,
Be it morn, or noon, or e'en, or night,
We will obey.
We'll be prepared to ta' our flight
Maist onie day.

"Our lamps we'll fill brimfu' o' oil,
That's gude and pure—that wulna spoil;
We'll keep them burnin' a' the while,
To light our way.
Our wark bein' done we'll quit the soil
Maist onie day."

THE NEWS.

The Stokes trial has been postponed on account of the sickness of the accused.

The yellow fever continues to rage at Memphis with no present prospect of abatement.

Anarchy prevails in the Fiji Islands. Many of the white settlers refuse to pay their taxes and have taken up arms to resist their collection. The British and German consuls have interfered to restore order.

Capt. Buddington and men of the lost steamer, Polaris, arrived in New York on Saturday. They were at once transferred to the United States steamer, Tallapoosa, and ordered to Washington to appear before a Naval Board of Examination.

The trial of Marshal Bazaine by court-martial was opened at the palace of Trainon, Versailles, Oct. 6th, Duc D'Aumale presiding. Among the witnesses present were Marshals Canrobert and Lebœuf, and Generals Frossard, Boubaki and Changarnier.

Capt. Jack and his companions were hanged at Fort Klamath on Friday, Oct. 3d. They met their fate with true Indian stoicism, but "as the drop fell with a terrible 'thud' a half smothered cry of horror went up from the crowd of over five hundred Klamath Indians who witnessed the awful spectacle." The rest of the tribe, numbering in all about one hundred and fifty, will be placed on a reservation near Fort Russell.

The long struggle in Connecticut over what is known as the "Capital question" was finally and forever settled on Monday, Oct. 6th, by a majority vote of 3.600 in favor of the constitutional amendment making Hartford the sole capital. The contest between the rival cities has been long and bitter, and a most prolific source of corruption and bribery. The next Legislature will meet at New Haven as usual; after that, the seat of Government will be removed to Hartford.

A most remarkable escape from a terrible accident occurred in the old Fourth avenue tunnel on the New York and Harlem Railroad on Sunday morning, Oct. 5th. Five minutes after the Albany express had passed, and another train then due, a large section of the arch gave away completely, filling the tunnel with masonry and earth. It took five hundred men nearly twelve hours to clear the track, and the rest of the tunnel is reported to be in an unsafe condition. The arch of the tunnel has probably been weakened by the blasting for additional tracks.

The organization of the Evangelical Alliance was completed at Steinway Hall on Friday, Oct. 3d. Dr. Woolsey, Ex-President of Yale College, was chosen permanent President of the organization. Mayor Havemeyer, Lord Alfred Churchill and a number of other prominent men were made Vice-Presidents, and the Rev. S. Irenæus Prime, Secretary. Conspicuous among those on the platform during the services were, R. Payne Smith, Dean of Canterbury, Lord Alfred Churchill, Rev. James Davis, Secretary of the British Branch of the Evangelical Alliance, Count Andrew Bernstoff, Secretary of the German Legation, Prof. Stanley Leathes, D. D. of Kings College, London, the Rev. Dr. Angus of London, Dr. Arnot of Edinburg, the Rev. Dr. Fishe of Paris, and many others. The meeting was called to order by the Hon. Wm. E. Dodge, who requested the Rev. Dr. Hodge to lead in prayer. The invocation was followed by the singing of the "Doxology" in which all joined.

A second attempt to cross the Atlantic by balloon was made on Monday by Prof. Donaldson and his two associates, Lunt and Ford. After the failure of the first attempt from the bursting of the *Daily Graphic* balloon, the Messrs. Goodsell presented Prof. Donaldson with the whole apparatus with which he proposed to make a second trial at his own expense. The balloon was reduced in size nearly one-half, put in complete working order, and on Monday, Oct. 6th, about nine A. M. the daring æronauts sailed away amidst the cheers of the crowds who thronged the streets of the two cities so far below them. The course of the balloon seemed to be north-east by east, and it passed out of sight in less than an hour. Later in the day a dispatch was received from Canaan, Conn., stating that while passing over that town the balloon had encountered a terrible storm of wind and rain and had become partly disabled. Prof. Donaldson and Mr. Ford jumped from the balloon when within thirty feet of the ground, while Mr. Lunt escaped by means of a tree in which the drag-ropes had become entangled. The balloon soon after tore away from the tree and was carried up the mountains a mile away from the village of Canaan. The whole affair thus far has developed plenty of pluck, but—not much science.

PARASITES ON THE WHITE PINE.

DEAR CIRCULAR:—We have a group of white pines at the rear of our house, that were in nice thrifty condition a few days ago and bid fair to make fine trees. But judge of my surprise, on passing them to find that two had been stripped of their foliage. My surprise was greatly increased from the fact, that I knew them to be all right only a day or two before. At first I supposed that something had been thrown on the trees that had killed them suddenly. On approaching them a little nearer however, the mystery was soon solved. It proved to be the work of worms, and the trees were then almost literally covered with them. I examined another tree that still retained its foliage, and found the worms distributed nearly all over it and devouring the leaves with the greatest avidity. The worms were about one and one-fourth inches long, about three sixteenths of an inch in diameter; of a pale, yellowish color, bordering on a pea-green and sprinkled all over with black, or very dark spots—skin smooth and entirely free from hair. This worm was quite new to me, but may not be so to many of your readers. I would be glad to hear from those to whom it is familiar. Yours truly, S. W. N.

Wallingford, Conn., Oct. 6th, 1873.

HUMMERS.

BORES of various kinds have been from time to time transfixed by the burning pens of harrassed victims and held up to the ridicule of a justly indignant public. There is the bore who button-holes you with one hand while with the other he gives free rein to his prancing hobby; there is the inquisitive bore; the absent-minded bore; the oblivious bore; the conceited bore; the obtuse bore. Then there is the bore who thinks that you are as much interested in him and his affairs as he is himself; the bore who refers familiarly to his grandmother's aunts as though they had been your bosom friends since infancy; the bore who undertakes to tell a story and dallies over unimportant details with such minuteness that you lose track of the main points of the narrative. I never read essays against these nuisances without experiencing the most devout thankfulness; and yet I observe with sadness that those for whom the shoe is made seldom put it on.

Notwithstanding so much vituperation has been expended on this incubus, there is one bore who has by no means had his due. I have nowhere read a feeling description of the misery he inflicts. I refer to the hummer. There are many things which I think I can endure with as much fortitude as any one else. I can listen with calm resignation to the fifth recital of an anecdote from a person who has forgotten that he ever related it to me. I can show an interrogative interest in the words of a man who tells me some fact which I fancy I know as well as he; I can keep my feathers unruffled when the woman is by who fingers my apparel to see of what material it is composed; I can show sympathetic concern when Lady Fitzjerald tells me that Cerinthy Ann—who is as unknown to me as any inhabitant of Ujiji—has lost her favorite poodle; I can even answer again serenely the person who asked me just last week how old I am; but in the presence of a hummer my equanimity is wrecked; my resources of patience and good-nature are completely swept away.

At one time in my life, while living at a wretched boarding-house, for six mortal months my room adjoined (separated only by a thin partition) an apartment occupied by one of the most inveterate specimens of this class, so that the tortures I have undergone are far from light or ephemeral, and it is with the utmost difficulty that I can refer to them with calmness. In ordinary circumstances, if you take your seat with a book in the parlor and one of these persons appears, you can resort to many innocent expedients to stop the plague, all of which failing, you can arise and flee into another land, no one the wiser as to the cause of your exit; but to have my next-door neighbor an individual of that persuasion left me no chance for escape. I had to endure my burden as Sinbad endured the old black man who fastened himself on his shoulders. Thus forced into the treadmill of fate, I learned at last to philosophize concerning the matter.

Hummers, I observe, are generally women, though to be sure there are men whose whistling—and whistlers and hummers belong to the same genus—will set your nerves quivering as though a dentist were rasping a sensitive incisor with his file. Yet from time immemorial whistling boys and girls in all well-regulated households, have been relegated to the back-yard to vent their musical uprisings, so that few puckering striplings attain manhood without having pretty thoroughly curbed the propensity to whistle within-doors, while hummers, alas! have been allowed to pursue their way unmolested and in the possession of a measure of respectability which I, for one, think them far from deserving.

There are several distinct kinds of hummers. There is the erratic hummer whose habit it is to suddenly break forth when all is quiet and startle you like the unexpected explosion of a torpedo; there is the droning hummer who rarely ceases her note, which sounds in the distance like the whirr of an old-fashioned spinning-wheel; there is the sprightly hummer, who has evidently been taken in by the effervescence of a popular novelist about the joyous effects produced on the cool and aqueous part of humanity, by the presence of some bright being who carols gleefully from morning till night; there is the tantalizing hummer, who, having caught part of a thread-bare air, seems satisfied with the achievement, and then invariably stops at the half-cadence and starts at the beginning again, never satisfying the ear with a fall to the tonic; there is the medley hummer, who with a marvelous aptitude at discovering resemblances between the most incongruous of melodies, continually strings together tunes which match as well as opals and glass beads, and can never finish an air according to the composer; there is the quenching hummer, who when one is singing, strikes in a quarter of a tone or even a semi-tone above or below, thus effectually stopping the first performer; but to my mind the worst specimen of this class of bores is the tuneless, monotonous hummer, who from very vacuity of mind, keeps up a ceaseless laryngeal clatter. There is no such thing as reading or writing or studying or thinking or sleeping, when within hearing of those tones, which though low are as penetrating as the "dry cicala's" long-drawn notes. Though every nerve rises in arms, though every musical sensibility bristles in agony, you are yet spell-bound and compelled to hear "Johnny Comes Marching Home," for instance, flatted and sharped through all the keys of the diatonic scale, until by a mighty effort you are enabled to rush frantically away and find relief for the weary tympanum.

I am an ardent lover of genuine song, from the throats of those whom nature has endowed as sweet singers; but good vocalists seldom fall into this habit of incessant humming. There is at least one legitimate outlet for this propensity, and that is in the occupation of baby-tending. Hum to your defenseless infants, good people, but for mercy's sake allow us grown-up babies to choose our times and seasons! HO HUM!

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ADMISSIONS.

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

ONWARD!

BY THEO. L. PITT.

"Onward! After the Great Companions! and to belong to them!
They too are on the road! They are the swift and majestic men!
they are the greatest women!"

The Greatest Companions are the Angels of God!

Onward before thee,
Gleameth thy path,
Skies bending o'er thee
May frown in wrath.

Yet the light shineth
From the far gate
Where, for thy coming
Fair angels wait.

Onward! right onward!
Turn not aside;
With those who linger
Do not abide.

They who would love thee
With thee must go,
Earnestly striving
Sternly to know,

What unto each is
The meaning of life,
What for to-day is
The duty or strife.

Yonder before thee—
Seize with thine eyes—
Infinite glory!
Thy calling's prize.

Haste to attain it;
Open thy heart,
There let its fullness,
New life impart.

Up then and Onward
To the bright band,
Waiting to crown thee
In that fair land!

STICK TO FACTS.

Home-Talk by J. H. N.

THE Holy Spirit is emphatically a historical spirit, and if we come into fellowship with it, we shall imbibe a taste for historical discovery. It is called the Spirit of Truth. That reveals its essence. It is a Spirit that introduces exact account-keeping into everything. All that passes in our individual lives, all that is going in literature, religion, and politics, is put on record, and kept in God's memory, that is, in his Spirit of Truth. And so preparation is going on all the time, for bringing the world to judgment—for having settlements—for rewarding every man according to his works. There is nothing done in secret, but God knows it, and it is recorded, and will come to light. It is the special characteristic of the Spirit of Truth that it sees everything, and will record everything. Whether men remember or not, the Spirit of Truth forgets nothing; and its delight is to train us, if it can get possession of our hearts and minds, to go back into the past, into our own history, and into the history of persons around us, and into the history of the world and the Kingdom of Heaven.

Perfectionism had its birth in a historical discovery. The truth about that great historical transaction, the Second Coming, was discovered, and out of that discovery grew the doctrine of salvation from sin, and all the important doctrines we hold. The reason why we have not any creed is, that our articles of faith are almost all historical facts. In regard to salvation from sin, the main question is, What was done when Christ died and rose again, and the Spirit was poured out? Is it true or not, that provision was made for salvation from sin? That is a question of history. And so whether Paul was actually saved from sin, and whether the Primitive Church was saved from sin, are questions of history. These questions are to be settled by a candid investigation of the records, to see whether the facts are one way or the other. I study the New Testament chiefly in the way of historical investigation: in order to found my faith on facts, and not on speculations and philosophy. It was the special characteristic of Christ and the Primitive Church, that they dealt in facts, and that history was the foundation of their religion and their faith.

To illustrate the bearing of facts: Christ said the Holy Spirit would "reprove the world of judgment, *because the prince of this world is judged.*" There is a historical fact, involving the day of judgment. Christ distinctly announced that fact when he was laying himself upon the altar of sacrifice. He said, "Now is the judgment of this world; now shall the prince of this world be cast out." The Holy Spirit will bring the world to judgment by convincing it of a fact which took place eighteen hundred years ago. The whole world is judged already in the judgment of its prince. It is only required to bring that transaction of eighteen hundred years ago to light, and the day of judgment with all its wonders will be upon us.

If we wish then to please the Spirit of Truth, to live with it and enjoy it, and have boldness in the day of judgment, this is what we must do—we must get a taste for historical investigation: we must love to dig up the past: and when we get hold of a fact in our own history, for instance, that has some important bearing, we must delight to follow it up, and pursue it just as far as we can. Every one of you will find sooner or later, that your own history is full of dramatic interest. God, the great artist, has planned and constructed it. There is a great deal in it that you have no idea of till you put things together, past and present. So with the history of those around you. Get a bird's-eye view of some individual history, and there is nothing in fiction that

can equal it. Many things that have taken place in us and around us, seemed to have little or no significance at the time; but after we have gone by them years and years, and something calls our attention back, and we get a long reach of view, we begin to see their significance, and they become unspeakably interesting.

I hope the whole Community will resolve itself into a great historical society, and all join in a hunt with the Spirit of Truth, for facts in the past in regard to ourselves and others, and thus carry on the great business of the day of judgment as fast as we can. Let us keep our simplicity and not go beyond our depth, but be always on the alert for co-operation with the Spirit of Truth in searching out the history of persons and things.

We have persons among us who have belonged to many different religious sects. Mr. B. has been a Methodist; Mr. S. a Second Adventist; Mr. H. an Episcopalian; and so on. My advice to all such is, that instead of seeking to denounce and criticise the denominations with which they have been connected, they should study their history honestly, truly and patiently, and quietly ripen within themselves a true judgment of those denominations, founded on history and facts.

Cultivate the love of history; not book-history but fact-history. Cultivate the love of faithful book-keeping in everything. Of course the Spirit of Truth will not lead you off into mere fact-hunting for the sake of gratifying curiosity. There is a method in its investigations. It will lead you into inquiry about facts that relate to the vital interests of yourselves and mankind.

The Bible is the great backbone of history that every body ought to understand who wishes to be in fellowship with the Spirit of Truth. You may study the history of the Primitive Church, and after that the history of the great transactions of the Second Coming; then the history of the Bible and the workings of the Holy Spirit since that event. To come nearer home, you can take up the history of Revivals and Perfectionism and Communism. Gradually you will get a great unitary idea of history. You will connect together the history of God's work in the Jews, and in Christ, and through the ages since the Primitive Church, and the history of the present gospel of the kingdom, grafting it on to the great tree of history which comes down to us in the Bible.

We may learn how to pursue this study from our business of silk-winding. If you get hold of the right end you can reel off a long thread; whereas if you poke in anywhere and break off a thread just as it happens, you will find things tangled. Take pains to start right, where God would have you, and where there is a certain preparation, and you will find you can reel off a whole skein easily. We are apt to think there is no skein—that history is nothing but a snarl. That is a mistake. The past of everything is in a skein, and if you will only find the right end of the thread it will unwind.

To students of Geology there is a wonderful fascination in discovering facts in relation to the state of things ages and ages ago, by the connections that are found in the rock strata. Geology is an attempt to read history out of rocks. There is a great deal of just such fascinating work to be done by us in studying the history of God's dealings with the world. He will help us. That is just what he wishes us to do—to go back and see what he has done in the ages that are past. There is all the fascination of geology and antiquarianism in it.

One man boasting over another says, "I have forgotten more than you ever knew." It is true that the news which the world has forgotten is infinitely more, and of greater interest, than what is current in the papers. People think that the news is just what is now passing—that anything which took place a week ago is not news. But there is news that is thousands of years old. What a piece of news the truth about the Second Coming is! Let us be wide awake for the old news—news of doings long ago buried and forgotten.

THE GOSPEL OF INTERIOR LIFE.

BY THEO. L. PITT.

WE are called to be students of the Gospel of Christ. What is the central fact of that Gospel? In what consists its power and significance as a plan of salvation? It is, in the Revelation of an Inner Life. Christ came to reveal an inner world and an inner life, and to lead men out from the bondage of the outward and inane into which sin had brought them, to that world and that life.

To those whom the Gospel of Christ has not come with unfolding and saving power, the spiritual world is vague and indefinite; the outward world alone seems tangible and real. "No man," says Christ, "knoweth the Father but the Son, and he to whom the Son will reveal him." So no man knoweth that inner world, nor hath looked into that world with intelligent, definite vision, save the Son of God and he to whom the Son of God hath revealed it. Through Christ we know there is such a world; for he came forth from thence. It is a world where God is; or rather it is a world in God—his presence and life pervade it. Christ said to his disciples, "The Father himself loveth you, because ye have loved me, and have believed that *I came forth from God. I came forth from the Father*, and I am come into the world; again I leave the world and go to the Father."

Eighteen hundred years ago, Christ came into this world. Through a long course of years he had been training and developing the Jewish nation by a legal and prophetic dispensation, up to that degree of civilization which would enable him to manifest himself personally in humanity. When the time was ripe he "came forth from God"—"from the bosom of the Father," from the interior world, the heaven of heavens where his home had been "or ever the earth was, even from everlasting"—entered into this world and into humanity and became as one of the sons of men. Here he gathered round him a body of disciples, whom he instructed in the mysteries of his mission, and prepared for the revelation of his kingdom. As his outward personal work in this world drew to a close, he announced his departure from them, saying, "In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you: and if I go to prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also." Passing from this world through the gates of the most cruel death, he entered Hades and preached to the spirits in prison there. From Hades he rose into that inner sphere from which he came forth. He did not return to this world after his death, as an outward man. "The world saw him no more." He came to his disciples as a victorious, resurrection-being, visible to them only interiorly, with the spiritual eye. After varied intercourse with them for forty days, during which he commissioned them to go into the world and preach the gospel to every creature, he ascended to the Father—the home of the morning stars and sons of God.

Having thus revealed the inner life and the inner world, to this world, and to the faithful dead in Hades, at the end of forty years, after his disciples had canvassed this world and published the glad tidings committed to them, he came again the second time in the clouds of the inner heaven, with power and great glory. And he sent his angels, and gathered together his elect from Hades and from this world, or, as it is expressed, "from the four winds, from one end of heaven unto the other," and transferred them to that inner, resurrection-sphere where he was, and to those mansions he had prepared for them. There he organized them into his kingdom. There he crowned them with his glory and his love, and made them kings and priests unto God. There they have lived and reigned with him from that time to this—"ruling the nations with a rod of iron, and dashing them in pieces as a potter's vessel." There they have been preparing to come forth and take possession of this world, when the fullness of time has come, and invest it with the glory and beauty, and fill it with the life and love, of heaven.

This is the Primitive Church—the New Jerusalem. This is the world which the gospel of Christ reveals, and to which it invites us.

How can we approach that world and become acquainted with the glorious beings who dwell together there? The true answer is, Through our hearts. We have called it an interior world. Interior to what? It is interior to us. It is not above us among the stars; it is nowhere outside of us. It is within us.

"*The Kingdom of God*," says Christ, "*is within you.*" As there is an outward and an interior world, so we have outward and interior sides to our life. We have outward and interior senses. Through our outward senses we look upon the world of matter—the visible universe. Through our interior senses—the senses of the heart—we look into the interior, invisible world, toward heaven and God. It is on this side of our life that we approach the Primitive Church. Through the gates of the heart "we come unto Mount Zion, and unto the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to an innumerable company of angels, to the general assembly and church of the first-born which are written in heaven, and to God the judge of all, and to the spirits of

just men made perfect, and to Jesus the meditator of the New Covenant." These are all interior to us. There is a door in our hearts which we may open and come into their presence. At that door Christ stands and knocks, saying, "If any man hear my voice and open the door, I will come in to him and sup with him, and he with me." Again, he says, addressing the same inner side of us, "If a man love me he will keep my words: and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him and make our abode with him." These passages show the intimate fellowship we may have with Christ. The same fellowship we may have with him, we may also have with all the glorious beings who are with him in his Father's house. This fellowship may be increased by turning our attention toward them and seeking their faces. We may become so developed in spiritual sensitiveness and receptivity as to enter into conscious personal acquaintance and fellowship with the men and women of the New Jerusalem. Our hearts may become so filled with the light and life of that world, that our inner vision will be completely opened and we shall see God and the angels; and when we see them we shall be transformed into their likeness and dwell with them forever. And thus the Resurrection will be attained.

What a glorious revelation is this which the gospel brings us! Who can estimate its value? Who can fathom its depths? Truly it is written, "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him." Who can fitly tell to his fellow-man of that world to which Christ invites us? Its glory is unutterable. But if we look through the Christ-door of our hearts, we can behold it, leading away into infinite depths—a realm of beauty and love, and the light and life of God. There is the throne of God and the Lamb. There glorious beings come and go, and hosts of bright ones throng. Avenues lead away from our hearts into that world, along which we can see glory surpassing glory till all is lost in the infinite light. There is the home of Genius and Poetry and Song. There music, with its mysteries, is born. Truth is from thence, and beauty is the effluence of its gates. All true love that enthrones the heart with rapture and joy, is but the inbreathing of the atmosphere that reigns forever there. From thence come the inspirations that lead us forth into new spheres of growth and action.

THE CLAY CRITICISES THE POTTER.

[Extracts from "Miracles Past and Present."]

As to the operation of the Spirit on human souls, there is nothing to be argued from the chemistry of the body, any more than the law of gravitation can hint as to the manner in which the lightning flashes, or the electric current darts and strikes.

As to whether Moses and Elijah could ever have been visited by angels, there can rightly be no hint expected from rocks and fossils, unless it can first be shown that those rocks and fossils, at some time in their history, were what angels could have talked with by the Divine permission.

The providence of God, as sparrows can experience it, through the laws of nature, cannot be the measure of that providence as it adapts itself to living souls, and wraps man about with a care, which death is not to end, but only to manifest. And whatever the connections of man may be through his body with nature and seed-time and harvest, it is yet not inconsistent with them all, that at one time "man did eat angels' food."

There are Christian divines—blind leaders of the blind, surely—who hope to have the miracles of the Bible made more credible, by the result of a scientific controversy, as to whether creation occurred by development or by stages. But really, whether God made the world with his right hand or with his left, though a very curious inquiry, cannot possibly be any new light as to the way in which he may have treated primeval man when "he led him about, he instructed him, he kept him as the apple of his eye."

By his free will, or what feels like it, a man can turn and twist himself intellectually, to strange effect, and can get himself bewildered by curious fantasies, and can even become like the absurdity of clay upon the wheel criticising the mind of the potter. At this present time there are hundreds of persons who think that, for acuteness, they are intelligences of mysterious growth, because they can ask themselves the question, "Has God self-consciousness; or is the Godhead a blind force?" But actually, ability for asking that question was attained long ago, and twenty-five hundred years since was derided by a prophet in a text, which combines the subtlest philosophy with the rarest wit: "Woe unto him that striveth with his Maker! Let the potsherds strive with the potsherd of the earth. Shall the clay say to him that fashioneth it, What makest thou? or thy work He hath no hands?" And what is there so like that fancy of ancient prophecy as the modern objection? "A miracle! God allow a miracle! Does not God live and act by laws?" And to this question the answer is, "Yes, by laws, and even also by his Spirit, which is like a combination of all laws in one." * * * * * * *

Goethe was a singular combination of worldly shrewdness, scientific perception, and poetic faculty. And, considering the manner of man he was, he was still more remarkable for what spiritual insight he had. Probably there is not a theological speculation of the present day, and of scientific origin, with which his thoughts were not familiar. And he said, once, what may be considered as clenching all the vague, wandering argument of the present time as to the being of a God. And never did he say anything more characteristic of himself. It is a verdict on the evidences of religion, when estimated at their lowest.

Argued out from history, and from the make of the world, and from human nature, there are certain lines of thought which converge at what cannot be anything else than a throne, whether thunderbolts be launched from it or not, and even though at present there be round about it the silence of that state wherein one day is "as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day."

And very likely it was in rebuke of some scoffers that Goethe said what has been referred to and which was this, "If there be not a God now, there will be one day."

RELIGIOUS MEETINGS IN NEW YORK.

New York, Oct. 13, 1873.

DEAR CIRCULAR:—The Evangelical Alliance closed its working session on Saturday afternoon, and it has been on the whole, an interesting convention of the Protestant World. The unanimity among the various sects has been greater than was anticipated. True, the topics discussed have not been of a character to draw the lines sharply between the various denominations. Indeed the meeting has been mostly occupied in the reading of essays on subjects previously given out by committees appointed for that purpose.

Consolidation of all the evangelical sects, so called, was by no means contemplated by the founders of the Alliance. To agree to disagree, on what they call non-essentials, in the make-up of their creeds and formulas, was a shrewd measure to secure non-interference with each other's beliefs or disbeliefs.

Some of the papers read exhibited great learning and mental training. The paper on "Christianity and its Antagonisms," by President McCosh, of Princeton College, will be read with profit and edification. When the subject of "Protestantism and Romanism" was discussed the essays and remarks that followed disclosed, on the part of some of the speakers, a little of the bitter uncharitableness of past intolerance. The paper, however, produced by the Rev. R. S. Storrs, of Brooklyn, was highly applauded for its candid spirit. The first paragraph of the essay is worth remembering. He says: "It is always easy though always unsafe, to under-estimate the attractive force of a system of belief adverse to your own." Had all the speakers in the Clerical Congress given heed to the foregoing truth, there would have been little occasion for complaint of harsh criticism or unfair statements of adverse beliefs outside of the Alliance.

Although this Convention of Protestantism has attracted the attention, one might say, of the civilized world to its deliberations, yet it must be confessed that many of the truest friends of the religion its members profess, have been disappointed respecting its results. Many hoped and some believed that the standard of religion and of religious experience of Protestant churches would be at least inquired into if not discussed. It is said, and I think truly, that however strong Protestantism is. in the abstract, it is proving itself extremely weak in the concrete; while its chief antagonist, the Roman Church, may be never so weak in the abstract it is very strong in the concrete. In the latter there is no schism in its body. Its faith is a unit. But not so in the Protestant churches. They may be united in generalities, but in the details of social and spiritual life, there is more and more divergence. Unbelief or skepticism is now so prevalent within the church that it virtually stultifies spiritual life and progress. It is the deep, subtle sins of unbelief and solid worldliness, veiled from view by outward moral conduct, that are consuming the vitals of Evangelical Churches. The protesting church cannot always stand on the defensive side. Its position is too negative. Its need is a positive faith. While listening to their criticism of the Roman Catholic Church, the thought occurred to me how refreshing it would be to hear that article in the Berean on "Our Relations to the Primitive Church." Catholicism was at the bar of Protestantism, and that article seemed to me the true and only solution of the problem, "What are we to do with the Papal See?"

Notwithstanding these criticisms of the doings of the Alliance, I can see special providences in the movement that are harbingers of great good in the future.

But the agitation of religious subjects is not yet over. This week the "Free Religionists" are to have a three days' Convention, in which they can give utterance to pent-up thoughts on man as a religious being.

The women, too, are to hold their great, or small, congress during the week for the purpose of enlightening, strengthening and helping each other in the spheres to which heaven in its wisdom assigns them. But in conclusion I hope and pray that all these religious agitations will finally result in a steady, and healthy revival of good religious experience. G. C.

FACTS ABOUT THE BIBLE.—A prisoner, condemned to solitary confinement, obtained a copy of the Bible, and, by three years' careful study, obtained the following facts:

"The Bible contains 3,586,489 letters, 773,692 words, 31,173 verses, 1,189 chapters, and 66 books. The word *and* occurs 46,277 times. The word Lord occurs 1,855 times. The word Reverend occurs but once, which is in the 9th verse of the 111th Psalm. The middle verse is the 8th verse of the 118th Psalm. The 21st verse of the 7th chapter of Ezra, contains all the letters in the alphabet except the letter J. The finest chapter to read, is the 26th chapter of the Acts of the Apostles. The 19th chapter of 2 Kings and the 37th chapter of Isaiah are alike. The longest verse is the 9th verse of the 8th chapter of Esther. The shortest verse is the 35th verse of the 11th chapter of St. John. The 8th, 15th, 21st and 31st verses of the 107th Psalm are alike. Each verse of the 136th Psalm end alike. There are no words or names of more than six syllables."—*Anon.*

ONEIDA CIRCULAR.

HARRIET M. WORDEN, EDITOR.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1873.

I like to see a man have a revival when he sets trees and writes verses and gets children, just as well as when he shouts in meeting and tells us "we are all poor critters." We ought to work for a revival, I know; but when you get it, why, let it plant and sow, let it speak new words and lead on to a new dance. I have no objection to a man's telling me he is faint and hungry, but I don't want him to hide the fact by going around and shouting to the folks that they need a revival. Proclaiming the scarcity of bread don't feed me. If a man has the real thing in him, let him do something that will bring coals to my brush-heap and yeast to my bread-pan. A. B.

IN GOOD SOCIETY.

TO be a Communist is to belong to good society. It is to have Socrates and Plato for one's companions—noblest of the Greek immortals. Read this from the lips of Socrates. He is relating his conversation with Lysis and Menexenus:

"I turned to Menexenus and said: Son of Demophon, which of you two youths is the elder?

"That is a matter of dispute among us, he said.

"And which is the nobler? Is that a matter of dispute too?

"Yes, certainly.

"And another disputed point is, which is the fairer?

"The two boys laughed.

"I shan't ask which is the richer, I said, for you two are friends, are you not?

"Certainly, they replied.

"*And friends have all things in common*, so that one of you can be no richer than the other, if you say truly that you are friends."—*Lysis or Friendship. Jowett's Dialogues of Plato, p.* 45.

RESPECTING PEDIGREE.

WE have been accustomed to regard those who take pride in tracing back their genealogy to persons of note or distinction, as vain people, desirous of making up for their own lack of intellect by appropriating to themselves the achievements of their ancestors. There undoubtedly is a vast deal of silly pride mixed up with such retrospections; but a distinction must be drawn between those who look back for empty titles, regardless of character, and those who seek among their ancestry for inherent virtues and well-merited distinction. The former are actuated by a vanity as empty as the titles they honor. With the latter, it is a scientific pursuit, for which we find abundant precedent in the Bible. There are many charts in the Bible which tend to show that the Jews were very particular, from their earliest history, to carefully preserve records of their lineage as indispensably necessary to keep pure their race. And the principles by which they guarded the parentage of their offspring were probably but little less stringent than the rules which prevented their intermarriage with the nations around them. Abraham's careful selection of a wife for his son Isaac, and again Isaac's selection of a wife for his son Jacob, and many other such instances, are indications that the nations then existing, with regard to propagation, were not so lax as those of the present day.

The scientific stock-raiser carefully keeps and confidently reverts to the pedigree of his animals, as the surest and most satisfactory means of determining their value; and it can scarcely be supposed that intelligent people trace out their ancestry for any other purpose than the satisfaction of demonstrating that they have inherited some of the valuable characteristics of those from whom they have descended. Thus, it is common to hear A. boast of the longevity of his grandfather or grandmother; felicitating himself on his inherited health and hardihood; while B. seeks in himself and children for family traits, to compare with those of even more remote ancestors. The almost universal desire of men and women to know that they have come from a good stock, seems so engrafted in their hearts, that it appears as natural as the love and respect for one's parents. And as the character of the fruit is determined by that of the parent-stock, what can be more natural than that the intelligent fruit should desire to know something of the stock from which it sprung?

A. E.

COSTS OF COMMUNISM.

PROBABLY one of the things least understood by casual inquirers, is the cost and conditions of membership in our Community. To persons who are discontented with their present situation in the world, or sanguine and curious to experiment in novelties, it looks like a very simple thing to make up their minds and "join the Community." All that need be said, is—"We are sick of the world; your people seem to be happy; we like your principles, as far as we know them, and now we are on hand to join." Not unfrequently persons apply for admission on the bare information that it is a religious Community, and without any further inquiry as to its terms and objects.

Whatever may be the case with other institutions, ours does not admit of such superficial treatment. Joining us is a matter of serious moment to both parties, and cannot be undertaken with too much deliberation, or too thorough an understanding of the interests involved. In the same hasty, blindfold way, two of Christ's disciples asked to be allowed to sit, one on his right hand and the other on his left hand, in his glory. Jesus answered with true insight, "*Ye know not what ye ask.* Are ye able to drink of the cup that I shall drink of, and be baptized with the baptism that I am baptized with?"

This is precisely the kind of answer that is suggested to us, when we find persons seeking inconsiderately a connection with the Community. The conditions of membership with us are equivalent to those which Christ instituted for his disciples, viz., the forsaking of all, and absolute devotion to the Kingdom of God; and when persons think they can accept of these terms, it may still be asked, with deep meaning, Can you drink of the cup, and be baptized with the baptism which we are called to, as pioneers of truth?

By way of suggesting consideration to those who see only the pleasure-side of Community life, we will name some things which are sternly opposite to all worldly notions of comfort, and which require a self-denial rarely conceived of.

In the first place, the freedom to enjoy, which it is supposed must exist in a society where "all things are common," has its counterpart in the giving up of all things, which Communism demands of every individual. This feature is apt to be overlooked, while the imagination of the inquirer dwells only on the union and plenty which he sees involved in a Community organization. The fact that this result is based on a previous sacrifice of all private interests, is not appreciated. In the actual working of Community, however, we are led to realize the "forsaking of all;" and find that the *self*-denial, *i. e.*, the sacrifice of private individuality, is quite as broad as the general and common well-being. There is in Community the largest liberty for love and generosity, but no liberty for selfishness and seeking one's own. If a person can shift his sensibility to happiness, so that it will forget private wants and find gratification in the public service, and the prosperity of the whole, then Community is exactly his place. But those who enter with their eye mainly on private luxury and pleasure-seeking, are courting special disappointment. True Communism is the worst hell such persons can easily find. It has nothing for them but arrest and crucifixion till their motive is changed. Community holds out abundant pleasures and rewards, but only for the spirit which can enjoy and sacrifice for the good of the whole. It does not reserve even the common comforts of life for selfishness.

One of the essential institutions of Community is *criticism*—a system of truth-telling between the members by which every one has his faults told him, and any bad spirit or insincere practice is held up to the free censure of all. This is the long cherished custom of our Community, and it will be readily seen is essential to its existence. If we are to live together in such intimate combination as Communism involves, there must be means provided for harmonizing and perfecting each other in the relation. Such a provision is only found in the right and the love of free criticism. But while this system is so necessary to Community health, it is also as disagreeable to the mere sensitive nature and personal feeling of individuals as can well be imagined; it should be carefully reckoned, at least by those deeply involved in egotism, among the costs of Community life. In the constant family contact of our society it will be sure to bring out all the concealed littleness, as well as reduce all the hard corners of character. It is in fact equivalent to the judgment—bringing every hidden thing to light—treating every one just as he really is, and searching out evil from all our past and present life. None should forget that in looking toward Community they are seeking a tribunal which detects evil, and deals with it truthfully.

In some cases persons have joined the Community, apparently with a full understanding of these conditions and liabilities, who yet found themselves unprepared for their practical working, and after some unpleasant experience in the Community have withdrawn. We regret such a course of things in any case, and hence, would faithfully apprise those who are looking toward us, of the real facts. We shall do what we can to fasten their attention on the conditions of improvement, and make them count the cost. We know that a true Community, such as heaven is made of, is well worth any cost that can come to us in this world; but it persons engage with us in seeking it,

we entreat them to do so with their eyes open. We should prefer to hold a friendly acquaintance and correspondence with persons for a long time outside of the Community, rather than that they should enter it on a hasty impulse, to become dissatisfied by subsequent experience. G. W. N.

Frank Leslie says "the educated part of the South is really more disposed toward Socialism than any other section of the country."

COMMUNITY JOURNAL.

ONEIDA.

—H. J. S., the head of the fruit department, is busy with his men gathering apples. Happy man who harvests fruit in early October! If there is anything next to love and words of approval it is to pick apples in the warm southerly wind, when maples are red, chestnuts are yellow, and the ash trees are purple. Apples are not particularly abundant this year, but what there are seem to be well-colored. Red Astrachan, Baldwin, Spitzenberg, Bailey Sweet, Cayuga Red Streak and Newtown Pippin have done the best of all. The last named variety is bearing enormously. We have waited twenty years for it to show what it can do. It has taxed our patience, and we have paid the tax; whether wisely or not remains to be seen.

—In 1865 Mr. Henry Thacker gave our mechanics his idea of a machine for cutting green corn from the cob preparatory to canning. After considerable study Messrs. Burt and Dunn succeeded in producing a machine that would shave the corn from ears of a uniform size. By assorting the ears into three or four different sizes and gauging the machine to their dimensions as wanted, it performed its work so well that a patent was obtained on it. However, on presenting the machine to corn-packers abroad, it was rejected because of its inability to work on all sizes of ears without assorting them. This stirred the inventive genius of Mr. Burt, and he remodeled the machine, so arranging the knives that by the aid of a hand-lever, they could be easily and quickly adjusted to any sized ear. The machine worked very well; with its aid one man accomplished as much as eight persons working in the usual way of cutting the corn from the cob by hand. So much for our invention. A clever man by the name of E. Watt, living in New Jersey, is the maker of the corn-cutting-machine which we now use. He has condensed and improved our machine. For our hand-lever attatchment, he has substituted coil-springs which adjust the knives automatically to the different sized ears. The rod for pushing the ears through the circular knives he has also improved by making it work in a socket. But to be appreciated the machine should be seen working. The one we are using is driven by steam-power; a man feeds in the plump, white ears as fast as he can, and the stripped cobs, like a flock of shorn sheep, bound to the floor in quick succession, while the milky corn pours into the clean wooden bowls placed below to receive it. The work is so well done as to leave little to be desired, and we congratulate the successful improver of our invention, on his skill and success in giving the trade so good a corn-cutter.

—What a blessing is a good dentist—one who is skillful, scientific, and enthusiastic for his work! Such a blessing have we of the O. C., and we have often wished to tell of it, especially after having a defective and troublesome tooth put into good, sound, working condition by means of judicious "treatment" and a "mallet-filling." If a tooth is past all hope of saving, our dentist will take it out with "neatness and dispatch;" but his forte lies in saving teeth, and making them peaceful and useful members of the body. It is astonishing how a mere wreck of a tooth, a fang as it were, can be built up by means of a mallet-filling and restored to symmetry, if not beauty, and made to do good masticating service. Experience has proved that the nerves are practically non-essential to the preservation of the teeth, and in many instances must be destroyed and removed in order to save the tooth. It is well known that a tree will grow and bear fruit, after decay has destroyed its heart. Its vitality and circulation are chiefly in the sap and circumference; a tree in this respect seems to be analogous to the teeth; when properly filled, they have a vitality irrespective of the nerves that preserves them from decay. Have you a "molar," an "incisor" or "bicuspid" that is sensitive and troublesome and that cannot be filled in its present state without aggravating the trouble? Go to a skillful dentist and have the nerve removed (a painless operation when skillfully done) and then that tooth, whatever its place or office, with a mallet-filling, will become a useful servant, and a means of keeping you perpetually good-natured and thankful. Conspicuous among the many improvements for facilitating the filling of defective teeth, are the "automatic plugger," and the "Electric Burring-Engine." These are cunning inventions, the latter greatly lessening the labor of preparing the teeth, and the former reducing the operation of filling.

—Financial panics, like fire, try men's works, and not unfrequently discover a hollow interior. when all was solidity to outward view. Perhaps some of our readers may like to know how the late crisis affected us. While we have several hundred thousand dollars invested in manufacturing operations, we must unavoidably feel the influence of such financial storms. Our busiest time of year is September. In that month all our principal industries are generally so active that we have for several years required the use of more or less borrowed capital during the summer and autumn. This we have obtained from our banks, and by taking, contrary to our usual custom, four or six months' credit, on our principal articles of raw material. The temptation has been strong to make permanent use of our credit in this way, and so extend our operations beyond the limits set them, if we should wait until the requisite capital should be earned. But a Community like ours cannot afford to run risks, and, two or three years ago we determined to work into a position in which we can pay cash for everything we buy. A considerable gain in this direction has been made, but not enough to prevent our feeling the recent financial crash, in the sudden stoppage of remittances from our customers. For the first ten days of the month we received only about a quarter of the money due us, and which in ordinary times could be confidently counted on. Having a considerable sum to pay in the shape of notes coming due, it seemed for a few days as if we could scarcely meet our obligations promptly, but providentially receiving a loan and other means from unexpected sources, the critical point was turned, and all our legal obligations promptly met. The payment of many of our small debts has been delayed beyond the customary period of thirty days, but we are now making collections fast enough to soon catch up with them. At one time we were puzzled at the outlook as to supplies of currency for paying off our numerous work-people, but the dearth of exchange on New York in the West caused some of our customers to send us currency by express so that we had plenty for all necessary purposes. But the unpleasant sensation of finding ourselves liable to sympathetic cramp when Wall street is undergoing a convulsion; of worrying for a few thousand dollars when ten times as much is due us from prompt paying customers, leads us to renew our resolution of getting at once in a situation to "pay as we go." Then, if the whole country becomes bankrupt, the worst that can happen to us, will be a temporary cessation of manufacturing; but having no debts to pay we can live on mush and apple-sauce and wear our old clothes until better times. Our cause is too precious to risk in the arena with the bulls and bears, and we shall gladly bid good bye one of these days to the credit system with all its allurements.

—Who does not know that love is enhanced by temporary separations? Even lover's quarrels are said to keep it glowing, which must be because by little jars the lovers are *thrown apart*—the magnetic current is interrupted—and so comes occasion for a new rush and effervescence of affection. There is a coquetry which is affection's true instinct. It pushes off, not to repulse; it draws away, not in dislike; it is contrary, only to tempt the rëaction of love. A young wife is disconsolate in prospect of the necessary absence of her husband for a week. But my mother would say to her, "It is a happy thing for you both. It will keep your affection fresh." She used to advocate the royal style of bed-chamber, one for him and one for her. We knew a lady once whose husband did business across the seas, and their wedded life was a blissful courtship "long drawn out." As many voyages as he made, so many honey-moons they had, and their letters read like a novel. We are not sentimentalizing now; this action of love is a law. It is strange then that people should think that the affections are crushed and extinguished by the social arrangements of Communism. They are rather cultivated and raised to a higher power. Occasions which make love declarative increase its strength; routine is its great enemy. The lady in the *Graphic*, pictures the mothers here as resigning their babies into the common charge and remaining themselves in the "vestibule of love and care," and she wonders how they can consent to be relieved from their responsibilities at such a cost. Now as to the care, these mothers know that they are exercising the wisest kind of care in accepting the advantages of combination in bringing up their little ones; they see day by day that it is a care which makes them good and healthy and happy. And as to love, the only danger is that it will be too much drawn out and warmed into sensibility by the action of the law we have referred to. We are in the "drawing-room" occasionally when the mothers take their babies from there, which is now at five o'clock, an hour earlier than in the long days of summer. The babies are all in that charming stage, that stage of high enjoyment, when they begin to take steps, when pictures delight them and they can imitate the inarticulations of the dog and "bah-bah.' Playing all unconsciously, the door opens and one mother comes and then another. Now what beaming faces all round! Playthings drop, and by chairs or by wainscoting, by feet if they can, and on all-fours if any quicker, they find their mothers' arms, and love's effervescence fills the room. Our own pulse runs high and we think if these women have waited awhile in the "vestibule" it was only to enter the second veil at last. This would be a pitiful scene we admit if it boded discontent to-morrow, but it does not. In the morning the babies will take their breakfast from their mothers' hands and then go to their common room with eager zest. There they find each other, their playthings and their foster-mothers, whom they love only less than the ones that gave them birth, and a real atmosphere of content. H.

WALLINGFORD.

Friday, Oct. 3.—The printing of Messrs. Osgood & Co.'s book, "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea," was finished to-day. A party of four from O. C. was warmly welcomed this afternoon. . . . . N. proposed that we get a set of oar-

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locks for our boat like those used on the skiffs at Oneida lake; so to-day a pair were forged, with some improvements on the pattern. Mr. B. finished them up, attached them to the oars, put sockets into the edges of the boat for the oar-pins, and then took a row to try them. He pronounces them "perfect," and says the women can now learn boating. With the new oar-locks it will be safe for them to go anywhere on the lake.

Monday, 6.—This afternoon we had one of the heaviest and most driving of thunder-showers. Out-door business is brisk these days. As we are liable to have a frost any night, the principal point of interest is the grape crop. This is more easily disposed of this season, as the grapes are taken to market in baskets just as they are cut from the vines, instead of being trimmed and packed in crates or boxes as heretofore. We find a ready sale for them at seven cents per pound.

Thursday, 9.—A strong north wind drives the white-caps into a merry dance on the lake. The water is high and roily from the late heavy rain. Toward evening four of our young women, unaided by manly arms, took a boat ride up to Barbacue Spring and back—a distance of over a mile. Carrie A. rowed all the way up, and A. E. V. pulled them back without being in the least tired.

ONE MORE WORD ABOUT FLIES.

Eau Claire, Wis., Oct. 11, 1873.

DEAR FRIENDS:—I have been very much interested in your articles on the fly plague, because I sympathize with your attempts to drive the flies as the flea and louse have been driven, "into the outer darkness." Let me give you a piece of my experience, though it is late in the season. My room, with a southern exposure, and the window open day and night, has been free from flies all summer, though in the adjacent kitchen and dining-room there have been millions. I explain this by the following observations.

1. Flies hate light. You find them in dark corners, dark passages, dark holes, never in blazing sunlight.

2. Flies hate a draught. They are attracted by effluvia, and like close air, while wind beats them about and gives no promise of anything to eat. Set up a tent on the prairie, making a little oasis of darkness and dead air, and in an hour it will be full of flies. Where do they come from? From down in the grass where it is dark and still. In England I have seen multitudes in the close lanes, overshadowed with trees and branching hedge-rows, of which there are so many in that country. *But you never find them in the open air and light.*

3. Flies like all kinds of dirt, particularly decomposed organic matter. A kitchen full of scraps and grease, a dining room with an unctuous cloth and steaming viands, a sick room, full of pestiferous odors and effluvia of every sort, are their paradise. Where there is perfect cleanliness, flies, if they come at all, will lie torpid, as they do in unoccupied rooms during the hot weather, and because there is nothing for them to eat in such a place, they will leave as soon as light and wind are introduced. Hence, though these annoying enemies are all around us, certain conditions are necessary to bring them very near. Make your room clean, let in plenty of light, and keep a thorough draft, and you may be as safe from flies as from the devil. I don't believe in traps or poison. I think they remove hundreds, only to invite millions. Light, wind and cleanliness, are God's fly-exterminators.

C. L. J.

"I'm *so* thirsty," said a boy at work in a cornfield. "Well, work away," said the industrious father, "You know the prophet says, "Hoe, every one that thirsteth."—*Harper's Weekly*.

INBREEDING OF HORSES.

THE following is from the new work entitled "The Perfect Horse," by William H. H. Murray:

In reference to the matter of inbreeding. I am inclined to think that not only should it be done between members of the trotting family, but that it may also be done with profit in the case of blood relations. I know that many have strong prejudices against this, and that physiologists claim that, in the human family, it is attended with grave and lamentable results; but to my mind, the case does not seem to be made out. In the first place, it should be remembered that marriage in the human family cannot be regulated as in the case of animals. You cannot elect and discard at will. Other than scientific principles prevail to bring about the union. Hence it comes about that faults and weaknesses. both as to the mind and body, are increased, instead of decreased; and the child suffers in a double measure from the infirmity of either parent, because he represents the infirmity multiplied by two. But, in the case of brutes, the election of partners for the union can be arbitrary, and so imperfections avoided, and excellences greatly and quickly increased. The cases are so unlike, you perceive, that it is not fair to reason from the one to the other. But, in addition to this, certain facts exist of a character to cause one at least, to suspend his judgment. The world began with a single pair; and, in the human family, inbreeding, and that, too, of the closest kind, must have been the rule. Who can doubt but that the perfect produced the perfect?

The Jews were forbidden to marry with foreign nations; and in the earlier parts of their history, when under the government of the patriarchs, and comparatively few in numbers, it is fair to suppose that intermarriage must often have been between blood relations. But the Jews, instead of losing stamina and constitutional vitality, have held their own in numbers and mental character, while a thousand nations have perished. Europe also furnishes us with further data. There, by reason of the law of primogeniture being enforced in order to retain their great ancestral estates intact, marriages between first-cousins have often been made a necessity. I might mention noble houses, whose ancestral records run back beyond the Norman invasion, whose children have furnished England with her orators, statesmen, and poets, and whose female members have been among the most beautiful, vivacious, and long-lived of the land, in which, nevertheless, for State and property considerations, marriage between cousins has been the rule rather than the exception. I might adduce other illustrations equally to the point; but those already given are enough to make the thoughtful pause before they pronounce judgment touching the extent and limitation of those laws which the all-wise Creator ordained to govern the propagation of the species. That a limit exists somewhere, is undoubtedly true; but, just where the point at which we should stop is located, it is not so easy to affirm. Now, in respect to the horse, history, so far as it goes, seems to be in favor of inbreeding. Indeed, the evidence is unmistakable, and all tending in one direction. To begin with this country, and in the trotting family: the old Abdallah was the result of a cross between a half brother and sister: Manbrino and Amazonia, his sire and dam, being both gotten by imported Messenger. The old Hambletonian was by Messenger, out of a daughter of Messenger.

One-Eye, the dam of Rysdyk's Hambletonian's dam, was again the result of a cross between a son and daughter of Messenger. Then, again, the Charles Kent mare, whose dam was the result of the incestuous union between the son and daughter of Messenger, was bred to Abdallah, the result of a like incestuous union; and the result is Rysdyk's Hambletonian. Observe this order: A son and daughter of Messenger produce Abdallah,—this certainly is as close inbreeding, almost, as one can have,—and the result is the most famous horse of his family: and he gets a son, when bred to his cousin, that founds a family whose fame is known the world over. If we should go to the English stud-books, a list of any required length might be made out, all going to show that inbreeding,—even to the degree of incestuous union,—when *properly directed* by the breeder, has been, and may be the means of producing horses of a degree of excellence otherwise unattainable. Observe the emphasized words, because the limitation they mark out touching this matter is a very significant one. The rule, as I understand the matter, should be this: When inbreeding closely, allow the union to take place only between perfect animals. Never forget that the same law which enables you not only to keep alive, but to increase, the average excellence of their ancestors and themselves, at the same time operates to the perpetuation, in an exaggerated form, of all vices and faults. Deficiencies as well as excellences, base as truly as noble qualities will have a double chance of becoming dominant. If one parent alone is vicious, then the offspring may be good-natured; but, if both parents be vicious, then will the foal be sure to be an ugly brute anyway. This is the law which makes all close inbreeding hazardous, and impossible for the average breeder to follow out. I recommend it, therefore, only in those cases where both of the intended parents are perfect animals. Having such animals I should breed fearlessly in and in. Nevertheless, even in this case, I should out-cross occasionally, and afterward breed back again to the original stock. By this method, as I conceive, great benefit might be derived, and all peril shunned.

BISMARCK'S RELIGIOUS VIEWS.

DURING the past summer a letter appeared in the New York *World* purporting to give an account of an interview with Count Bismarck, in the course of which the German Chancellor was represented as declaring himself at war not with Rome merely, but with Christianity, and identifying himself with the most virulent skepticism in religious matters. The substance of the letter was widely copied by the press, and occasioned much surprise in the public mind, though among the more careful thinkers the truthfulness of the account was seriously questioned. Not long after its appearance a Dr. Berdan, formerly professor in New York University, addressed a letter to Count Bismarck, inclosing a copy of the *World's* letter, and asking if it were a truthful report of his views. To this Bismarck sent the following answer, which was forwarded from Dresden to the New York *Herald*, and has recently been published in that paper:

"DR. BERDAN:—I received your communication with many thanks. So many falsehoods are told on my account that I am not astonished at this barefaced invention. I do not know if there are people stupid enough to believe such things; but one thing is certain, I never had with any one a conversation of an import similar to that to which you refer. There can consequently not even be a misunderstanding alleged or a pretext for that falsehood. But it strikes me that the phrase 'to crush Rome in order to crush Christianity' very plainly shows the source and purpose of that calumny.

"*That my convictions and my belief are the opposite of what that fable puts in my mouth*, no man in Germany doubts, and also in America people will say that if one were so God-forsaken as to think so he would hardly be fool enough thus to talk.

V. BISMARCK."

MY TWO GRANDMOTHERS.

TWO women could scarcely be more unlike than were my two grandmothers, and yet I dearly loved them both. My first recollections of Grandmother Ray, carry me back to the years when we—father, mother, one chubby sister and myself—lived on a large farm in the town of Y. Our old house, browned and dilapidated by age, stood at the end of a long shady lane. Of all the people who were wont to visit us in our secluded country-seat, none were half so welcome to my youthful heart as Grandmother Ray. She was then living in the city of X., some twelve miles distant.

"Coming events cast their shadows before them"—and I knew when a visit from Grandmother was at hand by certain changes in the household arrangements. Pies, cakes and tarts were baked in unusual quantities and carefully stored on

the upper pantry-shelf; tempting jars of preserves and sweetmeats were produced from some unknown corner; the best linen and china tea-set were brought forward to be ready for use at a moment's notice.

On the appointed day I was dressed in a pretty blue bombazine and white "josey apron," and sent to watch at the window and inform mamma the moment a carriage should appear at the end of the lane. There never was a more faithful watcher. I mind me now the flutter I was in as I stood with my flushed face pressed against the window-pane, peering out into the distant landscape with eager, impatient gaze, straining my eyes till they ached, to catch a glimpse of the expected vehicle. Every movable object became to my excited vision, "Grandma's coach," until I was almost weary with disappointment.

At last a handsome black coach with silver ornaments, glittering lamps on either side, and a pompous driver, turned down the lane, and I was relieved from duty. Mamma hurriedly drew the large easy-chair from the parlor and put the tea to "drawing," and hastened to the door to receive her guest. The coach stopped under the Balm-of-Gilead trees in front, and Grandmother Ray, with joyful greetings, was quickly ushered into the house. In a few moments she was quietly seated in the great chair with Dolly in her lap, and me on a footstool beside her, while mother made ready the supper.

Grandmother Ray possessed an ample, well-rounded figure, a florid complexion and a genteel deportment at the age of seventy. She dressed becomingly, in fabrics rich and handsome. She wore a front peruke, a white lace cap jauntily trimmed, and what I never forgot, two pairs of spectacles, which alternated from her eyes to her frontlet. She always carried a blue bead-bag on her left arm, for which I felt a particular affection on account of sundry "goodies" which it often contained. Her manners were graceful and easy, her voice pleasing and her language well chosen. She gave a peculiar accent to her words, and inflected her sentences differently from any person I have ever heard. I used to listen with childish admiration to the dialogues between her and my mother, and afterward would try to mouth my words as she did hers. But I never succeeded. Every syllable that fell from her lips was clearly articulated, every sentence that she uttered sounded like a cadence in music. I think the fact of her being a descendant of the Teutonic race (a matter in which she had no little pride), accounts for the singular but very charming accent that she had.

I never saw Grandmother idle, and yet I never knew her to perform any manual labor except knitting. All day long she sat in the big arm-chair, with her fingers busily going, and when not conversing, she was perusing a book which lay in her lap. While thus occupied she allowed me to interrupt her with my childish prattle, and often entered into my projects for sport with genuine interest. Sometimes she would spend hours in teaching me to pronounce long words as I read to her from some favorite story-book. Or again, if she heard me singing over the songs I had learned at school, it was her pleasure to sing them with me, frequently stopping to correct my intonation. She was a fine singer and she taught me many songs that to this day I sing as I then learned them. During the long winter evenings when she was with us, she kept me awake with stories, of which she had an inexhaustible store. She it was who patiently taught me to knit; she said I was old enough to be of use (I was then six years old), and proposed to take it upon herself to teach me this branch of housewifery. I was eager to learn, and I had watched her so many times, that I anticipated no difficulty in mastering the accomplishment at once. But my patience was soon exhausted, and I would gladly have been released from the task; but Grandmother was relentless. I "never could learn younger," she said, and continued her drill. All unheeding my careless fingers which dropped as many stitches as they looped; all unmindful of my impetuous tears, evening after evening she called me to her and kindly but firmly continued her "knitting lessons," until I had learned to knit "around" without letting down a stitch. I soon became ambitious, and with her for instructor, could boast of "knitting a stocking before I was seven years old."

Those were gala days for me, when Grandmother brightened our home with her presence. Not alone for the lavish gifts her generous pockets contained did I prize her visits; but for herself and her quiet loving spirit. Although city-bred and aristocratic in many of her notions, she was a most devout Christian. She was a great reader of the Bible; and my earliest recollection of her, is of hearing her read from the great family Bible, the story of Elisha increasing the widow's oil, and raising the Shunammite's son. These stories, together with the pictures illustrating them, have always been associated with Grandmother and that great leather-bound Bible, a book so large that it had to lie on two chairs when I looked at the pictures. Grandmother was a sincere believer in the efficacy of prayer. She used to advocate it strongly on all occasions. How many times have I heard her say if persons would only pray to God in *faith*, he would answer their prayers. I have heard her discourse eloquently on this subject to my mother and the neighbors who were present. She used to talk to me about "praying to the Lord," and I do not remember to have gone to sleep without first saying my evening prayer.

And here I am reminded of an event that I still remember with surprise and gratitude. One day while I was playing with a small gold locket given me by an aunt, I lost it. I was very much frightened and knew not what to do. After a long and fruitless search in the grass, it suddenly occurred to me what Grandmother had so often said about prayer. I immediately dropped on my knees, and shutting my eyes, said, "O Lord, will you please help me find my locket? I will be real good if you only will." I opened my eyes and right on a board by an apple-tree within reach, lay my shining little locket. A more mischievious "harum-scarum" child than I was, can seldom be found, yet this incident made a deep impression on my mind; from that hour I never once doubted the existence of a God. My natural impulsiveness made trouble for my friends and suffering for myself, but there was established in my heart a belief in God stronger than my greatest fault, and it has carried me through every trial that I have since encountered.

To a praying Grandmother and an earnest mother am I indebted for thus early instilling into my heart a belief in the living God. A richer inheritance they could not have bequeathed, had they possessed the wealth of Crœsus. GITANO.

ASBESTUS.

Of all the substances which at the beginning were stored up in the rocks awaiting man's discovery and application to his various necessities, few have been found more difficult to obtain, more baffling to any investigation of their properties or more of a puzzle as to their proper mode of manufacture, than this, the most unique of all minerals, asbestus. It has qualities which are peculiar to itself alone; and the wonder is that a material, the uses of which were known and applied ages ago, and which bids fair to become of great value and importance in the arts, should not long ere this have been thoroughly understood and utilized. Asbestus is a mineral, but in appearance it much resembles an organic substance. It comes into the market in small wood-like blocks or chips distinctly fibrous in texture, of a soapy smoothness to the touch, and in color all shades of white, according to quality; the finest having a luster like that of satin. It occurs in the serpentine formation of rocks, in veins large and small, whence it is extracted by tunneling and blasting in the usual way. As is well known the chief value of asbestus lies in its indestructibility. Ordinary heat and cold, however, have no effect upon it, and long exposure to the weather works not the slightest change. It is impervious to moisture and insensible to decay. Plunged into the most powerful acids it suffers not the slightest alteration. Indeed, so unassailable is it by any known solvent that its chemical components can only be ascertained by blow-pipe analysis. Its principal constituents are silica, iron, and magnesium with traces of manganese, lime and soda. It can be picked to pieces and made as light and buoyant as feathers, and by crushing its thready filaments a coarse kind of cloth can be woven. An excellent quality of paper can also be made from it. But its most extensive and valuable application at the present time is in the form of steam packing. This industry is carried on in the city of Glasgow where its manufacture has been made a special study. It should be said, however, that though asbestus is obtained from more than a hundred mines in different parts of the world, having always the same general characteristic of indestructableness, yet it is found that the production of each locality differs from that of every other. There are at most but two varieties suitable to be made into cloth or paper, and the kinds adapted to the packing just mentioned, number no more. It is this variableness in composition that has made its general introduction hitherto so gradual, and attended with so much cost and labor. Now that the nature and peculiarities of asbestus are becoming better understood we may hope for a great enlargement of the sphere of its usefulness. There is no reason why it should not be used for tubs, boxes, wagon-bodies and even railway carriages, for it is something that will neither rot, burn, nor splinter; and in toughness and durability it has no rival. J.

THE NEWS.

King Victor Emanuel is visiting the Emperor Francis Joseph at Vienna.

President Grant has appointed November 27th as Thanksgiving day.

It is estimated that the surplus wheat crop of Minnesota for 1873 in its transportation to market will fill 100,000 cars.

The Hon. John P. Hale, whose life was despaired of a few weeks ago, is again becoming hale and hearty, and his permanent recovery is expected.

At a late trial of the Gatling gun at Fortress Monroe six hundred shots were fired in a minute and a half, five hundred and thirty-four of which struck the target. This gun has proved itself superior to all other guns of its character, especially at ranges beyond two hundred yards.

The Apache chief Delchie at the head of 1,000 warriors lately left the reservation in Arizona on a marauding raid. A small detachment of cavalry sent in pursuit overtook them after a ride of one hundred miles. A sharp engagement followed in which the Indians were defeated and scattered with a loss of fourteen warriors killed.

Dr. Otto Oberheimer, an eminent physician of Berlin, died last month of cholera, contracted during a series of experiments with the excreta of cholera patients. He is reported to have intentionally inoculated himself with the infected fluids in order to study the modes of contagion, and even on his death-bed persisted in making microscopic examinations of his own blood.

On Saturday Oct. 11th, ex-Representative M. F. Conway of Kansas made a murderous attack on ex-Senator Pomeroy of Kansas, by firing three shots of a revolver at him near the corner of New York avenue and 14th street, Washington city. One of the bullets missed, one grazed the Senator's head, and one penetrated his clothing inflicting a slight wound. No cause is known for the attempted murder, and it is supposed that Conway is

partially insane. He was released on $10,000 bail when the surgeons reported in court that Senator Pomeroy was but slightly injured.

On Saturday, Oct. 11th, the Intransigente fleet of four vessels of war made an attempt to break through the Government blockade off Cartagena harbor. Gen. Contreras and members of the Junta were on board the Numancia, flag-ship of the rebel fleet. The fight lasted two hours when the Intransigente fleet was defeated and driven back to Cartagena in a disabled condition. A special to the *London Times* says Gen. Ceballos has ordered the people living in the neighborhood of Cartagena to quit their houses, as a general bombardment by sea and land will soon be opened.

The last monthly circular of the American Silk Association contains some interesting statistics in regard to the importation of raw silk through San Francisco. Before 1870 the silk importations in that city were hardly worth mentioning. In September of that year the importation there was 120 packages valued at $60,000, against 435 packages valued at $316,972 received at New York. For the same month the next year the importations at San Francisco were valued at $561 000, while those at New York were $177,277. In September 1872 the difference was still greater against New York, the importations at San Francisco standing at $893,025 to $202,586 at New York. During the present year there has been a falling off in the importation of raw silk in both cities but the relative values remain about the same.

Wall street was again convulsed by a heavy fall in stocks on Tuesday, Oct. 14th. The cause of this second decline in prices is thought by some prominent financiers to be the proceedings in the United States Circuit Court against the house of Grennell & Co., and by others the blame is laid upon Commodore Vanderbilt for his refusal to repay the loan of the Union Trust Co. of one and three-fourths millions and so save that company from failure. However that may be, there has been a very heavy fall in the Vanderbilt stock, notably, New York Central, Lake Shore and Western Union. The shrinkage in value of these three stocks is estimated at fifty millions, since the outbreak of the panic, involving a heavy personal loss to Vanderbilt of several millions. On Wednesday the injunction granted by Judge Blatchford restraining the sale of stock in the case of Grennell & Co, was dissolved, which fact, together with the prompt payment of the $3,600,000 dividend of the New York Central, produced a reaction and prices rose from one to six per cent. as promptly as they had fallen. New York Central, which had fallen to 82, and Harlem to 100, rose respectively to 87 and 106, and other stocks, in proportion.

ROMAN LAW AND THEOLOGY.

There is no branch of knowledge which has been so little affected by Roman law as Metaphysics. Discussions upon metaphysical questions were conducted in Greek, or in a dialect constructed to give expression to Greek conceptions. The problems of Metaphysics which have been most strongly agitated in Western Europe, betray a legal parentage. No Greek-speaking people has ever been seriously perplexed by the question of free will and necessity. No such people ever showed the smallest capacity for producing a philosophy of law. The problem of free will arises when we contemplate a metaphysical conception under a legal aspect. This conception was theological before it became philosophical. Note the difference between the various topics of theological speculation in the two branches of the Roman Empire. The Greek mind engaged in profound controversies as to the divine person, the divine substance and the divine nature. The Western Church discussed the nature of sin, and its transmission by inheritance, the atonement, the antagonism between free will and divine Providence. Why are these problems so strikingly different? We answer unhesitatingly that in the West, theological speculation had passed from a region of Greek metaphysics to Roman law. The substratum of law in Western theology lies exceedingly deep. Though for a time its doctrines were almost buried under Aristotelian philosophy, yet at the Reformation they were extricated. It is difficult to say whether the system of Calvin or of Arminius has the more marked legal character.—*Dwight's Introduction to Maine's "Ancient Law."*

THE NEW YORK HERALD.

THE *Herald* of to-day—everybody knows its mammoth size, its acres of advertisements, its telegrams from all quarters of the globe, its stupendous enterprise and audacity. It is worth the while to see the beginnings of this famous paper, and this one can now do, for Frank Leslie has printed an exact fac-simile of the first *Herald*. The *Morning Herald*, May 6, 1835. No. 1, vol. 1, as thus reproduced is a tiny, four-paged paper of just the size of the CIRCULAR. The type is rather small and there are but four columns to the page, making sixteen columns in all; and of these only two are devoted to advertisements! Half of these two columns are taken up with advertisements of other papers, as *The New Yorker*, begun the 22d of March previous, by Horace Greeley & Co.; and *The Ladies' Companion* and *La Revue Française*. Newspaper notices of Sears's "Chart of the World" takes up more than half a column, while the announcements of the Liverpool Packets—this was years before the first steamship crossed the ocean—occupy the space of a dozen lines! The departures of the Hudson River steamboats have perhaps fourteen lines devoted to them at the bottom of a column! In the line of "Help wanted" one solitary housekeeper advertises for a girl to do "general housework." One lady teacher desires pupils. Three houses are "To Let," and one private family advertises "rooms for gentlemen, with breakfast and tea." The "Union Races" occupy four lines at the bottom of a column! Under the heading of Police Reports, etc., we have the latest domestic news. In this column are *one* steamboat explosion and *one* murder. Five lines elsewhere tell us of balloon ascensions. "A Mr. Wise ascended from Philadelphia. We have seen no pun yet on his name."

Under the heading "Theatrical Chit-Chat," Forrest and Sheridan Knowles are mentioned. Fanny Kemble, a "bright particular star" then on the stage, had created a great sensation. Celeste was the favorite dancer.

The "Fashion article" is confined to a small corner at the foot of the first page. To show to what a hight of luxury and fashion things were growing, it mentions that "*silver forks* were to be used at Rockaway and West Point hotels, the coming summer."

"*Late and Important from Europe*" heads about a column of matter, and reports news received by the latest Packet Ship from Cork, up to the 8th of April; that is, a month back. William Fourth was then King of England, and Victoria a girl of "sweet sixteen."

The editorial matter is crisp and sparkling, and shows the industry, originality and enterprise that starting from so small a beginning have made the *Herald* of to-day what it is. In an article on the Empire State it boasts of a city population of 260,000, of sixteen daily papers which issue 17,000 large, and 25,000 small papers, of a city government expending a million and a-half dollars a year, and closes with a triumphant sneer at Athens, Sparta, and Rome—"mere shadows to New York as she is and means to be." To this New York city the *Herald* makes its bow, and with the audacity which characterizes genius and success, commits itself with "perfect confidence in its capacity to furnish a paper that will seldom pall on the appetite—one that wanting the mere expansion which many journals possess, will try to make it up in industry, good-taste, brevity, variety, point, piquancy and cheapness." M.

Oneida Community Cooking, or a Dinner without meat. By Harriet H. Skinner. Price 25 cts,

Photographs of J. H. Noyes for sale at this office. Price 25 cts.

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Machine-Twist and Sewing-Silk of their own manufacture for sale by the Oneida Community.

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STEEL TRAPS.

Eight sizes and kinds, suitable for the House-rat, Musk-rat, Mink, Marten, Fisher, Fox, Otter, Beaver, the Black and Grizzly Bears, are made by the Oneida Community Descriptive price-list sent on application.

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Improved Lathe-Chucks, Blinn's Patent Gate-Hinges, Machines for Measuring the Length and Testing the Strength of Manufactured Silks, Bobbin-Winders for Sewing-Machines, etc. Agricultural, Machine and Light Castings, on hand or made to order. Descriptive price-list sent on application.

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All kinds of Book and Job Printing executed: Manufacturers' Illustrated Catalogues made a specialty; also Bronze and Color Work, and the finer kinds of Card, Circular and Bill-head Printing. Having enlarged its works and added new motive power, this Company is in renewed condition to meet the wants its patrons with promptness and accuracy.

P. O. Address, *Wallingford, Conn.*

PUBLICATIONS.

(Sent from the Office of the Oneida Circular by mail, post-paid, on receipt of price.)

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

The Trapper's Guide; a Manual of Instructions for Capturing Fur-bearing Animals. By S. Newhouse. Third edition: with New Narratives and Illustrations. 215 pp. 8vo. Price, bound in cloth, $1.50.

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

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

Scientific Propagation. By John Humphrey Noyes. Large octavo pamphlet of 32 pages. Price 25 cts.

Male Continence. By John Humphrey Noyes. An octavo pamphlet of 24 pages. Price 25 cts.

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

The five pamphlets—"Salvation from Sin," "Dixon and his Copyists," "Hand-Book of the Oneida Community," "Scientific Propagation," and "Male Continence," will be sent to a single address on the receipt of $1.00.

Back Volumes of the Circular, Unbound. Price $2.00 per volume.

MESSRS. TRUBNER & COMPANY, Book-sellers, Paternoster Row, London, have the "History of American Socialisms," the "Trapper's Guide," and the "Hand-Book of the O. C.," for sale. They will receive subscriptions for our other publications.

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Of the Oneida Community Buildings and Grounds, made by a first-class artist and finely mounted, can be had on application at the Office of the Oneida Circular.

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Bird's-eye View, looking West, of Community Buildings and Grounds, 12 by 14 inches, on fine enameled board 16 by 20; price $1.75. Quadrangle and Group, 12 by 14, mounted like the above; price $1.75. South and East Fronts of the Community Dwellings, giving a good view of the New Wing occupied by the Children—8 by 10, on tinted board 10 by 12, with an ornamental border price $1.00.

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Oneida Circular.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF HOME, SCIENCE AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

Published by the Oneida & Wallingford Communities.

ONEIDA COMMUNITY, OCTOBER 27, 1873.

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TERMS:

The CIRCULAR is sent to all applicants, whether they pay or not. It costs and is worth at least two dollars per volume. Those who want it and ought to have it are divisible into three classes, viz., 1, those who cannot afford to pay two dollars; 2, those who can afford to pay *only* two dollars; and 3, those who can afford to pay *more* than two dollars. The first ought to have it free; the second ought to pay the cost of it; and the third ought to pay enough more than the cost to make up the deficiencies of the first. This is the law of Communism. We have no means of enforcing it, and no wish to do so, except by stating it and leaving it to the good sense of those concerned. We take the risk of offering the CIRCULAR to all without price; but free subscriptions will be received only from persons making application for themselves, either directly or by giving express authority to those who apply for them.

Foreign subscribers, excepting those residing in Canada, must remit with their subscriptions money to prepay the postage.

THE UNITED COMMUNITIES.

ONEIDA COMMUNITY

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

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

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SPECIAL NOTICE.

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

ADMISSIONS.

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

DISCIPLINE.

A block of marble caught the glance
Of Buonarotti's eyes,
Which brightened in their solemn deeps,
Like meteor-lighted skies.
And one who stood beside him listened,
Smiling as he heard;
For "I will make an angel of it,"
Was the sculptor's word.

And mallet soon and chisel sharp
The stubborn block assailed,
And blow by blow, and pang by pang,
The prisoner unveiled.
A brow was lifted, high and pure;
The waking eyes outshone;
And as the master sharply wrought,
A smile broke through the stone.

Beneath the chisel's edge the hair
Escaped in floating rings;
And, plume by plume, was slowly freed
The sweeping half-furled wings.
The stately bust and graceful limbs
Their marble fetters shed,
And where the shapeless block had been,
An angel stood instead.

O blows that smite! O hurts that pierce
This shrinking heart of mine!
What are ye but the master's tools,
Forming a work divine?
O hope that crumbles at my feet!
O joy that mocks and flies!
What are ye but the clogs that bind
My spirit from the skies!

Sculptor of souls! I lift to Thee
Encumbered heart and hands;
Spare not the chisel, set me free,
However dear the bands.
How blest, if all these seeming ills,
Which draw my thoughts to Thee,
Should only prove that thou wilt make
An angel out of me!

Anon.

GENIUS AND ITS VAMPIRES.

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

ALTHOUGH we cannot treat it as an avowed theory, yet we find the impression every where prevails that high excellence of any kind is connected with disease and premature death. How natural it is to associate genius with consumption, poetry with pulmonary decline, and early piety with a frail constitution. The idea is, that any special refinement of the soul is purchased at the expense of the body; and that spirituality carried beyond a certain point, is actually fatal. We hear it said frequently of those who have died, that they were "too good for this world;" and biographers are fond of comparing the death of those they write about to "the sword's becoming too sharp for its scabbard." Hence, too, it is considered very proper that the world's best and greatest men—the inspired workers of the time—should go on and wear themselves out in the briefest practicable period. The value of a missionary or reformer is estimated by this kind of devotion; and if he soon uses himself up in the service, it is made his highest eulogy.

Now we beg leave to dissent from all such notions and impressions. We are bold to say that this tendency to connect beauty of character with consumption and death, is a false tendency—an unfounded libel, in fact, on the nature and goodness of God. It is a branch of the old ascetic delusion, with which the devil has so long abused mankind; which makes spirituality and righteousness incompatible with the enjoyment of a body. The truth is the very reverse of the common idea; and we should learn to associate true refinement with abounding health, truth with youth, and righteousness with the resurrection. "They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run and not be weary, they shall walk and not faint."

We appeal to the example of the Primitive Church for the truth of our correction. Jesus Christ and the company that he gathered about him, comprised in their characters more that was elevated and ethereal, more of the refinement of poetry, the inspiration of genius, and the devotion of philanthropy, than any body has ever exhibited since; and yet they were not consumptive. They went through persecution, imprisonment and exile, and by their unexampled labors changed the face of the world; and yet we hear no complaint of broken constitutions. On the contrary, they healed persons on every side, and drove consumption before them, and came out at the end, we have every reason to believe, sound and healthy men.

We have no doubt that many excellent persons have died of consumption. And this fact has gained for the fell disease a peculiar respectability in the popular estimation. The records of the churches are full of consumptive piety, in the biographies of such persons as Payson, Brainerd, Martyn, J. B. Taylor, etc. But we are persuaded that all their real goodness was in spite of consumption; or at best that the disease was a necessary infliction, which if it improved them, reflects no credit on the causes which made it necessary. They would have been much better in our estimation, if they could have been spiritual without the horrible accompaniment. And we have learned seriously to suspect the piety which shines out in the sickly glare of such a disease. We detest the refinement that looks toward dissolution; and deny the courage that makes persons voluntarily incline toward escape from matter. In a word, we beg to be excused from all those beautiful sensibilities and virtues which betoken the drift of the soul toward death and the grave. They are

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pinchbeck imitations; mere bribes and trinkets by which the devil contrives the easier to fill the slave-pens of Hades.

The duty of public men, reformers, etc., in regard to health, is very simple. If they are at work under a commission from God, and not from the mere lust of philanthrophy, they will feel that his interest is concerned in their proper preservation, and they will refuse to be flattered or forced into a course of unnecessary exposure and excess. On the other hand, they will just as inflexibly refuse to be disabled by sickness; but will in all times and circumstances do the duty that is legitimately placed before them, resolutely and without complaint. They are sentinels on duty; and as such they are not to be seduced into imprudence, and they are not to be frightened from their posts. If they fall, they fall like soldiers in the field. We believe these were the principles of the great Christian leaders, and that they furnish the best ground and guarantee of health, until death itself is destroyed.

"THOU SHALT NOT."

WHETHER or not it be owing to my natural disposition, or to the effects of early religious training, I am very sensible of having been the victim of a gross misapprehension of divine things on some essential points. From the representations of most teachers of theology, one gets the impression that it must be, to some extent at least, a source of gratification to the Almighty to consign the wicked to perdition. I contracted this habit of thought, and I have a strong suspicion that it is traceable to the redundancy of fulminations that issue from the pulpits of Christendom. On recalling my earliest impressions, I can detect in them a prevalent morbidness of feeling, induced, I am inclined to think, by the peculiar tone of the pulpit ministrations of my day. "Hell and damnation" were a little too much the favorite topic. One is very apt to be led to serve God through motives of policy under such circumstances, from the idea one gets, or from being made to feel at least, that there is something decidedly arbitrary in the way God deals with his creatures. This is a serious consideration, if I may judge from my own experience.

I have been led to these remarks by the recurrence of certain passages of Scripture which I cannot withhold from the reader. They are in Ezekiel: "Have I any pleasure at all that the wicked should die? saith the Lord God: and not that he should return from his ways and live?"—"Cast away from you all your transgressions, whereby ye have transgressed; and make you a new heart and a new spirit; for why will ye die, O house of Israel?" "Say unto them, As I live, saith the Lord God, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked; but that the wicked turn from his way and live: turn ye, turn ye from your evil ways; for why will ye die, O house of Israel?" The chapters in which these texts occur (the eighteenth and thirty-third) are worthy of attentive consideration. The subject has recently come to my heart in a way it never did before. The "thou shalt not" of Scripture has been kept so studiously and prominently before the mind by the usual tone of religious harangue, that such passages as these have had but a poor chance to reach the heart. Law has held sway where grace should have abounded. The fact that "the *goodness* of God leads us to repentance" has been lost to view in the profusion of legal and judicial denunciations. The soul has been put through a Jewish instead of a Christian experience, and it is slow to avail itself of the boundless treasures of the kingdom of grace. Indeed, on reading the Scripture in question, one finds it rather hard to believe that the same God could ever have been the author of the threats contained in that book. The truth however seems to be that out of his very goodness, he appeals to our *fears* even, leaving no means untried, that he may impart to us a share of his own blessedness. But this has been overdone in the hands of mortals, so that all have sunk together in the slough of despond.

I have felt it to be due both to God and to my fellow-man to speak out on this subject. It seems hard for us, after a course of such experience to reconcile the exceeding tenderness of God's disposition toward us, with the ideas we have of His Majesty; but he who asks for salvation, must absolutely believe in his loving-kindness.

R. S. D.

SCRIPTURE GLEANINGS.

THE last seven verses of the 4th chapter of the 1st epistle of Peter have lately afforded me an interesting subject of study. The uses of suffering, the different ways in which one may suffer, and, the spirit in which suffering should be regarded and accepted: these are some of the points which have been objects of my attention. I learn from the apostle, that the believer may *expect* to suffer. "Fiery trials" are likely to come, so likely, in fact, that they should not be regarded as strange, as something unusual or unexpected; "as though some strange thing had happened to you." It is no mystery; the believer may not cry out in agony of soul, "Why, Oh! why, am I thus afflicted, persecuted or oppressed?" the answer is, or would be, "It is to try you." In the German of Luther's translation, it is said, parenthetically, "It comes to you that you may be tempted, tried, proved." So, whenever we need proving, sufferings may be looked for rather than otherwise.

Peter speaks of two ways in which one may suffer. First one may "suffer as a Christian;" "be reproached for the name of Christ;" "may be partaker of Christ's sufferings." On the other hand, one may "suffer as a murderer, or a thief, or an evil-doer" in general. To my mind, these expressions refer not so much to the occasion or cause of suffering as to the way in which one suffers. If I "suffer as a Christian," etc., this is not *because* I am a Christian, the suffering comes not as a consequence of my union with Christ; I simply suffer in the same spirit in which he endured suffering, and to the same end, that is to say, for improvement and salvation. So, if I suffer "as an evil-doer;" this does not mean merely to suffer as a consequence of evil-doing, but to suffer in the same spirit and temper, and with the same result as an evil-doer suffers. It may seem paradoxical, yet to me it appears that Peter teaches that though I may be suffering pains and penalties on account of my transgressions, either physical or moral, yet I may so suffer even then, as to be "partaker of Christ's sufferings;" "as a Christian" and not "as an evil-doer." "Christ suffered, the just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God;" to heal and to save, "to destroy the works of the devil," was the end for which he struggled and agonized; and in view of that end he could say "Not my will, but thine, be done." The two different ways of suffering are finely illustrated by the instance of the thieves on the cross. Both were thieves, and both were suffering in consequence of their crimes, yet but one of them suffered "as a thief;" the other suffered as a Christian." Suffering, though perhaps deserved punishment, brought no good result to one; the spirit of the thief, of evil, still enwrapped him and animated his thought; and his language was the language of unbelief and rebellion against God. "If thou be Christ, save thyself and us." But the spirit and language of the other were those of faith, of resignation and of triumph over evil and unbelief.

I conclude that suffering is necessary and must come. When it comes it may be received in one of the two ways above described. "Wherefore," says Peter, "let them that suffer according to the will of God, commit their souls to him in well-doing as unto a faithful Creator." Suffering is for trial. God uses it to test and prove us. The phrase, "in well-doing," refers to the work of God in us and not to our work. The translation might be, "commit their souls to him as to a faithful worker or Creator in good works or results." When we suffer, let us so commit ourselves to God. He is faithful and true.

J. W. T.

SINCE THE EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE.

New York, Oct. 20, 1873.

DEAR FRIENDS:—Following the Evangelical Alliance came the sessions of the Free Religionists, who, recognizing the absolute need of a religion in the demands of man's nature, ignore any one supreme head or form of religion as pre-eminently superior to others, and adopt a kind of eclecticism to which they make all religious systems, science and nature contribute. At least this is what the writer inferred from the tenor of nearly all that was uttered at their sessions. Some there were who, though they took a part in the proceedings and thereby endorsed the society, still would no doubt deny holding such beliefs, as they belong to noted denominational churches. Among those who took a prominent part in the exercises may be mentioned Rev. O. B. Frothingham, Charles Storrs, of Brooklyn, Oliver Johnson, of the *Christian Union*, Morris Ellinger, of the *Jewish Times*, James Parton, Col. T. W. Higginson, Prof. E. L. Youmans, John Weiss, Francis E. Abbott, W. J. Potter, Henry W. Blackwell, Rev. J. W. Chadwick, W. C. Gannet, Mrs. A. B. Blackwell and Mrs. Mary Davis. Addresses were delivered on "The Religious Outlook in America," "Foes in the Christian Household," "Churches Should be Taxed," "Truth in Nature," "Evangelical Alliances," and "The Religious Work of Science." The most of thought and approach toward the light of truth

these displayed deep research and extensive study. Some dealt in strong denunciations of the inconsistencies between the professions and practices of professed Christians, while one or two were marked with a vein of satirical criticism on the superficial character of the discussions and measures of the Evangelical Alliance. Several papers were read and brief remarks made, all in one strain, and more vague and groundless than clear and practical. Letters were read from Charles Bradlaugh, Gerrit Smith, Judge George Hoadley, of Cincinnati, and Protap Chunder Mozoomdar, a prominent member of Brahma Somaj of India.

The same week the Woman's Suffrage Association held its fourth anniversary at Cooper Union Hall, and subsequently continued its sessions at Plymouth Church, Brooklyn. Addresses were made by Col. T. W. Higginson, Mrs. Lucy Stone, Miss Mary F. Eastman, of Mass., Julia Ward Howe, Mrs. Mary Livermore, Mrs. Frances W. Harper, and Miss Hindman, of Pittsburgh. Essays were read and pithy remarks made by Rev. Celia Burleigh, and Mrs. Abby G. Woolson, of Mass., author of "Woman in American Society." Mrs. Woolson answered in full the objections against woman's suffrage that it would injure the family and the woman herself. Letters of sympathy were read from Geo. W. Curtis, William Lloyd Garrison, Miss Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, Louisa May Alcott and Mrs. Lydia Maria Child. The sessions were attended by large audiences, and the entire proceedings were noticeable for the decorum observed by all. The gist of the addresses was a complaint against the wrongs done to woman, and the advocacy of the ballot as a powerful agency in putting into her own hands the remedy. As one of the signs of the times, this movement is significant of the universal thinking that is going on in these days, and the near approach of beneficent innovations in the legal status of woman.

There was also a Woman's Congress, an Association for the amelioration and advancement of woman, at the Union League Theater, which was largely attended. The principal addresses, papers and remarks were by Mrs. Soule, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, Mrs. C. F. Corbin, of Evanstown, Illinois, Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Mrs. A. A. Allen, of Alfred University, N. Y., Mrs. S. M. C. Perkins, of Cooperstown, N. Y., Mrs. Hooker, Rev. Phœbe Hanaford, Rev. Augusta C. Bristol, Mrs. E. C. Severing, of Concord, N. H., Mrs. Elizabeth Churchill, of Rhode Island, Prof. Maria Mitchell, of Vassar College, Mrs. Henry B. Stanton, Mrs. Lucinda B. Chandler, Rev. Antoinette B. Blackwell, Miss Helen D. Potter, and Miss Phebe Cousins. The subjects presented were "Maternity," "Co-education of the Sexes," "Enlightened Motherhood," "Higher Education of Woman," "Woman's Work in the Church," "Motherhood," "The Relation of Woman's Work in the Household to Woman's Work Outside," and "Art Education." Mrs. Abby G. Woolson, of Concord, read a paper on "Reform in Dress," which was quite witty and interesting, ridiculing the fashionable style of woman's dress and severely criticising also man's attire, which she said presents the appearance of extreme ugliness. A paper was read from Miss Elizabeth Stuart Phelps on "Reform in Woman's Dress." A paper prepared by Harriet Beecher Stowe and Catherine Beecher on the "Needs and Claims of Women Teachers" was read. Letters of sympathy were read from a lady, the editress of an Italian paper in Florence, and also from Dr. and Mrs. Dio Lewis. While nothing very original characterized the subject-matter of the essays and addresses still there was evidence in all, of progress in in apprehending woman's grievances and disabilities and their remedies.

Lastly, Mrs. Victoria C. Woodhull and Tennie C. Claflin announced a lecture for last Friday evening, Oct. 17, at Cooper Union Hall, on "Behind the Political Scenes; or, Reformation and Revolution—which?" Admission fifty cents. This meeting, gotten up apparently by only two women, but really inspired and assisted by a multitude of sympathizers, seemed a direct offset to the conservative Women's Convention. It was reported that two thousand tickets were sold and five thousand given away. Before eight o'clock, the time announced for the lecture, the hall was crowded, and very little room was unoccupied on the platform; the aisles and entrances were densely packed, and even the area in front of the platform was entered and filled, much to the reporter's discomfiture. Not far from four thousand were present. Men outnumbered the women, though there were many women present. As a whole the audience was intelligent and well behaved. A number of men of the baser sort whose prurient imaginations no doubt had led them there, were very noisy and troublesome.

Mrs. Woodhull was introduced by Mr. Crandall, of Brooklyn, who said that she stood in the shadow of Sing Sing and that another warrant for her was out that evening. She was greeted with tremendous applause. Her address was spirited and given with her customary vehemence. Her allusions to politics and politicians contained nothing new, being a rehash of what has been said by the press, time and again. She denounced the existing form of society, uttered scathing remarks on the whole body politic, spoke of the corrupt government, declared the social fabric rotten to the core and the press subsidized, protested against making woman conform to laws in whose framing she had no voice, said there would be a bloody revolution within six months, and defied her maligners and persecutors to silence her if they could.

From time to time she was loudly applauded, but her efforts were greatly marred by the rough elements of the auditory, which grew so turbulent that finally she brought her lecture to a close, having kept the floor for nearly an hour. Miss Claflin was vociferously called for, but owing to the rude and noisy manifestations of those who were there more for mischief than any other purpose she declined appearing. Police officers were present, but they did not seem to exert themselves to keep order.

Mrs. Woodhull is certainly a remarkable woman, of great force of character and gifted with an indomitable will. Her personal appearance indicates refinement and disarms one of all unfavorable preconceived notions inferred from her peculiar and ultra radical social theories. While listening to her I was struck with her vehemence, earnestness and self-control. Throughout the Hall and lying on the seats were scattered different numbers of *Woodhull & Claflin's Weekly* which people took up and read with great avidity. M. L. B.

[A friend sends us a clipping from some religious newspaper, a part of which we copy. The writer's name, James William Kimball, is not familiar to us, but his dialect of faith will be intelligible to the readers of the CIRCULAR. The grosser kinds of Spiritualism will serve to confound infidelity, but it is the kind here described which edifies the disciple's heart, and this is the kind which will be the glory of our day when it is as common (as we believe it will be), as the Hadean manifestations:]

A FAITH STORY.

Less than two years ago I said to a beloved friend there is one command in the Bible which, with my make up, it seems impossible for me to obey; namely this: "Be careful for nothing." From boyhood I have been careful. I never crossed a street without looking two ways for horses. At seventeen, I was told that circumstances required that I should thenceforth depend only on my own resources. In due time the cares and responsibilities of business followed; much of their time without a partner. Then I was intrusted with seven children. I need not, as I might, extend the recital. Surely my circumstances and my training had predestined me to cares many and various. It was indeed true, that it was not in me to "be careful for nothing." But in the day and hour in which I declared my inability, methinks I now know that my Lord said to the beloved ones around His throne: "Do you see that child of mine, there in the lower world? He says there is one of my commands he cannot obey; that he cannot "be careful for nothing." Give heed and I will show you a lesson. I will increase and multiply about him occasions for solicitude, to the intent that now unto the principalities and powers in heavenly places might be known by the church, of which he is one, the manifold wisdom, love and power of God. I will show both him and you that what in very deed *he* cannot do, I will do in him and for him."

My reason for thinking that my Lord so spake is as follows. For nearly forty years I had been pursuing my various vocations with all the diligence of a vigorous will, emphatically so in the six-and-twenty later years of that period, and had come to a stage in my journey beyond which I was sure flesh and blood could not endure. I could not release myself from business, except some one would take the business at its worth; my income was insufficient, nor yet could unexpired obligations to others be adjusted. One morning I went to my office prayerfully and trustfully asking the dear Lord to relieve me from the burden which was crushing me. I made inquiry about two or three persons supposed to be content. The information in each instance was unfavorable. Returning to my office I found a stranger waiting, who had come two hundred miles to buy my business. He had conducted the like business successfully in seven cities. He brought letters of commendation from more than a hundred of the most eminent merchants and bankers vouching for capacity and for integrity. After the most thorough investigation of the property, the sale was made, with every possible prudent condition. Thirty-two hundred and fifty dollars a year, for ten years, was to be paid. and might have been paid easily, had God so willed it. It would take too many words to portray the peculiarities of this purchaser. They were such as to keep me tossed on a sea of uncertainty for three months. There was a strange commingling of ability and indiscretion. His errors and mismanagement destroyed the business, and ended in his absconding. The three ensuing months were spent in successive endeavors to find a purchaser for what remained to be reconstructed, and at the same time to disentangle it from certain legal complications growing out of the defaulter's indebtedness to others.

A dear friend often inquired, "What can I do to aid you in this great trial?" To which my only response was ever promptly this: Nothing dear soul, but help me praise the Lord.

"Praise the Lord!" was the rejoinder, "why you haven't got out of this wreck." No, but there is One with me in it whose presence dissolves all fears, and swallows up all solicitudes, and leaves me no preference. And I know it will all come out exactly right. I would not turn my hand over to alter the matter in any particular. I had, in short, awaked to find myself instantly endued with power to "be careful for nothing." Of course I could not but know from whence this power came. Mark how it was put to proof. First there was a large loss of income believed to be indispensably needed. Secondly, three months were consumed in unsuccessful endeavors to sell. Thirdly, every unsupplied subscriber offered a motive to be anxious on his account. Fourthly, legal complications are naturally peculiarly distasteful and irksome. Fifthly, twenty-one applicants debated the question of purchase, several of them actually made the purchase, and then receded from it.

In the end, the man whom the Lord chose, took the property at a tenth of what was to have been paid for it.

The occasion for solicitude, the apparently insurmountable obstacles to obedience to the command, "Be careful for nothing," were such as I have stated, with many enhancements impossible to state; and yet the effect of the Divine interposition was that I had neither solicitude nor re-

gret. Nor am I conscious of having had an anxious care from that day to this. It is the Lord's doing, and it is marvelous in my eyes. Nor is this all. No sooner was I released from this matter, than my Divine Friend bade certain parties send for me to travel eight thousand miles for them; the precise specific needed for body and mind; at the same time providing more than I lacked in the way of means. He prospered me in health, and enabled me so to perform what was desired of me that in the ensuing year the engagement was renewed, and a second long journey taken.

Can you wonder that this experience has modified my conceptions of man's possibilities in several particulars? For example:

1. As to the Christian's *conscious* POWER; it is no index of what his loving Lord is willing to do for him.

2. That his conscious *inability* is no impediment to the Divine grace.

3. That God's methods are compelled to mount no graded steps of our providing.

4. That his dealings with his children often permit this only comment: "Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in thy sight."

In fine, I must conclude, that though spiritual progress, as a general rule, is for those who diligently seek it, under the guidance of the Comforter, and in accordance with God's word, there is a Divine gift bestowed according to His sovereign good will and pleasure which incomparably exceeds all legitimate product of man's best endeavors.

ONEIDA CIRCULAR.

HARRIET M. WORDEN, EDITOR.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1873.

RESURRECTION OF PHRENOLOGY.

THE London correspondent of the *Graphic*, says:

"The astounding discoveries made by Professor Ferrier respecting the possibilities in the hands of scientists in regard to the manipulation of the human brain, have been widely commented upon in the public press. Dr. Carpenter and the President of the British Association, before whom the lecture was delivered, have stated with emphasis that no more important discoveries have been made since Kirchoff, Frauenhoffer, Bunsen and Huggins developed the capabilities of the spectrum.

"The possibilities lying within the scope of Professor Ferrier's discoveries are amazing. The Professor, it will be remembered, puts animals under the influence of chloroform; the skull is then removed and the brain exposed; he then takes an electric battery, and by proper application of the positive and negative electrodes upon various parts of the brain produces the most astounding effects. The limbs of the animal are moved, for instance; the animal is made to emit various sounds; it is made to change the expression of its face; and, in fact, every variety of action is produced. The result of these extraordinary discoveries is practically to restore phrenology to its proper place in the ranks of the sciences. This is admitted by Dr. Carpenter, the great physiologist, who has hertofore been so strong an opponent of phrenology."

The advantage which the present experiments seem to have over those of Gall, Spurzheim and Combe, arises from the use of chloroform, which in the times of the old phrenologists was unknown. "Ferrier guards against the disturbing effects of the general activity of the nervous system by lulling it to sleep with chloroform, secure that he will so lessen the sympathetic action which characterizes it, that a specific excitement will produce its own effect unmingled with any secondary induced activity, which in a more excitable state of the system would inevitably accompany it."

It is too early to predict the results of this new exploration of the brain but they are likely to be very interesting, and we shall give our readers more full reports of Ferrier's experiments, as soon as they can be obtained.

[The newspapers are reporting many miracles in these days. Besides those constantly occurring in Spiritualistic circles, we have accounts of wonders among the Catholics in Europe which are arousing the attention of the civilized world. Perhaps in the face of Positivism and as a reaction against it, a general faith atmosphere is forming, like that which admitted the miracles of Jesus Christ into the Old World. We copy the following story of miraculous healing from the *New York Sun*:]

A PROTESTANT MIRACLE.

Great excitement has been created in New Hampshire by an account given by Mrs. Ellen C. Sherman, wife of the Rev. Moses Sherman of Pierpont, of her having been rescued from the brink of the grave by divine interposition. Mrs. Sherman is a woman of thirty-five, of fair education and strong religious convictions. Her reputation for integrity has always been unquestionable, and her remarkable story has naturally given rise to animated discussions among those who were familiar with the facts in her case.

It appears to be admitted on all sides that Mrs. Sherman, just before the time of the alleged miracle, was in an extremely dangerous condition. She was scarcely able to lift her hand to her mouth, and this incapacity for action was accompanied with intense pain, which at times was so severe as to render her delirious. Then came a sudden and remarkable change without cause, and a rapid progress toward complete restoration to health.

MRS. SHERMAN'S STORY.

I have been a great sufferer for fifteen years, my sufferings increasing with the years. For years I have been a confirmed invalid, but not wholly, though mostly, confined to my bed for a great part of the time for several years, till Sept. 10, 1872. From that time up to Aug. 28, 1873, I was wholly confined, not able to stand on my feet or to be raised to a standing posture, or get on or off the bed alone, or help myself much in any way. I was growing more helpless, and was especially so for a few weeks previous to my great change. Much of the time it required two persons to move me. I had become discouraged about ever getting up again, and on that night, being in unusual pain and suffering, the prospect looked dark and dreary. I looked forward to years of suffering in a bed-ridden state, and I felt that I must have more help from God to enable me to bear this life-burden with perfect submission and patience. I therefore tried and was divinely helped, to anew and fully and forever surrender myself and all interests into His hands; to lie there in passive subjection to all God's will. When I felt that the consecration was complete, it was easy to grasp Jesus as my Savior; oh, so easy! My faith reached out to take Him as my all; and as I did so, I began to be conscious of a Presence, His Presence, in my room, and a voice whispered in my inner ear, "I will come unto you and will manifest myself unto you." It seemed as if I might, if able to get up, grasp Him with my hand and feel His form, so manifest was his presence. I felt I knew Him as my Savior. He seemed to fill the room and my whole being with his loving smile. But I can never tell how much of bliss entered into that hour. I said to myself, "Truly this is the gate of Heaven!" But I was not satisfied. My heart (I did not move or speak with my lips; it was a spiritual manifestation, but as real as though pertaining to the body) cried out: "Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst make me clean." Immediately that voice replied, so lovingly and sweetly, "I will, be thou clean!" and with the words came the cleansing power of Christ's most precious blood. I felt "it cleanseth me! it cleanseth me!" I was too happy and too full to speak or move. I was overpowered —struck dumb by such a Presence. I felt that I could not lose such a Presence and be left alone. I remembered "Ask what ye will," and I said, "Lord send me the Comforter that he may abide with me forever." I knew He could do it, and it was instantly given, going through my whole frame like an electric shock. I felt it, and the words "Refining fire go through my heart," &c., passed through my mind and were true in my experience. The voice of Jesus whispered, "And when He is come. He will take of the things of God and show them unto you," and for a few moments, truly, He did show me wonderful and marvelous things out of God's law. Promise after promise came before my spirit's eye as vividly as if written in letters of light; and since then it has been constantly verified.

I lay there overpowered by the presence of Jesus, who still remained, though I saw not His form at all—only His Presence, and the baptism of the Holy Spirit. While "lost in wonder, love, and praise," I said to myself, "this poor, sick, worn-out body is a poor offering to make Him for His dwelling in return for such wonderful love. The Spirit whispered to me—the first intimation I had of the design of the Great Physician—"He is able to restore and lift up for His own temple." Instantly Jesus passed near my bed and spoke, "Believest thou that I am able to do this?" and it was repeated many times, while I moaned, "He is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever." "All power is given Him," &c. He did heal the sick, and my judgment was convinced. I knew He was willing. He had come because He was willing, yes and anxious, to do it. Power to yield and believe was given. I said—my whole being, it seems to me, said—"Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief." He saw me and knew my whole heart believed. Then He came still nearer, and I heard the words, "And He breathed on them and said, Receive ye the Holy Ghost," and they were accompanied by a breathing, and I felt it on my face. A warming, invigorating influence was breathed upon me. It passed down my body, relieving my pain instantly, and all through my frame I felt returning strength and life. It was as if a current from a galvanic battery was passing through me. After a time I was told to move, then to turn in bed. I did so without effort. Before, it had taken two persons, and caused great suffering. Then, "Call your husband." I waked him and told him the Savior was present at work on me; and while telling him there came the command. "That the people may know the Son of man hath power on earth still to forgive sins, arise and walk!" And as I finished telling what He was doing, I arose without help and without effort and walked across the room several times, and gained strength while so doing.

In a week I went to the Weirs and gained while there. I have been to church half the day for three Sabbaths, and yesterday to the prayer-meeting besides. I am a new creature in all respects, physically, mentally and morally. I have awakened to newness of life. I am free from all pain unless I get tired, and though still weak I am gaining rapidly. My diseases, and they were many, and pronounced incurable, are gone. My head is apparently well, and I have faith that the sick headaches are removed, if I obey God in all His laws. I am trying to obey the slightest whisper of His Spirit, and I would rather die than doubt the work He has performed on me. I pronounce it a miraculous work to all, believers and unbelievers. Jesus saved me and made me well. After I had walked about the room and gone back to rest, Jesus again stood and conversed with me. He said I would now have a chance to be called a fool for the sake of Christ. "Would I confess it to be a miracle and be called a fool?" I said, "Yes, anything. I am willing to die, if need be for the Lord Jesus." I feel that I have given all for Christ, and He is my all to day. He bade me tell the people how great things the Lord had done for me. I am trying to do so as fast as I have opportunity.

ELLEN C. SHERMAN.

COMMUNITY JOURNAL.

ONEIDA.

—Our evening reading now is from "The History of the Supernatural," by William Howitt; and the sewing-bees are enlivened by Charles Reade's "Put Yourself in His Place."

—Three good, old-fashioned apple-paring bees, with the customary accompaniments of songs, mirth and jollity, have been held the past week, at which eighty bushels of apples were prepared for drying.

Tuesday, Oct. 21.—A Trumpet-creeper was planted at the south-eastern corner of the Villa today. As one of the men was engaged in spading up the earth in which the root was to be set, he uncovered a foundation stone on which was the clearly cut inscription: "C. Youngs—1802." We learn by this accidental circumstance that the house is nearly seventy-two years old.

Oct. 22.—Sunshine again, after four days of clouds, wind and rain. The showers of fluttering, falling leaves reminds one of the handsome Pau-

Puk-Keewis; how he danced at Hiawatha's wedding

"In and out among the pine trees,
Treading softly like a panther,
Then more swiftly and still swifter,
Whirling, spinning round in circles,
Leaping o'er the guests assembled,
Eddying round and round the wigwam,
Till the leaves went whirling with him,
Till the dust and wind together
Swept in eddies round about him."

—There is necessarily a great deal of travel between O. C. and Willow Place, as our main branches of industry are there, and also the Villa family. Many times business suddenly calls some one to make the transit at once, and at an hour when there is no conveyance going. This makes many drafts on the teamsters for horses at unexpected times; they wish to accommodate every one, but are unable to do so because they cannot foresee the demand. To meet all emergencies, and for the sake of economy and convenience, the superintendent of the teaming has put an express on the road that shall make six trips each way per diem for the benefit of passengers. The freight express will continue to run as heretofore.

—Our silk and trap trade, contrary to our expectations, still continue very good. Orders for traps, countermanded during the panic, have been renewed. Wholesale trade in silk is dull, but the retail trade is very good. But fearing to accumulate a stock of goods on a falling market, we have reduced the running time of the trap-factory and silk-room to eight hours. The silk-department keeps its full complement of hands, and the rate of wages per hour remains unchanged.

—One of the foremen from the factory says:

"The long rain of Sunday night and Monday compels such of the inhabitants of Willow Place as dwell on the farther bank of the Sconondoah to seek some other homeward way, than through the bed of that whilom desiccated rivulet. Perhaps they linger as they cross the foundry bridge and gazing down into the foaming torrent muse on

'The troubled Tyber chafing with her shores.'

Be that as it may, it filled our pond full, for which we are thankful, and washed away two or three flush-boards, but was otherwise no particular damage to us."

—"The bridal of the earth and sky" which the poet sings so sweetly, was never more gloriously celebrated than in these October days. The sky above so bright and blue, and the earth beneath one vast nosegay. We are charmed with a single flower—and also delighted with a bouquet—but what raptures, what rhapsodies are excusable when hill and dale, riverside, roadside, mountain-top and winding gulf are one vast sea of color! The flaming red of the maples, the gold and orange of the elms and beeches, the deep carmine of the dogwood in infinite variety of shade, mingle and blend with the tenderest green in locusts and willows, and the darkest, deepest of green in pines and spruce and cedars. I have always lived in the country and "autumnal tints" have come and gone for over fifty years, but this October "bridal" is positively startling in its beauty. M.

—The steam-fixtures for our home with all its numerous rooms and halls and passage-ways; its "Mansard," its cellars, garrets and "lavatories;" the Tontine, the "Old Wing" and "Ultima Thule," which give us the genial warmth of spring right through these cold, autumnal storms of wind and rain, and the wild, wintry blasts and snows of January, are in spite of all the good we can say in their praise—and we can say a great deal—not altogether an unmitigated blessing. To be sure we have rid ourselves of a hundred coal-stoves with all their dusty accompaniments and carbonic-acid gas. But we now have a hundred steam-coils in their places, and each coil has two valves which have to be regulated to a nicety every time you need a little less or a little more steam. Peradventure you open your valves in the morning and forget to close the "waste" down to the required minute opening. You *think* it is all right. Deluded mortal! In just two minutes you will have the heating department about your ears, or more properly speaking, about your steam-pipes; bang! bang! clatter! clang! hammer and tongs ding! dang! Now and then to vary the exercise, a touching appeal is sent up from some unknown region below. "You and all mankind" are politely requested to "shut up," or shut off steam, which you hasten to do, wondering how on earth you came to leave that valve open. The heating-department not being able to identify the steam as it returns to the boiler-room, are compelled to be thus perfectly impartial in the method of reminding the family of carelessness in the management of steam. It is good for us, however, and it is no more than fair that now we have been relieved of so much care and dirty work, we should cheerfully accept the trifling responsibility of regulating our valves so as not to waste steam. Perhaps, when we have thoroughly learned the lesson, we shall be able to buy one of the new steam-traps which will prevent waste, even though both valves be left open.

—It is my fortune to take care of the south tower these fine October days, and as I look from its topmost windows and drink in the beauty of the gorgeous scene, I almost fancy myself in fairy-land. A landscape of surpassing loveliness spreads out before me, brightened by the splendor of autumnal tints and enveloped in the soft, blue haze peculiar to this season of the year. Looking toward the south the hills on either hand converge and fade away in the far distance. Nearer by and a little to the left of the vista, is a high point of woodland lying back of a slope of orchards and meadow and apparently connected with them; but a stream of smoke running rapidly along the base of the hill behind the orchards dispels the optical illusion, and a Midland train rounds this point of the slope. On it comes, puffing and snorting as it approaches the long, high, trestle-work, through the meadow where the elms stand like sentinels, and nears the station a little to the right, partly hidden by gaily clad maples and clumps of evergreen. This side the low hedge of spruce are vegetable gardens, and directly in the foreground is the large, family flower-garden with its parterres still bright with many of the later autumn flowers. Coming from beneath the trestle-work the Oneida Creek may be seen shimmering in the sunlight for a moment before it is soon lost again behind the willows where it crosses the highway down by the old mill. Fronting the lawn and east of the road is the old store-building now used for offices and silk packing; and to the right of it stands the Seminary. Just beyond the hedge which runs south and east of gardens and vineyards, the creek appears again and encircles on three sides a beautiful meadow, which with its environment of high and rugged banks, looks like a woody amphitheater. The farm-house and orchards on the top of the hill beyond make a pretty outline against the eastern horizon. Sheep with merry tinkling bells are grazing in the meadow, adding a pastoral beauty to this sylvan scene. On the north a large, undulating plain, dotted with farm- and tenant-houses peeping from behind fruit- and shade-trees, stretches away in the distance until fenced in by the forest's outline against the sky. At no great distance may be seen the "Arcade," and near it the fruit- and dye-houses; and about a mile away the Willow-Place factory, foundry and the Villa are distinctly visible. Turning toward the west and looking over the Mansard roofs below and the Tontine, we see gentle slopes covered with pear- and apple-orchards and beyond these, now brilliant with many hues, may be seen our favorite "spring grove." Still back of this is a bald hill or knob. South of this there is a curious cluster of trees, in which one may trace with but slight aid from the imagination, the outline of some ancient castle with turret, tower and battlements. Beyond all this is a vale, and then the eye falls on the long range of hills which bound the valley west and south of us for many miles. These hills with their ravines and patches of woodland are so like the scenery of the central lakes of this State that it is easy to imagine that they have once been the border of a lake. Following this range of hills southward we find we have swept the entire horizon and come at last to the point from which the eye departed. D.

YOUNG MEN.

BY ONE OF THE OLDER ONES.

I DO not think our young men are more reckless than young mankind in general. They certainly do not smoke, drink, or swear. But now and then one or another of them dashes thoughtlessly into some dare-devil adventure.

I have a vivid recollection of an affair that happened during a freshet in '71. The creek had risen several feet, but the ice above the dam had not gone out. On viewing the situation, it occurred to three or four young fellows that it would be a fine thing to go out on the ice and pull off the flush-boards, so as to "take off the strain from the dam." Against the wishes of older heads, they immediately went on the ice and began prying at the flush-boards with pike-poles and crow-bars. Suddenly the cake on which they stood, parted from the main body and started down stream. There was a cry of alarm and a leaping for life. Three succeeded in reaching the shore; but the fourth, slipped as he sprang, fell into the stream and was swept over the dam. Providentially the mass of ice did not immediately follow, and he succeeded in grasping some roots near the bank and was saved; but the escape was narrow.

A few days since, an exploit was performed at the Lake, which was really terrible in its possibilities. Two of our young men quietly decided to have a little sail; so they went down to Joppa and embarked in a small, open row-boat, rigged with a sail, for Frenchman's Island, eighteen miles down the lake.

Whether the fun they got overbalanced the anxiety of those remaining behind in the Joppa cottage, may be guessed from the private letter of Mrs. M. to her daughter:

"DEAR E:—After A. and C. went away in their little sail-boat, I heard that neither of them understood sailing. I must own that I felt anxious about them. I watched when the boat was passing by the house, and it did not look as though they knew how to manage it very well; but I thought I would not say much about it, knowing that A.'s mother would be anxious about them. I soon learned that Mrs. S., Mr. T. and others felt as I did. The next morning the wind blew real hard, the lake was very rough, and we did not think the boys would venture out on it. We all comforted ourselves with the thought that they would wait till the storm was over; but for all that there were many anxious looks toward the lake all through the day. Well, about eight o'clock in the evening, in came the boys, all dripping wet, having left their boat about a mile down the lake. I can tell you there was great amazement when we saw them come in. It did not seem possible even for old seamen to weather such a gale. We could not but feel that God had protected

them. The boys said it was not quite so rough till they got out into the lake about three miles, and then it was tremendous. C. lay down in the boat to bail it out and make it more safe. A. tended the sail, and steered. They had to cut down part of the sail and let the boat drive. A. kept his eye straight ahead, and as the wind was right they came at the rate of seven miles an hour. After they got on this side of the lake they didn't feel so nervous, because they thought that if the boat did swamp, they could swim to land. The boys said they did all they could and then felt like trusting Providence. I cannot half tell you how we all felt about it. We have been so thankful ever since they got back that they were saved. When the boys got ashore they saw a light in our window and so found their way to the house. It was very dark, and we could hardly imagine how they got home.

YOUR MOTHER."

A few days after, the story was related in our evening meeting, and the heroes received some criticism. It is all well enough to trust God to help you out of bad scrapes when you are fairly in, but very much better to trust him to keep you from getting into them in the first place. True unselfishness will prevent our seeking pleasure in ways that give our friends only anxiety and distress.

Young men are the chief sinners in this respect. Brave as Crichton, chivalrous as Bayard, offering to shed their life's-blood for you at one instant, wringing your heart at the next, by some dare-devil performance which escapes being "pure cussedness" only by being pure thoughtlessness. The old shepherd in "Winter's Tale" thus vents his spleen upon young men for the loss of his sheep;

"I would there were no age between ten and three-and twenty; or that youth would sleep out the rest: for there is nothing in the between but getting wenches with child, wronging the ancientry, stealing, fighting.—Hark you, now!——Would any but these boiled brains of nineteen, and two-and-twenty, hunt this weather?"

Professor Teufelsdröckh, too, in "Sartor Resartus," presents his plan for eliminating young men from society and gives his reasons for it:

"I have heard affirmed (surely of jest)," observes he elsewhere, "by not unphilanthropic persons, that it were a real increase of human happiness, could all young men from the age of nineteen be covered under barrels, or rendered otherwise invisible; and there left to follow their lawful studies and callings, till they emerged, sadder and wiser, at the age of twenty-five. With which suggestion, at least as considered in the light of a practical scheme, I need scarcely say that I nowise coincide. Nevertheless it is plausibly urged that, as young ladies (*Mädchen*) are, to mankind, precisely the most delightful in those years; so young gentlemen (*Bübchen*) do then attain their maximum of detestability. Such gawks (*Gecken*) are they, and foolish peacocks, and yet with such a vulturous hunger for self-indulgence; so obstinate, obstreperous, vain-glorious; in all senses, so froward and so forward. No mortal's endeavor or attainment will, in the smallest, content the as yet unendeavouring, unattaining young gentleman; but he could make it all infinitely better, were it worthy of him. Life everywhere is the most manageable matter, simple as a question in the Rule-of-Three: multiply your second and third term together, divide the product by the first, and your quotient will be the answer—which you are but an ass if you cannot come at. The booby has not yet found out by any trial, that do what one will, there is ever a cursed fraction, oftenest a decimal repeater, and no net integer quotient so much as to be thought of."

Teufelsdröckh is rather severe upon us, but I remember one writer who said "I write unto you young men because ye are strong and have overcome the wicked one." K.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Milwaukee, Oct. 12, 1873.

DEAR CIRCULAR:—The O. C. seems to be occupying a position in religious, social and even scientific matters analogous to the patent-right system, but without any of its objectionable features. It gives its discoveries to the world free, thus carrying out the Christ-doctrine "without money and without price."

Many of the discoveries of the O. C. have of course been discovered by others. I lived Male Continence ten years before I heard of the O. C., or of any one acquainted with it. Probably the discovery would have died with me. Much of your treatment of children I can endorse from personal experience, especially taking the child away from its mother a large part of the time.

I often smile while reading the desires of outsiders to join the O. C. There is but one right way in my opinion to seek to become a member, and that is to make ourselves acquainted with the principles of Christ and of Communism and live them, and thus become a necessity to the O. C. so that it cannot do without us. I expect to be a member when the Community needs me as much as I need it. J. O.

Warrenton, Mo., Oct. 4th, 1873.

DEAR FRIENDS:—I am as much in earnest for Salvation from Sin and Communism as ever, and even more so. Since I last saw you I have been investigating Spiritualism somewhat; but I think it has done me no harm, and in some respects it has done me good. For out of evil comes great good. The still small voice has been saying all of the time, "Watch and pray, turn to Jesus for salvation. He is your friend; he will never forsake you."

I fully accept your doctrine of Salvation from Sin, and your views of the Second Coming of Christ, and shall hold to friend Noyes's views, with God as my helper to the last; and I pray to God that I may not faint by the way. I have made a firm resolve with God's help, to make the Bible and the teachings of the O. C. my constant study this winter, and I will report to you from time to time of my progress. My very soul is reaching out for more faith; I cannot live without it; I must have it and I will have it, God helping me. I can't take hold of the plow and turn back—God forbid.

I have just been reading the Home Talk by J. H. N., "God on Both Sides," which has given me a great deal of comfort. I have also read the Home-Talk, "Self-Surgery," which comes home to me very closely as it is far easier for me to detect faults in other folks than to see them in myself. I take that as a distinct criticism for me, and I will accept it kindly and try to profit by it. I ask God to help me.

I now elect myself as an outside probationary member, hoping that I may draw nearer and nearer to you should it be God's will. I confess Christ within me a Savior from all sin. Hoping to be faithful to the last, I remain

Yours in Christ, E. B. B.

London, Minn., Sept. 30, 1873.

DEAR FRIENDS:—In response to "Notes of an Evening Meeting," CIRCULAR, Sept. 15, I would say with "E. E. O." and "N." and "A. B.," that the mere fact of the existence of a Community like the O. C. should be to all a source of happiness. Rome was not built in a day, and it is evidently no part of God's purpose that the descendants of Adam and Eve should regain their lost estate in twenty-four hours. The redemption of mankind, or in other words the elevation of the race to a higher plane of religious, moral and material existence, should perhaps be considered not so much a work of time as of eternity. The being to whom the welfare of the human family is committed is an inhabitant not of time but of eternity; to him a thousand years are as one day and one day as a thousand years. Patience then, not only with our own lot, but with the lot of our fellow-creatures, becomes a duty and virtue which all must exercise. The evidently unselfish and heartfelt desire of the Oneida Community to give to the whole world the full benefit of its individual and collective experience, its experience as a Community in which problems inseparably connected with our best interests are gradually developing, entitle it to our highest praise. This of itself is a boon for which the world should feel deeply grateful not only to the Community but to God. Allow me to say that I for one, accept the practice and principles of the O. C., as a full and sufficient guarantee that the standing announcement on the first page of the CIRCULAR on the subject of admissions, means exactly what it says. Ten thousand blessings on the twenty-five new communists given to the Community. I am, dear friends, somewhat inclined to think that herein lies the true means of success to the Community, and to future Communities. The increase in numbers should perhaps come mainly from the inside. New bottles for the new wine.

That God may sustain and prosper the Oneida Community, is the prayer of your friend, J. C.

A TALK ON MUSICAL TASTE.

* * * A really musical person who should frequently listen to good music well interpreted, throughout a number of years, would finally arrive at a reasonably sound musical taste; for it is the nature of good music to wear well. Familiarity only adds to its beauties. But this orderly growth of taste cannot be counted on in the case of the average amateur for various reasons. Few of them have any very adequate opportunities to hear good music, certainly not nearly enough to carry them once through what might be called a repertory of standard or representative pieces. Not only are these opportunities of hearing wanting, but very many amateurs took a wrong direction in their early studies, a direction away from good music instead of toward it.

There are many compositions about which there is room for difference of opinion. A musician of one school pronounces them good; a musician of different education proclaims them unmitigatedly bad. On the other hand, there is quite a library of music which all admit to be of superior merit. Why, then, may it not be advisable to talk over this matter of musical taste, and see if we cannot arrive at some reasonable conclusion respecting it?

Many things in musical taste become clearer after reading Ruskin's *Modern Painters*, epsecially the first two volumes. Then, again, in Mr. Haweis' *Music and Morals* there is a great store of valuable information and interesting suggestion. One would do well to read also the charming little book, *Letters on Music*, by H. Ehlert (published by Ditson & Co.), and in Mendelssohn's letters we find many a hint of fullest meaning. The young student who relieves his hours of practice by attentively reading and re-reading such books as these, turns again with new interest to the master works he may at the time be studying. A good muiscal journal is also of great value. It is no objection to my mind tha ta music-paper is "classical," and exclusively devoted to "high art." To what, pray, should it be devoted? All these various helps serve to form in our minds a musical atmosphere.

Rubinstein said that some things in this country puzzled him. Boston, he thought, had good musical taste. They pride themselves there on hav-

ing been first in America to recognize the merit of the exquisite song-writer, Robert Franz. Yet the same man who praised Franz highest, remarked to Rubinstein that Abt was also a good composer. Now, this is to speak in the same breath of Mrs. Browning and some newspaper verse-writer—both being "good poets"! For Abt is merely a popular song-writer, one who makes pleasing and easily understood strains.

One of the worst features of the state of musical taste in this country is the few women who have it. A very large majority of all the musical study is carried on by girls. Yet how very few are there who develop a rational or even a genuine taste for good music? Yet Ehlert has well said: "After the practical artist, there is no living soul so capaple of enjoying and correctly judging a work of art as a finely cultivated woman; for her whole inner life is in itself a sort of work of art. Even the highest kind of men have something formless and unfinished about their natures. * * * In such minds, the impression made by a work of art is correct and immediate; for they are prepared to receive it—themselves serene and pure as bridal devotion."

According to Ruskin, a work of art can afford us no pleasure or good not referable to "ideas of power," "ideas of imitation," "ideas of truth," "ideas of beauty," or "ideas of relation." Of these, the chief in music are no doubt ideas of beauty, relation, and truth. By "relation" he means "the perceptions of intellectual relations either in the thing produced or in what it suggests or resembles." This kind of pleasure is what we derive from the fugue, for in this form of music the clever management of the voices is the chief interest. Happy the composer if he can add to this a well-marked emotional coloring. * *

What one needs, in order to form a correct taste, is to go through carefully a great deal of the best music, noticing the impression each piece makes on us in different moods. Take, for instance, such a list as that presented in the programmes of Mason's eight recitals given at Binghamton this year. (See page 135). Here we have the best things of Schumann, the most favorite sonatas, and a variety of choice things from Chopin and the rest. Mendelssohn is perhaps too little represented. And I would say the reverse of Mason were it not for the consideration that every creative artist owes it to his genius to place his work fairly before the public, and this, of course, cannot be done in the case of piano-pieces except by playing them.

One will advance much more rapidly in musical taste as well as in playing by taking, for instance, the pieces of the first recital and playing them for months if need be until they have made their way into your inner consciousness, than by running hastily over all the programmes, or, still worse, the one-sided way of confining one's self for a long time to the works of a single composer. In the latter way, one loses the correct perspective. A sound musical taste cannot develop in an atmosphere of musical skepticism. In this respect, music is like religion. One who denies that there is either angel or spirit will hardly be conscious of their blessed ministrations in the troublesome moments of life. So he who holds all music to have been written in cold blood by a fortunate sleight-of-hand, a purely technical mastery of counterpoint and motives, ought not to be disappointed if he hears nothing but empty sound. Not so. The composer wrote because he *felt;* and if we would enjoy his work, we must strive and get into *rapport* with him.—*New York Musical Gazette.*

A young student wants us to tell him, if W-o-r-c-e-s-t-e-r spells *Wooster*, why R-o-c-h-e-s-t-e-r don't spell *Rooster.—Harper's Weekly.*

LORD MACAULAY'S LAST RIDDLE.

Let's look at it quite closely,
'Tis a very ugly word,
And one that makes me shudder
Whenever it is heard.
It mayn't be always wicked
It must be always bad,
And speaks of sin and suffering
Enough to make one mad.
They say it is a compound word,
And that is very true,
And when they discompose it,
Which of course they're free to do,
If of the letters we take off
And sever the first three,
We leave the nine remaining as sad as they can be;

For though it seems to make it less,
In fact it makes it more,
For it takes the brute creation in,
Which it left out before.
Let's try if we can mend it,
It's possible we may,
If only we divide it,
In some new-fashioned way,
Instead of three and nine then
Let's make it four and eight,
You'll say it makes no difference,
At least not very great;
But only see the consequence,

That's all that need be done
To change this mass of sadness
To unmitigated fun;
It clears of swords and pistols,
Revolvers, bowie knives,
And all the horrid weapons
By which men loose their lives;
It wakens holier feelings,
And how joyfully is heard
The native sound of gladness
Compressed into one word.
Yes! four and eight my friends,
Let that be yours and mine,
Tho' all the host of demons
Rejoice in three and nine.

SCENE IN A ST. LOUIS SAVINGS-BANK.—The St. Louis *Democrat* reports the following scene as occurring in a savings-bank of that city on the day announcement was made of the temporary suspension of the bank. An Irish lady came in with her bank-book: "Is this bank suspinded?" "Yes, madam, but only temporarily." "Tipperarily, is it? I know what a Tipperary suspinsion is—it manes gone up. I've got $200 deposited in this bank, and I want my money." "Well, madam, you need not talk so loud. Give me your pass-book, and you shall have your money." "Have you got it?" "Yes, I have got it. Hand out your book." "Are you sure you have got my $200 safe and sound?" "Yes, here it is; don't make so much noise." "I have got a right to make a noise. I worked hard for that $200, and do you think I'm going to lose it without making a noise?" "I tell you your $200 is not lost; here, take it away, and don't talk so loud." "You've got it, have you?" "Yes; I tell you it is here." "My $200?" "Yes, your $200; take it and go." "What do I want with it? Did'nt I put it in here for safe keeping?" and the depositor launched into a loud and lengthy harangue on banks and bankers, attracting a crowd around the door. One of the directors, finding the woman could not be silenced, called in a policeman, who took her by the arm for the purpose of leading her out. "Is it the likes of you that dares to lay the weight of your dirty claws on a dacent woman wid $200 in the bank? Get out of this and lave me alone, ye spalpeen,—I'm a dacent woman." At this moment the president of the bank entered, and learning the cause of the disturbance, ordered the woman to be released, and invited her politely to take a seat. "I don't want to sit down. I've got $200 in this bank, and I'm used to standing." "Madam, I think you had better take your money." "Have you got it?" "Yes, here is your money." "What do you take me for? I put my money in the bank for safe keeping, and bedad I'm not going to be forced to take it away. This is a bank of deposit, and I'm a depositor—do you mind that?" It was in vain that the depositor was urged to draw her money. She would neither take it nor remain silent.

THE NEWS.

The Cunard steamship company are about to start a daily line of steamers between New York and Liverpool.

The yellow fever is decreasing at Memphis. The Memphis Board of Health has requested absent citizens not to return until they receive notice from the Board.

William Wheelwright, of Newburyport, Mass., who recently died in London, bequeathed $200,000 for the establishment of a scientific school in his native place.

The Pope has entirely recovered from his late sickness and can be seen daily walking in the Vatican gardens cheerfully conversing with his friends.

The Canada Pacific Railroad Company being unable to raise money to build their road have surrendered their charter.

The Emperor of Germany and Prince Bismarck visited the Vienna Exposition on Thursday, and spent considerable time in the American department inspecting the machinery which was set in motion for the occasion.

Five hundred insurgent Cubans under Maximo Gomez, attacked the town of Baive on the 17th. After four hours' fighting they drew off with a loss of four killed and thirty wounded.

On Tuesday evening, Oct. 21st., a banquet was given by the Lord Mayor of London in honor of President Watson of the Erie railway. Three hundred invited guests were present.

At a farewell banquet given in honor of the Emperor William at the Imperial palace at Vienna, the Emperor giving a toast to the health of the Emperor of Austria, said: "The friendly sentiments exchanged at Vienna are a pledge of peace for Europe."

After the naval engagement off Cartegena, the insurgent fleet left for Valencia where they demanded supplies and threatened to bombard the town unless their demands were complied with. Admiral Yelverton of the British fleet insisted that ninety-six hours' notice should be given the city, and threatened to open fire upon the insurgent fleet if they fired a gun before the time expired. The city is quiet and troops are arriving in force sufficient to repel any attack.

President McMahon recommends the placing on the restored Vendome column a statue of Napoleon I, dressed in the legendary costume of light overcoat and small cocked hat. The French nation is hardly prepared to return to its old adoration of either Napoleon I., or II., or any other member of the Bonaparte family. They are at present learning the truth of the old adage, that "pride goes before a fall," and that military glory is a very uncertain investment.

The examination of the returned crew of the Polaris reveals nothing new in regard to the cause of the death of Capt. Hall. The members of the returned crew were examined separately, and all agree, even in details, as to the facts concerning the death of the Chief of the Expedition. The symptoms preceding his death were those of congestion of the brain, and the treatment given him by Dr. Bessel has been pronounced by medical experts to have been correct in every particular, and there is no evidence whatever that Capt. Hall met his death otherwise than from so-called natural causes.

The trial of Marshal Bazaine has brought out some very damaging testimony against the prisoner. Marshals Canrobert and Leboeuf both testify to the repeated failure of Bazaine to relieve them with both men and ammunition under circumstances which gave rise to grave suspicions of either his utter incompetency or treachery. Wounded French vanity is evidently determined to fasten on some one the responsibility of the stupendous blunders which led to the destruction of the second Empire. The only defense yet offered by the unfortunate Marshal has been his former record of services faithfully performed and a denial of any neglect of duty during the Franco-Prussian war.

From the last annual report, for the year ending June

30th, of President Orton of the Western Union Telegraph Company, we learn that the capital stock of the Company is $41,073,410. The debt of the Company on June 30th, 1873, was $6,038,410. The gross receipts for the year, from all sources, amounted to $9,333,018,51. Gross expenses, $6,375,055,82, making the net earnings $2,957,962,69. At the close of the year the Company operated 69,757 miles of line and 154,471 miles of wire and 5,740 offices. The number of messages sent in 1872, was 12,444,499, and for the year ending June 30th, 14,456,832.

The death of a young man named Leggett, student at Cornell University, from injuries received from an accidental fall down a precipice while undergoing the initiatory exercises of one of the secret societies, has given rise to a great deal of free criticism in the newspapers of college customs in general, and of hazing and secret societies in particular. Prof. Wilder of Ithaca writes a long letter to the *Tribune* in which he gives a general review of the unfortunate accident alluded to, and then proceeds to thoroughly overhaul the secret society system, which he most unqualifiedly condemns. In one paragraph of his proposed "remedy" he says: "If for no other reason, we hail the admission of women as a means of sifting the secret society curse; they may thoughtlessly wear the badges of their friends' societies, or adopt their modes of thought; but as long as they are excluded from or decline to enter the organizations, they must be ranked as opponents of the system; and where they are in the majority they may even outvote the scheming politicians of the other sex."

MORE ABOUT HUMMERS.

DEAR HO HUM:—Your article in the CIRCULAR of Oct. 13th, suggests to my mind some thoughts about humming which you have not expressed, and I venture to offer them for your consideration. But before I speak of the subject-matter of your writing, let me mention one or two peculiarities in the form of it.

1. You say, "Notwithstanding so much vituperation has been expended on this incubus, there is one bore who has by no means had his due. I have nowhere read a feeling description of the misery he inflicts. I refer to the hummer." And in the next column you say, "Hummers, I observe, are generally women." This uncertainty in regard to the gender of your bore reminded me irresistibly of Artemus Ward's description of Jeff. Davis which he concluded thus: "Her captur in female apparel confooses me in regard to his sex."

2. In the last paragraph but one you speak of a "monotonous hummer" who "keeps up a ceaseless laryngeal clatter." Is not this a flat contradiction in terms? *To hum* is to sing in a low voice, often with the lips closed; while *a clatter* is defined to be "a rapid succession of abrupt, sharp sounds, made by the collision of metallic or other sonorous bodies." Furthermore, if there be any approach to clatter in human articulation it is undoubtedly due to lingual, and not to laryngeal modifications of the voice.

3. When I read the fate of those whistling boys and girls, I was prompted to inquire how the pretentious word *relegated* came to lose caste so as to be found intimately associating with so homely a phrase as *the back yard?*

But as to this habit of humming in which women and girls are so prone to indulge while they are otherwise mentally engaged, there are, it seems to me, two ways in which we may view it; and to get at the true view, we must look broadly at the facts and the proper deductions from them. You have very ably given one view of the hummers, and I will try to hint at the other, leaving people to adopt which they choose. Let us first inquire when it is, and under what circumstances, that women hum. Did you ever hear a woman hum when she was in suffering or had any great sorrow upon her? Never, I venture to assert. After a time, when she is reconciled to her sorrow, she will hum the music of some old tune when alone or friends only are near, and then her voice is soft and soothing as the notes of an organ. I have heard a woman hum the tune we call "Mount Vernon" so tenderly, that I seemed to know the feeling of her heart and fell to loving her. Do even the thoughtless, giddy, girls hum when they are in trouble? Not one of them; but when no grief is nigh they will hum the jolliest, merriest ditties as they sit and sew by the window, after their housework is done. Then if you don't take care you will fall to loving them too. And, generally, you will find that the humming is a sign not of vacuity of mind as you claim, but of peace of mind, contentment, and even gladness of heart. If people hum who have not a good ear for music and are not musically inclined, this is all the stronger sign, and their humming rightly understood, becomes a pleasant sound, just as the hubbub of playing children, and the singing of a tea-kettle on the stove are pleasant sounds, because they speak of cheer and happiness within. I remember an instance of a young woman of no musical pretensions whatever, who one day suddenly broke forth humming a tune, to the utter surprise of those who had lived with her for years; and I found by inquiring that she did it unconsciously, because she felt unusually happy. Though not a natural songster, happiness made her carol like a bird. Do you suppose her little song from a full heart would have made your "every musical sensibility bristle in agony?" If so I am afraid I shall have to pity you.

Another thing. When a woman hums, whoever she be, she is good-natured. You may then ask her to sew on a button for you, or stitch up a tear in your coat, without any fears of a rebuff. Just try it sometime, and see how pleasantly and willingly she will do it. Believing as I do that this propensity in women to hum is caused by the sunshine in their lives, I am always secretly flattered when I find my presence does not stop their humming. For I would like to be a part of their sunshine, and not of their chilly shadow. A happy woman is herself a sunshine, shedding warmth and life around her; and if you come in gently, and smile, not frown, you can get a little of the sunshine too. Sympathize with the joys and sorrows of those around you; these little things will have a meaning. Cheer up! Don't let that six months in the bad-boarding house, close to the thin partition, sour your feelings for all time. And above all, don't let your intellect drag you off into some garret and there make such an old bachelor of you that the laughing and singing of happy girls grates on your nerves.

Such, dear Ho Hum, is the advice of one who has observed much, and who hopes the women may not be entirely forbidden to hum.

W. C., Oct. 20th, 1873. GERARD.

R., a prominent business man of a Canadian city, tells the following:

I was carrying on the saddlery and harness business, when one day B., a somewhat well-known man in the place, came in and gave me an order for a first-class harness. I accepted the order without noticing anything awry in him, and at once began making the harness. A few days after, however, I heard a report that B. was a little out of his head; and another report that he had been to the hardware stores and bargained for all the cross-cut saws in the city, seemed to indicate something of the kind. I finished the harness, but determined I would not deliver it if B. was not in his right mind. So when he came for it I said:

"Mr. B., does your family know of your ordering this harness?"

"No," he said, "I did not consult them. I consider myself capable of managing my own business myself."

"But," I said, "are you quite well? You look somewhat out of health."

"No," he replied, "I am not very well at present. My folks say I have got a *monomania;* but its not so. It is only *a touch of the diarrhea.*"

He did not get the harness.

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

ADMISSIONS.

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

LAST AND BEST.

BY THEO. L. PITT.

Beautiful is it to love a man or a woman;
But more beautiful is it to love love;
For love is of God, and is God.
Love solves all things.
Before all created life, was love,
When death shall be no more there will be love;
For love had no beginning, and it will never end.
Have you thought it was a great thing to know all knowledge?
I say that it is greater to love.
A child that loves is greater than all your philosophers.
Would you have wealth?
Then you must trade for love;
For love is perfect wealth.
Would you get wisdom?
Then you must love love, and love all who love love;
For wisdom is kept in the treasure-house of love;
And of the treasure-house of love, love only has the key.
Would you know what heaven is?
Then you must love;
For love is heaven, and heaven is love.
God loves the true lover;
And he that loves most is nearest to God.
I said to my soul,
With all my gettings, I will get love,
And with all my spendings, I will spend love;
So shall I be rich, and have many friends;
So shall I be like God,
And like the Son of God,
Who loved me and gave himself for me.
I said, I would see the angels
And the spirits of all the good;
Then the Lord said to me,
You must love me, and love all who love me, with your whole heart,
For love opens the eyes of the soul
So that it can see the invisible.

SPIRIT-PRESENCE.

Home-Talk by J. H. N.

SEPARATION by space, though in one sense a reality, is in another sense, a nonenity. It may be said of two persons, that they are distant from each other and present to each other at the same time. Our bodies are separate and distinct from each other, but they are no index of our inner existence. We have spirits, hearts, and minds that are invisible and not subject to the laws of space.

Let us try to help our conceptions by an illustration. A tree is a unit, having a single trunk, but separating at the top into many distinct branches. Now suppose a bud at the extremity of one of the large limbs, to look outward and across to a bud on the extremity of an opposite limb; they might truly seem perhaps fifty feet apart. The two buds cannot touch each other, and there is no apparent connection between them. But assuming that the life of the tree is a *unit*, that the same life circulates through all parts of the tree, and that the particular consciousness of each individual bud, by virtue of its connection with the life of the whole tree, is, so to speak, electrically simultaneous—then it is evident that one of those buds, looking inward toward the trunk of the tree and then out to a corresponding bud on the opposite limb, is *present* to it. If you admit that the whole life of the tree is a unit, you must also admit that one bud is present to another. Or, if you say there must be a transition in space and of course in time of electric communication between the two buds, in order to be present to each other, still by virtue of the vital connection and the electrical rapidity of life in its currents, space is virtually annihilated.

This principle must be substantially true of the whole tree of life, beginning with God and extending down to the smallest bud of redeemed humanity. All true life is a tree, growing out of God. The mystery that was hid from generations and ages, and that was made manifest by the gospel, is "*Christ in us the hope of glory;*" *i. e.*, the discovery that we are branches of Christ. By discovering this fact, and acknowledging it, we come to realize it in our consciousness and are saved by it.

The idea of space should be ignored in our thoughts about the whole region of spirits. So far as there is any separation in that interior department, it is to be considered not as space or distance (for that has nothing to do with electricity, and certainly nothing to do with life, which is much more refined than electricity), but as the result of *interposing barriers*—the intervention of non-conducting spirits. To illustrate: We know that Christ is in us; *i. e.*, we are present to him, and he is present to us. Now if at any time we do not realize this fact in our consciousness, there is, in one sense, a separation between us and him; but it is not in consequence of distance, or the interposition of space; it is the result of false imaginations—the condition of our own spirits interposing a non-conducting substance between us and him. The same must be true of our connection with the angels, with the primitive church, and with one another: *space* does not separate us, but only *spiritual partitions*. In regard to our friends in Hades or any one in this world whom we may wish to visit in spirit, we may be sure that there is no space to be overcome between us; the parties need not change locality at all in order to be present to each other. If we assume the idea of distance, and call it, for instance, five hundred miles to Hades, what is that to electricity? Buffalo and New York are present to each other on the telegraph wires. But we need not admit that there is *any* space in the interior circuit. The only thing to be overcome in realizing connection with any one in the three worlds, is the non-conducting and interposing substances.

TO WHAT DOES IT LEAD?

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

"PERFECTIONISM can't be true," says a pious church member, "for see what it leads to. These persons who profess to be saved from sin, have run off into Communism, and are working out social changes among themselves that are perfectly shocking. Doctrines that lead to such things, can't be true."

Certainly, my friend, Perfectionism leads to some changes: salvation from sin is salvation from selfishness; and it is to be hoped that the abolition of selfishness will make some difference in the social condition of men. Do you expect to live in the same small, mousing way that you do now, when you get to heaven? If not, then your objection must not lie against us from the fact that our doctrines lead to social changes, but against the primary doctrines themselves—against salvation from sin, and the possibility of attaining the spirit and mind that reigns in heaven.

But if you are satisfied as to the leadings of Perfectionism, suppose we inquire in turn what Orthodoxy leads to? The only candid answer is, *Perfectionism.* Whether the results of the latter are good or bad, it is at least true that they are only two removes, by a direct course of leading, from good old-fashioned New England Orthodoxy. If Perfectionism leads to religious Communism, sincere Orthodoxy leads just as surely and directly to Perfectionism; so that the responsibility comes home at last to your own cherished and respectable system. To prove this, we may cite both doctrines and facts. Orthodoxy teaches that men should be holy, in obdience to God's command; and Perfectionism is only the carrying out of this doctrine. Then as to facts, Perfectionism was legitimately born of the evangelical Orthodox church, at the time of her highest spiritual experience and most glorious revivals. Its leading representative was bred and nursed in the very bosom of that church, and was a member of its choicest seminary, at the moment that he found salvation from sin. The most spiritual members of that church have every where either become Perfectionists, or shown a decided tendency that way; and nothing but an actual stoppage and recoil of the churches from the revival path they were pursuing, prevented them from landing *en masse* in Perfectionism, in 1834.

One thing generally leads to another; and the benign illustrations of this principle form an interesting study in history. The legal education of the Jews, led to the development of the gospel—a change infinitely better than the law, but frightful and amazing to the mere formalists of that day. So the thread of spirituality that was cultivated in Catholicism, led to the Reformation—a thing strangely abhorrent to the outward Catholic, though every body knows that it drew off and embodied all the real salt of that church. The Reformation led to Cromwell's Puritanism, which being rejected in the place of its birth, colonized, and gave character to this country. The religion thus implanted here by the Puritans, proceeded on to its highest point of fervor, spirituality, and revival expectancy, in 1834, and thus led to Perfectionism, as that leads to salvation from selfishness, and the institutions of heavenly civilization. Who can object to this course of things? Those who find fault with present and prospective changes, really find fault with all the beneficial changes of the past; and while they "build the tombs of the prophets," are doing what they can to perpetuate the spirit that persecuted them. If the churches would but open their eyes, they would see that the world has reached another of those great periodical crises where the life of religion is drawing off into new forms and development. If they would but honestly ask concerning their own faith-experience, What does it lead to? they would find no difficulty in keeping up with Truth and Providence, and preparing themselves for the answer to their immemorial prayer that "the will of God may be done on earth as it is in heaven."

DIVERSITY IN UNITY.

DIVERSITY of character among men, where the love of God is absent, is an ever fruitful source of dislike, contention and hatred. Each one sees in another some quality of heart or intellect which is worthy of love and imitation, but which he does not himself possess. It is plainly seen that the highest benefit of all, would be found in a union so close that each could partake of the riches of the others. But the spirit of envy, of selfishness, or of pride, forbids the bans; and the result is, that the world is filled with little meager rivulets of happiness, which true enlargement of heart would swell into copious streams. Paul beautifully illustrates the variety of effects produced in different individuals by the operation of the same spirit, where he compares Christ's church to the human body, having many members with various offices, yet all forming a harmonious whole. The idea is fully carried out in the whole of the 12th chapter of 1 Corinthians, that while there are necessarily diversities of operations, yet it is the "same spirit which worketh all in all." He abundantly proves that there is no just occasion in the case for haughtiness or contempt in some, or for envy and discontent in others; for each member, in its place is indispensable to the good of the whole. God, as a wise master-builder, makes the best article he can out of the materials which he has to work with; and to be discontented with our lot, is as absurd and unjust as it would be for the clay to remonstrate with the potter against his judgment in its formation. There is a good sense in which we may covet the excellences of others, and may supply our deficiencies from their fullness; and in turn we may impart of our fullness to them. When once the heart has forever settled the question concerning the position we are fitted to fill, and has become satisfied with God's allotment, the barriers which have been raised by envy and discontent will be thrown down, and there will be in every such heart a just appreciation of the merits of others. This will prepare the way for a mutual exchange of the commodities of each. There will be no poverty in the family of God—for the wealth of one is the wealth of all; nor discontent—for giving and receiving constitute a most essential element of the happiness of heaven. Great diversities of character, therefore, among the members, will be the means of attraction which will draw them still more closely together. Selfish love, which seeks merely its own gratification, would naturally look for those qualities in others most in unison with its own. But in this consists the difference between mere earthly affection and that love which is shed abroad in the heart by the Holy Ghost. Those who set fellowship with God high above all fellowship with man, will resolutely court the society of those who possess the traits of character in which they are deficient themselves, that they may thus partake of their fullness, and become as attractive to God as possible. True contentment will suffer others to bear the palm without grudging, and trust God to enable us to fill with honor the place designed for us however small—content and glad if God is glorified.

We see that while the external manifestations of love may be the same, yet the point of attraction between the sons of God lies far back of any thing visible to the external senses. It is the strong sympathy of hearts drawn out not primarily to each other, but to him who is the "chiefest among ten thousands, the one altogether lovely." Their love to each other is but the effect of their having one center—one life.

M. E. C.

THE LEGAL STATUS OF ROMAN WOMEN.

AT the conclusion of "*T's* "articles on the "Legal Status of Married Women," we recalled attention to the superiority of the Roman or Civil Law over the English or Common Law where it comes to deal with husbands and wives. We inquired how it was that the ancients should have given the world a system of law so much better than what we are living under. To answer this question a friend at Yale has sent us Maine's "Ancient Law." It is a book for lawyers, but we venture to reprint what seems pertinent to our inquiry. To understand it one has to bear in mind that Roman society was always more or less inspired and fashioned by the patriarchal or clannish system which went before it. In that very ancient form of society, the power of the parent—you may call it the tyranny of the granddaddys—surpassed anything that we can think of in our modern life:

"It may be shown, I think, that the Family, as held together by the Patria Potestas, is the nidus out of which the entire Law of Persons has germinated. Of all the chapters of that Law the most important is that which is concerned with the status of Females. It has just been stated that Primitive Jurisprudence, though it does not allow a Woman to communicate any rights of Agnation to her descendants, includes herself nevertheless in the Agnatic bond. Indeed, the relation of a female to the family in which she was born is much stricter, closer, and more durable than that which unites her male kinsmen. We have several times laid down that early law takes notice of Families only; this is the same thing as saying that it only takes notice of persons exercising Patria Potestas, and accordingly the only principle on which it enfranchises a son or grandson at the death of his Parent, is a consideration of the capacity inherent in such son or grandson to become himself the head of a new family and the root of a new set of Parental Powers. But a woman, of course, has no capacity of the kind, and no title accordingly to the liberation which it confers. There is therefore a peculiar contrivance of archaic jurisprudence for retaining her in

the bondage of the Family for life. This is the institution known to the oldest Roman law as the Perpetual Tutelage of Women, under which a female, though relieved from her Parent's authority by his decease, continues subject through life to her nearest male relations, or to her Father's nominees, as her Guardians. Perpetual Guardianship is obviously neither more nor less than an artificial prolongation of the Patria Potestas, when for other purposes it has been dissolved. In India, the system survives in absolute completeness, and its operation is so strict that a Hindoo Mother frequently becomes the ward of her own sons. Even in Europe, the laws of the Scandinavian nations respecting women preserved it until quite recently. The invaders of the Western Empire had it universally among their indigenous usages, and indeed their ideas on the subject of Guardianship, in all its forms, were among the most retrogressive of those which they introduced into the Western world. But from the mature Roman jurisprudence it had entirely disappeared. We should know almost nothing about it, if we had only the compilations of Justinian to consult; but the discovery of the manuscript of Gaius discloses it to us at a most interesting epoch, just when it had fallen into complete discredit aud was verging on extinction. The great jurisconsult himself scouts the popular apology offered for it in the mental inferiority of the female sex, and a considerable part of his volume is taken up with descriptions of the numerous expedients, some of them displaying extraordinary ingenuity, which the Roman lawyers had devised for enabling Women to defeat the ancient rules. Led by their theory of Natural Law, the jurisconsults had evidently at this time assumed the equality of the sexes as a principle of their code of equity. The restrictions which they attacked were, it is to be observed, restrictions on the disposition of property, for which the assent of the woman's guardians was still formerly required. Control of her person is apparently quite obsolete.

"Ancient law subordinates the woman to her blood-relations while a prime phenomenon of modern jurisprudence has been her subordination to her husband. The history of the change is remarkable. It begins far back in the annals of Rome. Anciently, there were three modes in which marriage might be contracted according to Roman usage, one involving a religious solemnity, the other two the observance of certain secular formalities. By the religious marriage or *Confarreation*; by the higher form of civil marriage, which was called *Coemption*; and by the lower form, which was termed *Usus*, the Husband acquired a number of rights over the person and property of his wife, which were on the whole in excess of such as are conferred on him in any system of modern jurisprudence. But in what capacity did he acquire them? Not as *Husband* but as *Father*. By the Confarreation, Coemption, and Usus, the woman passed *in manum viri*, that is, in law she became the *Daughter* of her husband. She was included in his Patria Potestas. She incurred all the liabilities springing out of it while it subsisted, and surviving it when it had expired. All her property became absolutely his, and she was retained in tutelege after his death to the guardian whom he had appointed by will. These three ancient forms of marriage fell, however, gradually into disuse, so that, at the most splendid period of Roman greatness, they had almost entirely given place to a fashion of wedlock—old apparently, but not hitherto considered reputable—which was founded on a modification of the lower forms of civil marriage. Without explaining the technical mechanism of the institution now generally popular, I may describe it as amounting in law to little more than a tempory deposit of the woman by her family. The rights of the family remained unimpaired, and the lady continued in the tutelege of her guardians whom her parents had appointed and whose previleges of control overrode, in many material respects, the inferior authority of her husband. The consequence was that the situation of the Roman female, whether married or unmarried, became one of great personal and proprietary independence, for the tendency of the later law, as I have already hinted, was to reduce the power of the guardian to a nullity, while the form of marriage in fashion conferred on the husband no compensating superiority. But Christianity tended somewhat from the very first to narrow this remarkable liberty. Led at first by justifiable disrelish for the loose practice of the decaying heathen world, but afterward hurried on by a passion of asceticism, the professors of the new faith looked with disfavour on a marital tie which was in fact the laxest the Western world has seen. The latest Roman law, so far as it is touched by the Constitutions of the Christian Emperors, bears some marks of a reaction against the liberal doctrines of the great Antonine jurisconsults. And the prevalent state of religious sentiment may explain why it is that modern jurisprudence, forged in the furnace of barbarian conquest, and formed by the fusion of Roman jurisprudence with patriarchal usage, has absorbed, among its rudiments, much more than usual of those rules concerning the position of women which belong peculiarly to an imperfect civilization. During the troubled era which begins modern history, and while the laws of the Germanic and Sclavonic imigrants remained superposed like a separate layer above the Roman jurisprudence of their provincial subjects, the women of the dominant races are seen-everywhere under various forms of archaic guardianship, and the husband who takes a wife from any family except his own pays a money-price to her relations for the tutelege which they surrender to him. When we move onwards, and the code of the middle ages has been formed by the amalgamation of the two systems, the law relating to women carries the stamp of its double origin. The principle of the Roman jurisprudence is so far triumphant that unmarried females are generally (though there are local exceptions to the rule) relieved from the bondage of the family; but the archaic principle of the barbarians has fixed the position of married women, and the husband has drawn to himself in his marital character the powers which had once belonged to his wife's male kindred, the only difference being that he no longer purchases his privileges. At this point therefore the modern law of Western and Southern Europe begins to be distinguished by one of its chief characteristics, the comparative freedom it allows to unmarried women and widows, the heavy disabilities it imposes on wives. It was very long before the subordination entailed on the other sex by marriage was sensibly diminished. The principal and most powerful solvent of the revived barbarism of Europe was always the codified jurisprudence of Justinian, wherever it was studied with that passionate enthusiasm which it seldom failed to awaken. It covertly but most efficaciously undermined the customs which it pretended merely to interpret. But the chapter of law relating to married women was for the most part read by the light, not of Roman, but of Canon Law, which in no one particular departs so widely from the spirit of the secular jurisprudence as in the view it takes of the relations created by marriage. This was in part inevitable, since no society which preserves any tincture of Christian institutions is likely to restore to married women the personal liberty conferred on them by the middle Roman law, but the proprietary disabilities of married females stand on quite a different basis from their personal incapacities, and it is by the tendency of their doctrines to keep alive and consolidate the former, that the expositors of the Canon Law have deeply injured civilization. There are many vestiges of a struggle between the secular and ecclesiastical principles, but the Canon Law nearly everywhere prevailed. In some of the French provinces, married women, of a rank below nobility, obtained all the powers of dealing with property which Roman jurisprudence had allowed, and this local law has been largely followed by the Code Napoleon; but the state of the Scottish law shows that scrupulous deference to the doctrines of the Roman jurisconsults did not always extend to mitigating the disabilities of wives. The systems however which are least indulgent to married women are invariably those which have followed the Canon Law exclusively, or those which, from the lateness of their contact with European civilization, have never had their archaisms weeded out. The Danish and Swedish laws, harsh for many centuries to all females, are still much less favourable to wives than the generality of Continental codes. And yet more stringent in the proprietary incapacities it imposes is the English Common Law, which borrows far the greatest number of its fundamental principles from the jurisprudence of the Canonists. Indeed, the part of the Common Law which prescribes the legal situation of married women may serve to give an Englishman clear notions of the great institution which has been the principal subject of this chapter. I do not know how the operation and nature of the ancient Patria Potestas can be brought so vividly before the mind as by reflecting on the prerogatives attached to the husband by the pure English Common Law, and by recalling the rigorous consistency with which the view of a complete legal subjection on the part of the wife is carried by it, where it is untouched by equity or statutes, through every department of rights, duties and remedies. The distance between the eldest and latest Roman law on the subject of Children under Power may be considered as equivalent to the difference between the Common Law and the jurisprudence of the Court of Chancery in the rules which they respectively apply to wives."

HARMONIC ECHOES.

From Nature.

According to Dr. Brewer, "The harmonic echo repeats in a different tone or key the direct sound. The harmonic is generally either the third, fifth, or tenth of the tonic....On the river Nahe, near Bergen, and not far from Coblentz, is an echo thus described by Barthius:—It makes seventeen repetitions at unequal intervals. Sometimes the echo seems to approach the listener, sometimes to be retreating from him; sometimes it is very distinct, at others extremely feeble; at one time it is heard at the right, and the next at the left; now in unison with the direct sound, and presently a third, fifth, or tenth of the fundamental. Occasionally it seems to combine two or more voices in harmony, but more frequently it resembles the voice of a single mimic.

"At Paisley, in Scotland, there is a somewhat singular echo in the burying-place of Lord Paisley, Marquis of Abercorn. Musical notes rise softly, swell till the several echoes have reverberated the sound either in unison or harmony, and then die away in gentle cadence.

"At the Lake of Killarney, in Ireland, is a very celebrated harmonic echo, which renders an excellent *second* to any simple air played on a bugle. [This must be a near connection of the equally celebrated Irish echo, which in reply to "How do you do?" answers, "Very well, thank you." Or of that celebrated echo at Shoreditch Station, illustrated by poor Leech in *Punch*, where, to the old gentleman's call of "Porter," is replied "Don't you wish you may get him."—ED.]

"There was formerly, according to the authority of Dr. Birch, an harmonic echo no less remarkable, seventeen miles above Glasgow, near a mansion called Rosnath. If a trumpeter played eight or ten notes, the echo would repeat them correctly a third lower. After a short silence another repetition was heard, still lower than the former; and after a similar pause the same notes were repeated a third time, in a lower key and feebler tone, but nevertheless, with the same undeviating fidelity. This echo no longer exists."

It is difficult to believe that these descriptions are accurate, but that they have a basis of truth there can be little doubt. My attention was first drawn to the subject by an echo at Bedgebury Park, the country residence of Mr. Beresford Hope. The sound of a woman's voice was returned from a plantation of firs, situated across a valley, with the pitch *raised an octave*. The phenomenon was unmistakable, though the original sound required to be loud and rather high. With a man's voice we did not succeed in obtaining the effect.

At the time I had no idea that such an alteration of pitch had ever been observed, or was possible; but it soon occurred to me that the explanation was similar to that which I had given of the blue of the sky a year or two previously (Philos. Mag., Feb., 1871). Strange to say, at the very time of the observation I had in my portfolio a mathematical investigation of the problem of the disturbance of the waves of sound by obstacles which are small in all their dimensions relatively to the length of the sound waves. In such a case (precisely as in the parallel problem for sight) it appears that the reflecting, or rather diverting, power of the obstacle varies inversely as the fourth power of the wave-length. When a composite note, such as that proceeding from the human throat, impinges on the obstacle, its components are diverted in very different proportions. A group of small obstacles will return the first harmonic, or octave, sixteen times more powerfully than the fundamental. After this, it is not hard to understand how

a wood, which may be considered to be made up of a great number of obstacles, many of which, in two or three of their dimensions, are small in comparison with the wave-length, returns a sound which appears to be raised an octave.

The increased reflection is, of course, at the expense of the direct sound. If we conceive a group of small obstacles to act on a train of plane waves of sound, the effect will be a *diffused* echo, which may be heard on all sides, appearing to proceed from the group, and the direct waves which maintain their direction. If the original sound be composite, the diffused echo contains the higher elements in excessive proportion, and for the same reason the direct wave, being shorn of these higher elements, will appear duller than the original sound. It is well known that pure tones are liable to be estimated an octave too low, and thus it may be possible that a note in losing its harmonics may appear to fall an octave.

What is here called the direct sound may itself be converted into an echo by *regular* reflection. For example, if a plane wall were covered with small projections, there would be a diffused echo, due to the projections in which the higher elements preponderated, and an ordinary echo, obeying the law of reflection, in which the wave elements would preponderate.

ANSWER TO LORD MACAULAY'S LAST RIDDLE.

I pondered long the answer true to find;
At length the truth flashed clearly through my mind,
Man-slaughter is the word; and in its place,
If you the three first letters will erase,
A *slaughter* dire! and wails and groans are heard
From men and brutes, in that far-sweeping word.
Take four and eight, *man's laughter* loudly rings
Which to the heart calm rest and sunshine brings.

E. Y. J.

ONEIDA CIRCULAR.

HARRIET M. WORDEN, EDITOR.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1873.

Ten years ago this fall the Community had an instinct that it was on the point of coming into new relations to the world and things generally. "Perfectionists to the front!" was the way the feeling seemed to word itself. The newspapers soon took us up and have been tossing us about ever since; sometimes merrily, sometimes tolerantly, and sometimes angrily. We have realized what it means to be "at the front." From time to time this publicity has seemed to turn into a gust of threats and bitterness. Our man-of-all-work says these fits come once in three years. They always begin in the fall and die away in the winter. We observed one of them in 1864—that we have called the "Mills war;" another in 1867—that was the "Horse-barn war;" a third in 1870—which we named the "Royce war;" and there are signs of a fourth in this 1873—which, if it comes, we shall have to call the "Ministers' war"—and our man says he is glad of it—it just establishes his theory of disease. He never was good for anything at induction, but he now feels quite set up. He is big sure that he has found the law of it, and like Charles Reade's "Doctor Sampson," he swells with the idea that he is "th' Author an' Invintor of th' great Chronothairmal Therey o' Midicine, th' Unity, Perriodicity an' Remittency 'f all disease!" A. B.

"Gie me a spark o' nature's fire,
That's a' the learning I desire;
Then tho' I drudge through dub an' mire
At pleugh or cart,
My Muse, though homely in attire
May touch the heart."

This quotation from the Scottish poet, touches a deep and interesting truth. We believe most fully that one spark of *heaven's* fire will inspire the heart with a spiritual power that will convey magnetism to the hearts of others, whether expressed in the way of writing, conversation, or otherwise. Though the thoughts expressed may be in the homely attire of unpolished language, they will possess a secret charm that is irresistible. While on the other hand, that which proceeds from the most cultivated intellect, and is clothed in the most polished style—if it is not quickened by the heavenly spark—will be dry and unattractive, and fail to touch the hearts of others.

Thus we account for the mysterious influence of the Bible. "Holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost." What they wrote and said, came from hearts sparkling with *heaven's fire*, ; and this fire kindles in all hearts that have an affinity for the truth, as certainly as sparks ignite tinder. So none need feel discouraged on account of their lack of cultivation in the use of language; though we believe that this heavenly spark will not only kindle thoughts in the heart, but will also inspire the tongue with eloquence. ***

AMERICAN CREDIT ABROAD.

COL. Thomas A, Scott, President of the Texas Pacific Railroad and Vice President of the Pennsylvania Railroad has just returned from Europe where he has been spending several months in raising or trying to raise money on American Railway bonds. He succeeded in negociating for $10,000,000 on the bonds of the Pennsylvania Road, but the sudden panic in American securities put a stop to any further investments in American railway stocks by European capitalists. The Texas Pacific will, therefore, have to wait until the moneyed men of the world's financial centers are convinced that an investment in railroads across American deserts will ever pay a dividend. In this connection it is quite interesting to read the report of the committee sent over by German capitalists two years ago, to examine and report on the prospects of the Northern Pacific Railroad. This committee went over the whole line of the proposed road, making a most careful examination of the natural and probable growth and development of the country through which the road is located. The report was exhaustive, but adverse to an investment on the ground that it would be a very long time, if ever, before the road would even pay running expenses, to say nothing of dividends.

This report was suppressed in this country at the time of publication, but of course it put a sudden stop to the negotiations in Europe, and the projectors of the road then engaged Jay Cooke & Co. to undertake the job of selling the bonds in this country. By means of their well-known ability in negotiating the Government loans during the late war, and the universal confidence in their financial responsibility and integrity, these bonds were sold in great quantities all over the country to all classes: farmers, mechanics, small tradesmen, ministers, and in fact, almost everybody who had a little spare cash, were induced by means of the most flattering advertisments and golden promises to invest in this stupendous railroad job. The failure of Jay Cooke & Co. has at least done one good thing, viz, put a stop to this system of wholesale swindling of comparatively poor people by these financial vampires.

The Northern Pacific Railroad may sometime in the future be of great service to the section of country through which it passes and even pay some return to those who invest. But at present it represents a gigantic system of misrepresentation and fraud which the next Congress will be asked to financially boost through to completion to to the tune of about $50,000,000. G. E. C.

No pictures which the prophets draw of Jerusalem, in the day when the Lord shall return into her, are more pleasing than this in Zechariah: "*And the streets of the city shall be full of boys and girls playing in the streets thereof.*"

ADVICE TO THE PROVIDENT.

LAY not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal:

But lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal.

For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also.

The light of the body is the eye: if therefore thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light.

But if thine eye be evil, thy whole body shall be full of darkness. If therefore the light that is in thee be darkness, how great is that darkness!

No man can serve two masters: for either he will hate the one, and love the other; or else he will hold to the one, and despise the other. Ye can not serve God and mammon.

Therefore I say unto you, Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink: nor yet for your body what ye shall put on. Is not the life more than meat, and the body than raiment?

Behold the fowls of the air; for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they?

Which of you by taking thought can add one cubit unto his stature?

And why take ye thought for raiment? Consider the lilies of the field how they grow; they toil not neither do they spin;

And yet I say unto you, That even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.

Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?

Therefore take no thought, saying, What shall we eat? or, What shall we drink? or, Wherewithal shall we be clothed?

(For after all these things do the Gentiles seek): for your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things.

But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you.

Take therefore no thought for the morrow: for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.

—*Jesus Christ.*

COMMUNITY JOURNAL.

ONEIDA.

—Since June 1st, 2,530 dinners have been furnished to visitors.

—The cellar of the Arcade, which has been thoroughly deodorized, is fast filling with apples packed in barrels.

—The tints are all faded. The "sere and yellow" leaves lie in heaps in the pathways where they "rustle to the eddying gust" and to the tread of passers-by.

Oct. 25.—A heavy frost last night which was so white and glistening by the morning sunlight, that some of the little boys, whose ideas of winter are exceedingly vague, fancied that snow had fallen.

—A few days ago Augusta gathered from the garden a bright-hued bouquet. Though lacking the fragrance of June, there is something indescribably touching about the loveliness of the flowers of late autumn because they are the last.

—The Willow-Place pond is brimming full. No more need of the engine. Saturday was spent in changing the blocking to the wheel. Wet, cold

job. The workmen were supplied with steaming Mocha instead of whiskey, with good effect.

—The crane which has been building for the foundry, is now completed. It is capable of sustaining and swinging a weight of four thousand pounds. This with the new water-wheel and other improvements lately made there, will enable us to do heavier and better work than heretofore.

—Miss Chloe ran out last evening to rescue a few plants from the clutches of Jack Frost. Bringing them in, she stopped in the East Room and gave the little ones there a first lesson in botany. She was blessed with a most attentive audience and a fair amount of intelligent appreciation.

—H. J. S. bought a peck of Campbell's "Late Rose Potatoes" last spring and planted them, putting an eye in each hill. He reported this evening that he dug them to-day and gathered thirty bushels! The potatoes are very large, too. The yield was one hundred and twenty fold—good Scriptural allowance.

Oct. 29.—The first snow-storm this morning. What strange magical influence is this which comes with the first fall of snow! Is it the extension of the shadow of winter which so affects the *cerebrum abdominale* with sadness that, were it much increased, we should weep as we watch the gently descending flakes? How the scenes of childhood come knocking at memory's gates—a tinge of melancholy touching them all! The North Pole steps down to give us greeting, and, like Gray-beard Parting, a "dry old hunks" we find him; yet when the snow and ice are gone, he unfailingly gives place to the buoyant, joyous spring.

—The experiment tried last week of running the bus-express between O. C. and the Villa has proved so successful that the arrangement will become a permanent one for the present. The teamsters say that it economizes the use of horses, and it is certainly a great accommodation to the family. You must be on hand, though, for the 'bus, like time and tide, waits for no man. It stops at the factory in passing each way. "I declare," said G. the other day as the 'bus drew up at the shop-door just in time to convey him to dinner, "I can get along now without any exercise in walking. I just have to go to the door to catch a ride to the shop, when I go to my work, and here I go back to dinner—and it is only a step or two to the dining-room."

—Clergymen of all denominations have visited the O. C. the past summer. The greater number however, have belonged to the Evangelical orders. We had the pleasure of extending our hospitality to four Presbyterian and five Methodist ministers in one week. Episcopalians, Baptists, Universalists and Catholics have been well represented. We were gratified to meet these gentlemen, and their deportment in return was, almost without exception, cordial, not to say brotherly. A Doctor of Divinity, well and extensively known in the Churches for his labors and devotion, spent several days with us, and concluded his visit with a lecture in our Hall. Since his return home, he writes to his son—a member of the O. C.—"I review with much pleasure the few days I was permitted to spend with your dear family. I admire the kind Christian spirit breathed by all."

—The subject of accuracy in journalizing was discussed in a late meeting. If ever there rises a historian of the O. C., he will seek the materials for his work first of all among the journals which pass so freely between the Communes; hence the most careful precision is very desirable. Errors sometimes creep into this column, also. The speaker who introduced the subject, thought journalists sometimes indulged in guess-work. He cited an incident in his own experience as an illustration. We all know him for a man fond of facts and minute and truthful statements; yet last spring when writing a farm-item for the journal column of the CIRCULAR, he said that there were calves and colts and lambs at the barn. After the paper had been published he learned that there were no lambs among the new-born inhabitants of the barn. He knew for certain that there were calves and colts; he knew that our neighbors had lambs; he knew it was the time of year for lambs and that we had two hundred old sheep, and so, putting all these concomitants together he inferred—an error. Heads of departments should be consulted concerning whatever is written about their operations, and of whatever subject we treat, we should seek to tell the exact truth in order that whatever passes our pen or press may be thoroughly trustworthy.

—Mr. Reynolds, one of our Ajaxes, had to submit to a little good-natured fun-poking this evening. W. H. W. called for a report of his late exploits at Joppa. A general laugh ensued, as the point was more or less understood. "O!" answered Mr. R. jocosely, "I consider myself a pretty good Christian now, for I've become a Baptist." "How was the ordinance administered?" quizzed somebody. "Stern foremost," frankly acknowledged Mr. R., and then proceeded to tell his story. He was angling with several others from a boat in Fish Creek. They were having fine luck, when, making an inadvertent movement while sitting with his back to the side of the boat, Mr. R. suddenly found himself floundering in the cold flood. He had self-possession enough to see the joke of the affair and began laughing as soon as he recovered from the first shock. "Did you have a change of clothes with you?" suggested an interlocutor from the farther side of the room. "No; but Susie let me take her—I don't know what she calls it—" "What did *you* call it?" "I called it her dimity long-short [dressing-gown], and then with Mr. Newhouse's trousers, which were considerably too small, I managed to get along better than I expected." Mr. Newhouse said the fishes had all been frightened out of the cove, and somebody else thought there was a sensible rise in the river.

—Talk about the short-dress being immodest! Just look at that lady in long skirts who is crossing the street this windy day, and now at that other in the Bloomer costume who is following her, and say which most exposes her person. To be sure the abridged skirts of the last lady undeniably announce the fact that she is a bifurcated being; but her limbs are discretely draped in—"stove-pipes," if you will, Miss Anna, so that there is no exhibition of even a well-turned ankle, while the other lady, in spite of her pyrimidal contour, can never step into a carriage, or cross the pavement, or encounter a breeeze of any strength without displaying the rounded curves above the ankle; but if many agree with the quaint old poet that

> "A sweet disorder in the dress
> Kindles in clothes a wantonness:
> A lawn about the shoulders thrown
> Into a fine distraction—
> An erring lace, which here and there
> Enthralls the crimson stomacher—
> A cuff neglectful, and thereby
> Ribbons to flow confusedly—
> A winning wave, deserving note
> In the tempestuous petticoat—
> And a careless shoe-string, in whose tie
> I see a wild civility—
> Do more bewitch me than when art
> Is too precise in every part"—

it is quite likely that the "sweet disorder" of which the "tempestuous petticoat" is capable will make it more popular than the greater precision and decorum of the short dress.

—The following remarks telling the best way to view the faults of the Community, were made by J. H. N., *Sunday* 25, on the occasion of a private criticism of one who has lately come among us:

"The subject of joining the Community is a deep one, and I do not profess to have fathomed it. One thing that is evident to me is that every one who really joins the Community is born again; born not of flesh and blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, nor of the will of the Community, nor yet of the will of the center of the Community; but of the will of God.

"The Community, as I understand it, is what may be called a provisional institution; one in which my hope is, that the great process of birth into everlasting life will eventually go on with a great deal of strength and regularity. But as yet this process is comparatively weak and slow. I think that people who undertake to join us are likely to have a very different idea of the business and office of the Community from what I have. I do not look upon the Community as separate from the world; nor is it possible for it to be separate from the world. I never have had any idea of saving myself or the Community by keeping ourselves in a monkish kind of segregation. We are not a sect; we are nothing but a large family. There is no sect in which the parents allow their children the freedom of reading books written in the spirit and interest of other sects that we do; nor do they encourage them in freedom of thought as we do. We keep ourselves saturated all the time with worldly influences through our library. It is true that our people are comparatively free from personal communication with the world, but we keep our library crammed with the ideas of the world. We feel about as much sympathy with one sect as with another. We feel about as liberal toward Positivists as toward church members. We meet the world with freedom in music, and in literature, and keep ourselves separate only as far as is necessary to retain our organization.

"The forms and ceremonies, and the cant of the churches really operate to keep them free from the world around them; but in the highest interests of life, intellectual, artistic, and in some sense spiritual, we are very free and open toward every body. Since this is the case, I do not expect that the O. C. is going to be a place that will develope angels at once, or people as distinct from the world as angels are; for the angels are so remote from the world that they can exert but little direct influence on it. We have all shades of character here from those who have self-centered spritual strength enough to hold themselves in allegiance to God anywhere, to those who are but slightly removed from the world itself. I would not have all in the Community on one level if I could bring it about, for then we should not be of any help to the world.

With this theory of the Community in mind there are two ways for a person to regard its faults. One is for him to stand on the outside and let the faults of the Community discourage him and start the question whether he had not better abandon it; another way is to fully identify himself with the Community, and then these faults will stir him up to help remove them. I see as many faults in the Community as any one—perhaps more; but they do not suggest to me the idea of going out of it. They arouse in me the idea of fighting to get *them* out, and I should like all the help that I can get in this business. If a man is identified with the Community and views its life as his life, he will have the same tendency to feel charitable toward its faults that he has to feel charitable towards his own faults. This is the way I feel; I am the Community, and I feel quite charitable toward its faults. If a man can so identify himself with this family that he has no destiny apart from its destiny, he will on the one hand be charitable toward its faults and on the other hand he will fight persistently to remove them. He will feel bound to do for the

Community what he would do for himself under the same circumstances.

"The question is, how can we help people to become so identified with the Community that its faults will have a good effect on them if they have any at all? The danger is that a person will get his eye on the faults of the Community before he becomes identified with it. As to the method of identification, it is a process of digestion. Individuals are not going to digest the Community into themselves, but the Community is going to digest them into itself. A man feeling the need of harmony may go to work thinking that he can digest the Community into himself; but he will fail in that, I think. The process is something like death and resurrection; no matter what the character of the person has been in the world, digestion must precede assimilation. A natural process of solution goes on in a person who puts himself in intimate connection with such a body as this, enters into its business and social relations, and is patient to take advantage of criticism from time to time. If he holds still and takes time enough for it, he will be digested at last and carried along as far as the Community can carry him, and be prepared for a higher state of spirituality than that of the Community as a whole. Our conditions are imperfect, but they are the best there are in the world; they will carry a man farther toward Christ and the heavenly Jerusalem than any that I know of. When a man has gone as far as the Community can carry him, he will find himself a different man from what he was, and far on the road to spirituality. He will not be an angel even then, but he will be where he can have some idea of what an angel is. Let the individual who proposes to identify himself with us get this idea that he is not going to digest the Community, but that the Community is going to digest him, and stick to it patiently, and he will get along without any great difficulty. The same process takes place where any new combination is formed. If a man goes through college he must expect to endure some 'hazing' before he gets assimilated."

THE NEW YORK HOUSE OF REFUGE.

HAVING a desire to visit that old philanthropic institution, the House of Refuge, I obtained from my esteemed friend, the Rev. Geo. J. Mingins, the superintendent of the City Missions, a letter of introduction to Mr. Jones, the general superintendent of the Refuge. Taking a 3d Avenue street-car at the City Hall. in an hour and twenty minutes I arrived at 117th street, and a five-minutes' walk to the foot of it brought me to the East river opposite Randall's Island. A wave of my handkerchief soon brought a boat from the opposite shore, manned by six boys under the charge of an overseer, who took me across the channel. The Refuge buildings were erected about twenty years since, when the institution was removed from Manhattan. The grounds in front are handsomely laid out, and shade-trees, evergreens and shrubbery of all kinds, with gravel walks, beautify the place. The edifices are of brick, of imposing dimensions, and display very pleasing architectural taste. On entering the spacious hall I was informed that Mr. Jones was out of town, but that his assistants, Messrs. Brush and Eldridge, would show me through the buildings. But another officer, more at leisure, the Vice-principal of the schools, Mr. Daniel H. Sprague, took me in charge. All these officers, I subsequently learned, were Massachusetts and Connecticut men, showing that New England is still furnishing her quota of teachers and superintendents for the benefit of society at large.

I first visited the sleeping apartments. Great pains had evidently been taken in their construction to secure good ventilation, comfort, cleanliness and convenience. Each room or cell (we must bear in mind that these juveniles are prisoners, on account of crimes committed), has a lower and upper ventiduct, so that when a lad is locked in for the night he has good wholesome air to breathe. By an ingenious contrivance, the cell doors can all be opened by a single crank motion. The scrupulous neatness that every where prevails makes one feel that a sucessful war has been carried on against filth and frouziness. The bath- and dressing-rooms are equally tidy and convenient.

After I had been shown through the school-rooms, which are finished and furnished in the most modern style, I went to the work-shops where I saw the "youngsters" at their daily tasks. On the first floor there were perhaps a a hundred boys at work making hoop-skirts. Never having examined minutely one of these modern skeletons of under-dress, I had no idea of the number of rivets required to keep this wire structure in proper shape. But ingenious machinery has been invented to do the riveting with wonderful rapidity. The sprightly specimens of humanity. who were doing all this work, appeared to really enjoy the daily tasks given them.

On the floors above, the most extensive mechanical industry is the manufacture of shoes and gaiters. Some three hundred boys are employed at this business, ranging in age from eight to fifteen. The making of a shoe is divided into twenty or more parts. To each branch or section, a number of lads, according to the amount of work to be done on any given part of the shoe, are apportioned, and are encouraged to excel in it. And when a boy can do first-class work in one particular branch, he is changed to another, so that, in case he remains a few years he will be qualified to work at every branch of the trade. Instructors and inspectors are constantly circulating among them to insure faithfulness in all the details of the business. A great deal of machinery and all the latest inventions have been introduced to facilitate and cheapen the production of the goods.

On the same floor where the shoe business is carried on, wire goods (brass and iron). such as sieves, screens of all kinds, mouse-traps, muzzles, etc. etc., are extensively manufactured. Standing at one end of this long hall of industry and looking at the six hundred lads intent on accomplishing the task given them, and doing it well, was to me a very interesting scene. I could not think of them as convicts inside of prison walls, but as Community children learning useful trades as a part of their education. But I must confess that among the five or six hundred boys before me few of the faces were pleasing to look upon. They betrayed at once a low grade of parentage. But that is no fault of the institution; that has provided a happy and comfortable home for these juvenile outcasts. While looking at the great advantages of combination in the training of children, the thought would force itself upon my attention, what splendid men and women would such an institution, barring its penal character, turn out to bless mankind, if faith and science could have the control of human propagation.

From the work-shops, I was taken to the kitchen and dining-rooms. No hotel in the city of New York can boast of more order or neatness in its kitchens, and more wholesome food on its tables, than are found in this Asylum. Standing by the side of my guide. Mr. Sprague, who officiates in one of the dining-rooms at meal-times as guardian, I was pleased at the decorous deportment of the boys. Each lad among a company of three hundred knows his place and table. As soon as seated, with the boy-waiter standing at either end of the many tables, Mr. S. raised his hand, this being a signal for lowering their heads and repeating something like the Lord's prayer in concert. When they had gone through with this, another movement of his hand signaled them to begin eating. The transition from grace to gravy, or from the spiritual to the physical, was brief and positive. They are allowed all the time at the table they choose to take.

They rise at 5, breakfast at 6, go in to school at 7, and from thence to the work-shops at 9 or half-past, including a recess of half an hour or more. The day's work in the shop terminates at 4 P. M. Supper at 5. School hours again from 5 1-2 till 7 1-2 o'clock. At 8, or a little past, every one of the six hundred pupils is in his separate bed.

The House of Refuge was organized in 1825, as a reformatory school and home for children guilty of petty crimes and offenses, and up to January 1872 the whole number recorded is 14,675. The number in the House on the first day of January 1872 was 750 boys and 119 girls. Received during the year, 489; total in the House during the year 1358. Twenty counties between New York and Utica furnish a small quota of these moral waifs; but three-quarters or more, came from New York, Brooklyn and Albany. The parentage of the 407 new inmates for 1872 is recorded as follows in the last Annual Report. American 58; German 47; African 24; Italian 3; English 17; French 3; Scotch 2; Irish 228; mixed 21; unknown 4. Ages from 4 to 21. Average age 14 years.

I will quote from the Report before me:

"The experience of another year has deepened my conviction of the necessity of regular and systematic labor forthe benefit of the class committed to the institution. I am satisfied that no drill or instruction will accomplish much unless the hands, as well as the minds are made to perform their part. I am also as well satisfied that work must not be done merely as a task, but the boy or girl must become interested in it, and derive pleasure and satisfaction in doing it in order that it may have the right effect. This is accomplished first, by thorough practical teaching, so that the lad becomes master of his trade; and second, by allowing him a certain part of his earnings, the amount depending upon his general good conduct, and his efforts to advance in school. A boy taught to do his task in a slovenly manner, and with no other interest than to get rid of it as easily and soon as he can, is apt to have no relish for honest employment and soon finds the way to the bad."

The House under its present managers and superintendents is becoming more and more a Home for children and youths that are not wholly incorrigible, and can be trained up in habits of industry, good morals, and religious belief. As much as lies in their power the fathers and mothers of this "complex" family, as we may well call it, are doing their best to have the children forget that they are prisoners, and endeavor to make them feel that they are living in a family where they are loved, and cared for.

Two years ago the managers established what they called a "New Shop," to which boys were admitted who had earned a reputation for industry, improvement and good behavior in school. In the New Shop the boys have credited to them a part of their earnings, which is paid to them on graduating from the Institution. The Report gives the following account of one W. D., a graduate of the New Shop this year:

"W. D. was twice an inmate of the Refuge for petty thefts, the last time remaining nearly three years, and finally graduated in August of this year. His first effort was to seek out his mother and his little brother and sister, whom he knew to be living in great destitution. Having discovered them in the utmost wretchedness in an attic room of a tenement house, he, against the advice of some of his best friends felt it to be his duty to attempt the rescue and support of this family, a mother partly paralyzed and often intemperate, and children already adepts in the vile lessons of the street. Intent first on saving his brother, a boy of twelve,

he obtained his mother's consent to his commitment to the Refuge, where he remains and is doing well. W. next found a comfortable home, and from his savings here, and by the assistance of those who had labored to rescue him, paid the rent in advance and procured necessary furniture. Within a week a neat and attractive home was arranged, the little girl well clothed was placed in a mission school, and W. having procured work, assumed the responsibilities of the household; and there he yet stands, patiently and industriously striving to elevate his family; to teach them morality, economy and order, thus exhibiting self-denial and fortitude under circumstances calculated to make older and more favored falter, and even abandon the effort."

But the House of Refuge is only one, among the many benevolent and philanthropic institutions in this city, for reclaiming both children and adults from their evil ways. In looking back nearly forty years, when the writer was engaged in the reformatory work of the city, it can be seen quite distinctly that the religious forces (for no others are doing much in the reformatory fields) have learned wisdom by past experience. Instead of each sect working by itself in the battle with evil, denominational distinctions are passing away and religionists are fast learning the advantages of combinnation. They are learning, too, that the gospel of Christ applies to the body as well as to the soul, and that the lower classes can scarcely be reached at all, except through food and clothing. Of the work that is doing by the City Missions, under the superintendence of the indefatigable laborer, Geo. J. Mingins, I will speak at another time. G. C.

A BRIEF SKECTH OF A POPULAR NOVELIST.

Of the gifted and world-famous woman, Aurora Dupin Dudevant, known to two hemispheres as George Sand, little need be said, since volumes have been written in praise of her genius and in attempted analysis of her character. She is descended on her father's side from Maurice de Saxe, natural son of Augustus II, King of Poland, and Aurora of Königsmark. Her father dying when she was a child, she was left to the charge of her grandmother, who never understood her, and whom she always disliked. Removed from Paris, where she was born, to the country-seat of the family—it was called Nohant—near La Châtre, she led an irregular, moody and eccentric life. Her understanding was abnormally developed. At ten years of age she had the thoughts and feelings of a woman, and at fourteen was a philosopher and a sage. She spent two years at a fashionable boarding-school in the capital, where, her unsettled and unhappy condition of mind having been taken the usual advantage of, she was duly proselyted into the Roman Catholic Church. She even contemplated entering a convent, and would have done so but for some fortunate circumstance which sent her back to Nohant before she was sixteen. Her grandmother's death was the cause of her going to reside with some friends near Melun. There she became acquainted with a young man, Casimir Dudevant, to whom she was married at eighteen.

He was one of the last men she should have wedded, but he was attentive to her. Her heart was on fire, her poetic brain transfigured him, and the quivering soul of genius fell to the keeping of a conventional and common-place husband. The result was inevitable. They could not coalesce any more than the ivy and the cabbage, and in a few months they were so spiritually divorced that all the laws of civilization could not have held them together. Her growing melancholy and feverish unrest made her long for excitement which would enable her to forget herself. She was starving for Paris, where she hoped to support herself, inasmuch as her liege had already lost most of her fortune in injudicious speculations. He consented to her spending half the time in the capital, and she flew thither like a liberated bird.

There, as has been said, she wrote her first novel in conjunction with Jules Sandeau. Then, unaided, she produced *Indiana*, which created a genuine sensation. *Lélia*, the boldest and perhaps the most striking of all her works followed, and frightened those it did not fascinate. The name of George Sand was on every body's lips, and the rumor that she was a woman intensified the interest in her. She had by this time resolved to break through conventionality, and live, as she expressed it, in harmony with God and her own soul. She had many gifted companions and intimate friends. She went to Italy with Alfred de Musset; she learned the profundities of law from Michel de Bourges, the inconsistencies of theology from Lamennais, the doctrines of socialism from Pierre Leroux, the mysticism of music from Frédéric Chopin, and the broadest republicanism from Ledru-Rollin.

Her history is that of a strong and fervid soul, misguided perhaps, but stuggling upward to the light. She has been misrepresented and abused, though to-day most unprejudiced minds give her credit for purity of motive and sincerity of purpose. Beautiful in her youth, she is no longer so; but her face is attractive from it geniality of expression and the singular brightness of her ever-changing eyes. Her *History of my Life* is one of the most spiritual and profoundly interesting works ever written. No one can read it without feeling the power and the virtue of the woman. This passage is impressive: "My religion has never essentially varied. The forms of the past have vanished for me. as for my age, in the light of reflection; but the eternal doctrine of all believers, the goodness of God. the immortality of the soul, and the hope of another world, have resisted all investigation, all discussion, and even the intervals of despairing doubt."—*Harper's Monthly.*

PETROLEUM.

In the vicinity of Liverpool and other marine cities of England are numerous petroleum refineries all actively at work. The crude petroleum which enters these refineries is exported from New York and Philadelphia, the the product of our Pennsylvania oil wells. At first view it seems impossible that our crude oil products can be sent to England and refined. cheaper than we can refine them here, but an examination of the matter will show that it can be done. The cheapness of labor in Europe, and also the lower cost of chemicals, give not only the English, but the French and Germans, great advantages over us in the business of refining. The acids used in the process cost here fully twice as much as in Europe, and the wages of still-tenders and other laborers are about $6 a week, against $16 in New York and at the wells. Our crude petroleum can be taken across the water, refined, and returned here and sold in competition with our manufactures. It appears possible then, and even probable, that this vast industry will soon pass out of our hands entirely. The foreign exporters are building vessels to carry the oil in bulk, thus avoiding the loss on barrels, which has hitherto been considerable. The value to the country of this refining industry is stated to be as high as $50,000,000, an item of income of no mean importance.

Our crude oils are unquestionably the best in the world, and therefore we shall hold a monopoly of them, unless deposits equally good are discovered elsewhere. It is not probable that this will occur as during the past twenty years every locality in the least promising has been tested and explored most thoroughly. The magnitude of our oil products, and the importance to the country of this article of export are not fully understood by those who have not taken the trouble to look into the matter. The sum which the discovery of oil wells has added to our national wealth is equal to one half that of our national debt. It is therefore an element in our progress and prosperity of the very first consequence.

As we cannot place an export duty upon crude oil, there appears no feasible way of retaining in this country the entire refining industry which it is so important to retain. Perhaps, however, the rapid rise in the price of labor in Europe, and the steady increase in the cost of chemicals, will ultimately enable us to compete with them in rendering marketable our own raw products.

—*Journal of Chemistry.*

THE NEWS.

A TELEGRAM from London announces the death of Sir Henry Holland, the celebrated physician and surgeon.

THE trial of Stokes terminated in a verdict of manslaughter in the third degree, and the prisoner was sentenced to four years imprisonment.

THE Chinese Government has at last taken steps to break up the coolie trade. A dispatch via San Francisco, says that the Government has ordered all coolie ships to leave Chinese waters, and Chinese junks cruising off Macao are to intercept coolie junks.

AT a late special meeting of the New York Board of Aldermen, the Board of Apportionment was recommended to send $50,000 to the yellow fever sufferers at Memphis. Aid from other cities is coming in rapidly and the early frosts are putting a check to the further ravages of the pestilence.

SEVERAL of the leading railways running out of London have for more than five years past required their clerks at all the stations to be qualified in phonography, and they find its general use by them to be of great advantage in their business.

THE newspaper world in general, and the *Tribune* in particular, is just now very much exasperated by the arrest of Mr. W. F. G. Shanks, one of the assistant editors of the *Tribune*, for contempt of court in refusing to answer certain questions before the Grand jury of Kings county. Mr. Shanks was at first locked up, but finally released on bail. The investigation before the Grand jury was in regard to certain charges made by the *Tribune* against the so-called Brooklyn Ring, and Mr. Shanks refused to testify on the ground of criminating himself.

IN a late speech by the Right Hon. John Bright at Birmingham before 16,000 people, he referred to the relations between Great Britian and the United States. Some Englishmen had considered the treaty of Washington as humiliating to Great Britian. The humiliation was between 1861–65. If the English government had practiced toward the United States a generous neutrality, the wealthy classes of England would never have sided with the rebels and slaveholders. If the English newspapers had treated their transatlantic cousins with fairness, the dispute which led to the treaty of 1872 would not have arisen. The speech occupied an hour and ten minutes and was listened to with great enthusiasm.

MR. SAMPSON, the shoe manufacturer of North Adams, Mass., is having trouble with his Chinese workmen. Being compelled to suspend business on account of the financial pressure he notified his hands to that effect, and closed his factory. His Chinese workmen evidently did not understand nor appreciate this turn of affairs and were determined not to submit to what seemed to them a breach of contract. A riot ensued. The ringleader was arrested and locked up. A crowd of fifty Chinamen surrounded the prison and attempted a rescue. The officers called on the bystanders for aid and a general fight took place which resulted in the defeat of the Chinamen who finally dispersed threatening vengeance.

CAPTAIN CLARK, of the ship Sunrise, is on trial at San Francisco for alleged cruelty to his crew. The testimony given by his officers and men reveal most

brutal treatment on the part of the Captain to the unfortunate men under his command. Two of the crew committed suicide by jumping overboard rather than endure the shocking barbarities inflicted upon them.

THE FISHES IN COUNCIL.

IT is not often that we come across more natural punning than will be found in the following extracts from a "*Comical Report of a Fish Convention.*" It is to be understood that all the marine monsters, big fish and "small fry," of the great deep are assembled in conclave:—the Whale "in the chair:"

"He opened the Convention by stating that he did not wish to make a speech; he would take up as little room, and be no longer than possible.

"(Here the Shark whispered to the Sword-Fish that it was not possible for the whale to be much longer, as he was over eighty feet now. In *his* opinion, he only wanted a chance to spout; in fact he considered him a regular old blower.)

"The whale continued, and contended that he had been grossly insulted by man—he might say lampooned; not that he would pun upon the use made of his fat; as he did not wish to make light of such a matter. He had been harpooned, at least. Men were sarcastic toward him, and their shafts were sharp and pointed. Some of his fellow-whales had been very much cut up, and exceedingly tried. He had lately learned that a substitute for oil had been invented, which might lessen the persecution of whales—but he feared it was all gas. The whale alluded to a harpoon which had lately hit him; it had made a great impression on him, and, he feared, had affected him deeply.

"Here his feelings overpowered him, and he sat down (on the shark) amidst a general blubber.

"The shark rose with some difficulity, and remarked that the tale of the Whale had moved him: in fact, it was very striking. His own situation was far from pleasant. He was by profession a lawyer, and he flattered himself, one of the deep kind. But business was bad, and he had been obliged to take in a few pupils. He had lately presented a fine opening for a young man who had fell overboard, but was soon afterward obliged to reject his suit as indigestible. Unless he had more cases, he would leave the law and open as a dentist.

"The Sea-Serpent did not wish to intrude upon the Convention: he did not know whether he properly belonged to the fish-tribe or not. All he asked was not to be classed with the Eel, whom he considered to be a very slippery character. (Here the Eel was observed to wriggle violently.) Lately he was passing a certain species of the Eel, when, just happening to touch him, he had been so shocked that he hardly recovered.

"The Eel hastily arose, and said he was shocked—he might say electrified—at those remarks. It was evident to him that the Serpent must get himself into a coil. As for his being a 'slippery character,' he thanked Neptune he did'nt belong to such a scaly set as the Serpent.

"The Whale called the Eel to order, and the Eel called the Whale an 'old swell head,' and was then summarily put out of the Convention.

"The Turtle said he was suffering from a slight indisposition. He was walking on shore, he said, a short time since, when he met a party of jolly young sailors. The result was, that he was laid flat on his back, and was unable to move for some time, and since then he had not felt as lively as usual. There was *one* thing to which he would call the attention of the Convention; he prided himself upon the purity of his political principles. He was the Alderman's best friend. The Shark had lately insulted him by calling him a 'regular old Hard Shell.'

"Here the shark interrupted him by asking, 'Is not that the *case?*'

"The Turtle replied, that he 'should say nothing more at present, but should have something to lay before the next meeting.'

"Yes, replied the Shark, contemptously; 'a few eggs probably.'

"The Porpoise undertook to speak, but was speedliy silenced. The expression of the Convention was 'a blower.'

"The small fry were next called upon—Oysters, Lobsters, and others. The Oyster opened his case, which was a hard one. He was always in trouble—a perpetual stew or broil. His half-brother, Clam, was a disgrace to the family; always in liquor, and generally considered a 'squirt.' Some of his family were indolent, and spent most of their time in 'beds.' There had been some rakes among them, who had created great disturbance.

"There was one of his neighbors, he said—'He would not call any names, for he scorned scandal'—who was very surly and crabbed. He was a one-sided individual and nobody approved of his motions.

"The Crab protested against this abuse, and said that the rest took advantage of him because he was 'soft.' He respectfully retired backwards.

"The Codfish who had been visiting a 'school;' the Shad, much nettled at what he had heard; the aristocratic Salmon who got into a row with a New York State Trout, who called him a Northern Fish with Southern principles; and the Flying-Fish, who flew into a tremendous passion—all took part in the proceedings of the Convention.'

"But so it was, at last, as the erudite Dogberry has it, that 'the whole dissembly disappeared' in good order, notwithstanding an attempt at disturbance made by a 'jolly old sole' and 'a lot of Suckers.'"—*Old Paper.*

A certain French baron, whose scientific tastes led him to collect the skulls of celebrated persons, one day received a visit from a man with whom he was accustomed to deal. "What do you bring me here?" asked the baron, as the man slowly unwrapped a carefully enveloped package. "The skull of Shakspeare." "Impossible!" "I speak the truth, Monsieur le Baron. Here is proof of what I say," said the dealer producing some papers. "But," said the baron, drawing aside the drapery which concealed his own singular collection, "I already possess that skull." "He must have been a rogue who sold you that," was the remark of the honest dealer. "Who was it, monsieur?" "Your father," said the baron, in a mild tone; "he sold it to me about twenty-nine years ago." The broker was for a moment disconcerted, but then exclaimed with vivacity, "I understand. Be good enough to examine the small dimensions of the skull on your shelf. Remark the narrow occiput, the undeveloped forehead, where intelligence is still mute. It is Shakspeare's, certainly, but as a child about twelve or fourteen years old; whereas, this is when he had attained a certain age, and had become the great genius of which England is so justly proud." The baron bought the second head.—*Exchange.*

The following resolutions were adopted at the late Anniversary of the Woman Suffrage Association:

Resolved, That the primary aim of the American Woman Suffrage Association is to secure the ballot for woman; while it includes, in its general aim, the establishment of her equality of rights in all directions.

Resolved, That one-half of the adult population of the United States who are legally entitled to hold property, who are assessed for taxes and punishable for crime, and whose interest in the Commonwealth is in no respect less than that of the other half, should not be deprived of an equal voice in the government.

Resolved, That a government of the people must be a government composed equally of men and women, inasmuch as the equal co-operation of the sexes is essential alike to a happy home, a refined society, a Christian church and a Republican State.

Resolved, That our present political system is not fairly representative, even of men, being largely controlled in the primary meetings by rings of trading politicians intent on private gain; that political reform must enlist a more general interest on the part of the people in the management of public business; and that this would be greatly promoted by combining the social sympathy and co-operation of women in the primary meetings, at the polls, and in the halls of legislation.

Resolved, That we advise the friends of Woman Suffrage in every locality to promote the Movement morally and politically, by organizing local societies, for circulating tracts and newspapers, for holding public meetings, and especially for helping to elect the friends of Suffrage and to defeat its enemies.

Resolved, That the Woman Suffrage Movement, like every other reform of the Age, laments the loss and honors the memory of its most powerful advocate, John Stuart Mill.

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

ADMISSIONS.

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

THE SUPREME LESSON.

Home-Talk by J. H. N.

THE power of God is certainly the prime element in our experience. He has power to lift us up and to cast us down; to bind and to loose, to kill and to make alive. He has power over spirit and body, sensibility and personality. He has power to send us down into the dark places of the spiritual world, where we feel oppressed with gloom and suffering; and he has power to lift us up into his presence, and fill our hearts with peace and joy. These changes of experience, I am certain, are not, in many cases, necessarily connected with any sin or wrong-doing on the one hand, or with any righteousness on the other. I see that for purposes of education and in benevolence, God may send us down into the darkest places, lead us through the valley of the shadow of death, and give us a cup of suffering to drink which may make us groan with the burden of life. He did that with Christ. You cannot say that Christ was under criticism or punishment for wrong-doing; yet he went down into utter spirit-darkness, and drank the dregs of the cup of trembling. So also God has power to lift up the soul suddenly into light and happiness, by a change that is miraculous, and full of splendid contrasts. Though it is right in the long run and on the large scale to connect good with righteousness, and evil with unrighteousness, still there may be something legal and narrow in our immature views about the matter. We may connect these things in a small way that is not good or edifying; we may fail to see that the connection between good and righteousness and evil and unrighteousness, instead of being a necessary, mechanical connection, is one which involves the will and power of God. In order to prove to us that it does involve his will and power, and is not a mere natural connection, it may be necessary for God to disconnect these things, and give us the full cup of suffering when there is no unrighteousness in us to call for it, or give us blessedness and raise us up to sit with Christ in heavenly places, when there is no special well-doing on our part to call for it. We must be made to know the power of God, and feel that our happiness and our misery depend on him, and not on our well-doing or evil-doing. We must see and feel that it is not our good behavior which lifts us up or our evil behavior which casts us down, but it is God who lifts us up and it is God who casts us down. He has reasons for what he does that belong to his moral purposes and longest foresight, and we must not substitute mere natural reasons for his power, nor forget that it is he who rules over us.

If I find myself laboring and suffering, under the power of men or evil spirits, I say to myself, "It is good; God doeth all things well. I am willing to labor and suffer; but I know that it is not in the nature of things necessary that I should; that is, I know that none of my own doings hold me here, and I know that no devil holds me here; I know that God can lift me up if he pleases, and can make me happy in the midst of this distress; I am sure of that."

I see that God's dealings with the Community in good and evil are systematic and continuous, and have a rational end in view. There are times when he is evidently intending to give us a persistent course of hard experience, like Job's troubles. One messenger comes after another, from day to day, with tidings of calamities. Our camels and our asses are killed, the robbers have come down and taken our sheep, our children have gone to destruction, and finally the small-pox comes upon us. These things came one after another on Job, and it was of no use for him to change his ways. He might stir about and be very righteous on the spur of the occasion, but the calamities kept coming one after another. The Lord was not giving him that experience because he was unrighteous; he was giving him a course of lessons. When events take such a course as that, make up your mind that they are guided by a systematic purpose and that you will take them as they come. "The cup which my Father hath given me, shall I not drink it?" Do not think to change the current of events by some sudden reformation or change of your own course; it is God who is at work upon you. And when the tide turns, and good luck and prosperity come in your affairs, as in one thing after another Job's luck turned at last, then you may say to yourselves, "This is not our doing, and this run of luck will not stop or change because we eat a little too much, or do some other foolish thing; God is acting on a larger motive than that and on a higher scale of things." You need not try to change the course of things or think that it will be changed by any of your little actions. God has an object in view, and the course of things is managed by him. He may carry things first one way and then another, on purpose to produce magnificent contrasts, like those in music. There are a thousand reasons in the matter which we know nothing about. His ways are as far above our ways as the heavens are above the earth; his judgments are unsearchable, and his ways past finding out.

We need to know not only that God has the power to make us miserable and to make us happy, but that there is really no other being or thing that has that power. "Fear not them which can kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul; but rather fear Him which is able to

destroy both soul and body in hell." It is not in the power of any of the forces of Nature, or of human beings, or of all devils, to make us miserable. We need not trouble ourselves about them. "God is able to make all grace abound toward you; that ye, always having all sufficiency in all things, may abound to every good work." He knows how to deliver the godly out of temptations, and how to raise them up, and cause them to sit with Christ in heavenly places. This is what we need to know; that our happiness and misery are in his hands and in no other. When we thoroughly learn that lesson, when we remove all secondary things from between him and us, and recognize him as the arbiter of our destinies, we shall then be like little children; and we shall cling to him and make it the business of our lives to love him, know him and please him.

There is a vast amount of unbelief on this point. People look about for almost any other cause than God, when they are happy and when they are miserable. The last and best lesson that we have to learn, is that happiness comes by the presence of God in our spirits, and that misery comes by his absence, and that aside from these conditions, it is comparatively of little consequence what our circumstances are, or what we do. If the presence of God is not in our souls, no matter what we do or what our circumstances are, we shall be dark and miserable. But if God is present in our souls with the sunshine of his love and grace, it is of very little consequence what our circumstances are or what we do; we shall be happy. Happiness and misery depend on these conditions, far more than on any other. This is a lesson above all others which we must learn, and God will give us alternations and contrasts of experience under all sorts of circumstances, until we do learn it and get thoroughly reconciled to it, so that it will be an everlasting presence within us. If we have the love of God shed abroad in our hearts, we cannot be anxious or gloomy; but if we don't have that, we cannot help worrying and foreboding evil.

Christ says, "No man can come to me, except the Father which hath sent me draw him." It is vastly important that we should know that God is the arbiter of destiny on that great scale, as well as on the scale of our daily experiences. If a person is tempted to quarrel with that view of things, and think it arbitrary and fatalistic, he may ask himself this question: "This power over me and my happiness and over all men and their happiness must reside somewhere; where would I choose to have that power deposited?" Would you like to have it in your own hands, or would you like to have it deposited in any collection of human beings or devils, or in the laws of nature or chance? Where would you like to have the final sovereignty deposited —the power to say what shall be done with you and all men? For my part, I would like to have it deposited exactly where it is, in the hands of a God whom I know to be thoroughly good and merciful, tender-hearted, wise and mighty. I am glad it is deposited there. I would not have it changed on any account. I would not like to take the responsibility myself; I would much rather that the choice should be in God's hands as to me and mine and all beings in all worlds. I think the arbitrament is in the very best hands, and that the very best thing will be done. My belief is insured by what I know of the heart of God. It is the supreme thing for us to know where this power over all happiness is, and become reconciled to it, for then we shall be most likely to court the good-will which has control of our destiny; we shall turn our attention in the right direction, and get into friendly relations with that good-will, thus making it possible for it to lift us up and render us happy. Until we do know where that good-will resides and turn our attention to it, we are groping blindly, and are sure to miss our way.

WHAT ARE WORDS?

BY THEO. L. PITT.

WHAT is the scientific nature of spoken or written words? Are they signs only or are they also vehicles? These are questions of infinite importance.

The whole testimony of the Bible is that the word of God—the word of inspiration—carries with it power and life which may be received into our souls and nourish them.

Whoever speaks by inspiration of God, speaks the word of God, and hence speaks words of life and power. And in all cases men speak as the mediums of some spirit. Their words are the result of the action of their souls on their organs of speech; and their souls are moved by some inner contact with good or evil spiritual life.

It is a law of fellowship that life mingles with life. Men love each other and they become alike. Their thoughts assimilate. They derive a sense of satisfaction from mutual presence. They touch each other not merely in a bodily way but inwardly and in spirit. Something passes from one to the other. They do not merely revolve round each other like stars, they interpenetrate and mix like fluids. Our bodies have a nimbus or cloud of magnetism about them, which is the radiation of our life, formed by the vibrations of that infinitely refined substance which is called spirit. This cloud is said to be visible to sensitive persons in the dark. However this may be, its existence may be recognized by all who will seek for it. We press the hand of a loved friend and are thrilled to the heart's core. Was that pressure simply a sign which appealed to sensibilities similar to those which were excited in ourself? Or was it the medium through which the radiating substance of our life passed into that friend's soul; and, on the other hand, through which the radiation of his or her life passed into our soul? We believe the chemistry of life demonstrates the latter. Does not the same thing apply to words? My dearest friend tells me he loves me, and his words cause me delight and joy, and I am strengthened and nourished at the center. I feel that something entered me along with his words, and they were not mere signals. Then how diversely the same words uttered by different persons affect us. Now they come charged with magnetic power; they enter the secret chambers of the soul, glorious in strength. Now they are inert and dead, and drop away from us; we hear them but they do not pierce us, they stir us to no deeds. Some men's words sway like mighty winds; we feel that there is infinite power in them and they cannot be overthrown. We have heard words uttered by men's lips which we were sure came forth from the heart of God. They answered to Paul's description of the word of God, and were "sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow," and were "discerners of the thoughts and intents of the heart." We have seen men bound with disease and struggling with dark spirits of unbelief, healed by the word of truth spoken in personal criticism by loving and sincere friends. We have felt that word enter us, piercing our life's inmost depths with the vibrations of delivering power. The simple unpretentious words of my friend Sterling, whose soul is opulent with divine inspirations, when he comes from his chamber of reflection and sits by me and talks of common things, are freighted with infinite wealth. They satisfy the thirst of my life better than blood of choicest grapes, they allay its hunger more than sweetest bread.

The same law governs written words; they are vehicles. Here is the Bible. Portions of it are the oldest existing written compositions. Beyond all question the words of this book have had more influence on the world than the words of all other books. It is to-day the ruling book of the world. It is at the foundation of all modern civilization. It was the foundation of vastly more of ancient civilization than historians have dreamed of. It is leading the world out of barbarism. What is the secret of its power? Not simply that its words are signs of the deepest and noblest ideas that were ever uttered, but the fact that it is pre-eminently a *magnetic book*. Its words come to us over the long lapse of centuries charged with the personal magnetism of the men who first uttered or wrote them—the magnetism of Moses, of David, of Solomon, of Isaiah, of Christ, of Peter and John and Paul. When I read the words of the Bible I feel a stream of power flowing into me from the hearts of these mighty men. Their utterances are full of life. The thought they express is a living thought, strong with the nimbus of eternal truth. I am refreshed by reading them; I realize a fullness within me as if I had drunk of living waters. It is not only that they are symbols, appealing to certain mental experience in myself cognate to the mental experience of the writers. The living essence of the being that inspired them flows through them into me and feeds my soul—opens its inner gates and assimilates with my central life, and meets and mingles with the life that flows into me through inner channels from the same divine and infinite source. The recorded word that was inspired by the Spirit of Truth, that was charged in its utterance or its writing with the vital electricity of heaven, never becomes a dead word, never sinks into a mere mechanical sign. Men may cease to read it, it may be laid away in the archives of the universe,

yet the organic Spirit of utterance which gave it birth watches over and glows in it forever.

Furthermore, as there are living words full of heavenly magnetism, which feed us, and nourish into all opulence our life and genius; so also there are words which "eat as doth a canker," which burn with hell-fire. The tongue may be a "world of iniquity," "full of deadly poison," and "set on fire of hell." Its words may be mediums of infernal magnetism as well as supernal. They may connect with lowest hells as well as with highest heavens. They may be conductors of all kinds of spiritual power. Paul utters the most exact scientific truth when he says: "Evil communications corrupt good manners." They corrupt the life. There are few who have not had experience which corroborates this, and known the corrupt results of listening to and receiving the words of evil men.

Solomon exhorts us to "keep the heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life." The facts of deepest human experience testify to the scientific truth of his words. There is an efflux of soul, and it flows through many channels. This efflux is an actual substance. Men talk of the immateriality of the soul. If the phrase means that the soul is not substance, it conveys a falsehood. Science determines that the basis of light, heat and electricity, is matter—that what we know as these phenomena, are probably different modes of motion of a very refined form of matter. The efflux of the soul is attended with phenomena analogous to those of light, heat and electricity. Why may they not be also the modes of motion of an invisible, vital matter? The words that stand for spirit, in Greek and Latin—*pneuma* and *spiritus*—both signify primarily, wind, or air in motion. And our Saxon word *ghost* primarily signifies gas. Now what is wind or air? It is the combination of the two gases—and gases are subtle matter. The Bible when it talks of the Spirit of God, the Holy Ghost, talks of an actual substance, as real as the quartz in the mountain ledges. The thing meant is analogous to air—a holy gas—an emanation from the Father and the Son. The efflux of the soul is of a similar nature.

Science has gone too far to allow us longer to talk of the immateriality of the soul like the old schoolmen and metaphysicians;" too far to allow any such assumption as that we cannot "transfer from our mind to that of another any belief, or perception whatsoever;" too far for the assertion that "the closest intimacy of souls is like that of double stars which revolve about each other." In fellowship we live within each other, not in mere juxtaposition. The word of every spiritual being is an actual substance, sent forth from his inward center, and carrying with it the properties of his life. And every one by the act of believing the word of another actually receives into his soul and life the magnetic substance conveyed in the word believed.

We shall not understand life, nor fulfill its possibilities, until we recognize these facts of utterance and fellowship and make them the basis of our thought and action. Only then will our lives flow naturally and harmoniously to rich and glorious consummations, and our days be pregnant with eternal joy.

VOICE OF THE HEART.

When I have sought by darkness compassed round
Thee, Jesus, Mighty One, Death's Victor crowned,
Then have I heard a sweet voice gently sound,
"Believe in Me."

And though insane with folly I have been,
In fashion's maze and in the deep of sin,
Thou hast reclaimed me with this voice, e'en then,
"Believe in Me."

Uncertain hitherto, and wandering wide,
I chose the world and worshiped, left Thy side,
Yet still that voice of safety ever cried,
"Believe in Me."

That voice no longer calls in vain; behold
The Word inspires my heart with love untold,
The incarnate Word my feeble heart makes bold,
I follow Thee.

O Father, hear, I pray Thee, hear my vow!
Trembling I come, and at Thy altar bow;
Receive, accept my contrite heart, I now
Believe in Thee. —*Anon.*

A PRAYING SAVANT.

We copy the following testimonial from the Appendix to Townshend's "Facts in Mesmerism," published in 1840. The simplicity and devotion to truth manifest in the whole narrative, especially where the young philosopher ascends into prayer, is inexpressibly beautiful and touching. Such mingling of religious truth with enthusiasm for science is very unusual, or at least very rarely confessed in these days, though it was the prevailing style in the age of Newton. We believe that the last and best conquests of science are reserved for the time when original investigators shall be men of prayer. The best fighters the world has ever seen were Cromwell's "poor praying men," who went into battle praising the Lord. We hope to see an army of discoverers of the same sort—men who will get their enthusiasm and insight for ransacking the knowable, by asking God, as Agassiz did, to help them:

Notes relating to Mesmerism, the morning of 22d February, 1839.

Desirous of knowing what to think of mesmerism, I for a long time sought for an opportunity of making some experiments in regard to it upon myself, so as to avoid the doubts which might arise on the nature of the sensations which we have heard described by mesmerized persons. M. Desor, yesterday, in a visit which he made to Berne, invited Mr. Townshend, who had previously mesmerized him, to accompany him to Neufchâtel and try to mesmerize me. These gentlemen arrived here with the evening courier, and informed me of their arrival. At eight o'clock I went to them. We continued at supper till half-past nine o'clock, and about ten Mr. Townshend commenced operating on me. While we sat opposite to one another, he in the first place only took hold of my hands and looked at me fixedly. I was firmly resolved to arrive at a knowledge of the truth, whatever it might be; and, therefore, the moment I saw him endeavoring to exert an action upon me, I silently addressed the Author of all things, beseeching him to give me power to resist the influence, and to be conscientious in regard to myself as well as in regard to the facts. I then fixed my eyes upon Mr. Townshend, attentive to whatever passed. I was in very suitable circumstances; the hour being early, and one at which I was in the habit of studying, was far from disposing me to sleep. I was sufficiently master of myself to experience no emotion, and to repress all flights of imagination, even if I had been less calm; accordingly, it was a long time before I felt any effect from the presence of Mr. Townshend opposite me. However, after at least a quarter of an hour, I felt a sensation of a current through all my limbs, and from that moment my eyelids grew heavy. I then saw Mr. Townshend extend his hands before my eyes, as if he were about to plunge his fingers into them, and then make different circular movements around my eyes, which caused my eyelids to become still heavier. I had the idea that he was endeavoring to make me close my eyes; and yet it was not as if some one had threatened my eyes, and, in the waking state, I had closed them to prevent him; it was an irresistible heaviness of the lids which compelled me to shut them; and, by degrees, I found that I had no longer the power of keeping them open, but did not the less retain my consciousness of what was going on around me; so that I heard M. Desor speak to Mr. Townshend, understood what they said, and heard what questions they asked me, just as if I had been awake, but I had not the power of answering. I endeavored in vain several times to do so, and, when I succeeded, I perceived that I was passing out of the state of torpor in which I had been, and which was rather agreeable than painful.

In this state I heard the watchman cry ten o'clock; then I heard it strike a quarter past; but afterward I fell into a deeper sleep, although I never entirely lost my consciousness. It appeared to me that Mr. Townshend was endeavoring to put me into a sound sleep; my movements seemed under his control, for I wished several times to change the position of my arms, but had not sufficient power to do it, or even really to will it; while I felt my head carried to the right or left shoulder, and backward or forward, without wishing it, and. indeed, in spite of the resistance which I endeavored to oppose: and this happened several times.

I experienced at the same time a feeling of great pleasure in giving way to the attraction which dragged me sometimes to one side, sometime to the other, then a kind of surprise on feeling my head fall into Mr Townshend's hand who appeared to me from that time to be the cause of the attraction. To his inquiry if I were well, and what I felt, I found I could not answer, but I smiled; I felt that my features expanded in spite of my resistance; I was inwardly confused at experiencing pleasure from an influence which was mysterious to me. From this moment I wished to wake, and was less at my ease; and yet on Mr. Townshend asking me whether I wished to be awakened, I made a hesitating movement with my shoulders. Mr. Townshend then repeated some frictions, which increased my sleep; yet I was always conscious of what was passing around me. He then asked me if I wished to become lucid, at the same time continuing, as I felt, the frictions from the face to the arms. I then experienced an indescribable sensation of delight, and for an instant saw before me rays of dazzling light which instantly disappeared. I was then inwardly sorrowful at this state being prolonged; it appeared to me that enough had been done with me; I wished to awake but could not. Yet when Mr. Townshend and M. Desor spoke I heard them. I also heard the clock, and the watchman cry, but I did not know what hour he cried. Mr. Townshend then presented his watch to me, and asked me if I could see the time, and if I saw him; but I could distinguish nothing; I heard the clock strike the quarter, but could not get out of my sleepy state. Mr. Townshend then awoke me with some rapid transverse movements from the middle of the face outward, which instantly caused my eyes to open, and at the same time I got up, saying to him "I thank you." It was a quarter past eleven. He then told me, and M. Desor repeated the same thing, that the only fact which had satisfied them that I was in a state of mesmeric sleep was the facility with which my head followed all the movements of his hand, although he did not touch me, and the pleasure which I appeared to feel at the moment when, after several repetitions of friction, he thus moved my head at pleasure in all directions. Agassiz.

Determination of Organic Impurities in Water.—Water, even though free from color and an appreciable odor and taste, and at the same time furnishing a proper lather with a small proportion of soap, may yet have sewage impurities sufficient to render its use extremely dangerous. The *Pharmaceutical Journal* quotes from Heisch a very simple and important test for determining the quality of drinking water, and especially as to its freedom from sewage contamination. This consists in placing a few grains of the best white lump-sugar in half a pint of the water in a perfectly clean, colorless, glass-stoppered bottle, freely exposed to daylight in the window of a warm room. If the water be perfectly free from sewage contamination, it should not become turbid, even after an exposure of a week or ten days, in which case it is almost certainly safe; otherwise not.—*Harper's Monthly.*

THE FIRST FROST.

I.

The birch hath shed her yellow leaves, the oak his crown of red,
The elm her russet robe hath doff'd, her boughs are bare and dead;
Dead to our eyes until they wear the tender green of Spring,
And bud again, when through the wood the throstle's love-notes ring.

II.

The old yew dons his Winter coat, of dark and shining green,
The holly, too, is clothed anew with bright and glossy sheen;
And on their boughs the silver rime hangs feathery crystals rare,
That glow and gleam like orient gems set in the frosty air.

III.

The hoar frost lies upon the grass, and tints the black-thorn hedge,
Its white snow tips the bending reeds and lingers on the sedge;
The robin's pipe rings from the ash, with trillings shrill and clear,
As in sweet mellow notes he chants the requiem of the year.

IV.

The earth is bound in iron bonds, her bosom hard and cold,
That bosom in whose warm depths lie, rich veins of Summer gold;
There shall her treasures rest awhile, till forth the snow-drops peep,
And like a giant all refreshed, she wakes from Winter sleep.—*Anon.*

ONEIDA CIRCULAR.

HARRIET M. WORDEN, EDITOR.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1873.

☞The *Fulton Times* (Nov 5) volunteers a wise and well-written reply to the denunciations of certain clerical bodies against the Oneida Community. Will the *Utica Herald* and other papers which have vented the denunciations, accept and copy the article from the *Times* as our answer, at least for the present? For peace' sake it is better at this early stage of proceedings that somebody should speak for us rather than that we should speak for ourselves.

We observe with surprise that the Presbyterian "Synod of Central New York," which met at Utica last week, stated in one of its official documents (published in the *Utica Herald*, Nov. 5), that it held its sessions "*within the bounds of the Oneida Community.*" What does this mean? If our bounds extend twenty-five miles all round we certainly have a big parish on our hands and must be looking after the conventicles that hold sessions in it. We knew before that we lived at the exact center of New York, but were not aware that we *were* Central New York.

JOHN STUART MILL seems to have conducted his life on the Parthian policy of shooting backward. So long as he lived he kept his reputation by concealing his views of religion; but left an autobiography and other works to be published after his death, in which he avows himself an enemy of Christianity and an unbeliever in God and immortality. The *Graphic*—usually an admirer of Mill—says of him:

"It is in this respect especially that Mr. Mill's conduct is open to severe criticism. He did not make his views on religion plain while he lived. Indeed, when charged with being an "Atheist," at the Westminster election, he indignantly denied the right of the interlocutor to know what his personal belief was. It is clear that his whole course of life was so far disingenuous—that he was not honest in the full sense of the term—and that he used his great abilities to achieve a position in the world of thought which he could hardly have obtained had his want of religious convictions been known to the reading public."

Is not this dishonesty a characteristic that prevails very extensively in the spirit of the latest scientific atheism? J. H. N.

AMERICAN SOCIALISMS.

WE did not have the honor of addressing the Evangelical Alliance, but our History did. Rev. Wm. F. Warren of the University of Boston (Methodist), in a notable discourse before that body on the "Phases of American Infidelity," dealt out the facts and ideas of our book with evident satisfaction and *eclat*. But, rather ungratefully, he not only avoided mentioning the name of the book and its author, but actually classed the Oneida Community with the infidel Associations which descended from Owen and Fourier, and gave his hearers to understand that it had failed with the rest. The main induction of the History—that irreligious Associations fail and religious Communities succeed—was of course suppressed, as it would not answer the speaker's purpose. Nevertheless the signs are many and sure that public opinion is settling into that very induction; and we do not think that Mr. Warren would have injured the cause of Evangelical religion if he had acknowledged the good results of the fear of the Lord even in so poor a specimen as the Oneida Community! Anyhow it is a satisfaction to see that History turn up, even in fragments, among the surges of thought that are rolling. Our correspondence indicates that it is still circulating and occasionally finds appreciation in unexpected quarters. A man of mark writes us to-day from Maine:

"I found in our State Library the other day your 'History of American Socialisms,' published in 1870. I was previously unaware of the existence of such a work, and was delighted with it beyond measure, as it was exactly in the direction of my own studies and researches. I heartily wish it could be widely circulated and read."

It is a comfort to think of God as hale and hearty, and feel him near. For this reason I think a minister ought to be full of grace and red-blood, and cheery as an open fire. Such a man could take the chill out of folks and bind up the hearts of women. But if I were one of your limp and wilted little preachers—cold-footed and cold-handed, and hanging over the pulpit like an old posey in a tumbler—I would get me into the country and pick apples, raise onions, do any thing, so that I might have a warm and healthy presence. I'd limit my preaching to what heat I could spare. I don't want to be a good little froggy anyhow. A. B.

AMONG OUR ARCHIVES.

VII.

THE ups and downs of 7th-of-Romans experience pursue our young convert most mercilessly. He is only twenty years of age, and has not learned, as he had reason to believe a few months later, that. though he is living in an institution where the daily occupation of the inmates is the pursuit of spirituality and Bible-knowledge, *Christ is not there*. There is something pathetic in the scenes of internal struggles depicted in his journals at this time. He accuses himself of exceeding sinfulness; yet his youth was in reality one of comparative innocence. He committed no breach of morality, and nothing but novel-reading and the fun and jollity of college boys could be brought against him. The fact, however, that he did not sooner give his heart to God is a constant reproach to him. Hear his passionate self-denunciation:

"*July* 12.—Had a miserable night. Dreamed incessantly of the cholera, and found myself in the morning in a state of body little better than might have been produced by an actual attack of that disease. My mind was gloomy at first, but soon assumed a worse position, that of forced, miserable merriment. An excessive dinner dreadfully increased my ailments of body and mind; and in the afternoon I consulted Edwards on the religious affections, and concluded from his marks of holiness, that I must yet be in the gall of bitterness; yet after all, when I again gave myself away to Christ, I could not help trusting that God would yet work in me to will and to do his good pleasure. I groan under the bondage of old habits. I am now, in my desires and propensities, just what twenty years of wickedness have made me, and my wickedness was of no ordinary dye; it was in some measure philosophical, calculating, and for that reason the more ruinous.

"*July* 13.—This was the day of the seminary fast, and I thought I could see in the social exercises of it that the petitions of our little prayer-meeting had not been forgotten. The Holy Spirit seemed to be in our midst, and there was a melting of hearts such as I have rarely seen in the seminary. My frame of mind in the morning was delightful. I walked out after my usual devotions and could see *all nature* praising God, in the manner which happened to me when first I indulged hope of pardon; and mingled with this sense of the goodness of God, was a sweet feeling of humility; a desire that he should carry out his great and glorious plans though they might interfere with *my* happiness. I endeavored to love God for what he is in himself, but found it impossible to distinguish certainly what kind of love it was of which I was conscious, and concluded to trust that matter with God; since if he has convinced me that he is indeed worthy of the highest kind of love and planted in my soul desires to fulfill my duty, he will not leave his own work unfinished. I cannot believe he has lighted up the flame which burns in my bosom, in order that it may finally mingle with the fires of hell. I have not studied the character of Jesus Christ in the manner which becomes a Christian; I intend to make that henceforth a prominent object.

"In the afternoon heard some interesting particulars respecting the religious condition of the Mediterranean, from Eli Smith, missionary to Palestine. It stirs up my soul wonderfully to see and hear those who have been engaged in the blessed enterprise of evangelizing the world. On the whole this was a good day to my soul, but my body suffered the usual consequences. I became painfully nervous in the afternoon and was obliged to restrain my thoughts.

"*July* 14.—Nervous, low spirits; barren and uninteresting day. Prayed little, and of course felt little. Read fearful accounts about the cholera in New York, and made up my mind that I could not escape if the disease came here. My nerves are in exact preparation for the reception of it. "The Lord reigneth; let the earth rejoice."

"*July* 15.—Somewhat nervous in the morning, and dared not attend meeting, it being communion day, on account of the excitement which always attends such ordinances. I had, however, some scruples of conscience about the matter, and could not but query whether I might not trust Jesus with

my nerves. Gained strength in the afternoon. Attended my Bible-class, and sweat finely under the doctrine of election which came up in the lesson. Attended meeting without difficulty, and in the evening found my mind unusually free. I could think without pain. I used my privileges as I dared. My mind was in a prayerful, tender frame. Indeed, prayer was hardly an effort, and I found a freedom of communion with the Savior which I never enjoyed before. I could hardly leave the mercy-seat.

"*July* 16.—Rode to Nahant with brother McIntire. Found my health and spirits improved by the ride. My merriment occasionally became sinfully extravagant. We enjoyed a pleasant season of prayer in the evening. We intend to reside here a week.

"*July* 17.—I lay awake several hours before day, and enjoyed a season of very pleasant and free meditation; found some comfort in my morning devotions. I spoiled my comfort for the day by eating too much. Oh, wretched man that I am! May God give me repentance. I know I have been sorry; but I suppose it was something in the way that the devils are sorry for their sins. I smarted under the lash as they do.

"*July* 18.—Enjoyed considerable freedom of mind in morning prayer; but during the day was so much engaged as almost to forget things unseen and eternal. Was enabled to lift up my heart to God once or twice during my fishing voyage, and I could not but recognize the hand of God in my comfort and success. Without any special calculation of my own, caught eighteen codfish: everything seemed to happen just as I desired.

"*July* 19.—Enjoyed much of the "creature comforts" to-day, but held little communion with God. I hope I am grateful for my blessings, but their tendency seems to be to make me forget God. I could not be contented to live so long; all that contents me now is the hope that I am gaining strength for renewed devotion. Brother McIntire, Partridge and I, had a delightful time on the rocks in the evening, singing the "Missionary Hymn." It really seemed appropriate.

"*July* 20.—Felt humble before God this morning for the sins of yesterday, and went out expecting to meet with disappointment. I did so; everything went wrong. I was mortified and angry, and closed the day in a melancholy mood.

"*July* 21.—On leaving Nahant we looked back upon our course with regret and astonishment. We had not attempted to do any good, and I wondered that we forgot to bring tracts, etc. I did not think it my duty to make any special intellectual effort; but we might have distributed tracts among the ungodly people. On the whole I am much improved in health, but not in spirit by my visit to Nahant. All I can do now is to repent of my sins and learn the lesson which experience teaches.

"*July* 23.—Found greater freedom and activity of mind than usual, and in some measure recovered my old state of feeling. I find that a worldly spirit begins to creep upon me when any such interruption as that of last week takes place, and I believe I may estimate my state of religious feeling correctly by my feelings in regard to missionary life. When I neglect prayer, the devil begins to talk of the comforts and honors of a life in this country. It must be my object now, by the assistance of God, to become entirely and practically convinced of the emptiness of this world; and the time is a good one for this purpose. The cholera has preached a tremendous sermon on this subject to our whole country, and now that the powers at Washington have refused to appoint a national fast, we may expect that the destroying angel will not stay his hand till due vengeance has been taken. If I come in contact with it I cannot expect to escape. My constitution would not resist or sustain it; so that I am called upon as with a voice of thunder to be ready. After all I cannot help thinking that God has something for me to do in the world, and if he has I know he can save me.

"*July* 24.—My health is improving, and I am able to study some; but any little excitement makes my stomach burn, and my nerves become agitated almost without cause, so that my prospect is poor in regard to usefulness in this world. What should I do if I were without a hope of salvation by Jesus? Probably I should plod on my downward course to ruin in sullen despair. I fear exceedingly for my impenitent friends in this day of darkness, because I see that the danger of death seems to have no tendency to drive men to the mercy of Christ. I am ready sometimes to burst out in spontaneous praise to God for continuing to me so much of the light of his countenance through the long dark cloud of sin which has enveloped me. I still hope in his mercy. I still believe I am a Christian, and how can I help being happy! Conversed with W. H. Tyler on the missionary subject this evening. He is going to the West to teach, and, though he now feels a great interest in the missionary cause I predict that he will become too much attached to the West ever to leave it.

"*July* 25.—I rejoiced in the blessed influences of the Holy Spirit in my morning devotions. I felt new joy in the thought that "the Lord reigneth," and that he knows all things and will assuredly do all things right. If God did not know all things I should be ruined; for he could never deliver me from the dominion of sin, since I find my wickedness perpetually assuming some new and subtle form, and I must believe there is a labyrinth of iniquity in my heart which would baffle everything short of omniscience. But, blessed be God, the blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin, and the Holy Spirit will search out and slay every sin. I am unprofitable and barren from day to day, and I would fain impute it to my ill health; but I fear the disease lies deeper than the body. I *must* try once more to combine spirituality with that cheerfulness which is necessary to health. I have been hearing some of brother Eastman's experience this evening. He says he sometimes feels as if he would prefer to sink into his grave rather than commit the least sin. He is entirely beyond my depth. He is despised even by the brethren for his recluse habits; but I wish I had more of his self-denial and spirituality."

The origin of the word religion is not certain but it is supposed to be derived from Latin words which signify to bind again. If so, from the very elements of its composition, we may infer that religion seeks to bind again that which has fallen away or broken loose; to re-bind man to God; to re-attach him to the Source of all good by a chain whose links are love, while the hand which binds it round the heart knows no touch but that of mercy.—*Old Paper.*

COMMUNITY JOURNAL.

ONEIDA.

—An ice-house, sixteen feet square, has lately been built at Joppa. Four feet were taken off from one end for a wood-shed and coal-bin.

—The sum appropriated to the reconstructing of the Arcade is exhausted, so that work there will doubtless be soon suspended.

—Our W. C. friends have no apple-crop of any value this year. We lately shipped to them a car-load of this much-prized fruit. They have had no eating-apples since May, while we have been luxuriating in juicy pomes since the first blush of the tart Astrachan.

—Master Pip, a stalwart three-year-old, after gazing intently out of the window for a long time this morning, unexpectedly asked, "Mamma, is God real good?" "Of course, child. He is always good." "But is God ever funny?" "Yes, he does funny things sometimes." "Well, does he ever *laugh?*"

—The journalist at W. C. writes that the family there is luxuriating in green corn, some having been planted late. He also says that the quinces and pears are well harvested. Excursions to the sea-shore are over for the season. Nutting expeditions are the most popular resources for amusement and recreation, though walnuts are not abundant this year.

—The Educational Committee reports that it has completed its arrangements for the winter. The young people have been organized into classes for the study of Grammar, Arithmetic, Philosophy, Algebra, English History, General History, Business Forms, Geology, and Latin. The committee expressed the hope that there would be a general enthusiasm for improvement throughout the Community. The older folks desiring to pursue some study can club together and apply to the committee for a teacher.

—Our small children (the youngest two years) now eat but two meals a day and take no lunch. Their breakfast is at eight and their dinner at three. It is astonishing to see how kindly they take to the system. Some of us hardly believed it possible, remembering the frequent lunches with which we were wont to be fortified in childhood. Much of the ease with which they adapt themselves to this method is doubtless due to their diet, which is largely composed of coarse wheat flour and fruit. They go to the table with splendid appetites and are allowed to eat all they wish, often prolonging their sitting to three-quarters of an hour. They never tease for food between meals, and will even play with the apples at the paring-bee without apparently thinking of such a thing as tasting. The little creatures are evidently happier for allowing their stomachs time for rest; they certainly are far less restless at night and rise in the morning bright-eyed and buoyant.

—Visitors sometimes say, "Why how many *old* people you have among you!" This remark has been made so many times during the last year or two that we began to think there might indeed be a preponderance of the aged among us. Feeling some curiosity about the matter, we borrowed the record-book of our statistician this morning, and running over the census taken January 1, 1873, made the following notes: Between the ages of one and twenty we have sixty-three members; between twenty and forty, ninety-eight; between forty and sixty, sixty-eight; between sixty and eighty, forty-seven; between eighty and one hundred, four. There are one hundred and sixty-one members under forty, and one hundred and nineteen above forty, leaving a majority on the sunny side of middle life. Upward of fifty of our prominent men and women who are now approaching sixty, were scarcely thirty when they put the vigor of their young life into this movement twenty-six years ago.

—Mr. W. Yorke, a lay delegate from Southern India to the Evangelical Alliance, accompanied by the Rev. H. C. Hazen, spent a few agreeable hours with us on Wednesday. Mr. Yorke has been a missionary teacher in Southern India for thirteen years. He is spending a few weeks traveling in this country previous to his return to his Indian field of labor. He says that now, as in the first days of gospel-teaching, not many wise or great receive Christianity: but to the poor and down-trodden it comes as a word of help and consolation. The haughty, high-bred Brahmins preserve intact their paganism, but the low castes have nothing to lose but something to gain, with "perse-

cution," by becoming Christians. An utter disregard of truth is one of the most notable traits in the Hindoo character. The courtly Brahmin, when he meditates doing you an injury makes the most winning proffers of friendship; you never dream of his design and can hardly believe your own senses when the deception comes to light. The laboring man and the trades-man are equally regardless of truth in their own humbler line of operations. Mr. Hepworth Dixon's book, and a stray CIRCULAR in that far off seat of ancient heathenism, first introduced the O. C. to Mr. Yorke's acquaintance.

—We had considerable amusement a few evenings since over the following letter from Kansas, which the reader preluded with the remark that it was of so abstruse a character that we should need to follow the writer with the closest attention in order to discover his meaning. Too true! We doubt if the most intense application would enable one to divine the occult meaning contained in his enigmatic language. Read what he says and see if his ideas on bu*i*sness and *bus*iness are not quite beyond the ken of ordinary intellects. The clause, "Now this in the temporal, or even spiritual I consider to be a temporality," is appalling in its sententious obliviousness of the feebleness of human understanding. But do you read:

"FRIENDS:—I received your package directed to me some few days since. Was some little surprised to know that you spelled my surname Maxham; but most people pronounce my name as though spelled that way. It may be the proper way to spell it. It is so long since I have been to school where I learnt to spell my name, I supposed correctly, that I have almost forgotten which way is the most original, or the most proper, or correct. It is not my intention to misspell my name. But as you have spelled it the way you have, will you be so kind as to tell me who it was that wrote it that way; and where they got it from—the name as there spelled, I mean. Since you appear to know so much of my former life, and appear to take so much interest in it, perhaps you can tell me why you have spelled my name Maxham so long on the newspaper you send to me, saying nothing about the way I spell it to you, viz., Moxham. But, Christian friends, this is not all of that little mystery. Is there no other way to spell my name than those previously spoken of, that you have forgotten or neglected to spell for fear of spelling?

"There may be some little discrepancies in the profits of *buisnes,es* or *buisne,s;* but not *buisness*, as I take the temporal meaning of that word. For I construe the meaning of such word to be one *business;* viz., one [*buisness*] for all. Now this in the temporal, or even the spiritual, I consider to be a temporality, therefore improper when intended for these two forms of life, as not embodying some other form of life giving rise to those spoken of. So according to this, the definition of the word as spelled *business*, means your own *buisness*, and the *buisnes* of some other or others. *Buisnes* I should think meant singular, that is excluding the *buisnes* of some other or others. But both of these terms may be changed, the first in time. The second may be made to mean the whole of one kind of *buisness*, or *buisnes,s* but not a plurality of any two kinds under one form of *busines,s*. So it is that *business*, means not only attending to your own *busines*, or *business*, but to attend to that of your neighbor or neighbors. But there is ever two ways to do this; one is the wrong and the right way. So I suppose there was a right beginning some where, to say nothing about the end at any time. I am yours Truly—Respectfully,

G. M."

P. S. Please tell me the particulars.

—The condition of the financial world outside affects us to some extent and sets us to anticipating a time when financial management shall be based on inspiration, trust in God and cash-payment. We are sick of the credit-system which has been so long in vogue and we have for years held before us the idea of attaining cash-payment. Some one proposed that we have a series of lectures on true financial management. No one else being ready, J. H. N. led off as follows:

"I am inclined to think that the great evil to be avoided by the Community and by the financial board is not the danger of failing; that is one of the least of the evils of worldly financiering, in my apprehension. The evil which most affects not only the Community, but all mankind, is *anxiety*. We get along without failing, but we do not get along without anxiety. Go to our farmers and to our women and you will find that they have considerable anxiety in regard to our financial affairs. God has helped us so that we have been able to get through the panic without failure; but if all the anxiety we have felt at such times could be gathered into one heap the amount would be appalling. I am inclined to consider whether we cannot conduct our finances, not only so that we can escape failure, but so that we can escape this torment of anxiety. I would ask the Community and the finance committee if that is not the objective point to aim at; if that is not an object that should prevail over our ambition to enlarge and expand our businesses, over our love of rich food and fine clothes, over our desire for more buildings and all projects that keep our expenses so large? Should not the desire to get rid of anxiety be foremost in our financial scheme?

"Anxiety presses right on the pit of the stomach and is very unhealthy. Mr. Pitt told a story this morning which he read in the 'Atlantic Monthly,' that illustrates this point. A negro woman down South stole something from her mistress and concealed the theft. Shortly after she fell sick. When asked what ailed her she said, drawing her hand across the pit of her stomach, 'It is a pain across me.' Medicine was of no use, and the woman grew worse until she seemed about to die. She then confessed the theft, when the oppression left her at once and she recovered her health.

"Anxiety affects us in the same place as indigestion, and is the cause of ill health. It takes the place of a feeling of happiness and buoyancy that ought to be always at the pit of the stomach. That is where we feel love. If we want the love of God or of man or of woman, we must have the pit of the stomach free from anxiety. In order to keep the pit of the stomach in a healthy, buoyant state, it is evident that we must make it the first object in our financial management to keep clear of anxiety. So far as this Community has for its object to cultivate love (and that is the primary object we have in view as I understand it), in order that it may fulfill its destiny it must be kept free from anxiety.

"Odd as this talk may sound, you will find the same ideas in the latter part of the 6th chapter of Matthew. Christ there repeatedly says, 'Take no thought' for the necessaries of life; and the Greek word translated 'take no thought,' is *merimnesete*, which means, 'Be not *anxious*,' as you can see by consulting the lexicon. And it is plain to me that he had in view substantially what I have said when he uttered those words. He put his disciples on a course of getting rid of anxiety. 'See that you keep your hearts free from the burden of care about money.' 'Take heed to yourselves lest at any time your hearts be overcharged with the cares of this life.' He did not mean that they should go poor. He said, 'Your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things.' Christ does not oppose true enterprise. He knows that we have need of capital in our business, and of all the good things of this life: but he sets himself against this everlasting anxiety. It will not satisfy me to find a system that will save us from failing; I want a system that will save us from the heart-torments of the money world. Our present system of finance is like the experience of the young men who lately went out on the lake in the boat during a storm. They did not capsize; they did not lose their lives; but they put themselves and their friends on shore in a terrible state of anxiety. If we have to lie down in the bottom of the boat and bail through the storm, I do not consider it a success, even though we do get ashore.

"I think it is due from our financiers to the old folks, the farmers, and the women and children of the Community, that they so manage our affairs as to keep the Community free from anxiety. We ought to love one another in that way and save one another from this pain in the pit of the stomach. It is natural for the young and ambitious to try to do something smart, but at the same time they put their mothers into an awful state of anxiety. And so it is apt to be with our enterprising financiers. They are tempted to go on and expand business, so that when a storm comes it is necessary for some of us to lie in the bottom of the boat and bail. That certainly is not the best way. For the sake of the love, joy, peace and comfort that are the principal elements, not only of good religious experience, but of good home life, let us take care in all things, and especially in money-matters, to run no unnecessary risks, and to make sure of that moderation and good guidance of faith that will give the heart freedom from anxiety, which is freedom to love and be happy."

CO-OPERATION IN FARMING.

DR. HEXAMER of Newcastle, N. Y., in an address at Westchester County Fair, offers a new solution of the problem vexing the minds of so many tens of thousands—"How to make farming pay." He says it is useless for farmers to continue the contest in the old single-handed way, but that co-operation will do for them what it has for merchants and manufacturers. Co-operation not only gives increased capital, but it divides labor, so that talent can be applied to the best advantage. While in manufacturing, for instance, each man has his speciality of mental or physical labor, in which he becomes in some degree an expert, the farmer has to look after all the details of crop-raising and harvesting and act as salesman and financier besides. To this fact he thinks is mainly due the failure of so many farmers. "As soon," he says, "might a row-boat try to compete with a steamer in crossing the Atlantic, or a stage-line with a railroad in carrying passengers and freight, as the farmer single-handed with the immense and powerful combination of other industries." He continues:

"In the cultivation of crops much labor and material are lost by want of co-operation. We all know that it does not cost so much to cultivate a ten-acre field of corn or potatoes as it does ten fields of one acre each. The saving in turning the teams alone is considerable. Planting-machines, seed-drills, power husking-machines, and all other labor-saving implements might be owned and used by associations, while no one of its members could afford to buy them alone. In the hay-field a combination of labor and capital would save a like amount of outlay and work. While now every farmer owns a mowing-machine which he was handling one-half the time during the haying season, an association might do with a less number of mowers, and instead procure hay-tedders, improved rakes, and loading and unloading appliances.

"Again, through many a valley runs a stream to no other purpose than to make the lowlands swampy, unhealthy and unfit for cultivation, while

the crops on the hillsides perish under the burning sun from want of water. Co-operation could furnish capital enough to raise such streams up to the hillsides and transform by irrigation the parched soil into luxuriant fields, while the swamps would be drained and made to yield abundant crops and the fever-producing miasma destroyed. Co-operation will erelong make the steam-plow perform the work of twenty teams and men, and with much less expense. Hundreds of instances whereby money and labor can be saved through co-operation could be cited, but in no one will its advantages be as apparent as in the disposal of the products. The great difficulty farmers experience in selling their crops to the best advantage and direct to the consumers will be remedied. The products of one farm are not sufficient to warrant much outlay in effecting sales; those of an association would. A number of farmers together could own a store or sales' depot at the nearest city or large village, dispose of their products direct to the consumer, and save thereby all middlemen's commissions and endless extras. The goods of such a farmer's store, if scrupulously kept up to the highest standard, would soon be bought in preference to others and would command a better price; the pure rich milk and fresh gilt-edged butter of such a co-operative dairy would not have to go begging for a market. In the purchasing of tools, seeds, groceries, and all necessary supplies, at wholesale, a similar saving would result. In co-operation every one will find his proper sphere and level, and the individual preferences of each member will be better satisfied than without it. Co-operation will undoubtedly remedy many of our grievances and cure long-standing sufferings, but it is also not without its difficulties. Distrust, egotism and selfishness are dangerous elements in all associations, and have destroyed the noblest creations of the human mind. But that industrious, frugal and honest men will erelong co-operate successfully in farming as well as they have done in industrial pursuits there is not a moment's doubt."

We question whether co-operation will accomplish for the farmer all that Dr. Hexamer anticipates, but it will certainly be a step in the right direction; the mower and reaper and steam-plow have hoplessly dimmed the prospects of individualism in agriculture; henceforth the prizes will be won by those who take most advantage of the principle of combination. W.

CORRESPONDENCE.

———, *Oct.* 27, 1873.

MY DEAR FRIENDS:—I have wished to acknowledge by some tribute my deep obligations to you for your forbearance and kindness, in sending me each week the testimonial of your remembrance, while during the long weary months I have remained a silent recipient of your favors. If you have been as much blessed as I have, then indeed you have been very, very happy. Truly, the paper you send to me so regularly is a constant reminder of my duties. The few days that intervene between them almost entirely isolate me from spiritual strength. I am absorbed in wordly cares, regardless of the presence of God and Jesus Christ until the coming of the CIRCULAR, when the spiritual current is set in motion, which continues for a few days, until the affairs of the world switch me off, almost unconsciously, on the worldly track again. The CIRCULAR is a bowlder that rolls down on it every week, and stops farther progress.

In all fairness, am I to blame for this state of things? You say yes; I should be so rooted and grounded that my outward circumstances could not switch me from one track to another. But this is something that cannot be accomplished right away. It takes time, and often very much of it; so much, in fact, that a man may find himself face to face with eternity before it is done. There is a God. Faith proclaims it. History proclaims the existence of Jesus, and our consciences testify to it; if this is so, it is our imperative duty to live in accordance with his will. If our circumstances do not enable us to do this, we should shape them so that they will. We are accountable for this negligence, and we shall be made to suffer for it.

I hope you will not become so absorbed in the acquisition of wealth as to be ruined by intestine revolution. I have come to the conclusion that those principles alone are just that are immutably and eternally the same. I regard the revolutions now going on in Spain and France and Italy, and in fact all over the world, as mere child's play, and should be laughed to scorn by every right-minded citizen. I am so indifferent to this that I have ceased to read anything concerning either party; and I sometimes wonder why any one, even you, can notice them in the papers. It makes no difference which at last triumphs. Both will ultimately fall of their own inherent weakness. True, this is the only way in which the world has moved, the way it has succeeded in putting down tyrants and oppression. I hope a new light has already dawned upon the world which will direct men to the adoption of other means than the opposition of the secular arm to the evil tendencies of human nature and for the establishment of good.

Yours truly, ——.

Pittsfield, Mass., Oct. 27, 1873.

DEAR FRIENDS:—I have read your paper with much interest for many years, and No. 20 of Oct. 1873 is very interesting indeed. The article on "Asbestus" is *real* information. I have a small piece, and we called it incombustible flax, and have had lots of fun seeing people try to burn it. I had often wondered how and where it was found. Now I know, and am very much obliged for the information.

The piece a person wrote for the same paper on flies is not correct at all, or our Pittsfield flies are another breed. They *will* come into a dark room, and badly, on a damp day, and we can't fight them off our faces; and they *will* come in where there is a draft. Just let your family get food on the table and let them get sugar and other goodies around to bake cake or pies, and then see if all flies are not alike. Every thing will be black with them, if it is as dark as pitch, or a hurricane is blowing. If you lie down for a ten-minute's nap, —ah my! there is not a word of that piece true. I do know that I keep my house in order from garret to cellar (for right here I will tell a compliment I got from the men that fix all the water-pipes in every one's cellars; they told Mr. Brown that his cellar was positively the neatest cellar in Pittsfield;) so I don't think it is dirt that drew flies here. But a sure cure we have had for the last two years, and such comfort as we enjoy none can know, only those that try the same cure; it is the only way to be *entirely* rid of the little pests. Wire netting, for doors and half windows. Mr. Brown got a tight-fitting frame, then bought the wire netting, and we are all right. Free! free! from the filthy things; my white paint all nice; and my fine paper and my gilt frames all as clean as they were four years ago when I did not dare to open a door for fear my nice furniture would be soiled. Now I keep my parlor open all of the time and have no trouble.

Your paper is very interesting, and I hope I may always be benefited by the reading as long as you feel as if you can afford to send it me. If I ever settle near you and you wish my labor, I will come and do some useful work to pay for the many year's reading I have had it free. I am striving to educate my daughter. It has cost me over $1500 already, and this is why I have to economize so strictly; not least in the expense is her dress-bill! I hate such extravagance in dress! how I long for a reform! But how or what can be done here in this the worst of all places under Heaven for dressing? I have spent much money on this daughter to get her into a school where she might be taught something beside to adorn the body! and I thank God that she has learned something better—right and truth are established in her mind. Her greatest desire she says, is to be able to teach the young to live right and do the most it is possible for them to do. Your well-wisher, R. E. P.

THE NEWS.

The incipient rebellion at Panama has been suppressed.

General Jouvellar, the new Captain-General of Cuba, arrived at Havana on Nov. 4th, and was received with military honors.

The Spanish steamer Murillo which was seized at Dover for running into and sinking the Northfleet, has been condemned and will be sold.

Joseph Arch, the English working-man's representative, arrived in Boston from Canada on November 3d, and was informally received by committees from the Trades' Unions.

The Pacific Mail steamship Ariel, was lost between Yokohama and Hakodadi, on Oct. 27th. The passengers and crew were saved. The Ariel was built in 1854, and her present value was only about $50,000.

The insurrection in Sonora, Mexico, has been suppressed and the brigands driven to the mountains. They succeeded in capturing the small town of Alamos and made a "forced loan" of $32,000 before they were scattered by the Government troops.

The steamer Virginius has been captured by a Spanish gun-boat near Jamaica. As the Virginius was in neutral waters and was in no way at the time of capture engaged in any act of hostility to the Spanish authorities, her seizure and detention may lead to some complications.

Louis Gaylord Clark, the well-known author, died suddenly on Monday, Nov. 3d, at his country residence at Piermont, on the Hudson. Mr. Clark was born at Otisco, Onondaga county, New York, in 1810. He was twin brother of Willis Gaylord Clark, the well-known writer of the entertaining prose and verse. The two brothers were educated by their father. Louis Gaylord was for twenty-five years the editor of the old *Knickerbocker Magazine*, of which he took charge in 1834 as the successor of the Rev. Timothy Flint.

For the past few weeks the Canadian Ministry, with Sir John A. Macdonald as Premier, has been on trial in regard to certain charges of corruption and bribery in connection with the Canadian Pacific Railway. The charges were to the effect that Sir John and his cabinet had received certain large sums of money, in return for which they were to award the contract for building the road, together with Government aid to certain capitalists and speculators who appear to have taken the Union Pacific Railroad Company and Credit Mobilier as their model. The charges were not very clearly proved, but Sir John and his cabinet yielded to the pressure and sent in their resignation, anticipating a vote of censure from the opposition. Alexander Mackenzie has been invited to form a new cabinet with his own name as President of the Council and first Minister.

Vice-Admiral Sir Robert McClure, the Arctic explorer and discoverer of the Northwest Passage, died recently in London at the age of 66. He made several voyages to the Arctic regions, the first in 1836 with Sir George Back. In 1848 he accompanied Sir James Ross on his voyage in search of Sir John Franklin, and in 1850, he left Plymouth in command of the "Investigator," with sixty men and three years' provisions, under orders to pass through Behring's Straits and thence if practicable to Melville Island, a feat which had never yet been done by any vessel. After spending nearly four years in the Arctic region searching for remains of the Franklin party, and slowly pushing through the almost impassable

floe, he succeeded in making the passage and returned to England via Baffin's Bay and the Atlantic Ocean. He was received by the British Government with marked distinction; was paid the reward offered of $25,000, and was subsequently knighted and made Vice-Admiral.

That the financial pressure of the past few weeks has caused but comparatively few failures, is owing in a great measure to the fact that business men generally are disposed to accommodate each other as regards time, the use of money, credit, etc. The failures which have taken place are very conspicuous, and among large firms of hitherto unsuspected credit and financial ability. Such houses as Jay Cooke & Co., Fisk & Hatch, Hoyt, Sprague & Co., and lastly the greatest manufacturing firm of New England, the A. & W. Sprague Manufacturing Company, have been compelled to suspend payment, throwing thousands of working people out of employment and causing wide-spread apprehension of a cessation of business of all kinds. The investigation as to the causes leading to the failure of these leading firms, discloses the fact that they have been doing business on insufficient capital, which has at last resulted in dragging them into a perfect financial slough of bonds and mortgages, and loans at enormous rates of interest, compromises with creditors, and an immeasurable amount of care and anxiety to all concerned. The firm of A. & W. Sprague Manufacturing Company has spread itself or its capital over "all creation and part of York State." Mills, factories and manufacturing companies by the dozen, water-privileges in Maine and South Carolina, woodland by the hundred thousand acres, horse railroads, savings banks, and steamboat lines. And now a temporary stringency of the money market cripples them at once, and down they go. As an illustration of their loose way of doing business it is claimed that in the management of the Cranston Savings Bank, which is owned by this firm, no less than a million dollars have been taken by the firm for other purposes without any security to the bank or to the depositors. The bank has failed and its affairs are in confusion. The whole property of the firm including private property, has been turned over to trustees for the benefit of the creditors, the mills to continue running as long as possible. Several large manufacturing firms, including the New York Mills, which are owned by Hon. Samuel Campbell and employ a thousand hands, have determined to run their works through the winter even at a loss to themselves in order to keep their hands employed. Some mills are running on half-time, and others on half-pay.

ARTIFICIAL BUTTER MAKING.

ON Fifty-sixth street, near Third Avenue in New York city, is the establishment of the Olio Margarine Manufacturing Company, where between one and two tons of butter are daily made from beef suet. Although the process is of recent introduction, the article produced is in fair demand and gives good satisfaction. We condense from the *Scientific American* the following account of the mode of its manufacture: The suet is first thoroughly washed in water for two hours to remove all superfluous animal matter, and is then passed through the hashing-machine which reduces it to the consistency of jelly at the rate of a thousand pounds an hour. The material is now in proper condition for the second operation, which has for its object the separation of the fluid oleine and the solid margarine and stearine from the animal tissues which enveloped them. For this purpose it is put into large steam-vats and kept at a nearly boiling temperature for two hours. "The heat causes a separation of the oleine and stearine from the animal matter, the former rising to the top, while the latter sinks to the bottom. The material is well stirred during the time the heat is continued, and when the process is completed the oil is drawn off while still hot, and then allowed to cool slowly in tanks placed below the steam-vats. About ninety per cent. of a mixture of oleine, margarine and stearine are thus obtained from a given weight of suet, the remainder being the tissue and muscular and fibrous parts of the material. The real fat being thus separated from the superfluous animal matter, the next step is the separation of the fluid oleine from the solid margarine and stearine." This is effected by dipping it into small cotton bags holding about two pounds each. A large number of these are then placed in a powerful press, the layers being separated by sheets of galvanized iron. Pressure being applied, there presently issues from the pores of the cotton a fine yellow oil which drips into the receiving-trough at the bottom of the press. The expressed oil has neither taste nor smell, and is a very pure article of oleine. The residuum left in the bags is solid stearine, used chiefly for candle-making. The oil is now mixed with one-fifth of its weight of sour milk and churned in the ordinary way. Twenty minutes are sufficient for this, the butter coming out white and rather soft. The butter is colored yellow by a little vegetable annatto, and after being salted is worked in the usual manner.

"The churning of the oil with sour milk increases its weight from the absorption of water, so that three pounds of oil will make four pounds of butter. From one hundred pounds of suet, seventy pounds of butter are produced, twenty pounds of stearine and ten pounds of scraps." The butter made in this way can be afforded much cheaper than the ordinary article. The difference between the artificial and the dairy product is slight, but in favor of the former. The chemical constituents of the cream-made article are oleine, margarine and stearine. The oleine is the largest and most important constituent and the one most familiar to our eyes. The butter derived from suet is free from caseine, thus removing the prime cause of rancidity in butter. The company expect to enlarge their works to the capacity of twelve tons per day. The butter can be transported to warm climates, and will keep, owing to the absence of the readily putrescible compounds existing in the article ordinarily made. J.

QUEEN VICTORIA is in possession of a curious needle. It was made at the celebrated factory at Redditch, and represents the column of Trajan in miniature. This well-known Roman column is adorned with scenes in sculpture immortalizing Trajan's exploits in war. On this diminutive needle scenes in the life of Queen Victoria are represented in relief, but so small and finely cut as to require a magnifying-glass to see them. The Victoria needle can moreover be opened; it contains more needles, adorned with scenes in relief.

Smudgkins got taken down wonderfully a few mornings since; but we shouldn't have known it if he hadn't told the story himself. You must understand that Smudgkins is great on his dignity, and that propriety is his hobby. He has been very careful in bringing his wife to his own proper standard. Truth and honor are dear to him. Lately, however, Smudgkins has been a little loose in a single particular. His wife objected to his joining a club, but Smudgkins assured her that he had strength of mind enough to withstand all possible evil influences. Many of his best friends belonged to the club, and it would be decidedly for his interest to join. He joined three months ago. One evening, or, rather, one night, Smudgkins came home very late from the club, where he had been entertaining some friends. On the following morning, Mrs. S. said to him, "Do you really think, Augustus, that a man and his wife are truly one, as you often say they are meant to be?" "They are one, my dear; or, at least, they should be." "And are we one, Augustus?" "Yes my dear, I think I may say that you and I are one." "Then, my dear Augustus," said the pretty wife, looking meekly up into his face, and resting her hand upon his shoulder, "I wish to express to you my deep regret, and ask your forgiveness for my imprudence last night. Pardon me this once, and I promise you that I will never get tipsy again." Smudgkins says that the shot was effectual. He doesn't believe his wife will ever have occasion to fire another like it.—*The New York Courier.*

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

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ADMISSIONS.

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

INSPIRED WORK.

Home-Talk by J. H. N.

THE great secret of justification is this; *God justifies himself and nothing else.* "There is none good but one, that is God." He knows where his own life is and the souls in whom his righteous works are, and he will follow them to the lowest depths and bring them up and justify them; he will recover them from all snares, imprisonments, temptations and besetments. When a man is taken prisoner by an evil spirit and carried into actions that are evil, his individual life is always either asleep or struggling in some secret way against the spirit that is misleading him. Now that life which is thus asleep or ineffectually struggling against evil, is God's life; and God will find it out and justify it wherever it is, and deliver it.

Salvation may be compared to the process of waking from sleep. If you have a stupid, lethargic sleep upon you, you know how hard it is to throw it off. You are semi-conscious, perhaps; you try to rouse yourself, but it is almost impossible; you feel an irresistible temptation to yield yourself to the spell. To really set your brain in motion and become wide awake, is quite a job. Salvation is something like that. You are under a magnetism, a nightmare of the devil that darkens your mind and the imaginations of your heart, so that you don't know where you are, or what you are doing. Salvation is hearing the voice of God, deep down in your spirit, calling you to awake to the knowledge of God, and the knowledge of yourself as the child of God. There is nothing short of almighty power that can wake us up and keep us awake. We are in such circumstances, for instance, as people are in who are nearly frozen to death; it is almost impossible, you know, to keep them awake. You remember that affair on the lake one winter long ago, when some of our boys got off so far skating on the ice that they almost froze to death. Mr. B—— had great difficulty to get T—— off the ice, because he wanted to lie down and sleep. It is so with the influence of the devil upon us. There is a temptation to give ourselves up to the impressions and workings of the senses, and lose all feeling of God and eternal life; and that is sleep, the sleep of spiritual death. Christ comes to us as Mr. B—— went out after T——, and gets hold of us and shakes us, and perhaps whips us to get us to wake up and escape.

The thing that we finally wake up to is the righteousness of God in us. It is said in one of the prophets, "Lord, thou wilt ordain peace for us; for *thou hast wrought all our works in us;*" and John says, "He that doeth truth cometh to the light, that his deeds may be made manifest, that *they are wrought in God.*" Deep down in that part of us where Christ comes to us, and where the ear is that hears him, the work of God is going on; and there is life working there that wants to come to the light; it is not afraid of the judgment, but covets and delights in it and is glad to come where the whole truth can be seen about it. What God works in us, he will follow and justify, and he will ordain peace for us, because he has wrought our works in us.

People make great account of free agency and think it is degrading to act under another's influence; but let us not fear any such taunt. Let us not be ashamed to have God work upon us and in us. Let us submit ourselves to the righteousness of God. Let us be willing he should criticise, and suggest, and draw us, and brood over us, till we do his will and not our own, and act upon his wisdom and not ours. Let us heartily accept the position of acting under another's influence—under God's influence—and let God work his work in us. That is a true, good, wholesome, rational position. It is a position in which we shall improve, and become sane and wise and behave well.

If we let God work in us he will make us work so wisely that we shall be thoroughly justified. Step by step it will be seen that we do the right thing, and nobody can find fault with us. In the judgment it will come to this: Anything that we have done that can be proved to have been our own work, will be condemned; but anything that can be proved to be God's work in us, will be justified. If you can look back anywhere and say, "There is a work that I did by inspiration; there God moved me and worked in me," then you may be sure that that work will have blessed results that you have not calculated or imagined. If it is a work that was truly done in the life of God, then *there* is a work that had in it the wisdom of God; and that wisdom is omniscience that sees through eternity. You can say, "*There* is a work that will entitle me to demand profits; *there* is an investment, not according to my foolishness, but according to God's wisdom, that will give me dividends eternally."

THE NUTRIMENT OF LIFE.

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

WE are brought up to depend on the food which we eat for life; and on doctors, medicine, and various outward things, for the restoration of life, when it becomes impaired by disease. This is the gross philosophy of unbelief, looking through darkened eyes, and treating the subject on brute conditions and principles. It overlooks the first grand agent of life and health, stated by Christ at the close of his forty days' fast:

"Man shall not live by bread alone, *but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God.*"

This connection between our life and the word of God, is stated over and over again by Christ, with startling emphasis, and in the various forms of his expression, is a subject of inexhaustible interest and depth. "I am the bread of life.—As the living Father hath sent me, and I live by the Father; so he that eateth me shall live by me. This is that bread which came down from heaven; not as your fathers did eat manna and are dead; he that eateth of this bread shall live for ever." etc. We need not repeat here the intense reïterations of this idea which occur in the conversation of the 6th of John, by which many of his disciples were offended; or those in his conversation with the woman of Samaria, and others. The reader who is interested, always finds profit in recurring to these passages for himself. We will only note down some impressions that we have gathered from fresh thoughts and perceptions of the subject.

1. As to the nature of the word of God which is offered as the sustainer of life, we understand by it, *inspiration*, the living will of God going forth intelligently to man. Christ so defines it in the discourse we have quoted from: "The words that I speak unto you, they are spirit and they are life." Paul again, speaks of the word of God, as "quick [*living*] and powerful, sharper than any two-edged sword," etc. Every believer knows more or less of the meaning of this description—that the word of God is not merely a sound striking the ear, or a form meeting the eye, or a law appealing to the conscience, but is a power penetrating the heart. It is that which created light at the beginning, and which raised Christ from the dead.

2. The effect of the Word of God received in our nature, is universal life. We see no reason whatever for qualifying and limiting the Scripture language in such a way as to make it mean only life to the soul, though here doubtless is its first and most important effect. Eating and drinking the living word of God, though a spiritual fact, sweeps with its consequences the whole circle of our nature, including the body as well as the soul. Such was Christ's view: "He that eateth me, even he shall live by me."—"Not as your fathers did eat manna in the wilderness and are dead: he that eateth of this bread shall live forever."—"He that believeth in me, though he were dead yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die," etc. It is a power of eternal life saving the soul, and taking effect constantly on the body—resulting sooner or later, as it did with Christ, in a perfect resurrection. Even with those who lose their bodies, it is an element that shall ultimately restore them: "Whoso eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood, hath eternal life: and I will raise him up at the last day."

This wholesale view, which includes the body as well as the soul within the scope of Christ's meaning, is according to true philosophy as well as Scripture. The theory that puts a barrier between the soul and the body, limiting the effect of spiritual life to one, and excluding it from the other, is one of the absurdities of unbelief. Life cannot be divided up in that way. Every one knows by his own consciousness that life is a unit, and that the life of his body is a part—a frontier extension—of his central existence. Hence those who have "tasted the good word of God, and the powers of the world to come," know by the deepest instinct, that the life-giving nutriment of their souls, is suitable and destined for their bodies also. Paul frequently urges this idea, as in the following passage: "If the spirit of him that raised up Jesus from the dead dwell in you, he that raised up Christ from the dead shall also quicken your mortal bodies by his spirit that dwelleth in you." Rom. 8: 11. And again, "I am crucified with Christ: nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me: and *the life which I now live in the flesh*, I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me and gave himself for me." Gal. 2: 20. He also wrote to the Philippians that he was pressing forward to a full knowledge of Christ, "if by any means he might attain unto *the resurrection of the dead*."

3. How is the spiritual Word received into our nature? The process is oftenest compared in the Scriptures to eating: by which we are pointed to the conscious fact that our spiritual center has a receptive faculty and demand, corresponding to hunger, thirst and the reception of food. The Word of God, conveying his spiritual life, is its appropriate supply; and conjunction is effected by a natural process, whether it is called faith, believing, receiving, or eating. It is the action of a wakened heart perceiving the natural object of its desire, in truth, and the Spirit of truth. We are exhorted "as new born babes, to desire the sincere milk of the word, that we may grow thereby."

4. The word of God, which is the bread of life, is always accessible to the hungry. "Give us this day our daily bread," is the authorized prayer of Christ. "Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled." "If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink. As the Scripture hath said, out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water." "Let him that is athirst, come. And whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely." The only thing wanted to receive a full and free supply, in all circumstances, is the appetite; and this God can give. Those whose heart-thirst has ever been awakened by the failure of outward objects, or otherwise, know how ready our heavenly Father is to give good things to them that ask him. And when, in these circumstances, a fresh inspiration of God's will comes to the heart, either in the form of new truth, or a work to do, we know how truly it proves life to the whole man. A draught of the word of God, is better than food or medicine—at all times it is the agent of health to body and soul.

—It is an axiom worthy of all acceptation, that *We never tire in the service of God;* and if we find ourselves burdened and cannot go about our work in a good genial spirit and make sport of it, it is time to inquire if we are not taking upon ourselves something that God does not want us to do.

EXPERIMENTS ON THE BRAIN.

WE present below the most important part of Professor Ferrier's report to the British Association, which we anticipated in an editorial of Oct. 27. Its bearing on Phrenology is at least so much as this: It explodes the general doctrine opposed to Phrenology which Professor Ferrier says has hitherto been held by the scientific world, viz., "that the brain subserves mental operations only as a whole, and that there are no parts specially devoted to any particular function." "Localization of the functions of the brain" is the title of the Report, and must be considered hereafter the established doctrine. And it strikes us that in consideration of the obvious direction which the new researches are taking, it would be wise as well as charitable for Dr. Carpenter and his associate savans to show a little less jealousy and contempt toward the labors of Gall and Spurzheim than is exhibited in the discussion at the conclusion of the Report. Professor Ferrier says:

"I operated on nearly a hundred animals of all classes—fish, frogs, fowls, pigeons, rats, guinea pigs, rabbits, cats, dogs, jackals and monkeys. The plan was to remove the skull, and keep the animal in a state of comparative insensibility by chloroform. So little was the operation felt that I have known a monkey, with one side of the skull removed, awake out of the state induced by chloroform and proceed to catch fleas or eat bread-and-butter. When the animal was exhausted I sometimes gave it a little refreshment, which it took in the midst of the experiments.

"First, as to the experiments on cats, I found that on applying the electrode to a portion of the superior external convolution the animal lifted its shoulder and paw (on the opposite side to that stimulated) as if about to walk forward; stimulating other parts of the same convolution, it brought the paw suddenly back, or put out its foot as if to grasp something, or brought forward its hind leg as if about to walk, or held back its head as if astonished, or turned it on one side as if looking at something, according to the particular part stimulated. The actions produced by stimulating the various parts of the middle external convolution were a drawing up of the side of the face, a backward movement of the whiskers, a turning of the head, and a contraction of the pupil respectively. A similar treatment of the lower external convolution produced certain movements of the angles of the mouth; the animal opened its mouth widely, moved its tongue, and uttered loud cries, or mewed in a lively way, sometimes starting up and lashing its tail as if in a furious rage. The stimulation of one part of this convolution caused the animal to screw up its nostrils on the same side; and, curiously enough, it is that part which gives off a nerve to the nostril of the same side.

"Results much of the same character were produced by the stimulation of the corresponding or homologous parts of the rat, the rabbit, and the monkey. Acting on the anterior part of the ascending frontal convolution the monkey was made to put forward its hand as if about to grasp. Stimulation of other portions acted on the biceps, and produced a flexing of the fore-arm, or on the zygomatic muscles. The part that appeared to be connected with the opening of the mouth and the movement of the tongue was homologous with the part affected in man in cases of aphasia. Stimulation of the middle temporo-sphenoidal convolution produced no results; but the lower temporo-sphenoidal, when acted upon caused the monkey to shut its nostrils. No result was obtained in connection with the occipital lobes.

"These experiments have an important bearing on the diagnosis in certain kinds of cerebral disease, and the exact localization of the parts affected. I was able to produce epileptic convulsions of all kinds in the animals experimented on, as well as phenomena resembling those of chorea or St. Vitus's dance. The experiments are also important anatomically, as indicating points of great significance in reference to the homology of the brain in lower animals and in man, and likewise served to explain some curious forms of expression common to man and the lower animals. The common tendency, when any strong exertion is made with the right hand, to retract the angle of the mouth and open the

mouth on the same side, had been stated by Oken, in his *Natur-geschichte*, to be due to the homology between the upper limbs and the upper jaw; the true explanation being that the movements of the fist and of the mouth are in such close relation to each other that when one is made to act powerfully the impression diffuses itself to the neighboring part of the brain and the two act together.

"The experiments have likewise a physiological significance. There is reason to believe that when the different parts of the brain are stimulated, ideas are excited in the animals experimented upon, but it is difficult to say what the ideas are. There is, no doubt, a close relation between certain muscular movements and certain ideas which may prove capable of explanation. This is supported by the phenomena of epileptic insanity. The most important guide on the psychological aspect of the question is the disease known as aphasia. The part of the brain which is the seat of the memory of words is that which governs the movements of the mouth and the tongue. In aphasia the disease is generally on the left side of the brain, in the posterior part of the inferior frontal convolution, and it is generally associated with paralysis of the right hand, and the reason might be supposed to be that the part of the brain affected is nearly related to the part governing the movements of the right hand.

"It is essential to remember that the movements of the mouth are governed bi-laterally from each hemisphere. The brain is symmetrical, and I hold it to be a mistake to suppose that the faculty of speech is localized on the left side of the brain. The reason why an individual loses his speech when the left side of the brain is diseased is simply this. Most persons are right-handed, and therefore left-brained, the left side of the brain governing the right side of the body. Men naturally seize a thing with the right hand, they naturally therefore use rather the left side of the brain than the right, and when there is disease, there, the individual feels like one who has suddenly lost the use of his right arm.

"I may, finally. briefly allude to the results of stimulating the different ganglia. Stimulation of the corpora striata causes the limbs to be flexed; the optic thalami produces no result: the corpora quadrigemina produce, when the anterior tubercles are acted upon, an intense dilatation of the pupil, and a tendency to draw back the head and extend the limbs as in opisthonos; while the stimulation of the posterior tubercles leads to the production of all kinds of noises. By stimulating the cerebellum various movements of the eye-balls are produced.

"In the discussion which ensued Dr. Geo. Harley alluded to the effect of mental emotion on the bodily functions, and the possibility of producing disease by simply acting on the nervous system. Referring to phrenology, he said it was one thing to localize functions in the interior of the brain, and quite another to specify functions by manipulating the external cranium; and he quoted a saying of Flourens with reference to phrenology: 'The men who practice it are charlatans and the men who believe it are fools.'

"Dr. Carpenter remarked that the great work of the brain is done in the cortical substance, and in Dr. Ferrier's experiments the first effect of the stimulus is upon that particular substance, producing an intensification of the circulation through it; being in that respect different from the ordinary stimulation of a nerve which acts on the fibrous substance of the medullary matter of the brain. He had long since expressed his disbelief in phrenology, which maintained that the animal functions were placed at the back of the head, and the intellectual at the front. Dr. Ferrier's experiments tended to show that the real seat of the intellectual functions was in the posterior part of the brain.

Dr. Brunton, however, alluded to the faculty of will and of self-restraint as distinguishing man from the lower animals, and said that this was probably situated in the *anterior* part of the brain. It was noticeable that criminals, who were deficient in that faculty, possessed only a small portion of brain in front of the head.

Prof. Burdon Sanderson said that the stimulus in Dr. Ferrier's experiments was, contrary to Dr. Carpenter's supposition, exactly like the ordinary excitation of a nerve, and that the effect was produced in an extremely short space of time."

DORA.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

With farmer Allan at the farm abode
William and Dora. William was his son,
And she his niece. He often looked at them,
And often thought, "I'll make them man and wife."
Now Dora felt her uncle's will in all,
And yearned toward William; but the youth, because
He had been always with her in the house,
Thought not of Dora.
Then there came a day
When Allan called his son, and said, "My son:
I married late, but I would wish to see
My grandchild on my knees before I die;
And I have set my heart upon a match.
Now look therefore to Dora; she is well
To look to; thrifty too beyond her age.
She is my brother's daughter; he and I
Had once hard words, and parted, and he died
In foreign lands; but for his sake I bred
His daughter Dora; take her for your wife;
For I have wished this marriage, night and day,
For many years." But William answered short:
"I cannot marry Dora; by my life,
I will not marry Dora." Then the old man
Was wroth, and doubled up his hands, and said:
"You will not, boy! you dare to answer thus!
But in my time a father's word was law,
And so it shall be now for me. Look to 't;
Consider, William: take a month to think,
And let me have an answer to my wish;
Or, by the Lord that made me, you shall pack,
And never more darken my doors again!"
But William answered madly; bit his lips,
And broke away. The more he looked at her
The less he liked her; and his ways were harsh;
But Dora bore them meekly. Then before
The month was out he left his father's house,
And hired himself to work within the fields;
And half in love, half spite, he wooed and wed
A laborer's daughter, Mary Morrison.

Then, when the bells were ringing, Allan called
His niece and said: "My girl, I love you well;
But if you speak with him that was my son,
Or change a word with her he calls his wife,
My home is none of yours. My will is law."
And Dora promised, being meek. She thought,
"It cannot be; my uncle's mind will change!"

And days went on, and there was born a boy
To William; and then distresses came on him;
And day by day he passed his father's gate,
Heart-broken, and his father helped him not.
But Dora stored what little she could save,
And sent it them by stealth, nor did they know
Who sent it; till at last a fever seized
On William, and in harvest time he died.
Then Dora went to Mary. Mary sat
And looked with tears upon her boy, and thought
Hard things of Dora. Dora came and said:
"I have obeyed my uncle until now,
And I have sinned, for it was all through me
This evil came on William at the first.
But, Mary, for the sake of him that's gone,
And for your sake, the woman that he chose,
And for this orphan, I am come to you.
You know there has not been for these five years
So full a harvest; let me take the boy,
And I will set him in my uncle's eye
Among the wheat; that when his heart is glad
Of the full harvest, he may see the boy,
And bless him for the sake of him that's gone."

And Dora took the child, and went her way
Across the wheat, and sat upon a mound
That was unsown, where many poppies grew.
Far off the farmer came into the field
And spied her not; for none of all his men
Dare tell him Dora waited with the child;
And Dora would have risen and gone to him,
But her heart failed her; and the reapers reaped,
And the sun fell, and all the land was dark.
But when the morrow came, she rose and took
The child once more, and sat upon the mound;
And made a little wreath of all the flowers
That grew about, and tied it round his hat
To make him pleasing in her uncle's eye.
Then when the farmer passed into the field
He spied her, and left his men at work,
And came and said, "Where were you yesterday?
Whose child is that? What are you doing here?"
So Dora cast her eyes upon the ground,
And answered softly, "This is William's child!"
"And did I not," said Allan, "did I not
Forbid you, Dora?" Dora said again:
"Do with me as you will, but take the child
And bless him for the sake of him that's gone!"
And Allan said, "I see it is a trick
Got up betwixt you and the woman there.
I must be taught my duty, and by you!
You knew my word was law, and yet you dared
To slight it. Well—for I will take the boy;
But go you hence, and never see me more."
So saying, he took the boy, that cried aloud
And struggled hard. The wreath of flowers fell
At Dora's feet. She bowed upon her hands,
And the boy's cry came to her from the field,
More and more distant. She bowed down her head,
Remembering the day when first she came,
And all the things that had been. She bowed down
And wept in secret; and the reapers reaped,
And the sun fell, and all the land was dark.
Then Dora went to Mary's house, and stood
Upon the threshold. Mary saw the boy
Was not with Dora. She broke out in praise
To God, that helped her in her widowhood.
And Dora said, "My uncle took the boy;
But, Mary, let me live and work with you;
He says that he will never see me more."
Then answered Mary, "This shall never be,
That thou shouldst take my trouble on thyself;
And, now I think, he shall not have the boy,
For he will teach him harshness, and to slight
His mother; therefore thou and I will go,
And I will have my boy, and bring him home;
And I will beg of him to take thee back;
But if he will not take thee back again,
Then thou and I will live within one house,
And work for William's child until he grows
Of age to help us."
So the women kissed
Each other, and set out and reached the farm.
The door was off the latch; they peeped and saw
The boy set up betwixt his grandsire's knees,
Who thrust him in the hollows of his arm,
And clapt him on the hands and on the cheeks,
Like one that loved him; and the lad stretched out
And babbled for the golden seal, that hung
From Allan's watch and sparkled by the fire.
Then they came in; but when the boy beheld
His mother, he cried out to come to her:
And Allan sat him down, and Mary said:
"O father!—if you will let me call you so
I never came a-begging for myself,
Or William, or this child; but now I come
For Dora: take her back; she loves you well.
O, sir, when William died, he died at peace
With all men; for I asked him, and he said,
He could not ever rue his marrying me.—
I had been a patient wife: but, sir, he said
That he was wrong to cross his father thus;
'God bless him!' he said, 'and may he never know
The troubles I have gone through!' Then he turned
His face and passed—unhappy that I am!
But now, sir, let me have my boy, for you
Will make him hard, and he will learn to slight
His father's memory; and take Dora back,
And let all this be as it was before."
So Mary said, and Dora hid her face
By Mary. There was silence in the room;
And all at once the old man burst in sobs:—
"I have been to blame—to blame! I have killed
my son!
I have killed him—but I loved him—my dear son!
May God forgive me!—I have been to blame.
Kiss me, my children!"
Then they clung about
The old man's neck, and kissed him many times.
And all the man was broken with remorse;
And all his love came back a hundredfold;
And for three hours he sobbed o'er William's child,
Thinking of William.
So those four abode
Within one house together; and as years
Went forward, Mary took another mate;
But Dora lived unmarried till her death.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

THE CIRCULAR will always be sent to all who wish to receive it—as gladly to those who are unable to pay its nominal price as to those who in some degree voluntarily share with us the burden of its publication; but we earnestly desire that it should not go to any person who does not care to read it: and as it is probable that some have sent for it during the year from simple curiosity, or on the recommendation of friends, or for other reasons, who do not choose to longer receive it, we hereby give notice, as is our annual custom, that the CIRCULAR *will be sent after January 1st only to those who shall previously renew their subscriptions.* Those who have prepaid for a term beyond January 1st, as well as those who have quite recently applied for the paper, are of course excepted from this notification. This rule makes it necessary for many old subscribers and well-tried friends to write to us—even those to whom we might safely send the CIRCULAR, with the assurance that it would be appreciated.

Our readers may rest assured that we are hearty in offering the CIRCULAR *freely*, as heretofore, and that the discrimination used in this notice is only such as seems to be necessary to protect us from needless expense.

ONEIDA CIRCULAR.

HARRIET M. WORDEN, EDITOR.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1873.

WHAT THE PAPERS SAY ABOUT US.

THE Oneida Community has been a subject of discussion in the public prints for the last quarter of a century. At times the debate dies away, and then it starts up again. Just before the late disturbance in money matters there began to be signs of a public panic about the O. C., and at the present time the old discussion is quite lively. It is not all on one side, however. Indeed we have been happily surprised from time to time by the reasonable and generous treatment accorded to us by the newspapers of Central New York, whose editors must be supposed to be best acquainted with us. We may as well repeat for our readers some things that they say. Here are two specimens of late date:

From the Utica Daily Observer.

The Oneida Community numbers about two hundred and fifty men, women and children, who constitute not only a Community, but a religious sect, calling themselves "Perfectionists" or "Bible Communists," receiving all the Bible as inspired, and basing their faith and practice upon their interpretation of it, and the inspiration or "spiritual insight" they claim for themselves. They have been located on their present domain since 1847—twenty-six years. Their property consists of 664 acres of choice land, with three excellent water-powers and a manufacturing interest valued at $200,000. Upon this property are located not only their model factories, but the elegant buildings in which they reside. They live as one family, work as one family, and act as one family; attend to their own business, practicing the cardinal virtues of industry and integrity, and receiving therefor the rewards of prosperity, while experimenting in their ideas of a higher life.

The Community is in no sense a "nuisance." On the contrary, it is a positive blessing to the locality where it is placed. No finer example of quiet industry and inflexible honesty can be found. Its products are the best of their class, are just what they are represented to be, and command the best prices wherever they are offered. Its dealings are open, straightforward and honorable, always and under all circumstances. It furnishes lucrative employment not only to its own members, but to large numbers of its neighbors. It manufactures articles of iron, silk and lumber, carries on extensive farming operations, and sends to market vast quantities of fruits. Its cash business cannot fall far short of a million dollars yearly. Its members use neither tobacco nor strong drink, are models of good order, tenderly care for each other, and treat the world outside with uniform courtesy and respect.

Such a body is certainly not a "nuisance," nor is it quite so clear that the "virtuous classes" should agree to "abate" it. It would be well to reflect whether an organized body of two hundred and fifty persons, using neither tobacco nor whisky, cheating no one, injuring no one, quarreling with no one, religious, prosperous, happy, at peace with the world and harmonious among themselves, is a thing that should be "abated" by anybody, or anywhere. Are such bodies common among the Presbyterians, or the Methodists, or the Universalists, or any other denomination? Are they frequent outside of the denominations? If not, ought we to hasten to "abate" a body of people whose success in cultivating the great practical virtues of life is undisputed? Are honesty, integrity, sobriety and honor such common and worthless plants that we must trample them under foot?

But it is said that the views of the Community in regard to marriage are shocking to our sense of propriety. Grant it; so were those of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. We neither apologize for nor defend their views in this respect. Whatever these views are, they form leading planks in the religious platform on which the Community stands. As religious views, these people are clearly entitled to maintain them, by the spirit if not the letter of our laws; especially when these views can hurt no one but themselves. Immorality and vice of every kind, as well as all "free love" notions as commonly received, are as strongly condemned by the Communists as by any others; in fact, it is a chief point of their faith that their marriage system forms the only relief from the tremendous evils of this character which have forever affected society.

The Community invites no new members, nor has it for many years, as its number is filled up to the point which is deemed wise. It has no room for more and desires no more. It is not, therefore, a proselyting body. It regards itself as experimental, and engaged in simply testing the correctness of its views as to a better life, for the benefit of all mankind, as well as its own.

In view of all of these facts, may we not suggest to other and stronger religious bodies the advice of Gamaliel on a similar occasion:

"Refrain from these men, and let them alone; for if this counsel or this work be of men, it will come to nought; but if it be of God, ye cannot overthrow it."

Certainly, if the views of the Community are visionary, they will sooner or later come to nought, if left alone, and the failure will furnish another example to mankind of the folly of entertaining their exalted hopes; while the persecution of such a body of men will as certainly create them friends and multiply followers, spread abroad more widely the peculiarities of the sect, and make its delusions more popular.

From the Fulton Times.

Let us premise that our facilities for obtaining information have not been peculiar above those of the thousands who visit the Community's premises every year.

The Community is, first of all, a voluntary association of practical religionists. The sermons of Christ and the epistles of Paul constitute the basis of their faith, and the example of the Savior while on earth is their rule of action. Their theories are not so strangely unlike the theories of most orthodox sects that they need excite apprehension; but they present a strong contrast to most other religious sects in that they exemplify their theories in every day practice. They preach charity, kindness, forbearance in their daily demeanor; they illustrate by their dealings with men their faith in the saving power of the golden rule. They abstain from hypocrisy, dishonesty, lying, profanity, and all manner of what they conceive to be immorality, not simply on one day of the week but on the whole seven. They "love one another," as they are commanded, not merely in theory, which is belied by practice, but in fact.

They are cleanly, frugal, industrious, temperate and unobtrusive in their habits, and hence thrifty in their business. Their immense trade in traps, silks and preserved fruits—and to some extent, we believe, in blooded cattle and sheep—is the result of a wide-spread popular conviction that they are rigidly and conscientiously honest and reliable.

They do not seek to make proselytes. Their publications and peculiar sentiments are never "pushed," but are supplied only to those that apply for them.

Their business managers are men and women who have demonstrated their fitness for and title to their positions by actual experiment.

They believe that the world would be better if mankind were better; hence they make the improvement of mankind a subject of careful and intelligent study.

Their government is that of free criticism, substantially the same as obtains in all associated bodies whether organized or unorganized. The member whose conduct varies so much from that of the body that it becomes obnoxious to the body, is compelled, simply by the force of popular sentiment, to conform or retire.

Whatever may be their rules or methods governing the intercourse of the sexes, their women are absolutely free from the tyranny to which wives are too frequently subject, even in the most respectable companionship—the tyranny of involuntary maternity and of inopportune and offensive sexual association. It need scarcely to be argued, even to the best of mothers and the most devoted of wives, how dear this freedom must be.

They have illustrated the benefits and profits of co-operative industry, and the possibility of harmony and thrift under intelligent management.

Be it understood that in saying thus much we do not intend to indorse nor condemn the peculiar customs or creeds of the Community; and it is not impossible that they would be quite as undecided about accepting or rejecting our notions and creeds. * * * * We keep in mind that the acceptance of rules of action different from our own is not a crime, and not necessarily an offense to the charitably disposed Christian person; and moreover it is by no means as unpopular as it used to be. Unquestionably in the light of the present day, the most that any one sect has a right to demand of another—or of an individual—is, honesty to conviction and faithfulness to honestly conceived and entertained ideas of duty.

WHAT WE SAY FOR OURSELVES.

IN the late denunciations against us, our general morality and good behavior are admitted; no charge of trespass on society around us, sexual or otherwise, is pretended; the only averment is that the intercourse of the sexes, within our own circle, is unrestricted—subject to no regulation whatever.

With this charge we take issue, and reply:

It is not true. It is not near the truth. It is the reverse of truth.

The facts that sustain this reply are well known to all who have read our publications, and indeed to all who have in any way the slightest acquaintance with our principles and practices.

To those who have no such acquaintance we offer the following advice:

Do not believe this great falsehood. It is the inconsiderate assertion of prejudiced and ignorant men, who cannot really believe it themselves; for they know that human society cannot exist without some regulation of sexual passion.

Take pains to ascertain the truth for yourselves. When you do, you will find that the intercourse of the sexes in the Oneida Community is under more stringent regulation than it is in general society.

We aver, (1,) that the intercourse of the sexes in the Oneida Community is open to the criticism and controlled by the good sense of the entire body, instead of being left, as it is in marriage, to the mercy of each man's passions dealing with woman in single-handed and irresponsible privacy; (2,) that the intercourse of the sexes in the Oneida Community is, next to religion, the great subject of scientific and conscientious study, instead of being left, as it usually is, to the sensual drift of fashion and ignorance; (3,) that the intercourse of the sexes in the Oneida Community is restricted by the voice and heart of all to entire abstinence from the propagative act, except when propagation is agreed upon by the parties with the approbation of the Community; (4,) that the practical result of these regulations, and others similar, is a state of society approaching much nearer to the self-denial of the Shakers than to the imaginary anarchy with which we are charged.

At a regular meeting of the Community the foregoing expression was accepted by unanimous vote and ordered to be published.

(A true copy), W. A. HINDS, *Chairman.*

PLAIN TALKS UPON PRACTICAL RELIGION: *Being Plain Answers to Earnest Inquirers.* By Geo. Albert Lomas, Shakers, N. Y. Price 10 cents.

We received some weeks since a copy of the above pamphlet from the author, with a polite request to notice it in the CIRCULAR. We should hardly feel free to ask the *Shaker and Shakeress* to notice one of our pamphlets, "Male Continence," or "Scientific Propagation," for instance; but that does not matter. The only question with us is as to the character of the notice we should give. We cannot commend the pamphlet as entertaining, though superior in this respect to most Shaker publications, and written by one whom we know to be far from dull himself. We cannot commend its subject matter as a whole, for some of the big errors of the Shaker system show themselves here and there. So the best we can do is to say that it is a neat, well-printed pamphlet of twenty-four pages, filled with short articles answering the following questions: "What is the World?" "What means Evading the Cross?" "What is Eternal Life?" "What Means 'I am the Resurrection?'" "Does Christianity admit of Private Property?" "Why do Individuals make Excuses from being Christians?" "Are you not failing to keep the Command, 'Go forth and Multiply?'" "Do the Shakers Worship Ann Lee?" "Are the Shakers Spiritualists?" "Do those once Married enjoy their Change to a Shaker Life?" "Can we Live the Shaker-Life Here?" "What is your Form of Worship?" Does your Hand-Labor Aid the Subjection of the Spirit to Christ?" "What shall I do to be a Shaker?" W.

Because my neighbor sees and hears and feels something I do not, that is no excuse for my disbelieving he feels and hears and sees what he says he does. My neighbor hasn't a "musical ear." He can't whistle "O dear, what can the matter be?" without mixing it all up with "Oft in the stilly night," or "Jordan is a hard road to trabble," for instance, to save his life. No more can he tell whether the orchestra is playing the "Overture to the Poet and Peasant," or a set of waltzes by Labitzky. For that reason I am not going to sit coolly by and hear him argue that those who say there is any difference of sound between *A* and *E* of the diatonic scale, have sick imaginations. No indeed! He had better be more modest. Let him be quiet, and admit that there may be more in the world than he has yet dreamed of in his philosophy. Because my Aunt Hetty is hard of hearing, is that any sign that there is no difference between the words, *Squash* and *Lycurgus?* *

COMMUNITY JOURNAL.

ONEIDA.

—The day of buckwheat pancakes has come.

—The juveniles are in high glee over the advent of winter, and sliding down hill is all the rage, though there is scarcely snow enough to cover the ground.

—The silk-department has bought twenty bushels of winter apples for manufacturing purposes; it has been discovered that by judicious application they make the silk run better.

—Our thanks to our friend, Mr. Hiram Close, of Galveston, Texas, for one hundred pounds of fine pecan nuts which arrived on Wednesday. It is many years now since Mr. Close first favored us with this much appreciated gift which he has repeated almost annually.

—Mr. Newhouse lately built a row-boat for Joppa. Two of our men launched it last week in the feeder at Oneida, and proceeded thence to the canal, then into Oneida Creek, and thus onward to the Lake. No adventures enlivened the voyage, which must have been sufficiently cool for comfort.

—It is at length definitely settled that if parts of the scalp are cleared of hair by machinery, new hair will again appear. The latest investigation of the subject was carried on by a young lady of tender years in the silk-room about two weeks since. In a moment of inadvertence she thrust a large curl among some gear-wheels. The new hair has taken a good start.

—One of the young ladies who attends the class in Dana's Geology was seen conning her lesson the other day with Webster's Unabridged at her right hand, and a Physical Geography and an atlas at her left. Some one suggested that she cap her head with the family Bible, make a cushion of Appleton's Cyclopædia, and use the latest Patent-Office Report for a footstool.

—"Where is Mr. Ellis?" is an inquiry often heard. Mr. Ellis is our house-carpenter, jobbing cabinet-maker, our handy man at all kinds of furniture-mending. Does your rocking-chair need glueing, your bedstead need fixing? Is your chair too high, your table too low? Do you want more hooks in the closet, a shelf in the corner of your room? Ask Mr. Ellis, or put a note in his post-office box, and your wishes will be attended to. Mr. Ellis is a painstaking Englishman, ever genial and desirous of pleasing, and does a great deal in an unobtrusive, cheerful way to add to the comforts of our home.

—The dye-house sewer empties into the creek, about a quarter of a mile above the bridge between O. C. and the Villa. On some days the stream is colored for a long distance by the various dyes which pass into it. The stones on the bottom have taken artificial hues which remain unchanged, though the water runs clear for a week or more. A party of early walkers, on a constitutional to the bridge this morning before breakfast, saw a curious phenomenon. The chemical mixture for sudsing the silk, combined with a few light snow-flakes, was floating on the surface of the water in foamy circles of all diameters from three to twelve inches. The circumference seemed to be frozen, while the center looked like frothed milk. One of the girls thought these creamy discs resembled water-lilies; but Mr. L., one of our jesters, called them "chemical pancakes!"

—The last funny story about us came in the letter of a correspondent from New York: "I don't know whether any of your members happened to be present when Mrs. Augusta Cooper Bristol spoke at the 'Woman's Congress' in this city recently. In her address upon 'Enlightened Motherhood' she referred to the O. C., and spoke of their system as representing to the child all the security of the indissoluble home and marriage, with the advantage of freedom to the mothers. At the close of her address one of the ladies on the platform told her she regretted infinitely her allusion to the O. C. as it would be understood as indorsement, and it was very well known that their system was a failure as regarded children, for no child in the O. C. was ever known to *smile!* What do you think of that?" If the speaker had said that no child in the O. C. was ever known to *cry*, we think she would n't have hit so wide of the truth. A lady now visiting us, who has been here for a week, said this morning that she thought all our children together cried less than those of many small families she had known, and as for their laughing they were the jolliest little creatures she ever saw. One reason why our children cry so little is because, from the earliest dawn of intelligence, they are taught self-control. A late writer, commenting on the O. C. says: "The careful training which is the chief characteristic of the system advocated by the Community may, or may not, be the truest principle for these little ones; but the most careless observer of childhood sees that it is, at best, an irrepressible state, and feels that he would not have that irrepressibleness subdued if he could." We consider this a most pernicious doctrine, for we know by experience and observation that the children that are most obedient, and earliest learn to exercise self-control, are far the happiest.

"ON TIME."

Eliza Burt's Story.

—"Do you want to hear about a queer affair that brother Abram and I got into this morning?"

"Oh! yes! do tell us all about it."

"Well, you must know that Mother Burt has or or did have an aunt, ninety years old or thereabouts, living somewhere near Vernon Center, and with her usual tenderness for all of her relations, she had told us before she last went to Wallingford, that it was her wish that we should visit this venerable lady. I had frequently reminded Abram of our duty in this respect, but he had put off going from day to day for several weeks. This morning, however, being very pleasant, he took a sudden fancy to go. We dressed ourselves decently for the occasion, and were soon on the road. Reaching Vernon Center a little before eleven o'clock, we inquired for the house of our relative. Neither of us had ever been there, nor had we ever seen the old lady. The man we asked told us to follow some carriages that he pointed out, as they were going he said to that very house to attend a funeral appointed for eleven o'clock. We followed on, and arriving with the party, found ourselves just in season for the solemn services. But what were our emotions on learning that the deceased was our dear mother's aunt, whom we had come to visit! There she lay in the coffin pale and still; there was a house full of people come to bury her; there was the minister ready with his sermon; and there were we just in season to take our places among the mourners, who, by the way were very few and needed reïnforcement. We introduced ourselves as well as we could to the household, consisting of four persons all told, the principal of whom was the surviving male consort, ninety-two years old, and a middle-aged daughter of the deceased by a previous husband (the late pair having married at the mature ages of seventy and seventy-two respectively). This lady, our mother's cousin, rejoiced over us profusely, exclaiming again and again, "How glad I am that you have come! The Lord surely sent you!" etc. Meanwhile the old gentleman, bereaved of his companion, was weeping as though his heart would break. We performed our duty as mourners with all the propriety we could command. We thought how our mother would have appreciated the situation, and for her sake we did our best. We had no crape, but our clothes were dark-colored, all except Abram's drab hat; and fortunately by some strange premonitory instinct he had put a black cap in his coat pocket, which was now brought to bear. To tell the truth, I felt sometimes an inclination to laugh as well as cry, when I thought of the strange change of our programme from a visit to a funeral. After the sermon, which was an hour long, and the singing, in which Abram joined with good effect, we, with the rest, viewed the face of the corpse with due solemnity and tears, thinking how odd it was that we should see our dear kinswoman for the first time and also for the last. Then we took our place in the funeral-procession next after the chief mourners, and accompanied the corpse to the grave a mile distant. When all the solemnities were finished we exchanged some kindly words of parting with our new-found relations, and set our faces toward home, pondering on our way whether it were Providence or chance or Abram's clairvoyance that

brought us to that funeral so exactly "on time."

—Did you ever ride on an "accommodation train," that is, a freight train with a passenger coach attached? If not, then listen to a late experience of ours and beware! We were at Joppa, and wanted to go to O. C. by the first train. The "accommodation" seemed the only available one but we were uncertain as to when it was due. We consulted the only time-table in the place in vain—it was quite out of date. Mr. P. was confident that the time was 11.20. Relying upon this we set out for the station, supposing we should have ample time, and so we did as it proved, though not in the way we anticipated. While yet at some distance from the station we were surprised to hear the rattle and rush of an in-coming train. "Can that be our train? it certainly is not 11.20 yet." We soon saw the train gliding into the station. It *was* the accommodation, and though we were somewhat encumbered with baggage, we were fain to run for it. We were aboard in short order and found by the prolonged stop that our run had been quite unnecessary. Starting at length, the train jogged on at a rate certainly conducive to a sense of safety. The only fear we heard expressed was that we might be run into from behind. Under other circumstances our moderate speed might have been favorable for viewing the country, but here the scenery was decidedly uninteresting, and lacked the charm of novelty. The passengers seemed to accept the situation good humoredly, indulging in some pleasant raillery. One man would get off at every station, "to prevent their stopping there until tomorrow," he observed. At last we drew into O——. Here there was a change of passengers, and the car filled up. Now commenced a series of operations that we suppose were necessary, and "all right," but the significance of which was to us somewhat of a puzzle. First there was a switching onto a side-track, when the train was broken up, and a great puffing engine backed up behind us, and amid the ringing of bells, and toot-toots, from the engines, we commenced a "forward and back" movement. After a series of these evolutions, we came to a full stop, and there remained. Time wore on, passengers chatted, joked at the expense of the train, and waited. Some more uneasy than the rest, would go out, and endeavor to find out the time of starting, but soon returned no wiser than before. At last the bell sounded, and after a stop of three quarters of an hour, we moved on. There was no more delay, and in a few minutes we were landed at O. C. station. Distance traveled, twelve miles. Time, two hours. Just six miles an hour! Are we relapsing to the stage-coach? But we bear no ill-will against "the accommodation." If it moves with deliberation and makes interminable stops at stations, it is certainly very safe, (barring the one possibility previously alluded to) and as the longer it waits, the more accommodating, we suppose it really is, why it may be as "broad as it is long," after all.

A HANDY PLACE.

—The "nursery kitchen" once more if you please, though Miss Factotum says "that's a theme that has been 'written up' these twenty times already!" But I am pretty sure it has not been written about just as I am going to write about it; so nothing daunted I proceed.

I was sitting in this cozy little room the other evening, ensconsed in the large easy chair, with both feet in the oven—this is the only stove in the house, so that if a body wants to toast his feet, in the old-fashioned way, here he must come—listening to the most soothing of sounds, the humming of a tea-kettle, and enjoying my own thoughts which at this time were unusually tranquil, when in came a bevy—I might almost say a bouquet—of laughing girls, Lily, Edith, Carrie, Jessie and Isabel, which put an end to my train of reflections in no time. They were gushing with merriment and had here convened to have their laugh out. The fun over, and tempted by the conveniences at hand, hot water and a pantry full of good things, they proposed to regale themselves with a dish of ginger-tea. They were so noisy over their beverage that others passing by were attracted to the scene, and soon became partakers of the steaming decoction. After they had drunk their fill, and chatted awhile pleasantly with this one and that, this lively quintette took leave as they had entered—*en masse*. But I was not left alone, for now others were seeking the warmth of the stove as well as myself. Aunt Betsey stepped in to get a "bite of cracker," and Uncle James sat down to a "good bowl of milk." Sarah Elizabeth put a basin of molasses on the stove to boil, as she said she had a "terrible tickling sensation" in her throat. This "brought down the house," as it were, and in less than five minutes—ten at the most—the room was filled with men and women, young men and maidens—coming one at a time, in couples, and in twos or threes, or "happening along" as they said, to inquire "what on earth was going on now?" And after ascertaining, and "just tasting to see if it was good," went quietly on their way. Then Jane Augusta brought in a huge slice of ginger-bread and laid it on the table, "for any one who felt a little hungry." People were continually passing back and forth (this is a regular thoroughfare) and strange to say! each one broke off a piece of the ginger-bread, and in less time than I can write it, every crumb had disappeared. It was now nine o'clock and the tide of hungry callers began to ebb—most of the folks were going to bed. I was once more left to the singing tea-kettle and my own thoughts.

As I glanced round the room I perceived that this place contained a little of everything. What a handy receptacle! Here, every one in the house feels free to hang his garments, or "leave things round as it happens," or when burdened with books and luggage, to lay them down "just for a little while." Here, everything is open to the public—of course we allude to the Community public—and the public makes itself perfectly at home. Everything about the room betokens that this is the case. The frames on two sides of the apartment that extend from floor to ceiling, are literally full though not arranged at all according to our Nancy's idea of good order. The hanging lamp was brightly shining, so that I had a fine opportunity to take observation of the situation. I made a hasty inventory of the most conspicuous objects that met my view, beginning with the articles hanging on the frame:

A huge blue bed-quilt; a long towel; a baby's pink double-gown; a faded kitchen apron, suspended sleeves downward; a pair of blue overalls; three or four elaborately trimmed undergarments, and "white as the driven snow;" four pairs of baby-shoes; five or six pairs of children's stockings; a drab and blue "kiss-me-quick" or some kind of head-gear; a broadcloth coat; a scarlet breakfast-shawl and a blue breakfast-shawl; a brown woolen gown and a red calico gown; a man's hat; a shaker; a boy's sack; several tippets knotted together; sheets and pillow-cases; a pocket; a strip of green calico and a scorched ironing-sheet. On the ironing-table near by was a pile of neatly folded clothes, two books, a cup-and-saucer, a tumbler, a holder, a knife, a spoon, a newspaper and a white "cloud." Two diaper-frames stood next, well laden with white toweling. A basket containing a little of "all sorts," from bits of cloth for ironing purposes, to clothes-pins and babies' playthings, was next in line. The sills of the two windows were well "set out" with pails, bowls and pitchers, containing the milk and porridge for the many little sleepers in the adjoining bedrooms. The bulletin-board was put to use not only by the notice-man, but some absurd individual had hung a pair of pantaloons over one corner and a child's flannel skirt over the other; in the center were dangling strips of lace and vari-colored ribbon, and the board itself was nearly concealed. The table behind me, used as breakfast-table by "our youngest," was strewn with soiled crockery, and looked as if it were ready to "ride out." The stove was covered with one thing and another—flat-irons, two tea-kettles, one or two basins of porridge and Sarah Elizabeth's basin of molasses, which she had left to my care until she came for it.

In spite of the medley presented by our comfortable little kitchen by lamp-light, every body says it is one of the most attractive places of a winter's evening, in the building. We have not time or space to tell the pleasant tales that we have listened to while enjoying the warmth of this cheery little kitchen, but suffice it that they have been merry. But truth to say, this room is sometimes very orderly. Call in after Aunt Delight has washed the dishes and done up the work some morning, and ten chances to one, you will find everything in apple-pie order. The only trouble is, it don't stay so. Every body makes a litter—and what is every body's business is nobody's business, you know—therefore nobody is to blame. So we take comfort of our "pocket kitchen" and ignore the confusion.

GITANO.

—Wednesday evening Mr. Hinds suggested the evening meeting as a subject of conversation, and thereupon an animated discussion ensued. These gatherings are one of the chief means of fellowship and the circulation of the home-spirit; it is therefore very important that they be kept in an edifying state. How shall we improve them? For one thing there ought to be simplicity and freedom on the part of all. It is not necessary to be able to make a speech in order to take part in the conversation here. The simplest remarks often interest others and attract the love of our brothers and sisters. There is scarcely a subject discussed but that each member has some thought concerning it which he would freely express to any one or two or three of his companions; but he perhaps thinks that what he would say is not of sufficient importance to present to the family, and the idea of so large an audience strikes terror to his soul; so he says nothing. We ought to feel ashamed of being afraid of each other in our own home circle. Some say they have no talent for edification. This is a great mistake; in so saying and thinking they cheat not only themselves, but the Community. The man who put to use his five talents received the same reward that was given to him who had ten talents. However humble are the gifts God has bestowed on us, we have no right to bury them but should put them to service in faith.

One said that he supposed speech would always be among the best modes of communication; but he should be glad to have the liberty to be silent. He had often noticed a great change in his internal sensations by just entering the room and seating himself amid the unspoken presence of the Community spirit. There should be perfect freedom, but no obligation to speak. Another suggested that we might find some aid in studying the rules which obtain in ordinary conversation between twos and threes. Very simple topics are at first touched upon; for instance, what you have been doing during the day. A third said that it had sometimes been remarked that one had to go to W. C., or the Villa, in order to find out what is occurring here outside of the meeting-hour. At those places are received reports of many things which are never heard of in our public gatherings. This shows that there is an abundance of material for general edification. A fourth observed that if those

who read the newspapers would give familiar accounts of affairs occurring in the outside world we might be from time to time considerably entertained. This was considered an excellent idea. We long ago abandoned the custom of regular newspaper-reading at this hour, but to have some one give in his own words an epitome of the most important events and topics would be an improving exercise to the individual as well as a more agreeable method of communication to the hearers. One is inclined to become drowsy with too much reading.

Some thought the presence of strangers was often a clog to freedom of speech. Unless persons are vitally interested in us religiously or socially we are inevitably more or less cramped. More discrimination might be exercised. Casual visitors are satisfied to look in for a moment at the door, where they receive quite a different impression of the comparative numbers of young and old than they take during the day when the younger members are away at the shops or engaged in their various avocations. However, we must not be too sensitive about having strangers in the room. It is no use for us to try to live a private life. Publicity is a part of the genius of Communism. If we speak from the heart in simplicity, we shall not care who hears. The discussion closed with the following extracts from a Home-Talk delivered twenty years ago, on

EDIFICATION.

"If I have a bright idea which comes with God's inspiration, I can get no more until I have attended to this one. The Lord will not skip. You must attend faithfully to what the Lord has already put into your mind before he will give you anything more. We may possibly find that a great deal of the obstruction that we experience from time to time in this matter, comes from letting a thing die in our minds, when it ought to be brought to birth. When you have a message from the Lord, out with it. That is the time for utterance. If you lay to heart this principle, and do not impose on the Lord, by asking him to give you bright ideas occasionally, while you make good use of some of them, and let the rest go; if you adopt the true, faith-principle, that you will accept what the Lord gives, and make good use of it promptly, you will get out of any difficulty which you may be in. When your mind becomes obstructed and befogged, you will often find that there is something you have not done which you should have done. Don't let things accumulate on you, so as to prevent the proper disposal of what comes to hand. 'Now is the accepted time, and now is the day of salvation.' Now is the time to do useful things; and you will never do them by putting them off. Walk while you have the light. That is an important doctrine.

"I pity folks who have not the advantage of helping themselves by their own preaching. I have derived so much advantage from it, that I wish every body else could do the same. For my own digestion of truth it is worth everything to me to give it a clear showing. It is of no use for any one to think that it is a part of his privilege to be silent and passive. If persons are so, it is something that detracts from their edification and profit.

"The spirit of utterance is fundamentally a spirit of boldness. Our women must not try to get freedom of utterance by itself; they must get courage. Sooner or later they will have to partake of the lion-spirit of Christ. Get a spirit of boldness, and you will have no difficulty in talking. The same boldness which will enable you to take the kingdom of heaven, will enable you to speak. Paul requests the Ephesians to pray for him, that he 'may speak boldly, as he ought to speak.' Courage is essential to your salvation, whether you talk or not. It is a generic virtue. You cannot have faith without courage; faith is essentially courage. There is boldness required to enter into the holiest. 'Having therefore, brethren, boldness to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus,' etc. When you look toward God, on the one hand, and the devil and hell on the other, you must have boldness. 'The fearful and unbelieving' have no part in the kingdom of heaven. You must be bold if you want to be saved; you must find boldness in the blood of Christ. Paul was not afraid of 'principalities and powers, nor life, nor death.' That is the spirit that must circulate in us. That is the foundation of all manner of virtue; it is virtue itself. The original meaning of the word virtue is manliness."

WALLINGFORD.

Nov. 1.—The car of apples sent from O. C. arrived this afternoon; but, wishing to give the family an agreeable surprise, M—— kept the fact very carefully concealed until after the evening reading, when he brought into the Hall two pans full of as fine-looking and delicious-flavored apples as one could wish to see. To show how complete was the surprise, and how much the apples were appreciated, you should have heard the cheers from the whole family.

—The meeting-hour was mostly occupied by Mr. Burt in finishing his reading of the miracles recorded in "Acts." Interesting conversation followed in relation to the superior character of the miracles performed by Paul and the other apostles, as compared with the highest and most remarkable works of the kind witnessed among Spiritualists, Catholics, etc., at the present day. One point dwelt upon with special interest, was, that in all cases when Christ or the apostles performed miracles, the act carried with itself the conviction that it was done by the power of God, and thus affected the spirit as well as the body, and changed the character of the subject.

—The fine weather lately has brought a large influx of "tramps." The question of our duty toward them, was the subject of conversation in last evening's meeting. It was decided to put the business of feeding "tramps" into the hands of the kitchen men, with the recommendation that the most of them be sent to town where there is a place provided for feeding them. This forenoon we had an opportunity to put in practice our newly-adopted policy. The first customers were three stout-looking men who "happened" along at our breakfast-hour, coming directly from town. They were informed that there was a place in town specially provided for their entertainment, and were recommended to avail themselves of it. They respectfully declined, saying that they were on their way to Hartford, and it was too far out of their route. Mr. Perry was inexorable, however, and they went on their way, whether "rejoicing" or not, is not quite certain. Two others of the same sort came afterward, and were referred to the beggars' saloon in town, but, on leaving, they took another direction.

SLEEPING IN A COLD ROOM.

Hall's Journal of Health says that cold bed-chambers always imperil health and invite fatal diseases. Robust persons may safely sleep in a temperature of forty or under, but the old, the infant and the frail, should never sleep in a room where the atmosphere is much under fifty degrees Fahrenheit.

All know the danger of going direct into the cold from a very warm room. Very few rooms, churches, theaters and the like, are ever warmer than seventy degrees. If it is freezing out-of-doors it is thirty degrees—the difference being forty degrees more. Persons will be chilled by such a change in ten minutes, although they may be actively walking.

But to lie still in bed, nothing to promote the circulation, and breathe for hours an atmosphere of forty and even fifty degrees, when the lungs are at ninety-eight, is too great a change. Many persons wake up in the morning with inflammation of the lungs who went to bed well, and are surprised that this should be the case. The cause may often be found in sleeping in a room the window of which has been foolishly hoisted for ventilation. The water-cure journals of the country have done an incalculable injury by the blind and indiscriminate advice of hoisting the window at night.

The rule should be, everywhere during the part of the year when fires are kept burning, to avoid hoisting outside windows. It is safer and better to leave the chamber-door open, as also the fire-place,—then there is a draft up the chimney, while the room is not so likely to become cold. If there is some fire in the room all night the window may be opened an inch. It is safer to sleep in bad air all night with a temperature over fifty, than in a pure air with a temperature under forty. The bad air may sicken you but cannot kill you; the cold air can and does kill very often.

The O. C. has a word to say in confirmation of the doctrine set forth in the above extract. For years after the Community started and while we were living in a wooden house rather hastily put up, and unblest with scientific ventilators, we were, some of us at least, almost fanatical in our ideas of ventilation. A fresh night breeze blowing stiffly on the face and head from one or more wide-open windows was the standard of ventilation for bedrooms adopted and carried out by the extremists. The majority were more moderate in their demands, yet believed it their duty to have an inch or two of window open at night in all weathers. I well remember the colds and catarrhs that came on in winter—and how our meeting hour was often unmelodiously interrupted by a coughing chorus. But we have changed all this. Our present mansion is of brick and admirably provided with ventiducts. These furnish fresh air and draw off the impure—creating a wholesome circulation all the time without any necessity for the raw night breezes. A thorough system of heating by steam renders the temperature of the house nearly even throughout. Registers in the large rooms supply volumes of warm air not only by day but by night in the coldest of the weather, thus creating a constant circulation of healthy breathing material.

We believe as much as ever in giving our sleeping rooms a nice airing in the morning in all seasons and weathers. Many of the young people still adhere to a comparatively moderate allowance of open windows at night—enough to gently agitate the curtain, and produce a slight ripple in the air of the chamber. But as a whole we have changed our habits, and they now conform very much to Dr. Hall's theory. It was not without some earnest effort on the part of J. H. N. for several years that the revolution was effected. It has produced a marked change for the better in the matter of colds and coughs. Our children in particular are almost exempt from them, and all classes enjoy a freedom from lung difficulties and catarrhal affections, unknown in former years.

M.

THE NEWS.

The second annual meeting of the American Public Health Association is now in session in New York.

Prince Bismarck has been appointed President of the Prussian Ministry as successor of Gen. Von Roon.

The birthday of the Prince of Wales was celebrated in London on Monday, Nov. 10th, with the most imposing ceremonies.

Gerrit Smith publishes a letter in which he takes strong ground against granting State or Government aid to public schools. The schools, he thinks, like the churches, should be left in the hands of the people.

A telegram from Le Verrier at the Paris Observatory to the Smithsonian Institute, announces the discovery of a comet at Marseilles by Caggia; right ascension, 16

hours 23 minutes; declination, plus 27 degrees 26 minutes.

Advices from London report an improvement in the financial condition of Lombard-st. An impending panic during the last few days caused the Bank of England to advance its rate of discount to nine per cent., a figure always considered as the sure precursor of a financial convulsion. This high rate is intended to check the flow of specie out of the country. The increase of bullion at the Bank during the past two days amounts to $795,000, which allows an immediate issue of an equal amount in notes against this gold and enters into the reserve of the Banking department.

Abram S. Hewitt, the receiver of the New York Midland Railway, made a statement to a *Tribune* reporter of the condition of the road when he took charge, and of his reasons for assuming such a responsibility. When he took possession of the road the arears of wages then due was $456.000, and the expenditures exceeded the receipts $3000 a day. By October he had, by the most rigid economy, succeeded in reducing expenditures $2,000 per day, and expected during the present month to bring them within the receipts. The road has cost in round numbers thirty million dollars "on paper," or about twenty-five millions in cash. He said the road was, at the time he was appointed receiver, utterly bankrupt, and was the worst case of financial mismanagement he ever met. Mr. Hewitt refuses all compensation for his services, and assumed his present position, which he claims occupies more of his attention than his own business, simply for the purpose of rescuing if possible the road from utter ruin, and the employees from the loss of their hard-earned wages.

The capture of the Virginius and the shooting of four of her passengers by the Spanish authorities of Santiago de Cuba, is causing much excitement at Washington, and threatens to seriously disturb our relations with Spain. The State department has not yet received any official notification of the affair from our Consul at Santiago de Cuba, and is not prepared to state, except in general terms, what course the U. S. Government will pursue. Advices from private sources claim that the Virginius is an American steamer engaged in commerce between certain ports of Central America, the United States and the West Indies; that the steamer was engaged in a legitimate business and in no way violating the neutrality laws in regard to the transportation of arms and ammunition to the insurgents in Cuba; that while engaged in carrying freight and passengers between Panama and the island of Jamaica she was pursued and captured by a Spanish gun-boat, her passengers and crew put in irons and taken to Santiago de Cuba, where a court-martial, condemned four of them to death and ordered them to be shot. These first victims of Spanish cruelty were prominent men in the cause of Cuban liberty. Barnabe Varona, Pedro Cespedes, son of President Cespedes, Jesus del Sol, and Gen. Ryan. When the official notification of the affair reached Madrid, the Spanish Government, at the suggestion of Minister Sickles immediately telegraphed to Havana ordering a suspension of all proceedings against the rest of the prisoners, and expressed their disapprobation of such barbarous, hasty and savage cruelty of the Cuban authorities in their treatment of suspected persons. The Spanish Government would have us believe that it is almost powerless to control the local authorities and volunteer troops of Cuba, and in consequence, seem to expect that suffering and outraged individuals and nations will exercise forbearance and long-suffering, and not be in a hurry about reparation. That is all very well for a while, but the time will come, and there are indications that it is not far off, when the Spanish Government will be compelled to control those blood-thirsty colonists, or the rest of the world will do it for them, and put some sort of a check on Spanish ferocity and love of slaughter.

A later dispatch from Havana announces the shooting of Capt. Fry of the Virginius, and fifty-two of the passenger and crew by the Spanish authorities of Santiago de Cuba. The news caused great excitement in official and diplomatic circles at Washington, and the Government at once ordered several iron-clads and other vessels of war to be made ready for service at the earliest possible moment. The President and cabinet are thoroughly aroused; and if the Spanish Government cannot enforce its orders in Cuba, the United States will enforce respect for its flag and protect the rights of its citizens.

CANASTOTA.

PAST AND PRESENT.

IN 1817 it existed as a collection of shanties built to shelter the workmen employed on the "great ditch" now known as the Erie Canal. In the fifty-six years intervening, its growth has been sure, though slow, until it had attained to a thrift and enterprise fully up to the average of the inland towns of this State. All the appliances needed for the business requirements of its 4,000 people, such as banks, stores, offices and shops, gradually appeared. Churches, hotels, a costly railway depot, and an elegant public hall were not wanting to make complete this ambitious village. Now how changed the scene! The year 1873 is destined to be a most memorable one in its history, for ere it has expired, three conflagrations cumulating in destructiveness, have almost obliterated the business part of the place. Thus runs the record: Thirty-five families made homeless. An area of six acres burned over, consuming property the assessed value of which was one-half that of the entire corporation. Truly a severe and most woful visitation of affliction on any place, especially one of this size. Beside a calamity so overwhelming, any explanation as to the cause becomes of minor though still of painful interest. It is enough to say that the suspicion of incendiary work proved correct. By the aid of a skillful detective the authorities captured and hold secure two men the perpretrators of these detestable villainies. No motive beyond that of gratifying petty hatred against a few individuals has as yet been disclosed by them. Idleness, debauchery and a cold-blooded malignity and hatred of the village, exulting at the prospect of its utter destruction, make up the sickening details of their sworn confessions. †

NEVER TOO OLD TO LEARN.—Socrates, at an extreme age, learned to play on musical instruments, for the purpose of resisting the wear and tear of old age.

Cato, at eighty years of age, thought proper to learn the Greek language.

Plutarch, when between seventy and eighty, commenced the study of Latin.

Boccaccio was thirty years of age when he commenced his studies in polite literature, yet he became one of the three great masters of the Tuscan dialect, Dante and Petrarch being the other two.

Sir Henry Spelman neglected the sciences in his youth, but commenced the study of them when he was between fifty and sixty years of age. After this time he became a most learned antiquary and lawyer.

Colbert, the famous French minister, at sixty years of age returned to his Latin and law studies.

Ludovico, at the great age of one hundred and fifteen, wrote the memoirs of his own times. A singular exertion, noticed by Voltaire, who was himself one of the most remarkable instances of the progress of age in new studies.

Ogilby, the translator of Homer and Virgil, was unacquainted with Latin and Greek till he was past fifty.

Franklin did not fully commence his philosophical pursuits till he had reached his fiftieth year.

Accorso, a great lawyer, being asked why he began the study of law so late, answered that indeed he began it late, but he should therefore master it the sooner.

Dryden, in his sixty-eighth year, commenced the translation of the *Iliad;* and his most pleasing productions were written in his old age.

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

ADMISSIONS.

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

FULL GROWTH.

Home-Talk by J. H. N.

WHEN a child comes into the world, it appears to have no idea of anything but *eating*. It has a clear instinct for that immediately; and for several years that is the main business of existence. What shall we think of such a state? Is it wrong that the little creature should be a mere animal? Shall we call it gluttonous and brutish, and imagine the Lord is displeased with it? I think not. In order to understand the divine plan in regard to the development of human beings, we must consider a child in that state as in *embryo*—not yet born; it is only a presage of what is to come, if it is well begun. The Lord values the child not for its present existence and state, but in reference to its subsequent growth and productiveness.

When a kernel of corn is planted, its first operation is to throw out its roots and seek nourishment from whatever comes in its way. If the process were to stop there, it would be a useless thing; but it is planted and cultivated with care, because it is expected, after it has established its connection with the ground so as to feed itself plentifully, that it will "put forth the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear." Looking at the whole process, we are pleased with the initial state, though in itself considered it is a kind of gluttony. So with infancy, though by itself mere animalism, it is yet the germ which is to grow into the man.

There are three stages after infancy in human growth, which seem to me to be quite distinct, and to correspond substantially to the three after-stages of the plant, viz., "first the blade; then the ear; after that the full corn in the ear." In other words, as the plant begins by establishing the nutrimental process and has three growths beyond that, so in the case of human beings, from the stage of mere eating infancy to a perfect man, we may distinguish three distinct stages of development. In tracing these stages allowance must be made for the lapping of one stage on to another, and for exceptional precocities or failures in the several periods of growth. The theory I am about to propose holds good only on the large scale and in a general way.

The next stage after infancy is what may be termed the period of friendship or general companionship. This companionship is based chiefly on the general physical relations of children and has no reference to sex. Boys even prefer the companionship of boys, and girls that of girls. From infancy till children are ten or twelve years of age, their attractions run almost entirely toward persons of their own sex, who can be their best companions in sport. This is the next stage above eating, and it is to be observed that it is really an important advance. Brutes can hardly be said to ever rise into this second stage. An infant and a calf begin the world alike, both with hungry mouths; but the calf never gets beyond that. Doubtless there are traces of friendship among animals, yet every body can see that eating and drinking is the main business of life with them all their days. But a boy of seven or eight has got beyond that; he will go without eating to slide down hill with his companions.

The third stage is from the age of twelve to fifteen, when a higher social instinct is awakened and the attraction of the sexes commences. This may be called the period of love. It is quite distinct from the period in which our companions are of the same sex. The passion for fellowship with the opposite sex will again be found to be a positive advance on the previous stage, in which fellowship was based principally on animal sympathy. In this third period the faculty of sympathy becomes in some sense spiritual. It is magnetic. It is not founded chiefly on the animal part, but on the inner life. Love between the sexes is a mystery of the heart. Every one who has experienced it, knows that it is something more than being fond of one another because both are interested in the same pursuits. There is an actual mingling of life with life—of heart with heart. This is indeed a great advance on the previous stage. Still the question may be asked as in the beginning: Is this the true state? Is God pleased with human beings when they have arrived at this stage of growth? Is the expected corn in it? We justified the stage of eating and drinking, because we were expecting something better to grow from it; so we accepted the stage of friendship as the necessary prelude to that of love: and now on faithful reflection we must say that this third development is no more the real object for which God planted the seed, than were the previous growths. The third stage is one which we recognize as necessary for the growth of the plant; but if the growth should stop there, there would be no harvest.

We come now to a fourth stage, which may be called the period of *religion*. My theory is that in the intention of nature and of God it is just as much a matter of course that after the love-stage, the period of religion should follow, as that the previous stages should come in their succession. If nature had its course, I hold that somewhere between the ages of thirteen and twenty all human beings would become religious. That would be the natural growth of the plant. Beginning with mere eating, the life expands and shoots forth its rootlets and branches, till it finds pleasure in general fellowship; after that its senses and faculties still further expand into the intense

magnetic affection between the sexes; and finally, its natural growth unchecked would end in the great spiritual affinity for God. We admit that it is natural for man, at a certain period, to fall in love with woman; and we affirm that it is just as natural that he should finally fall in love with God.

This view of human growth I am fond of putting before young men and women. While on the one hand, we should not quarrel with them for passing through and enjoying the first, second and third stages, on the other, they should not quarrel with us for wishing to help them through into the fourth.

According to the husbandman's care will be the success of his fruit and harvest. If corn is planted and left to grow among weeds, it will spindle up and fail to bring forth anything of much value. All degrees of care may be bestowed upon it, producing all degrees of fruitfulness. So human beings may grow up in a state so wild and weedy that the fourth stage will scarcely manifest itself at all. And then people may begin to think, because they do not generally see the full corn, that it is unnatural for it to come. That is the way of the world. Men give up expecting ears, and see nothing more in human nature than *green fodder*.

I expect that in the best state of society, such as Christ will finally establish in the world, the home influences, the true nurture of fathers and mothers, in the heavens and below the heavens, will reach down through all these stages. Just as friendship grows out of the eating stage, and love out of friendship, so will religion grow out of love, and God will secure his harvest with perfect certainty.

This is a good subject for meditation, and turns many ways. I recommend very heartily and earnestly to our young people that they give no quarter to the idea that they are to be nothing more than green fodder; but that they establish their ambition for a *full growth*. A person who goes no further than love, but stops there, is a failure.

There must be restraint and a disagreeable state of things to a certain extent, in all the three first stages. Any one can see in the case of an infant, that it is in no condition to take care of itself, and must be under guardianship. It is just as necessary in each of the two succeeding stages that persons should be under the care of others. And it is only when they reach the fourth stage, and become spiritual beings that they are prepared for absolute freedom.

Therefore I should say that human beings are not really born till they come into fellowship with God; they should be considered in *embryo*, till their religious character is developed. Christ says: "Except a man be born again, he cannot enter into the kingdom of Heaven." It would be equally appropriate to say we are not born at all, till we reach the religious stage. In an important sense we may deny that we were born when we were babes, and say that becoming children of God is our real birth. So we may consider those who fail of becoming religious, as *still-born*.

Cheerfulness is diffusive—it shines for others; melancholy begs for *itself*.

DR. TALMAGE'S LAY COLLEGE IN BROOKLYN.

JUDGING from what the New York press says about Dr. Talmage's Lay College, it would seem that it is somewhat after the pattern of Spurgeon's Lay College of London. The College was opened lately in connection with the Brooklyn Tabernacle, and was an event of considerable importance as it introduces into the clerical field an *unordained* ministry, as it might be called, to do ministerial work. The founder of the institution, Dr. Talmage, discoursed as follows in the opening address:

The Tabernacle Lay College has ceased to be an experiment. As the prophet Amos declared, the ploughman has overtaken the reaper. Only two years old, the Institution has had six hundred students under drill; has supported twenty-six lay-preaching stations, some in this city, some in adjoining cities, in garrets, in cellars, in the rooms of confirmed invalids; and places which were devoted to sin have been turned into places of prayer and salvation. Some of our students have become Bible readers; some have enlisted in Sabbath-school work; some have become missionaries in other cities. One of our men, with no religious education save that which he received here, has charge of six churches in the more scattered parts of Iowa; and a letter, a few days ago, announces that great blessing has attended his labors. One of our men, last summer, spent his time in preaching in Scotland and England, to multitudes made up of all classes of people. More than all, the whole Christian Church has felt the especial movement, and has, by it, been led to discuss, as never before, the importance of having our laymen enlisted in Christian work; and the lectures delivered here by the leading men of all denominations have been read throughout this country and Britain. We propose to do for laymen what the Theological Seminaries do for the clergy, save giving them the dead languages. Men are drilled in the art of religious address. If they whine in their exhortations, we show them how to drop the nasal. If they speak too long, we teach them the surgical operation by which their prayers and addresses may be cut into four or five pieces, saving the surplus for some other time. We attempt the extermination of religious bores. We try to make the knowledge imparted, portable, so that our men can carry it with them, and not have to wait when battle opens, till they can run home and get their cartridge-box. The transformation, in some cases, has been marvelous, and dullest axes have been ground sharp.

I was to-day in the woods, and I saw five or six hunters. They looked draggled almost to death. They had fine-looking guns, but no game. That is the case with multitudes of laymen. They have fine faculties, and all the gospel weapons in their hand, but they do not know how to shoot, and hence miss the mark. In this Institution we propose to teach them how to load, take aim, and fire. We open with a large roll of new students, some of them coming from the far West. We have added to our faculty some of the most eminent men of the country. When we get the Institution endowed we hope to have refectories for those who come from distant parts to get the advantages of the Institution. Our Lay College has sometimes been assaulted, but not so much as we would have liked; for we have always noticed that a good Institution prospers in proportion as Satan assaults it.

Very important services have been rendered our Institution by such men as Drs. McCosh and Prime, of the Presbyterian Church; Drs. Stevens and Crooks, of the Methodist Church; Drs. Dowling and Fish, of the Baptist Church; Dr. Ormiston, of the Reformed Church, and distinguished laymen such as Wm. E. Dodge, Geo. H. Stewart, and D. L. Moody.

From Dr. Duryea's address, on the same occasion, we select the following:

We have in these times associated preaching with a sacred place, a congregation of worshipers, a peculiarly constructed arrangement which is called a pulpit. It has been thought that unless on a Sunday, in connection with public worship and upon a raised pulpit, a man lifts his voice, he is not preaching. The pulpit was the invention of an age far later than that of the first preaching, and, let me add with emphasis, the first triumphs of the gospel. It was when preaching had ceased to be a living communication between the glowing mind and burning heart of the speaker, and had come to be a matter of rhetoric and elocution, that the sacred rostrum was invented and erected. (Applause.) Our Lord could sit on the curbstone of a well and preach to one woman. And that was the method of the disciples. It is a method which must be continued until the end of time. It is not only the first method, not only a grand method; it is, beyond all denial, *the best method*.

* * * * * *

We have studied creeds to some purpose, and have recited catechisms with good effect, but it seems at last we are sufficiently put on our guard by the doctrinal basis which we have received against partial interpretation of Scripture and distortion of the truth by taking its parts out of their true proportions; and we are prepared now to study the *person of Christ* and the *work of Christ*. The denominations are now leaving the old debating-grounds of theology, and are looking up toward the top of that mountain where the Lord stands transfigured and a voice is echoing out of heaven: "This is my beloved Son, hear ye Him." (Applause.) That is the sun which shall gather by its attraction all the errant orbs, and wheel them into their circuits until all heaven is filled with the harmony of their singing, "The hand that made us is divine." It is a good time to begin Christian work when the test of every man's orthodoxy is, "*What thinkest thou of Christ?*"

These extracts are sufficient to show the drift of the discourse: "That it is now the grand work of all believers to become acquainted with Jesus Christ." This is true; and it is a truth of equal, or greater importance, that believers should become acquainted with the men and women to whom Christ committed the treasures of the gospel. Not a word did Christ himself put on record. The meanings of words are liable to change. Records may be lost or tampered with. Even the things concerning Christ as a man among men, came to an end. But the experience of Christ, his faith, his love, his patience, his gentleness, his goodness, his victories, his fellowships and his communism, did not come to an end, but are to-day stronger and purer than ever. The disciples of Christ were told by their master to "tarry at Jerusalem until they were endued with power from on high." The Holy Ghost, or Spirit of truth in whose memory and life Christ's experiences and victories were hid, was given to the disciples and through them to the world on the day of Pentecost. From the day of Pentecost to the day of his Second Advent, a period of some forty years, Christ, in the person of the Holy Spirit, was identifying himself with hundreds and thousands of men, women and children, working in them mightily, as Paul expresses it, delivering them from evil and identifying them with good. And at his Second Coming, about A. D. 70, the organization of Christ's communistic body, or Church, was perfected in the New Jerusalem. It is that living, mighty Phalanx of which Christ is the center and Paul his Chief Secretary, that the progressive churches of the Talmage school will do well to study, if they would know Christ as he is to-day, and as he has been for the past eighteen hundred years in his work of preparing through civilization, his *blood-bought humanity*, for the Kingdom of God on earth.

G. C.

ORGANIZED CHARITIES.

DEAR CIRCULAR:—The "House of Refuge," of which I gave a brief sketch in my last, is only one among the many benevolent institutions in this metropolis; and, probably there is no city in the world where organizations for philanthropic purposes are more numerous. Standing at the head of the list of Christian cöoperative work, may be placed the "New York City Mission and Tract Society, which was organized in 1827, and reorganized under the present title in 1866. The original city Tract Society is remembered with much affection by those who were associated with it in the old revival times of 1830 to 1835. The tracts distributed in those days were written in a style so plain, laconic, yet persuasive, that one could hardly

be so indifferent to religious questions as to lay them down without first reading the short message they contained. Often, too, the appeal to the heart of the reader would be disguised in the attractive form of a story. Again, the tract distributers were usually young converts, of both sexes; and rare, indeed, were the instances that a tract was refused, or the youthful distributer rudely treated.

Many were the thrilling stories told, at the monthly meetings of the distributers and missionaries, of remarkable conversions and reformations resulting from these modest, silent, preachers as they were dropped from house to house. But too often the complaint of those volunteer workers was that little good could be accomplished by preaching repentance to human beings herding promiscuously in dark cellars and wretched abodes, with scarcely rags enough to cover their nakedness or food enough to keep soul and body together. But what could be done toward feeding and clothing so many outcasts as were found in some of the wards of the city? Many a tract-distributer and city-missionary sincerely hoped in those days, that the "age of miracles" had not passed, so that the scanty contributions of food and clothing might be multiplied a thousand fold.

Christian people began to organize societies whose object it was to furnish clothing for destitute children, born of indigent, ignorant parents. It was soon found, however, that the work could not stop with clothing them; the poor waifs must be fed as well as clothed, and when fed and clothed they must be sent to school. Not wishing to lose the labor already bestowed upon the crude material, these societies had in hand, school-rooms were rented, and furnished with soup-kettles as well as spelling-books. One meal a day of hot soup and bread was now promised to all children of the street that would attend the school regularly for a week. The school-rooms were soon found too small to accommodate all that came. So the bait that was used to entrap these little ones into the *a-b-c*-machine proved a decided success.

These were the preliminary measures that finally led to the creation of permanent institutions in places where moral filth and vagabondism inevitably drifted; such is the "House of Industry," located at the "Five Points." But the Christian missionary-work did not limit itself to the lowest and most hopeless class of society. The virtuous poor offered a much more profitable field for the investment of men and money. The old world was invading the new; and Castle Garden became the reception-room where emigrants, by thousands, were daily introduced to their western home. And in this constant influx, the superintendent, and other officers of the "city missions," saw before them a great field for labor—not as religious workers only, but as philanthropists and civilizers. But the necessary improvement and agencies for establishing schools, work-shops and churches were needed. To meet this want, the City Tract Society, some seven years ago, reorganized itself as already stated, under the guiding genius of its superintendent, Geo. J. Mingins, broadened its platform, simplified its creed, and in many other ways did much to divest itself of useless sectarian bonds and cumbersome formulas. This rejuvenated society has its Sunday-schools, its day-schools and its industrial schools, and now it has added its chapels or creedless churches.

The practical business-like way which the "City Mission" does its work of civilization, is worthy of imitation by workers among the more favored citizens. With its forty missionaries of both sexes, and as many daily meetings which they have in charge, something akin to a perpetual revival is carried on.

I was present at one of their meetings in Water-street about a week ago. It was the house made famous a few years since by an account given of the conversion of one John Allen, who fell so low "from grace" that he never reappeared again in the religious ranks. The house in which he lived is still in the service of the City Missions, and the nightly meetings held there, are doing much good. If Allen proved a "bogus coin," as they now call him, they have a genuine one in J. M., who was converted to Christ about four years ago. For years previously this fearless pugilist had been the terror of the street; and so bad was his reputation, and so notorious his many deeds of violence, when under the influence of liquor—stealing goods from vessels and selling them again, that he earned the name of "wharf thief." But being induced one evening to stop into the meeting then in session his heart which no body supposed the truth could ever reach, was touched by the earnest testimony of those who had found Christ. Then and there J. M. abandoned himself to the cause of religion with the same whole-heartedness that had characterized his devotion to vice and sensuality. It seemed a miracle, truly, said my informant, to see the stalwart, defiant leader of the devil's forces in that neighborhood, so suddenly struck down by that wonderful, unseen agency, the Spirit of Truth. J. M. confessed his many sins and turned at once from his evil ways.

But the missionaries do not leave the new converts to go out and battle alone with the world they have left behind them, but take them by the hand and help them through the temptations that may beset their path. But the conversion of J. M. was only half the work in his case; for Elizabeth D. a woman quite as wicked as himself, was his daily associate in the vices of that locality. No sooner, however, had J. M. come to himself in his new-found life in Christ, than he began his search for Elizabeth D., who had heard, in the meantime, of the marvelous change in her old companion in evil-doing. They met—and what a meeting! E. was in an agony of despair. "Jerry," said she, as he approached her couch, "is there any hope for such a wretch as I? Will your God forgive my long catalogue of terrible sins?" "He certainly will," said Jerry, "if you repent and forsake them." They wept together, they prayed together, they resolved together, to abandon themselves to Christ as they had before to the devil and vice. Their resolutions were kept. I heard E. testify in this meeting to what God had done for her soul during the past four years. She had been saved from a life of infamy and a drunkard's grave. I had no knowledge of her history then. After meeting I was introduced to her, and had I not heard her own confession, nothing in her queenly air, fine features, and intellectual countenance, would have suggested the life she had led. Truly, all things are possible with God. J. and E. are now employed as missionaries by the City Missions, and by their zeal have won the confidence of all who know them.

G. C.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.

I.

WHEN our children lived in the wing of the old Mansion House several years ago they were more separated from the grown folks than they are now. During the winter of 1868 the plan was proposed of inviting them over to the Upper Sitting-Room every evening after supper (that was when we took supper at 6 o'clock), to spend an hour with the adults. "For," said one whose voice had weight, "a home cannot be perfect without children—a mingling of all ages from the grandpapa down. There is not quite enough communication now between the family and the children. They are like the extremities, and if a good circulation is not kept up between them and the body, they will be cold. Let us have them all come up here every night after supper and get into a healthy relation with the family." So the long winter evenings were made shorter by the lively addition of twenty-three happy children, who came bounding into the room at the hour of quarter-past six. The first night they were told to run and count the doors that opened into the sitting-room and on the corridor. Away they scampered, each eager to be the first to announce the true number. They soon returned with many conflicting reports, some having counted ten, some twenty, some eighty, one or two of the older ones gave the right number, twenty-eight—and one little boy made out that there were only three. Then Mr. C. who had them in charge, tinkled a little bell, when they all seated themselves on the settees that had been arranged for them. They would sit quietly for twenty minutes listening quite attentively to the words of the one that addressed them, until they were again allowed their freedom to run about. Sometimes Mr. C. after arranging them in a line according to their heights, put them through a brief military drill, after which they would march home very orderly. At other times he would let them march up into the corridor and sing to those below, one of their pretty ballads, as a farewell. Many of the talks given to the children at these gatherings were in the familiar conversational style, and are yet on record: we propose to weave some of them into a serial, culling from the best. Mrs. S., one of the first who addressed them, spoke on Christmas evening, as follows:

"Children, I am going to tell you something about Providence to-night. Perhaps you do not all of you know what I mean by Providence, but I will try to make you understand. One of you say there is a city called Providence, but that is not the Providence I mean. You have all seen a little baby, have'nt you? [This would be an odd question to our children now-a-days!] You saw Deming, didn't you, when he was a very little baby, before he could hardly open his eyes? He was very helpless then. He could not hold up his head or turn himself over; he would lie on the pillow and sleep till he was hungry and then all he could do was to cry. He did not know his mother; he did not know how much she loved him, and how closely she watched over him all the time. If a gypsy had come along and carried him off he would not have known it, and if she had dropped him in the snow he could not have helped himself. But after he had grown awhile he could open his eyes and look around, and then he saw that somebody was taking care of him. He began to know his mother, and when he saw her loving face he would laugh. He found she would feed him when he was hungry, and when he was tired of lying she would take him up and carry him to the window, and show him many new things. When he was big enough to run alone she watched that he did not fall down stairs, or go too near the stove. She was all the time looking out for him to keep him from harm and make him happy. As he grew older still she sometimes had to correct him. He did not think it was very nice then I'll warrant you; when he gets to be as old as you are he will see that she corrected him because she loved him, and was watching for his good. Well, his mother was his good *providence*.

"But you think, I suppose, when you grow up to be as old as I am, you won't need any body to take care of you; but you *will* need somebody to take care of you then just as much as you do now. We need some one to make the sun shine and to make it rain. Nothing would grow without the sun and the rain. The older folks need somebody to take care of them just as much as you children do, and we find out that somebody is looking out for us all of the time.

"Where does the coal come from that we burn?"

Children.—From the coal mines.

Mr. S.—Well, somebody laid it up—stored it

there a great many years ago. The oil that we burn in our lamps, where does that come from?

Children.—From wells—in the ground.

Mr. S.—Somebody hid the oil in the ground for us long, long ago. The water that we use to cook and wash with, and to drink, comes from springs over in the Park. We could not do any thing without water. Somebody made those springs over there before we came here to live, on purpose for us so that we might have water. That is what I mean by Providence. Whoever it was that stored up coal for us to use, and made the oil for our lamps, and the springs of water for our drink,—that was Providence, that was God.

"To-morrow night I will tell you more about Providence, to show you that there is somebody who takes care of us grown folks too."

ONEIDA CIRCULAR.

HARRIET M. WORDEN, EDITOR.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1873.

SUBJECT FOR A BOOK.

WE remember a series of stories published some years ago, entitled, *Three Experiments in Living*, viz.: *Living Within your Means*, *Living up to your Means*, and *Living Beyond your Means*. We would suggest for the consideration of some ready writer, the following as a subject for a similar series: *Three Positions of Editors, Ministers and others in Public life*, viz., *Behind the Times*, *Up with the Times*, and *Ahead of the Times*. We offer also the following as a sketch of the philosophy which might be developed in the proposed work:

The progress of society, like that of a wagon, or any other body, implies active and passive movement; *i. e.*, the movement of the propelling force, and the movement of the article propelled. The masses of mankind are moving forward in what is called the "progress of the age;" but their movement is in a great measure passive, like that of a raft in a river. The moving force, if the progress is real and toward the kingdom of heaven, must be the spirit of Christ and the invisible church. This is a steam-tug hitched to the raft. Let us call the moving force the *propellor*, and the masses moved the *propellee*. Now it is evident that this analysis of progress requires not merely the usual distinction of progressives from conservatives, but also the subdivision of progressives into two sorts, viz., those who are attached to the propellor, and those who are attached to the propellee. In other words those who move along *with* the masses are progressives, but they are altogether a different sort from those who work *forward* of the masses, in connection with the tugging force.

We define, then, the three positions named above, thus: To be *behind the times* is to sympathize neither with the propellee nor with the propellor. To be *up with the times* is to sympathize with the propellee. To be *ahead of the times* is to sympathize with the propellor.

From this classification we might branch out into very interesting inquiries; as, for instance: Which of the three positions is most eligible for easy, good-natured people, that want to enjoy life with the least trouble? We should take the ground that to be fairly *up with the times* is preferable to any other position for those who wish to be lazy. To be lagging and holding back behind, like the boy holding on to the tail of a wagon, is hard work; and to be tugging ahead, like the horse, is hard work; but to just sit on the seat, and go along with the wagon, is easy and pleasant.

Then the question might arise, whether the *popularity* of progressive editors, ministers, etc., as indicated by their subscription lists, congregations, etc., is a sign of their sympathy with the propellor or with the propellee. And again, we might inquire whether, on the whole, and in view of ultimate, eternal results, it is best to be *behind the times*, or *up with the times*, or *ahead of the times*. But we leave these and many other suggestions of this fruitful subject to the labors of the aforesaid ready writer. ***

SPIRITUALISM TURNED OUT OF THE PATENT OFFICE.

AMONG the signs and incidents of the great battle which is going on between Positivism and Spiritualism, we notice with interest a communication in the *N. Y. Tribune*, of last week, from Hon. Robert Dale Owen, in which he gives the public an account of a transaction between a spiritualist and the Patent Office at Washington, which furnishes an extraordinary illustration of the absurdity of Government officials assuming the charge of spiritual affairs, and seeking to become bishops instead of clerks.

The facts as given by Mr. Owen are, that Gen. Lippitt applied for a patent on a "Psychic Stand and Detector," a machine designed to protect the public against imposition by fraudulent spiritualistic mediums; but his application was refused. The Patent examiner admitted that the device was novel, but strenuously persisted in a refusal on the ground that "the Office cannot concede the truth of spiritualism; as, though individual scientists may have given the phenomena some attention, scientific men as a body or in any great numbers have never conceded their reality. * * * * The Office is disposed to believe that as a game-table or means of amusement the device might be more favorably viewed, but all allusion to the use of the device by mediums should be avoided:" and the rejection is based also on the "tendency of spiritualistic experiments to the production of injurious results to society." Gen. Lippit in his replies asserts the importance of his invention, rejects the proposal to have it regarded as a toy, sends the required fee, and appeals to the Board of Patent Commissioners; and so the matter stands.

Mr. Owen lashes the incognito "sub" of the Patent-office severely; and against the few scientists without whose endorsement the office fears to move, he cites the millions of persons throughout the civilized world who regard the power to communicate with departed spirits as the most effectual check to the materialism of the age. In answer to the allegation of "injurious effects on society," he quotes the Evangelical Alliance, who "deeply deplored the increase and wide range of materialism," and sought means to arrest it. He also quotes from an official report on religious worship in England, and from Bishops and Professors in America, to testify to the alarming growth of infidelity, and says: "Now I and millions more, lamenting this prevalent skepticism, and believing that there is no human inquiry so important as that touching a future state of existence, do not choose that a Patent-office examiner shall decide for us whether it is proper or not proper, in seeking assurance of a better world, to enter that experimental field where science has won all her triumphs; nor yet whether, during our studies in that field, we shall or shall not take precautions against imposture." He expresses the belief that "phenomenal proofs of a world to come would furnish to men of science and other skeptics who reject the gospel narratives, the very species of evidence that is necessary at present to change their damaging creeds." On this last point Mr. Owen writes with much force and feeling, being himself a living witness to the power of Spiritualism as opposed to infidelity. A. E.

MORE ABOUT THE COMMUNITY.

THE *Madison Observer*, published at Morrisville our county seat, referring to the late eccelesiastical demonstrations against the O. C. says:

"It is a significant fact, that nearly all the oppugnation to the Community originates in remote localities and among those who probably have but little if any knowledge of its operations except what they may have derived from others. Among those who know them best, the members of the Community are esteemed for their singularly correct deportment in all their business relations, as well as for good citizenship. In their social theories, they profess to act conscientiously, and claim that the Bible justifies their course, both by precept and example. They make no offensive parade of their particular views, nor seek to make proselytes to them. Probably their theories are no more obnoxious to public sentiment than are those of the Shakers and other voluntary Associations, whom no one thinks of molesting.

"Whenever occasion requires it, Madison county, through her judicial tribunals, is abundantly able to protect the moral and social interests of its people, without the intervention of outside synods or conferences. If the Oneida Community, or any other institution or organization within its borders, is a "nuisance" or detrimental to the welfare of the county, we doubt not our constituted authorities will not be backward in applying the proper remedy, even though they are not prompted thereto by committees representing ecclesiastical associations."

COMMUNITY JOURNAL.

ONEIDA.

Nov. 17.—Sleighing this morning.

—We are glad to see again the pleasant face of our old friend J. J. Franks, of Jersey City.

—L. H. B. got his rose bushes nicely covered just in time for the snow-storm of the 13th.

—Amateur sportsmen are occasionally seen returning from the forest with a brace of partridges in hand.

—The newly-adopted custom of having the news of the daily papers reported in a concise and rapid manner is very popular, adding spice and variety to the meeting-hour.

—The "Story of Heinrich Stilling's Wanderings" draws a good house at the reading hour. The quaint simplicity and minuteness of the narrative are very charming.

—"Twelve sheep strayed or stolen," reports the farm-superintendent. Posters have been issued and men have been searching for a number of days; yet no trace of them can be found. The sheep are half-bloods, valued at eight dollars each.

—Another call in a late meeting for louder talking. "Line upon line and precept upon precept" are required to keep up the standard in this matter. After each exhortation there is improvement for awhile; but soon the voices drop to the conversational tone and things are as bad as ever. Each speaker should pitch his voice as though addressing the person farthest removed from him in the room. One who has been much troubled to hear remarked: "I don't wish to have people talk for my ears—that would be selfish; but my impression is and always has been, that the general tone and intonation of the speakers in our meetings is too low for healthy ears, and that there is considerable trouble on the part of many in hearing what is said on the opposite side of the Hall. I don't know as it is possible to change habits in this respect, but it is certainly very desirable. If my difficulty about hearing should eventually lead to improvement in this matter I should consider the trouble I have had, a good investment and well worth its cost."

—A traveler to Joppa has often a story to tell on his return home. On his last trip there was a handsome, well-dressed young woman in the cars who had in her arms an infant, not old enough to walk, but quite old enough to be ugly. The little fellow had the complete mastery of his mother and exercised his tyranny continually. He made her walk the car with him until she looked as though she would drop to the floor with fatigue; but if she stopped for a moment he would scream and throw himself about until she started on again. The poor mother looked so pale and worn that it was pitiful to see her. She had no idea whatever of controlling him; she would threaten to punish him in various ways; but she didn't do it, and the child knew she wouldn't. If our traveler had felt a little bolder he would have offered to take the boy and subdue a little of the "irrpressibleness" which was making such an abject slave of his mother; but he modestly forbore.

Ione (to Effie who is brushing her hair).—Why Effie, what is that great scar on your head?

Effie.—That? O, it's where my brother cut me with an ax when we were children. We were playing out by the wood-pile. He tried to split a stick with an ax, and I suppose I got in his way. The wound almost killed me; but the scar is fortunately covered by my hair so that people seldom notice it.

Hope.—How many accidents of that kind happen among children in ordinary society! My brother cut off my little sister's thumb when they were playing one time with an ax before they were old enough to take care of themselves.

Evelyn.—Look at this ugly scar on my forefinger! Mother was chopping some meat one day for mince-pies. She went into another room for a few minutes, and while she was gone I climbed up to the bowl and seized the knife. Almost the first thing I did was to cut this finger so that it only hung by the skin on the under side. The bone grew together nicely so that I didn't lose the finger, but poor mother was dreadfully frightened.

Zaire.—I have a small scar here on my forehead which was caused by rolling down two flights of stairs when I was four years old. It was a rainy day and we girls and boys had been chasing each other round the big chimney in the garret. The stairs were near by, and becoming dizzy I pitched down. I started for the next flight, but my head being still unsteady I rolled down that also, and was picked up on the landing and carried into grandmother's room, where I remember I was dosed with sage tea, treated to prunes, figs, and other dainties, and most indulgently petted all the afternoon.

Rachel.—When I was four or five years old I was running about one washing-day and tumbled into a tub of scalding water. I went in head first and my hair all came off. I was not otherwise seriously hurt, but mother had to take care of me for a long time before I fairly recovered.

Pauline.—Mrs. H. told me the other day that she lost a darling boy when only two or three years old by his pulling a boiling tea-kettle upon himself when playing alone in the kitchen. He was frightfully scalded and died in great agony.

Ione.—Dreadful! How often we hear of children being lost! Did you know about the case that occurred last week near Talberg? A girl fourteen years old and her little brother only five were missed. All the neighborhood was aroused and many men searched in vain for hours. The next day the children were found several miles from home in a wooded swamp. The night had been a cold one and the girl's legs were partly frozen; but she held the boy unharmed in her lap.

Lyra.—I noticed that there was something said in last week's journal about our children not crying much. I think one of the greatest reasons why they don't is because they are so well taken care of that they don't get hurt half as much as children ordinarily do. There has never been a serious accident among them. Of course they get bumped occasionally; but there is hardly one of them who has any idea how even a slight burn feels.

Pauline.—Sure enough! I never thought of that! Children generally have to shift for themselves while their mothers are washing and ironing and getting dinner; but here the laundry is away in another building; so is the kitchen, and the children only visit those places with their guardians, so that it is impossible for them to fall into boiling water or get possession of dangerous tools.

Ione.—Some folks think that babies must fall out of bed at least once before they are a year old, or not have ordinary gumption. But we are not so afraid of that result but that we take good care not to have them do it. They are almost all in low beds, or so protected when in high beds that they cannot fall out. We believe in craniology to this extent at least, and don't wish to have their intellect injured by unnecessary bumps.

Lyra.—Do you suppose our children will be as smart as others are about taking care of themselves by and by? Some think they ought to learn by sore experience, you know.

Hope,—Pshaw! I think we need have no fear on that score. It's a grand thing that our children have no scars or burns or mutilated fingers. How thankful I am for our children's department!

All.—And I; and I.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

—"C.," who did not know that the Journalist had written the foregoing, dropped into our box the following item which treats of a kindred theme. As both are from real life, we trust our readers will not consider them an infliction:

A CHAT BETWEEN TWO GRANDMOTHERS AT O. C.

H.—If any one doubts whether a woman without babies of her own can love other folk's children, I wish they could spend a day in the East Room and see Sarah and Chloe with their little brood around them.

C.—So do I. If it is a miracle for a woman to love in such an unselfish way, then we have daily and hourly miracles among us. What mother ever gave more wise and loving care to her own petted darling, than Sarah and Chloe do to their *nine* little two-year-olds.

H.—Just watch Chloe for a while. See what a warm motherly kiss she gives this one on her knee, while another at her side pulls out her comb, and begins to comb her hair. How ready she is with a song or a story. What a way she has of getting up pretty plays, and teaching the little things to say their verses and rhymes.

C.—And then listen to Sarah's soothing voice when a child is vexed or hurt. She understands the art of smoothing down the ruffled temper and kissing the finger to make it well. She watches over their dispositions, their health, their diet and their sleeping, with more than a mother's care.

H.—And Oh! their motherly arms and laps! When the lamps are lighted and the little ones begin to get tired and sleepy, you will often see them with a child on each knee, while a soothing story or song prepares them for bed.

C.—Yes, and how the children love them! That shows it is no sham—no make-believe—on either side; all is genuine. The other evening just at dusk I was sitting in the East Room when George W. came in full of glee from his visit to his mamma at the Villa. I took the little fellow on my lap, and in a grandmotherly way was listening to his prattle and asking him about his visit, when Miss Chloe came in. You should have seen how quick he got down from my lap and climbed into hers, and then what a hugging he gave her. Then he began to kiss her, to stroke her face with his hands, and lay his head on her bosom repeating over and over these little expressions of love till I really thought Chloe was almost embarrassed. And I sitting there, I suppose according to the worldly sentiment in such cases, ought to have felt jealous and put out to see the little boy leave me for her, and give her so much love.

H.—O, yes! selfish philoprogenitiveness would say you were robbed, and must feel almost indignant at Chloe, as if she had got the child's heart away from you.

C.—What nonsense, what pitiful nonsense this worldly sentiment of jealousy about love is! As if I were not richer, and the child richer and happier every way for the love between him and Chloe, and between him and everybody else whether related by blood or not.

NOTES OF AN EVENING MEETING.

J. H. N.—What shall be done with ambition? That is an element which is much used in colleges by professors and teachers to goad their pupils forward; but it is generally of the selfish sort—an ambition to excel, that leads to rivalry and competition. Napoleon is perhaps the best example of this selfish, godless ambition, which has been seen in modern times; and his spirit no doubt affects nearly all the enterprising men of this age. Ambition is a tremendous force. How shall we make good use of it? It is a legitimate thing, but it must be turned in the right direction. The best definition which I can think of for true ambition is that it should be a purpose to be *useful.* This will not only lead to good deeds in one direction, but in all; it will lead one to be useful with his mind and heart, and, when fully developed, make us serviceable to God. This kind of ambition does not depend at all for success on rivalry; no matter how many are seeking to attain it, none will conflict with others, but all can be successful and happy. Selfish ambition inevitably causes misery; if one succeeds another is made miserable. As soon as this ambition to be useful takes possession of a man it will make him better in every way. It requires faith to start this ambition, faith to believe that there is a God, and that he rewards all good service. This ambition is open to women as well as to men, and to those who have two talents as well as to those who have ten. Every one can be useful and a blessing to others—a blessing to the universe and to God. This ambition is quite different from the old New England work-spirit; it will make us discriminate and appreciate the higher kinds of service; it will make people see that they are often the most useful when they are simply mediums of a good spirit to those around them. It is a generic ambition. Most ambitions lead one to desire to excel in some particular branch; as for instance to be a good business man, musician or artist of some kind; but such are really trivial desires when compared with this generic ambition to be useful.

W. H. W.—Christ taught this same ambition to his disciples. They strove among themselves who should be greatest, and were evidently tempted to rivalry; but Christ turned their attention to this spirit of usefulness as the only sure road to greatness. He said, "If any man desire to be first, the same shall be last of all and servant of all."

H. J. S.—I suppose this ambition does not depend for satisfaction on a person's being appreciated; it does not necessarily require that the person to whom he is useful should recognize it.

W. A H.—Experience shows that such persons are always appreciated. Persons who really have an ambition to be useful achieve the best success in the long run everywhere.

J. L. S.—This saying of Paul would apply here in an encouraging way: "Knowing that whatsoever good thing any man doeth, the same shall he receive of the Lord whether he be bond or free."

W. A. H.—This is a grand idea to instill into the minds of our children as they grow up. Let their parents and guardians teach them that the chief aim of their lives must be to be useful.

V. C. N.—Christ himself said that he came not to be ministered unto but to minister.

J. B. H.—There seems to me to be two very different spirits connected with these two kinds of ambitions. In

the Napoleonic ambition there is a sense of coldness and isolation: the more a man is distinguished the more isolated he becomes; but in the true ambition the more successful a person is in serving others, the greater is the unity established between him and those whom he serves. The one leads in an outward direction toward coldness and isolation, the other in an inward direction toward love and happiness. There is a warm loving spirit about one who wishes to be useful, that a person who has ever so secret an ambition to be distinguished can never have. He turns something out of his heart which he can never get back as long as he cherishes false ambition.

H. J. S.—Selfish ambition is usually stimulated in every possible way. I remember hearing a great deal when I went to school about the possibility of my becoming President of the United States.

W. H. W.—I don't see that this ambition to be useful circumscribes a man's career at all. Everything that he can make help his usefulness is open to him, and that in reality opens the whole universe to him.

W. A. H.—We may expect that God will meet us in any undertaking which we enter upon with this object in view; but we may be sure that he will not meet us if we undertake things in a selfish way, for the sake of distinction. This ambition is just what is needed in the matter of edification.

W. H. W.—I think it is true that usefulness is a great secret of happiness. The consciousness that you are useful to others and to God affords one the highest happiness. "It is more blessed to give than to receive," and usefulness certainly secures that blessing.

J. B. H.—I am thankful for this definition of true ambition. It looked at first almost like a hopeless task to answer the question, What shall be done with the element of ambition? One might sit down and philosophize on the question a long time and not find a satisfactory answer; but the answer Mr. N. has given seems like an answer from God. Christ says, "Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit; so shall ye be my disciples."

W. A. H.—I am very anxious that all the young people should think on this question and see if the answer given is not a word in season to them. I know that some have trials on this very point: they have an ambition to excel in some particular thing; but I am sure they will never become strong and thoroughly happy here or anywhere else until this desire to be useful takes precedence of all other ambitions. I do not believe there is any stable-mindedness without that.

G. E. C.—This Napoleonic ambition often makes persons perfectly miserable. I read of a young man not long since who was studying music in one of the schools in Europe, and whose ambition was to become the best pianist. There were difficulties in the way; others had more natural talent, than he had; and on finding his ambition was not to be realized he was so disappointed that he went and shot himself. That is of course an extreme case, but selfish ambition surely leads to misery.

N.—I do not see but that the ambition for usefulness is one that can be encouraged and cultivated with success in all classes from the youngest to the oldest; it can become the unitary ambition throughout every class of society. This can hardly be said of any other. Almost all our ambitions are for things in respect to which persons have special genius. There are only a few who can be really and thoroughly successful in music or in any of the special professional branches; but I do not see why every one cannot be successful to his heart's content in usefulness; if he really gets an earnest ambition for it and goes to work by prayer, I am sure he will be thoroughly successful.

W. A. H.—It will not do for us to misuse this principle by saying that we are useful by doing all we can with our hands, and that if we thus make good use of our time nothing more is required of us. That is not so; it is required of us to be useful in the best ways, and there are oftentimes far better ways than by mere manual service.

N.—What we ought to seek and hope for is that a fire may be kindled in every heart in the Community, so that instead of there being only a faint desire to be useful, there will be an heroic ambition—an ambition as strong (though exercised in a different direction), as the ambition of Napoleon. The grace of God can make this whole Community burn with an ambition stronger than that of Napoleon—an ambition to be useful to God and man. While this ambition is one that all classes can take hold of, it is also capable of constant increase. Persons may discover from time to time new possibilities of usefulness, and those who have the feeblest beginning of this ambition will find themselves in sympathy with those who have the strongest and best form of it. Paul expressed his ambition in that remarkable passage in the third chapter of Philippians: "I follow after, if that I may apprehend that for which also I am apprehended of Christ Jesus." But he recognized that others had not the same high purpose; for while he says, "I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus," he immediately adds, "If in anything ye be otherwise minded God shall reveal even this unto you." He assumed that they had the same generic ambition, and that sooner or later it would become an ambition, like his own, to be all that God could make them.

THE BROCTON COMMUNITY.

ABOUT fifty miles west from Buffalo, as the traveler follows the Lake Shore Railroad, and nine from Dunkirk, the western terminus of the New York and Erie railway, is the village of Brocton, a small country town with one or two steeples pricking upward into the sky, and having a sort of harmony with the dark and pointed hemlocks of the adjoining woodland. The "Cross-Cut" railway here branches off southward, to climb over the hills to the head waters of the Alleghany, and take you straight on to the oil regions and Pittsburgh. Between the village and railway station, which are half a mile apart, and between the station and the Lake, a mile and a-half distant, is the domain of the Brocton Community. That "Brotherhood" has, with a poetic feeling which seems to characterize it, named its home, "Salem-on-Erie."

This body of land comprising nearly two thousand acres, is quite level, though somewhat diversified by patches of timber and ravines of no great depth. The soil is of a light character, like that of most hemlock lands, but owing to its nearness to the Lake it is very free from late frosts, and especially desirable for vineyards. Of these the Community have many acres, besides more on lands belonging to them in Missouri. Grapes, hay and wine are the staple products for market; to these should be added nursery-stock and plants grown in green-houses. Scattered over this domain are the houses of the former inhabitants; these are now occupied by the Community. Living thus scattered it is not possible for the people to reap all the advantages of association. It is their purpose, we believe, to build a unitary dwelling.

At the railway station they keep a neat and tasteful eating-house with a small conservatory attached; a bar for the sale of beer, cigars and wine—by the jug or glass, and a stand for grapes and berries in their season. Not far from the station is a small hotel; near this are the green-houses, and surrounding all are the nurseries and ornamental grounds. A store has been opened for the sale of goods. A large wine-house and wine-cellar were built three years ago, and a steam-grist mill was put in operation last year. There is also a chapel.

The leader of this movement is Thomas Lake Harris; born in England, but educated from his earliest years in this country; intended for the Baptist ministry, but became a Universalist preacher and officiated in the pulpit now held by the Rev. E. H. Chapin; became a Spiritualist, and in connection with one Scott, undertook to found a Community at Mountain Cove, West Virginia, the failure of which is recorded in "American Socialisms;" became a Christian Spiritualist in contradistinction from the Infidel Spiritualists; had a time of great darkness and struggle, when he succeeded in getting hold of Swedenborg's "internal respiration;" went to England, where he made friends (indeed, the Broctonians are largely English), and received some presents in money which, we are told, he very much increased by an inspired speculation in stocks; collected his followers at Amenia, Duchess County, N. Y., where they had a mill and a national bank; and finally in 1868 he surprised the old residents of Brocton by getting hold of a dozen farms at one sudden stroke. Then followed a series of movements that remind us of the O. C. Old buildings were taken down and moved; new ones were built and then drawn to other places; vineyards were planted, to be dug up and set elsewhere. One year this Community hired its labor done; the next it did its own work. It has always been a puzzle to its neighbors.

The Broctonians believe in monogamic marriage such as Swedenborg saw in heaven; they believe that religion is the only basis of communism, but their Christianity seems a mixture of Universalism and Swedenborgianism; they believe in the inspiration of their leader, and some of them bate their breaths when they mention "Mr. 'arris"; they all work, partly from principle, and partly from the necessities of their situation, we judge, for they are mostly people of refinement; they are getting a name for honesty, civility and privacy. Their doctrines are to be found in the "Arcana of Christianity," only two volumes of which have yet been published. From this work we learn that Mr. Harris aims to set up heavenly institutions on earth, and make a sort of model town-ship; therefore marriage is not the temporary union of Swedenborgian affinity-hunters—it is the blessed marriage of the great seer. Of their "internal respiration" we can say nothing without experiment. From the description of it, it appears like the consummation of love in the virgin breast, warming up the center of life and chasing away all chilliness from the extremities.

The persons of weight and means whom Mr. Harris has drawn into his following are, Mr. J. A. Requa, a Southern gentleman of wealth and administrative ability who died in 1868; Lady Oliphant, the widow of Sir Anthony Oliphant; her son Laurence Oliphant, M. P., attaché of English Embassies in the East, and author of two or three books on the countries he had visited; and lastly, Miss Waring, a sister of Geo. E. Waring, the distinguished writer on farm matters, and once agritural engineer of the Central Park. She is said to have proved herself a good manager for her new associates. We have learned since writing the above that the Oliphants have withdrawn from the connection.

Of the Broctonians with their $200,000 in land, selling hay and grapes—the latter sometimes go for two cents a pound in that market—we can only say with a writer in the *New York Sun*: "It is generally believed that the profits of their farming operations have nowhere reached legal interest on the investment." Their eating-house is their best-paying property. Of their standing there and offering the world beer and wine and cigars, while they themselves are reveling in the delights of an "internal respiration," we say it looks like a piece of bitter irony. In fact the Brocton Community is one of the many columns of Spiritualism which are converging against Positivism; when that is overthrown then will come the great fight. A. B.

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE AMERICAN HEALTH ASSOCIATION.

I.

New York, Nov. 17, 1873.

DEAR CIRCULAR:—Last Tuesday the American Public Health Association began its second annual meeting in the hall of the Union League

Club, Dr. Stephen Smith, President of the New York Board of Health, acting as chairman. Leading medical gentlemen from all parts of the Union were present. This Association was first organized in 1872. Its object is to advance sanitary reform, and already it comprises in its membership many of the most eminent physicians in the country.

Dr. Smith in his address speaking of cholera and other epidemics, said that on the recent outbreak of cholera the Executive Committee issued for general circulation an edition of four thousand copies of a memorandum embodying in simple language the latest information as to the best methods of preventing the spread of cholera, and sent it to towns where this epidemic was prevailing or likely to prevail. Much good he thought had resulted therefrom. There never has been a time when the people were so alive to all subjects relating to the preservation of the public health. Sensational as the newspaper discussions have been on the subject, they have undoubtedly done a vast amount of good. The ability of the people to rid themselves of the great majority of the diseases that afflict them is in truth limited only by their will. True reforms cannot be established on the fears of the people, though fear may be a valuable element in arousing and fixing attention. We must seize the opportunity when public attention is aroused to inculcate sound practical truths. The principles of sanitary science are so plain and intelligible that the humblest person can learn and practice them. The reward of the laborers in the field of preventive medicine is little more than a consciousness of having contributed to the life and happiness of their fellow men.

Dr. Billings read a short paper on the necessity of a national medical library, such as is to be found in the British Museum and the Royal College of Surgeons in London and also in Paris.

Mr. Beekman, who has lately returned from Europe, said that a comparison of the hospitals in Europe with those in America is greatly in favor of our own. He believes it is no longer disputed on the other side of the Atlantic that the chances of recovery are greater in the most squalid tenement-house, and in the most badly ventilated cellar, than in the best ward of the best hospital in London or Paris.

The President here read the names of new members of the Association, including Prof. Barnard, of Columbia College, Drs. Hanbury Smith and Conklin, and several gentlemen connected with the Board of Health, Detroit.

In the afternoon session Dr. Nathan Allen of Lowell, Mass., read a paper on the Law of Longevity, in which he said: "Among the influences at work to produce changes in, or to undermine our bodily systems, the most powerful, perhaps, is heredity or the law of inheritance. This depends for a beneficent effect on a sound and healthy structure, thus tending to prove the theory maintained, namely, that the law of longevity is a corollary to, or the natural offshoot of the law of propagation." He considered M. Flourens' theory as very defective in not pointing out distinctly the great laws of health and life as based on physiology and external nature.

Dr. Edward Jarvis, of Dorchester, Mass., followed with a paper on "The Power of the Housekeeper over, and Responsibility for the Health of the Family." This was quite an interesting paper, some of the chief points of which were, that the conversion of dead meats and bread into living organisms, brain and muscle, and the endowment of lifeless, motionless particles with the power of motion and sensation and intelligence and thought, must require an adaptation beyond the scope of chemistry and all the mechanics known to man. Nature provides the circulatory apparatus and the means for the conversion of food into blood and flesh, and does her part well; the rest, the selection of the food and its preparation for the table, was left for ourselves to do. In our part of the work we have only one object, and this is to provide the food which can be converted into living flesh; and to make the best living flesh which shall be endowed with the largest quantity of vital force, the best muscle for action, the best nerves of sensation, and the best brain and thought and intelligence. In this work assigned to us there is only one condition, and this is to prepare such food and make such mixtures in the kitchen, and have them cooked in such a way that they can most certainly and most easily be converted into blood and ultimately into living flesh; and in proportion as this condition is fulfilled life is meted out to those who eat. Here then comes in the responsibility of the purveyor who provides the materials that are to be eaten and the cook who prepares them. Animal life is strong or weak, comfortable or painful, active or sluggish, enduring or shortened, according as it is supplied with proper food and nourishment. A wise farmer once said in his hearing: "You cannot get more out of a cow than you can put into her." As a general rule the stomach is sound, and sufficiently strong to fulfill its appointed purposes. It can easily digest and convert into blood all the prepared material that is necessary for the support of the animal body, provided that it is judiciously selected and properly cooked; but if the food in its quality or quantity and its manner of preparation is unfit for the stomach, then the work of digestion is attended with difficulty and pain; it sometimes absorbs all the nervous energies of the system, and the sufferer is unfit for any other work, because the digestive process demands all the power of the nervous system. In this state we have headaches, are nervous and torpid, and do not seem to have ready possession of our faculties. A great responsibility devolves on the purveyor and the cook. The science of the kitchen is in a great degree the science of life. Of the multitude of cookery-books that have been written, few contain much that is valuable, and scarcely any of them teach the way of adapting the food to the stomach or show the way in which men and women may be best nourished by the materials which nature provides and the market offers. The position of housekeeper then is a high and honorable one. The housekeeper's office is a field for the exercise and display of talent, as high, if not higher, than most of the inventions of life demand. Woman is not a housekeeper by instinct or a cook by nature, any more than a man is a shoemaker or a carpenter by nature. Women are too apt to do this work as a matter of compulsion.

The succeeding paper, on the "Physical and Moral Causes of Bad Health in American Women," was read by Dr. James E. Reeves, of Wheeling, W. Va. This was a lengthy and an exceedingly instructive paper. He said the condition of bad health requires no exact and scientific description to make known its manifold sorrows, for its shadows are cast among all peoples and classes—the rich and poor, the young and the old, the ignorant and the intelligent. All along life's pathway, indeed, are to be seen the withered fruits of its avenging presence. Animal life is pre-constructed in harmony with the external world, and the laws governing its relation to and dependence upon inanimate matter can never be infringed without doing violence to the body in some manner. From a misapplication of the use of the physical agents, beneficently provided by the Father of the universe to give health and strength, the integrity of some organ is impaired, and the individual, if not wholly and immediately incapacitated from accustomed bodily and mental labor, soon becomes enfeebled, and the fair form wastes away from the penalty of personal folly. Natural heritage is almost as old as the human family. The Sacred Writings abound with examples of its recognition. Historians and poets have alike, in both ancient and modern times, attributed personal and moral characteristics to parentage. Who has not heard the remark, "He is a chip of the old block!" That "like begets like," is a law which everybody accepts and understands as a matter of fact. It stands out so prominently in all the relations of life, its faithful illustrations are so familiar and constantly recurring, that the career of the child for good or evil, for intellect or imbecility, for refinement or vulgarity, for physical strength and symmetry, for feebleness and deformity, for health or disease, may with much truth be written before its birth. Burns resembled his mother in features and general address; and from her he inherited that fondness for ballads and traditionary lore which was the germ of his subsequent poetical greatness. From his father he derived a robust constitution but an irritable temperament; he was constitutionally melancholy and hypochondriac. Lord Byron "strikingly combined in his own nature some of the very best and perhaps worst qualities that lie scattered through the various characters of his predecessors—the generosity, the love of enterprise, the high-mindedness of some of the better spirits of his race, with the irregular passions, the eccentricity and daring recklessness of the world's opinion, that so much characterized others." In the language of another, "it is the greatest part of our felicity to be well born; and it were happy for humanity if only such as are sound of body and mind should be suffered to marry." M. L. B.

"THE OLD IS BETTER."

BY CARL SPENCER.

The vaults of God are full of wine—
Vintage of all the years in store;
Bring all your cups for Him to fill,
And He will give them running o'er.

Full of the sun His grapes have grown,
Ask what thou wilt, the choice is wide,
For joy is good, the angels' food—
And when He gives He will not chide.

But whoso in His banquet-house,
Hath drunk his costlier wine of pain—
(Oh, sharp and sweet, for victors meet)
He will not ask the new again!

THE NEWS.

A dispatch from Aden says the Turkish Government has withdrawn its troops from the scene of the recent conflict in Arabia and that peace has been restored.

Prof. Torell, of Upsala, Sweden, considers it probable that English may be adopted as a common scientific language, and has written his own late work in that tongue.

A church in Norway near Bergen, capable of holding one thousand persons, is built entirely of papier-mache, rendered water-proof by being saturated with a chemical mixture.

The latest news from Ashantee received at the British War office, gives favorable accounts of the progress of the expedition, and strong hopes are expressed as to its final success.

It is considered almost certain that the headings between the center and west shafts of the Hoosac tunnel will meet on Thanksgiving day. Less than 100 feet now divide the headings.

The trial of William M. Tweed for malfeasance in office, receiving bribes, and general corruption in the management of public affairs, has ended in a verdict of guilty on all the counts, two hundred and four in number, and the accused was taken into custody by order of the court.

M. De Lesseps, the engineer of the Suez canal, is vigorously pushing his projected railroad from Orenburg to Peshawer, India, *via* Samarcand. He has lately obtained a passport from the Russian Government granting him and his son liberty to travel through the provinces

from Orenburg to Samarcand, in order to satisfy himself and the inhabitants of Central Asia of the soundness of his great scheme. He is very sanguine of success and talks of having a railway from Orenburg to Samarcand completed and to open traffic within six years.

The first heavy snow-storm of the season, the great "November Wave" from the Rocky Mountains, burst over the Middle and New England States on Tuesday. In the interior but comparatively little damage was done beyond the blockading of travel and the mails. But on the New England coast and off Newfoundland the damage to the coasting and fishing trade, is reported to be heavy, with loss of life. One noticeable feature of this storm was the great barometric wave which swept over the country in many localities the mercury indicated the lowest pressure observed since the discovery of America, and was immediately followed by a sudden rise.

The excitement in regard to the Virginius affair continues unabated. War meetings in New York and other cities, and denunciations from pulpit and press have aroused the war feeling to fever heat and started a popular clamor which apparently nothing will allay but an immediate recognition of Cuban independence or annexation to the United States. The U. S. Government while waiting for further particulars has been pushing its naval preparations at New York, Boston and Philadelphia with the utmost vigor, nights and Sundays. The flag-ship Worcester, 50 guns, with Rear Admiral Scott on board, left on Tuesday for Key West which will be used as a general rendezvous for the fleet operating against Cuba. Work has been suspended on the Spanish iron-clad Arapiles, 30 guns, now undergoing repairs at the Brooklyn navy-yard. The monitors are rapidly fitting for service and departing for the Gulf, while immense quantities of war material are loading for the same destination. In answer to the demands of the Government, that the surviving members of the crew of the Virginius be at once set at liberty, and the official perpetrators of the massacre be delivered to the United States Government for trial, the Spanish Government replies that although the Spanish Cabinet is unanimously in favor of a satisfactory and honorable settlement of the difficulty, they regard the maintenance of the integrity of the Spanish territory as essential. The London press seems to consider the annexation of Cuba to the United States as a foregone conclusion and suggest that considerations of policy and humanity would lead England to look with favor upon such a termination of the present difficulties. The President although very reticent as to the future action of the Government, is free to express his indignation at these Spanish atrocities and declares that the country will be satisfied with the recommendations which he is preparing to lay before Congress.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

THE CIRCULAR will always be sent to all who wish to receive it—as gladly to those who are unable to pay its nominal price as to those who in some degree voluntarily share with us the burden of its publication; but we earnestly desire that it should not go to any person who does not care to read it: and as it is probable that some have sent for it during the year from simple curiosity, or on the recommendation of friends, or for other reasons, who do not choose to longer receive it, we hereby give notice, as is our annual custom, that the CIRCULAR *will be sent after January 1st only to those who shall previously renew their subscriptions.* Those who have prepaid for a term beyond January 1st, as well as those who have quite recently applied for the paper, are of course excepted from this notification. This rule makes it necessary for many old subscribers and well-tried friends to write to us—even those to whom we might safely send the CIRCULAR, with the assurance that it would be appreciated.

Our readers may rest assured that we are hearty in offering the CIRCULAR *freely*, as heretofore, and that the discrimination used in this notice is only such as seems to be necessary to protect us from needless expense.

THE SNOW BIRD.

Oh, the bird! the wee little thing,
With plumage of blue, all over its wings;
Out in the snow-storm, cold and sleet,
With bright little eyes and bare little feet,
  Skipping,
    Leaping,
      Flitting along,
While it sings us its sweet little song.

The birds without barn or storehouse are fed—
Ah, see! it has found a small crumb of bread;
Its playmates have come to share with it now,
Together they hop from bough to bough,
  Picking,
    Eating,
      Chirping along,
Cheering us with their beautiful song.

With what grace on pure white snow
They gayly chatter, as they fly to and fro;
Up in the blue distance, receding in sight,
They hail us again with perfect delight;
  Talking,
    Dancing,
      Prattling along,
Singing to us their same sweet song.

May we too learn to be happy and gay
As the birds in winter, as the flowers in May:
Strive to do good in thought, word, and deed,
Trusting in God, for all that we need,
  Hoping,
    Praying,
      Singing along,
Our praise to him in a Christian song.

—*Mrs. L. Sumption.*

FUNNY.

MR. ALONZO LEBARON HAVINGTON, of Salt Lake City, is evolving a stupendous commentary on certain prophetic Scriptures, in which he discovers plain and detailed descriptions of modern railroads with all their appurtenances. His eye however is mainly on one particular railroad, namely, the Union Pacific, which he thinks is destined to transport all nations to the great Mormon center and is therefore specially signalized in prophecy. We might give many amusing specimens of his skill in finding railroad significances in the language of the prophets, as when he makes Isaiah refer to the whistle of the locomotive in the *hiss* spoken of in ch. 5: 26, and when he insists that Ezekiel referred to passenger cars in his description of the living creatures that "went every one strait forward * * * and *turned not* when they went" (Ezek. 1: 12), which he considers an allusion to the double-end construction, by which passenger cars can run either way without being turned round! But we must content ourselves, and we think our readers will be contented, with a single citation from the Salt Lake commentary. Referring to Ezekiel's sublime vision of the cherubic machine in his 1st and 10th chapters, Mr. Havington says, "It appears from the 13th verse of the 10th chapter, that some other one than the prophet saw the wheel first, and exclaimed or cried in his hearing, O [see here is a] wheel! Whereupon he goes and examines it and tells us again in the 10th verse of the 1st chapter that, "as for their appearance they had one likeness, [or were all alike, and were] as if a wheel had been in the midst of a wheel." That is, they were like two wheels—one smaller than the other—being so placed or joined together (the largest on the inside, as they stand on the railroad track) that the rim of the largest one would form a flange to the smaller one. Now is not this description as much like the wheels of a car as could reasonably be expected under the circumstances?"

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

The Trapper's Guide; a Manual of Instructions for Capturing Fur-bearing Animals. By S. Newhouse. Third edition; with New Narratives and Illustrations. 215 pp. 8vo. Price, bound in cloth, $1.50.

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

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Back Volumes of the Circular, Unbound. Price $2.00 per volume.

MESSRS. TRUBNER & COMPANY, Book-sellers, Paternoster Row, London, have the "History of American Socialisms," the "Trapper's Guide," and the "Hand-Book of the O. C.," for sale. They will receive subscriptions for our other publications.

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Of the Oneida Community Buildings and Grounds, made by a first-class artist and finely mounted, can be had on application at the Office of the Oneida Circular.

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A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF HOME, SCIENCE AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

Published by the Oneida & Wallingford Communities. ONEIDA COMMUNITY, DECEMBER 1, 1873. *New Series, Vol. X, No. 49 Whole No. 1487.*

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Foreign subscribers, excepting those residing in Canada, must remit with their subscriptions money to prepay the postage.

THE UNITED COMMUNITIES.

ONEIDA COMMUNITY

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

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SPECIAL NOTICE.

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

ADMISSIONS.

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

THE CALL.

BY GEORGE HERBERT.

Come, my Way, my Truth, my Life:
Such a Way, as gives us breath:
Such a Truth, as ends all strife:
Such a Life, as killeth death.

Come, my Light, my Feast, my Strength:
Such a Light, as shows a feast:
Such a Feast, as mends in length:
Such a Strength, as makes his guest.

Come, my Joy, my Love, my Heart:
Such a Joy, as none can move:
Such a Love, as none can part:
Such a Heart, as joys in love.

THE HEART OF THE TEMPLE.

A Bible Study, giving an Inside View of Jewish Metaphysics.

BY J. H. N.

IN Old Testament times the Jews had a sacred box or cabinet, made of wood, about four feet and six inches long, two feet and nine inches wide, and two feet and nine inches high, which they called the ARK OF THE COVENANT. This ark was built soon after Moses received the law on Mount Sinai; and the object of it was two-fold, viz., (1,) to be the safe in which the two stone tablets containing the ten commandments should be kept; and (2,) to be the visible oracle or place of consulting God. (Exodus 25: 10–22.) This was the nucleus of the whole system of sacred things pertaining to the Jewish worship. The tabernacle with its succession of holy places was built for the residence of the ark; and afterwards the temple with its various courts took the place of the tabernacle, and had the ark in its center, as the dwelling place of the national covenant and of the divine presence. Thus the ark was the *heart of the temple.*

Now the ark and its surroundings, the tabernacle and the temple, were all built after patterns received by revelation, and were understood by the church in the time of the New Testament, to be symbols of the great spiritual system of which God is the center. The innermost sanctuary in which the ark rested typified heaven, and the outer courts surrounding it were the departments of this world and probably of Hades. This general view appears in the 9th chapter of Hebrews and elsewhere. Probably Christ had this conception in mind when he said "In my Father's house [the temple] are many mansions [or courts]; I go [to the innermost] to prepare a place for you." (John 14: 2.)

At the same time Christ and the apostles also evidently regarded the temple and its contents as symbols of smaller human organizations, viz: (1,) of the church, as is seen in Ephesians 2: 20–22, and (2,) of individuals, as when Paul says, "Ye are the temples of God"—"Your bodies are the temples of the Holy Ghost." The unitary idea in all these conceptions doubtless is that which Swedenborg makes so great account of (but which he stole from Paul), viz., that man is a microcosm and that all spiritual organizations are "in the human form;" so that the temple may properly be regarded as a symbol of the spiritual universe on the one hand, of human individuals on the other, and of all intermediate organizations.

It will be worth our while, therefore, to study the meaning of the Jewish temple, if for nothing more than to find out what was the old Jewish theory of metaphysics.

As we have seen that the ark was the sacred nucleus for which the tabernacle and the temple were built, our first business will be to discover what that nucleus symbolized; and we may be sure if we succeed in this we shall have the clew to all the mysteries of the temple.

Other articles besides the stone tablets of the law were originally deposited in the ark, viz., a pot of manna and Aaron's rod that budded; but these were evidently of secondary importance, and may be omitted from our present inquiry. The record of the law, which was to be the Constitution of the commonwealth of Israel, was the first-named object for which the ark was provided; and it is expressly stated that when that sacred cabinet was brought to its place in the temple which Solomon built, "*there was nothing in it save the two tables of stone* which Moses put there at Horeb, when the Lord made a covenant with the children of Israel." (1 Kings 8: 9.) Its popular name was the *Ark of the Covenant*, which refers us to the tablets of the law as its main contents.

With Paul for our guide, it is easy to make out, at least in some general way, what was symbolized by the ark and the tablets of the law within it. He brings to view in the 8th chapter of Hebrews the "NEW COVENANT" as prefigured by the Old, and says expressly that this antitypical covenant was on this wise: "Saith the Lord, *I will put my laws* [which in the old covenant were on tables of stone] *into their mind, and write them in their hearts.*" The stone tablets, therefore, on which the law was first written, with the ark into which they were put, were symbols of the *mind* and *heart* of man; and as we know that the Jews made no such distinction between the mind and the heart as is made in modern metaphysics, the double expression, *mind and heart*, may probably be taken as a Hebrew pleonasm for the heart alone. This exactly agrees with another expression of Paul, which discloses unequivocally his interpretation of the symbolism of the stone tablets, viz: "Ye are our epistle, written in our hearts, known and read of all men; forasmuch as ye are manifestly declared to be the epistle of Christ, ministered by us, written not with ink, but with the spirit of the living God; *not in tables of stone, but in fleshly tables of the heart.*"

(2 Cor. 3: 2—4). Thus we see that Paul, when he spoke of man as being the temple of God, evidently had in his mind the conception of a central sanctuary in that temple, corresponding to the ark and its contents, which he called *the heart.* There was the law written with the Spirit of the living God, and there of course was the oracle, *i. e.*, the presence of the living God.

It is very probable that Jesus Christ first pointed out the general symbolism of the temple which was afterwards taught by Paul; for it is recorded that he said to the Jews, "Destroy this temple, and in three days I will raise it up;" and the evangelist adds that he "spake of the temple of his body." (John 2: 19–21). Let us see, therefore, what we can find in the teachings of Christ that will throw light on the special symbolism of the Heart of the Temple—the Ark of the Covenant.

One of the most remarkable passages in the Bible is this: "In the last day, that great day of the feast, Jesus stood and cried, saying, if any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink. He that believeth on me, as the Scripture hath said, *out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water.*" (John 7: 38.) This seems, at first view, to have no connection with our inquiry; but the incidental clause—"*as the Scripture hath said,*"—leads to very interesting and pertinent disclosures. Where is the passage in the Old Testament Scriptures which promises that rivers of living water shall flow out of a man's belly? No where can anything be found at all corresponding to this idea except in the 47th chapter of Ezekiel, and in a brief parallel passage in Zechariah 14: 8. The latter speaks of living waters going forth *from Jerusalem;* but Ezekiel sees the same river flowing *from the temple.* He had been surveying and describing the temple, and in conclusion says:

"Afterwards he brought me again unto the door of the house; and behold, waters issued out from under the threshold of the house eastward: for the forefront of the house stood toward the east, and the waters came down from under the right side of the house, at the south side of the altar. Then brought he me out of the way of the gate northward, and led me about the way without unto the outer gate by the way that looketh eastward; and behold, there ran out waters on the right side And when the man that had the line in his hand went forth eastward, he measured a thousand cubits, and he brought me through the waters; the waters were to the ankles. Again he measured a thousand, and brought me through the waters; the waters were to the knees. Again he measured a thousand, and brought me through; the waters were to the loins; afterwards he measured a thousand, and it was a river that I could not pass over: for the waters were risen, waters to swim in, a river that could not be passed over. And he said unto me, Son of man, hast thou seen this? Then he brought me, and caused me to return to the brink of the river. Now, when I had returned, behold, at the bank of the river were very many trees on the one side and on the other. Then said he unto me, These waters issue out toward the east country, and go down into the desert, and go into the sea: which being brought forth into the sea, the waters shall be healed. And it shall come to pass, that every thing that liveth, which moveth, whithersoever the rivers shall come, shall live: and there shall be a very great multitude of fish, because these waters shall come thither: they shall be healed: and every thing shall live whither the river cometh. And it shall come to pass, that the fishers shall stand upon it from En-gedi even unto En-eglaim; they shall be a place to spread forth nets; their fish shall be according to their kinds, as the fish of the great sea, exceeding many. But the miry places thereof and the marshes thereof shall not be healed; they shall be given to salt. And by the river upon the bank thereof, on this side and on that side, shall grow all trees for meat, whose leaf shall not fade, neither shall the fruit thereof be consumed: it shall bring forth new fruit according to his months, because their waters they issued out of the sanctuary: and the fruit thereof shall be for meat, and the leaf thereof for medicine."

It cannot be denied that this river is big enough and living enough to answer to the description of the waters promised in John 7: 28. But how does it appear that it flowed from the *belly?* The prophet says in the first place that it flowed from the threshold of the temple eastward; but finally he says that it "*issued from the sanctuary.*" Now in our previous researches we have found the "sanctuary," *i. e.*, the ark and its contents, to be the heart of the temple, corresponding to the spiritual heart or *cerebrum abdominale* in human nature. Christ, therefore, accustomed as he was to think and speak of himself as the temple of God and of his heart as the sanctuary of that temple, and conscious as he was of the rivers of life that were flowing from his heart, healing and quickening every body and every thing around him, was entirely justified in referring to the vision of Ezekiel as being fulfilled in him and in them that believed on him; and it was natural and proper that he should call the sanctuary from which he was conscious that the living waters flowed, by its true name—the belly.

Having thus established the connection beteen Christ's living waters and the living waters of Ezekiel's vision, and keeping in mind that connection, let us now go to another remarkable vision of living waters, viz., that of John in the last chapter of Revelation:

"And he showed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb. In the midst of the street of it, and on either side of the river, was there the tree of life, which bare twelve manner of fruits, and yielded her fruit every month: and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations." (Rev. 22: 1—2.)

The picture here is nearly identical with that of Ezekiel's vision. And yet there is a remarkable difference between the two accounts of the *source* of the river of life. While Ezekiel sees it flowing from the temple, John in his previous description of the New Jerusalem, from which the river issued, says expressly that he "*saw no temple therein.*" (Rev. 21: 22.) But it is easy to reconcile the seeming discrepancy. John adds, "for the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb *are the temple of it.*" And, to match this, the river is described as "proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb;" so that after all it does proceed from the temple and from the heart of the temple, as in Ezekiel's vision; for "the throne of God and of the Lamb" is certainly the center and sanctuary of the heavenly places, corresponding to the ark in the temple.

It is worth noting that as God was the acknowledged king of the Jews when the ark and the sanctuary were first established, so the "mercy seat," which was the top of the ark overshadowed by the cherubim, was considered the *throne* of God, where he sat to give oracles and judge the nation. Hence such expressions as the following are frequent in the Psalms and elsewhere: "The Lord reigneth; let the people tremble; *he sitteth between the cherubim;* let the earth be moved." "Give ear, O shepherd of Israel! thou that leadest Joseph like a flock; *thou that dwellest between the cherubim,* shine forth." So that John, in representing the river of life as proceeding from the *throne* of God and of the Lamb, adheres strictly to the idea in Ezekiel, that it issued from the sanctuary where the ark, with its "mercy-seat," rested under the wings of the cherubim.

The results of our study seem to be that the ark was a type of the human heart, and that the first principle of Jewish metaphysics, as represented in the symbols of the temple interpreted by Christ and the apostles, was that this central sanctuary called the heart, is the place where the law of God is written by his Spirit, where he dwells and reigns and gives responses, and whence rivers of life flow abroad; and that the physical location of this sanctuary is in the belly.

PRAYER CURES.

From the Northern Christian Advocate.

THIS is a new phrase recently introduced into our periodical literature. It has a very definite meaning, and claims credence on the ground of a number of well-authenticated cases of physical cure, wrought solely in answer to prayer, without any intervention of visible means. We will give several of these recent instances.

The *Advance* more than a year ago published an account of the physical recovery of Mrs. Miller of Oberlin, in answer to prayer. That account was read in the family of a missionary pastor in Kansas, in which was a daughter of twelve years of age, seriously afflicted with chronic rheumatism. For three years she suffered until "the leg was shrunken, stiff at the knee, shorter by some two inches than the other, and the thigh bone was gradually drawn from its socket." The child read of Mrs. Miller's cure by prayer, and wondered why she could not also be cured by the same means. She repeated to her mother some of the promised answers to prayer, and asked, "Don't Jesus mean what he says, and is'nt it just as true now as then?" The mother endeavored to divert her attention by representing the affliction as a blessing. The physician also, called and left another prescription, and encouraged the child to hope for benefit from it. The child could not, however, be diverted from the thought that Jesus could and would heal her. After the doctor's departure she said, "Mother, I cannot have that plaster put on."

"Why, dear?"

"Because, mother, *Jesus* is going to cure me, and He must have all the glory. Dr. —— doesn't believe in God; if we put that plaster on, he will say it was that which helped me; and it will be *all Jesus.*" So earnest was she, that her mother at length placed the package, just as she had received it, on a shelf, and said no more about it.

The little girl and her mother were alone that day, the father being absent from home. When the household duties were done she called her mother to her. "Mother, will you pray *now* to Jesus to cure me? I have got the faith; I know He will, if you will ask Him!" The mother, overcome, yielded to her daughter's request and commenced praying. She was blest with unusual consciousness of the presence of God, and became insensible to all outward surroundings, pleading for the child. She remained in this state of intercession for more than an hour, when she was aroused by her daughter, who with her hand on her mother's shoulder was joyfully exclaiming, "Mother, dear mother, wake up! Don't you see Jesus *has cured me?* O, I am well! I am so

well!" and she was dancing about the room literally healed.

One week from that day, the girl was seen by the writer of the account in the *Advance*, who says she was out sliding on the ice with her companions. From that day to this she has had no further trouble; the limb is full, round and perfect; there is *no difference* between it and the other.

To every question asked she replies, with the overflowing gratitude of a loving heart, "Jesus cured me!"

Mrs. Sarah F. Stevens, Topeka, Kansas, gives her address, as being cognizant of all the facts, in connection with the above case.

Another case has appeared recently in the public prints, which appears to be well authenticated. Mrs. Ellen C. Sherman, wife of Rev. Moses Sherman of Pierpont, N. H., says over her own signature that she was a sufferer for fifteen years, and looked forward to a bedridden state for years to come. In this expectation she sought grace to perfect her resignation to the will of God. While thus asking Divine aid, she became conscious of the Divine Presence in a very peculiar manner. She was also, at the same time, deeply impressed that Christ was able and willing to restore her helpless and diseased body to health and strength. Her whole being, she says, responded, "Lord I believe, help Thou my unbelief." A power rested upon her, and thrilled her whole being like a current of electricity, relieving her pain instantly. Strength was imparted to turn in bed, which had before required the assistance of two persons. She called her husband, and told him what the Lord had done for her, and rose and walked across the room several times. Her diseases, which were pronounced incurable, she says, are gone. Her husband, also, in a letter of last week says, "Two months have since passed, and she remains free from disease with increasing strength.

In addition to these cases, we may refer to another, which has not been made public—one that came more immediately within our personal knowledge. We do not feel at liberty to give names as it might not be agreeable to the persons concerned, but will vouch for the accuracy of the statements we make.

The case is that of a young lady, well educated and occupying the very best social position, of mature years, and deep and intelligent piety, and the daughter of a physician. For years she had been subject to a complication of diseases which confined her to her home, and much of the time rendered unable to walk across her room; artificial supports being necessary to keep her weak frame in an erect posture. During all this time she had the very best medical advice and attendance the country could furnish, and which was continued up to the very day when the cure was suddenly effected. The cure was on this wise. For a year or more, the subject had been persuaded that in answer to her prayers and faith in Christ, He would heal her body. But she rationally supposed it would by blessing the means used. She did not at first anticipate a cure independent of means. Hence she waited in this hope and faith for a long time, using faithfully all the means prescribed. Finally she was forced to the conclusion that she was nothing bettered by her physicians, and so announced to her father. She was led to review her faith in the Savior, and was convinced that she had mistaken His teaching to her, and that she must believe that he would heal her if at all, independent of human agencies; that the fact should not be attributed to any other cause than supernatural power, in direct answer to prayer and faith. In this belief, and casting herself entirely upon Christ and his promises, she made the actual test. In her room alone, she divested herself, by a painful effort, of all the artificial supports by which her poor body was stayed up, and said, "Now, Lord, I trust only in Thy help!" Thus trusting, she rose from her couch and walked across her room. This she did several times, a performance as physically impossible without special Divine aid, as for the man in the Gospel with a withered hand, to obey Christ's command to stretch it forth. In both instances, with the effort to obey, strength was imparted to accomplish the act. This was in the evening of the day, and without giving more minute details, from that hour her strength continued, and the next day; without having informed her parents, during their absence for a ride the daughter dressed herself and walked some distance to visit friends, with whom she dined, and appeared in a prayer-meeting in the afternoon, where she declared to the surprise of her parents and many friends, what the Lord had done for her. Her father assured us that so far as he could judge, being a physician, the cure was genuine, and he believed was in answer to prayer, and not attributable to the medical treatment she had received. This case occurred under circumstances where imposition would not be attempted, nor deception practiced. It was in the family circle, under the light of intelligence, and the eye of professional skill. So far as we are informed, the cure has remained permanent to the present time.

* * * * * * *

Neither must we suppose that these cases of remarkable answers to prayer, are novelties in the Christian church. It is a popular remark and received as a solution of difficulties, that "the age of miracles is past." It is past, so far as their presence is relied upon to attest the divinity of the gospel. Their work in this respect is done. But if that saying is intended to deny divine interposition, supernatural power and results at the present time, we cannot admit it. In every age of the Christian church God has answered prayer, and many times in a manner which seemed remarkable. But is an answer seemingly remarkable to us, more an evidence of Divine interposition and help, than are the ordinary answers to prayer that Christians believe they receive daily? The validity of the evidence is not in its manifestations, but in its nature. Divine answers to prayer once established, and there are no limits to their extent, but the Divine wisdom and will, for with God all things are possible. We must not surrender the possibility of our belief in the supernatural, or the foundation stone of our faith is gone. There is danger in the timidity, or amiability of Christians, in this direction. We must not concede the impossibility, or the improbability of these answers to prayer, to the rationalist, or skeptic. Let us judge them by the evidence adduced in their favor as facts, and when this is sufficient to establish the fact, admit them.

The scriptural warrant for prayer is as boundless as human necessity. Many promises are unrestricted in their application, and pledge for fulfillment, when such is the case, no rule of interpretation will warrant their limit, when they are plead in faith, and in submission to the Divine will. We adduce only a few of these promises, which constitute a large class, and be it remembered, that *one* plain promise of God, is as sufficient a pledge for fulfillment, as a score would be.

"Whatsoever ye shall ask in faith believing, ye shall receive.

"Whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, I will do it, that the Father may be glorified in the Son. If ye shall ask anything in my name I will do it.

"Ask and it shall be given you; seek and ye shall find; knock and it shall be opened unto you. For every one that asketh receiveth; and he that seeketh findeth; and to him that knocketh, it shall be opened. If ye then being evil know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father which is in heaven, give good things to them that ask him? The prayer of faith shall save the sick. All things are possible to him that believeth. This is the confidence that we have in Him, that if we ask anything according to His will He heareth us: and if we know that he heareth us, whatsoever we ask, we know that we have the petitions that we desire of Him."

Readers of the Bible will perceive at a glance that this class of promises could be increased to great length, and in regard to them, we need only ask with the little Kansas girl, "Don't Jesus mean what he says? and isn't it just as true now as then?" These promises certainly warrant comprehensive petitions, and faith in Him who is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us.

UNREASONABLE DEMAND OF SKEPTICS.

From Howitt's History of the Supernatural.

After the completion of the four thousand years, during which the Jewish history ran its course without any one calling in question its verity, and after nearly two thousand years more in which its sequence, Christianity, has continued to exist in wide and sincere acceptance, a sect of Sadducees has risen up which calls in question the veracity of both those histories. From this country went forth the works of Hobbes, Toland, Tindal, and above all Hume, and having gone the tour of the Continent, are come back to us worked up into the rationalistic system of Paulus and Strauss. The essay on miracles of David Hume has not only infected men already anti-Christian, but, to more or less extent, almost every class of Christians themselves. It has destroyed the faith in that higher order of nature appealed to by Bishop Butler, called the miraculous—in many utterly, in many others partially, and in a great number who deem themselves not only sound Christians, but qualified preachers and authorities, both national and sectional. * * * * * * * *

If their reasonings be true, the Bible, extending over four thousand years, is not a veritable history, but a concatenation of falsehoods, for such are myths and mere legends. We are asked to believe an absurdity so monstrous as that a succession of historians, chronicling the annals of their nation through many ages, have uniformly persisted in a course of fiction, instead of simple truth—that these many historians who never met, who were sundered from each other, many of them by centuries, have agreed, in some impossible manner, to palm upon posterity a series of the most empty and most impudent untruths, as the sober history of their race. And for what object?

That there might have arisen one, or even two men, in a nation, capable of falsifying their history, is possible; but that such history, should be accepted by the nation at large as true, is utterly incredible—especially when it was a history not penned to flatter, but to disgrace the nation in the eyes of all the world, according to the world's ideas. Now, what is the character of the Jewish History? Is it that of adulation and self-glory? On the contrary it stands alone, amid all the histories of the earth, as one unsparingly depicting the vices and failings of their kings, princes, priests and people. Open it anywhere, for it is everywhere alike, and you find the Jewish nation drawn in the most stern colors of corruption, stiff-neckedness, ingratitude to God, proneness to all vices and base idolatries. At the very time that God is leading them up under Moses to the Promised Land, they are so sensual, refractory and prone to idolatry that God vows to destroy them, and make a nation of Moses. It is the same all the way through their doings of the judges, of their kings to the last. They became so desperately abandoned to all wickedness, that God drives them repeatedly out before their enemies, lays waste their cities and plunges them into miserable slavery. Their highest and most approved king commits adultery, and follows it up with murder; their most magnificent one is a sensualist and gross idolater. Open their prophets; open them anywhere, and read the descriptions and denunciations of them by these wonderful men. Never was a nation, never were princes or priests described in such colors. * *

Every circumstance of the whole history is stated with the same stern truth. It was the same in the historians of the Gospel. In what fearful colors are limned the deeds and the moral condition of the Jews at that time! With what terrible words did Christ denounce their hypocrisy, oppression, and cruelties! They completed their gloomy annals by putting him, the merciful and gentle Savior, to death. The faults of the apostles are no more spared than were the crimes of their ancestors. And yet we are asked by the pretended wise men of to-day, to believe that this severe, self-accusing people, these historians of so many ages, have one and all combined in a foolish fraud to dress up their entire history in myths and fiction! If they had been prone to fiction, it would certainly have been to flatter their national pride, and present to the world a pleasant portraiture of themselves. Never did people sketch one so repulsive.

When we turn to their literature, this evidence of the love of truth, amid all their defects, is still more apparent. They are, in fact, the appointed guardians of the truth. A sublime inspiration, an elevation of moral tone, a conception of the true character of virtue and holiness, burst upon us in amazing contrast to that of all other nations.

Whether the doctrines of this or that sect are spreading or decreasing can surely matter little, provided we are sure that faith in Christ and love for our brother is on the increase. In the early days, so much deplored, our Catholic, Episcopalian and covenanting fathers proved their faith by sending one another to the stake, the gibbet, or the cart-wheel. Now they vie with one another in missions to the heathen, in building hospitals, in whitening every bloody battle-field with tents of sanitary commissions. Even the most zealous Protestant must be content with the position of the Old Catholics, who are more Protestant than Luther. One comfort remains, that the morbid forebodings cannot dim the plain outlook of the religious world, which shows it to be more alive, alert, humane, vigorous in separating truth from error, than ever before in the history of mankind.—*N. Y. Times.*

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

THE CIRCULAR will always be sent to all who wish to receive it—as gladly to those who are unable to pay its nominal price as to those who in some degree voluntarily share with us the burden of its publication; but we earnestly desire that it should not go to any person who does not care to read it: and as it is probable that some have sent for it during the year from simple curiosity, or on the recommendation of friends, or for other reasons, who do not choose to longer receive it, we hereby give notice, as is our annual custom, that the CIRCULAR *will be sent after January 1st only to those who shall previously renew their subscriptions.* Those who have prepaid for a term beyond January 1st, as well as those who have quite recently applied for the paper, are of course excepted from this notification. This rule makes it necessary for many old subscribers and well-tried friends to write to us—even those to whom we might safely send the CIRCULAR, with the assurance that it would be appreciated.

Our readers may rest assured that we are hearty in offering the CIRCULAR *freely*, as heretofore, and that the discrimination used in this notice is only such as seems to be necessary to protect us from needless expense.

ONEIDA CIRCULAR.

HARRIET M. WORDEN, EDITOR.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1873.

MIRACLES!

FORTY years ago Mr. Noyes repudiated the dogma universally accepted by Christendom that "the age of miracles is past," and declared that the promises of Christ are in all their fullness the inheritance of Christians in all ages (see his "Religious Experience," p. 9). When examined before the Ministerial Association preparatory to receiving his license to preach he disputed earnestly with the learned Dr. Bacon on the subject of the prayer of faith, maintaining that true faith realizes specific answers to prayer. This faith and this denial that "the age of miracles is past" constituted, during all the earlier years of their history, the great heresy of Perfectionists. For these they were denounced as fanatics and madmen, and turned out of the churches everywhere. For these, more than for their peculiar social theories, they were persecuted at Putney, Vermont—the persecution being led on by a Methodist clergyman, who scouted the idea that miraculous manifestations are still possible in this world. Not satisfied with the results of a controversy on this subject with Mr. Noyes in the *Spiritual Magazine*, then published by the Perfectionists, he wrote a book ridiculing not only the veritable miracles of healing performed among the Perfectionists, but the very idea of present miraculous phenomena. Still the Perfectionists have gone on from that day to this, proclaiming the same faith and making the same denial, ignoring the persecution and the ridicule and the worse than Egyptian darkness generally prevailing on this subject. But even polar nights have an end, and so must the night of darkness and unbelief which has so long enshrouded Christendom. Even now there are signs of the coming dawn. Midnight darkness no longer prevails. The time-honored maxim that "the age of miracles is past" may now be called in question with impunity, for miracles are now enacting in such numbers and under such circumstances that even the sleepy churches are compelled to recognize them. When papers like the Congregationalist *Advance* and the Methodist *Northern Christian Advocate* take up the business of reporting present miracles (see "Prayer Cures" on another page, copied from the last named paper) it is about time to inquire whether the incoming kingdom with all its marvels is not near at hand. The miracles reported by these papers have characteristics of genuineness. In every instance the subject was previously prepared for the manifestation of miraculous power; in every instance full honor is given to Christ. We may reasonably regard these as precursors of many other miracles, and "greater than these."

For the change which is occurring in the churches and in public opinion generally on this subject of miracles much credit is due to the Positivists and the Spiritualists. The former, in demanding actual cash on the promissory notes of the Bible and refusing to be satisfied with the depreciated currency of cant and superstition, are crowding the churches by reäction toward the truth; and the latter are crowding them in the same direction by their supernatural manifestations. The direct influence of the Spiritualists in favor of miracles on the one side, and the reäctionary influence of the Positivists on the other, are together doing much to change the attitude of all Christendom. W.

BASIS OF THE ONEIDA COMMUNITY.

A Letter of Criticism from the Man who complimented "American Socialisms" in The Circular, Nov. 10, p. 364, and a Reply from J. H. N.

———, *Nov.* 15, 1873.

MR. J. H. NOYES—

DEAR SIR: * * * * I am profoundly interested in examining and studying everything that may assist in that reörganization of human society which will prevent the monstrous waste of time, force and happiness involved in the present universal antagonism. It seems to me that you have shown wonderful skill in building up and maintaining a Community in which the advantages of universal coöperation, of that all-pervading love that forms the basis of the philosophy of Jesus Christ, are so satisfactorily proved. Mankind may well hope better things of their own destiny because of Oneida and Wallingford. You may be wrong in some of your details, and the leaven of *selfishness* may in time so pervade your little companies as to destroy you also, as it did the communities of Owen and the Fourierite phalanxes. But you seem to be uncommonly successful in eliminating that most deadly of social poisons.

I find so much to approve and admire in your work that I am sorry to find myself dissenting from anything. But since you seem to invite a confession of faith, I do not suppose you will think it impertinent for me to add that, while I have long believed that the abolition of marriage was a condition precedent to successful social reformation, since the family as at present constituted is the nucleus around which all sorts of selfish feelings and practices readily and necessarily cluster—while I believe that your general theory of the relations of the sexes is wise and just, saying nothing of the special theory of "male continence," of which I am not able to form an intelligent opinion—I am surprised to find your whole structure based on a system of supernaturalism. You and your associates show so much of the true scientific spirit in the use of the inductive method, in the moderation and carefulness of your statements, in the modesty of your pretensions and in the catholicity of your feeling toward other social experiments, that it seems incredible that you should rest all your hopes of present success and future growth on one of those special theological systems of which thousands on thousands have been cherished and in turn abandoned in the history of mankind. I believe that the social problem, if it is ever satisfactorily solved, will owe its solution to methods as rigidly scientific as those that led to the discovery of the planet Neptune, and that all intermixture of dogma will be a source of ultimate failure, however useful religious exaltation and superstitious terror may be in stimulating the zeal of novices and in disciplining communities in the earlier periods of their existence. But unless the reformed society has a *rational* basis in which all its members can be instructed and of which they can readily obtain an intelligent comprehension, I do not see how the "enthusiasm of humanity" is to be continued much beyond the life of one or two of the men or women in whom the religious system first takes its rise. If you point to the Shakers as a proof that this is not necessarily the case, I have to say in reply, that, so far as their societies in this region at least are concerned, the original spirit seems to have perished, and there is nothing left but the dead letter. The hard, dull, money-getting, unfruitful Shaker life of to-day is a picture calculated to depress rather than to encourage the social reformer.

But enough. If these crude and hasty suggestions have any interest for you, let me hear from you again. Sincerely Yours, ——.

REPLY.

O. C., Nov. 22, 1873.

DEAR SIR:—Your criticism is evidently so sincere and friendly that courtesy requires me to say something to it. I trust my answer may not offend, or lead to controversy—for which indeed I have neither time nor inclination.

And first let me assure you that I heartily accept the conditions which you prescribe for the solution of the social problem. I do not expect that my work will last much beyond my life-time, unless, as you say, it has "a *rational* basis in which all its members can be instructed, and of which they can readily obtain an intelligent comprehension." I have no idea that the Oneida Community can be held together permanently by authority or superstition or "dogma," or any bond other than that of truth, "as rigidly scientific as that which led to the discovery of the planet Neptune."

You see, therefore, that my hope of permanent success is a hope that I have found or shall find the beginning at least, of a system of truth which will satisfy the above requirements; and that the Community will be a school and nursery of that system, "proving all things, and holding fast only that which is good." In other words, I believe there is a system of truth, to be discovered sooner or later, which will absolutely rule and unite all honest minds, and I expect to find that system and lead the Community into it. If I do not, I know that the Community will go the way of the Owenites and Fourierites and all ephemeral things.

You think "supernaturalism" is no part of such a system. I think supernaturalism, *i. e.*, the existence and manifestation of invisible personalities, good and evil, a very essential part of the great system of demonstrable truth. I have read the writings of the Positivists. Have you read the writings of the Spiritualists? I assure you that, with all their nonsense, they have an extensive and respectable literature. The exclusion of the vast accumulation of evidence for the existence of another world which is furnished by the facts of Spiritualism, seems to me to be narrow-minded and unscientific. In my view the Positivists have one side of the truth and the Spiritualists the other, and in the final clash between them, which is even now coming, they will mutually correct each other. Positivism will be compelled to accept the facts of Spiritualism and enlarge its scientific domain. Spiritualism will have to respect and adopt the right

cautiousness of Positivism. And out of the union of these schools—the learned and the popular—will issue the system of all-persuading truth.

I said in my "History of American Socialisms" that "God's appointed way for man to seek the truth in all departments, and above all in social science, which is really the science of righteousness, is to combine and alternate thinking with experiment and practice, and constantly submit all theories, whether obtained by scientific investigation or by intuition and inspiration, to the consuming ordeal of practical verification. This is the law established by all the experience of modern science, and the law that every loyal disciple of inspiration will affirm and submit to." This is and shall be the Constitution of the Oneida Community.

But probably you think I make too much of the Bible;—though I notice with pleasure that you yourself speak of Jesus Christ, the hero of the Bible, as the author of that philosophy of all-pervading love which is essential to successful Association.—Let me briefly define my relations to the Bible. It was the study of the Bible that took me out of the orthodox church and made me a free thinker. It was the study of the Bible that made me a Communist. It was the study of the Bible that gave me the best heart-experiences of my life and started me on the career that has led to results which you seem to approve. A man should not easily quarrel with the bridge that has carried him safely over. I know all that has been said against the Bible; and yet I cannot doubt that it has done me a great deal of good, or that it has in it stores of the deepest and noblest truth. It is to me like a bushel of dirt in which I know there is a very large amount of gold. It is not possible for me immediately to separate them. What shall I do with the mixture? I must either throw it away altogether, which would be a foolish waste, or I must keep it as it is till I find time and means to sift it and get out the gold. I have no respect for the Bible which would withhold it from the most rigorous sifting; but I have a respect for it, founded on experimental knowledge of its riches, which will not allow me to throw it away in pettish contempt because the critics expose the earthy part of its make-up. The Bible has certainly had a large place in the past history of the progressive races of the world, and is likely to hold that place in the ages to come. To despise it because the churches use it in a narrow-minded way, seems to me as narrow-minded as the way of the churches.

Very respectfully, J. H. NOYES.

COMMUNITY JOURNAL.

ONEIDA.

Nov. 23.—A short entertainment this evening consisting mainly of the weighing and frolicking of the babies followed by a little music. The infant-roll has considerably increased since the last public weighing. There were twenty-five between four years and two months to be lifted into the scales, the weights ranging from twelve to thirty-four pounds.

Nov. 25.—Winter comes early this year. There has been good sleighing for a week, and snow is falling this morning. Indian summer, with its soft hazy days, must be foregone this season, though there are some hopeful beings who still look forward to the realization of that delicious term before the month is over. No evening sounds now greet the ear. The hum of insects has ceased; the frog no longer blows his sonorous trombone. All is hushed save the rushing, roaring wind, or the jingling of sleigh-bells. The birds, though silent, have not altogether deserted the cheerless scene, but as though reluctant to take their final flight, descend in flocks upon the cornfields thinly covered with snow. The farmers and horticulturists would have been glad of one more week of preparation for winter, but are cheerfully making the best of things.

Nov. 27.—Thanksgiving day. The shops are closed and the Villa folks are here to dinner.

—How to dispose of children on rainy days, is a problem which every mother is compelled to study more or less. "What shall I play with now, mamma?" asks the restless boy who has been confined in the house all day by the dripping clouds, and is tired of top, rocking-horse and marbles and is sighing for a race in the fresh, out-door air. There are some inactive children who have to be urged to the rougher sports of the yard and meadow; but to your regular romp an all-day restriction to such amusements as may be had in the parlor and sitting-room, is a fate most dismal. In our labyrinthian cellars a room has lately been fitted up for the purpose of satisfying this demand. It is warmed by steam, and a nice floor of wood covers the cement bottom. There are swings and other arrangements dear to the heart of childhood; but the most interesting feature is a carpenter's bench, where the boys can learn the handling of tools. They have great plans of what they shall make. Flying-machines, we understand, are among the simplest of their projects.

—We have a four-year old on a visit here from the West—as sunny a little fellow as ever you saw. It is a real treat to be in the same room with him when at play. He is evidently used to depending on his own resources on such occasions. He will keep talking to himself in a sort of musical undertone—half singing as it were—in the best of humor with himself and all the world. "How many horses does your father keep, Willie?" "O—just one—and one more." "That makes two, don't it?" "Yes." We have had him here for some weeks, and his trot has something in it that tickles me to the very core every time I hear it. I cannot tell what it is. The little fellow improves upon acquaintance, decidedly, which cannot be said of every one. "Are you a happy boy, Willie?" "Yes," with an emphasis. There is no sentiment about him; but he is genuine, even to bluntness—*hearty* is what I call him. There! he is off again on that irrepressible trot. R.

—An elder of the Presbyterian church in a recent conversation with G. about the action of his Synod, remarked that the O. C. presented one of the most puzzling problems for solution that ever confronted "conservatives" of public morals. "Why," said he, "there is nothing under heaven in the deportment of the Oneida Community toward the society among which it is situated, or toward the State, or the nation, that the strictest Christian moralist can complain of; and to prosecute a people that behaves so well in all the relations of life about which the public has any right to inquire, is just as impossible as it would be for me to get a firm grip with my hand upon the polished surface of this table by which we are seated. Although I am a Presbyterian, and have no fellowship with your social theory, as seen from my point of view, I have just as little with the Synod or Conference of any denomination that would try to put you down by other than moral suasion and a superior example. Indeed, what is the use of trying to legislate a people down when you can get hold of no loose, immoral habits, actions or censurable deeds of any kind, to put down? Heaven knows there are tangible vices and crimes enough both in church and state, to be put down by Synods and Conferences which have the requisite power to do it. But my word for it, just so long as the O. C. continues to conduct itself in the way it has done for a quarter of a century past, you may rest assured that there is no authority in this or any other Christian nation, that will molest it, and for the very obvious reason, as I have said, that there is nothing to complain of."

Puzzling, that's a fact.

WALLINGFORD.

—Classes are forming for the study of Grammar, Rhetoric, Arithmetic and Geography.

—The ague seems to have taken its final departure from our midst. There are at present no symptoms of it among us. This is the first time in about nine months that we have been entirely free.

Nov. 12.—We will mention as one of the novelties of the season that we had fresh cucumbers for dinner to day, which were taken from the field less than an hour before they were served up.

—Frederic, who is studying at Yale, exhibited the other evening a Japanese pen which was presented to him by a young Japanese classmate. The pen somewhat resembles a common marking-brush, though the handle is larger, being about half an inch in diameter and about six inches long. The brush is so made as to form a point. The young man says his countrymen use three hundred different sizes of this sort of pen.

—*Evening Meeting.*—Mr. H. suggested as a subject for conversation, that each one tell what he considers the grandest spiritual manifestation that had ever been recorded, not mentioning the miraculous conception of Christ, his resurrection and Second Coming. Many cited the transactions on the day of Pentecost. Several mentioned Paul's miraculous conversion on the plains of Damascus. One or two spoke of the giving of the law to Moses on Mt. Sinai, as transcending in grandeur and sublimity any other similar event on record. So, in turn, reference was made to Abraham's offering up his son Isaac, the casting of the three Hebrew children into the fiery furnace, Daniel in the lion's den, the transfiguration of Christ, the occasion of his baptism by John, when the Holy Spirit descended upon him like a dove, and the voice of God was heard, saying, "This is my beloved Son," etc. The wonderful manifestations recorded by John in Revelation, were thought by some, as worthy of standing at the head of the list. Mr. H. mentioned the course God took with the children of Israel in bringing them out of Egypt into the land of Canaan. God at that time made many wonderful manifestations of his miraculous power—leading the people through the Red Sea on dry land, feeding them with manna, bringing water from the rock, preserving their clothes from waxing old for forty years, etc.

—Old Mr. Croquet is no more. He shuffled off this mortal coil about three weeks ago, and now his place of abode is wrapped with a covering of spotless white.—*Oneida Democratic Union.*

The obituary man of the *Union* has been misinformed. We have seen Old Mr. Croquet within less than three weeks, and he was as lively as ever.

JOPPA STORIES.

Herrick's Adventures.

HERRICK had never been to Joppa but twice, and both times he had gone in broad daylight; but thinking he knew the way quite well he volunteered to take a basket of provisions and a carpet-bag of clean clothes, *in the evening*, to a party who were spending a few days there. The sun was shining when he promised to go, but before the arrival of the evening train a violent snow-storm from the north-west set in. The train too was late and it was nine o'clock when he reached Fish Creek station. Mrs. Allen had packed the basket of provisions, and she said as they parted, "I have filled the interstices with eggs, as they are so nice for frying; so you must carry the basket a little care-

fully." Seeing no one whom he knew at the depot, Herrick pulled up his collar, buttoned up his overcoat, put his pantaloons inside of his boots and started for Joppa. Now Joppa is by the lake side over the river, and it is a mile and ten rods by the road to the ferry. He knew the road, but on this dark evening the road he knew was six inches under the snow, and so he had to find the way over the plain and through the woods as best he could. The lights of the houses about the Station were soon lost behind him, and he began to wonder if he were going in the right direction to find the upper row-boat landing. The basket was much heavier than the bag, and he found relief in changing the hand that carried the basket from time to time. While the basket rested on the snow he would peer wonderingly toward the river; but he could see no more than a rod before him, so fiercely did the wind blow the snow into his face.

On he went until he reached the upper row-boat landing, where he expected to find a boat in waiting; but whether there was a boat there or not he could not tell, for eyesight was of little or no use. He took a stick and felt along the brink of the river until he satisfied himself that there was no boat there. Now what? "Set the basket and bag down in the snow and go back to the depot, sleep in the hotel, and return in the morning," said Conservatism. "You were a fool to start out on such a night," added Caution. "Keep the hotel scheme as a last resort, and try a few other ways first," was the prevailing thought. He then walked up and down the bank seeking a boat.—in vain. At last he determined to follow the bank down to the ferry. He knew that the bank was covered with trees, and besides was marshy; yet he determined to go, basket, bag and all. The snow covered the holes in the bog, but his legs explored every one in his path, and Mrs. Allen's basket twice came down with such a thud to the ground that those eggs that were "*so nice to fry*," were likely never to feel the warm frying-pan under them.

Over a rail fence at length, and into a thicket. "Where am I?" he asked himself; but in another moment he found the track of a sled and an opening through the wood. He jumped to the conclusion that that track must lead to the ferry, and followed it with quickened pace. But the track led to an open plain, where it became very tortuous, and at length made a loop and returned upon itself as though the driver were lost. Herrick said to himself—"I'm not going to be lost; I'll go to the river and follow it to the lake, and then I shall know where I am." So on he went, through tangled swamp and bushes, until he heard the waves of the river and the roar of the lake, and coming out on the shore he found himself at the mouth of the river a quarter of a mile below the ferry. The ferrry-boat was moored on the other side, up the river, and there was a light in a house near it. Trudging back along the bank to the ferry he called at the top of his voice, "Boat ahoy! Boat ahoy!" But there was no answer; the wind had made such a surf that calling was useless. "And now," he soliloquized, "go back to the hotel, which you ought never to have left; you have done the few things you proposed to do, and they have all failed: but call once more before you go; perhaps the ferryman will hear." Why, what is that within four feet of him, which he has shouted over without seeing? That is a boat! a boat to be sure, covered with snow, but a very welcome sight. In a few minutes he is on the opposite shore, and knocking at the lodge door—bag and basket all safe, and nothing broken but the eggs.

"Come here and sit on my knee a minute and I will tell you a story," said Humphrey's father to him just now. "When I went down to Joppa yesterday, as I was walking from the station to our lodge, I came across a little boy on the road who pleased me mightily. He was not much bigger than you are. How old are you? 'Four years old.' 'Well, he was five or six perhaps; but he was stubbing through the snow all alone a good way from any house, and what do you think? he was *singing* at the top of his voice. I heard him before I overtook him, but I supposed he was crying. I thought he might be cold or had lost his way and was taking on about it. But no, instead of crying he was carolling like a snow-bird. He held his head down a little and did not notice me till I spoke to him, when he turned up his face and laughed and showed a little row of shining teeth from ear to ear. 'You are a nice boy,' said I; 'Its better to sing than to cry any time. Whose little boy are you?' He told me who he was, but I could not understand his prattle. He did not speak plain enough. Then I pulled out a penny and gave it to him and said, 'Here's a penny for your song, my boy,' at which he laughed again and stubbed on the happiest little fellow you ever saw."

CORRESPONDENCE.

Fontana, Kansas, Nov. 17th, 1873.

DEAR FATHER NOYES:—I have often wished to say, *Thank you*, for the timely instruction I have received from your writings; and the debt of gratitude has accumulated until on reading your impromptu lecture on "True Financial Management" I resolved to write to you, and now ask you to accept my thanks for all I have learned of you. I have read the CIRCULAR about six years. At first I left your "Home Talks" unread; but three years ago I began reading your articles first, and through your investigations into Paul's character I became reconciled to his teachings also, and through him learned that I too have a Savior, "*Christ within* the hope of glory." For five years I have received the CIRCULAR *free*, and have hoped every time I renewed my subscription, to surely be able to send some pay for it next time; and although I can send none now, I still believe that I can yet do my full share of rewarding you for originating, and the Community for publishing a free paper for the benefit of the poor in purse, of which I am one. I have three relations, who are full believers in the doctrines which are taught in your writings, none of whom have ever knocked at your doors for admis sion into the O. C., and for my own part I have always, since accepting your faith, felt willing to fight for the *existence* of the Community even though I could be only a spy in the enemy's camp or a picket on some extreme out-post. I should be glad to get better accquainted with individuals of the Community faith in order to get sometimes a dose of Community medicine—criticism. Instead of that I make use of the article in its crude state, and sift some very useful physic from gossip and slander. Providence has favored us in this season of drougth and financialp anics, and though we have no money, we have bread and to spare, clothing and shelter, good health and the blessed CIRCULAR to read every week, and above all a God to thank for life, liberty and a true religion. May the blessing of God ever rest upon you.

I am your friend, EZRA YODER.

MY ELEPHANT.

HOW I GOT THE ANIMAL.

I AM a bookkeeper by profession. I was brought up to the business, and made my debut in that calling in Wall-street, city of New York. It was a long, long time ago—1818, or thereabouts. In those days defaulters were as rare as snow in summer; and elephants—the kind I am the unfortunate owner of—were rare also, for the epoch of wild speculation had not yet arrived. I kept at my work for twenty years, writing page after page and book after book, all about "Cash, debtor to sundries." At length, as if to relieve the monotony of my business, and put a climax to the expectations of the old revivalists, there came a new gospel from France—a land fruitful in all manner of ideas—the gospel of Fourier, the gospel of phalansteries, "groups and series." The new preachers were marvelously enthusiastic. They had found the secret of happiness, the broad way to prosperity and success. This new gospel was so simple that everybody could participate in its blessings. It was only to get yourself into a phalansterian group, take stock in the concern, and you were booked for "the good time coming." But, better still, if you had cash enough to purchase a thousand acres of land and start an association of your own.

Phalanxes were springing up in all directions. Some thought the millennnium was near. I thought so too. I had money in the bank that I could spare. Soon a land agent found it out—the very thought of whose name makes my flesh crawl as I write. He came to me at a Fourierite meeting. I remember how warmly he greeted me. He was a Fourierite too, and could sacrifice everything for the good of the cause. He said the Garden of Eden had been discovered. It was in Virginia. The land, the timber, the water, the minerals, the climate, the everything could not be surpassed on the face of the globe. And to clap the climax of the wonderful discovery, a 5000-acre lot, the center of which contained the Eden, could be bought for the paltry sum of twenty-five cents an acre. And that splendid opportunity was mine if I did not hesitate too long.

I swallowed the bait, hook and all. How rich I felt myself to be—I, the proprietor of 5000 acres of land. What would my English kindred say to that? Well, my dreams about my garden of Eden did not last a great while. That inexorable functionary, the tax-collector, demanded a yearly sacrihce. After a while I also found myself in the clutches of lawyers, whom I had to employ in securing a title to the Virginia Eldorado. So with fees, taxes, and other unforeseen expenses constantly occurring, the truth gradually began to appear that I had an elephant on my hands. The Fourierite gospel, that had promised its disciples heaven on earth, gave them the opposite commodity in great abundance. My sore trouble has been that instead of owning my Virginia elephant, the beast has owned me. His greedy maw is never satisfied, but is always crying, "Give! give!"

In looking over my cash account with the monster it stands thus: Original purchase, $1,250; Taxes, lawyers' fees, agents, etc., for the past thirty years, $3,500; Average time on money paid out, twenty years; Interest on $4,750, for that time at 7 per cent., $6,650, making total cost of my elephant, $11,280. But the cash investment is a mere trifle compared with the anxieties and perplexities with which I have been taxed for nearly a third of a century. Whenever Barnum or some other showman gets up an exposition of omnivorous animals, like the one on my hands, I shall expect to take a high figure for my Fourierite Elephant. It is for sale. G. G. J.

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE AMERICAN HEALTH ASSOCIATION.

II.

New York, Nov. 17, 1873.

DEAR CIRCULAR:—Mr. Reeves went on to say that the farmer and stock-grower, however ignorant and thoughtless of his own decent, and careless also of the physical, moral and mental qualities he shall bequeath to his children, fully a de-

stands the operation of the law of inheritance, and is, therefore, very particular in the choice of breeds according to his several wants or uses and the market value. What if something of the same energy and cautious selection in breeding beautiful horses and fine cattle and swine were exercised in the growing of immortal souls, destined for eternity. The influence of properly directed home education in opposing and correcting inherited peculiarities and ills, is of immeasurable importance; but to be successful in the highest possible degree requires that it shall be begun in infancy. Parents often ruin the health and welfare of their children from misguided affection, particularly in endeavoring to relieve the restlessness or stopping the cries of the infant, no matter from what cause, by putting it to the breast, or giving it Winslow's Soothing Syrup, and other stupefying poisonous doses. When the stomach is crammed the child is fretful and capricious; and it is still further fed and stuffed to soothe its fretfulness and capriciousness. It is not strange that the child should wither, look old, and become diseased when its digestive organs are so overtaxed and enfeebled, that they cease the healthy performance of their functions under the pressure of such constant abuse. It is not strange that so many children should die before they are two years of age? but it is really strange, indeed, that so many should live who are fed and nursed after the accustomed manner? The moral effect of pampering the appetite of children is most melancholy. The common manner of clothing children is scarcely less reprehensible and fatal in its effects upon the symmetry, health and vigor of the body than the manner of feeding. Their garments should be, in every respect, perfectly easy, loose, and of a soft texture, so as to give freedom and activity to the muscles, and thus favor a graceful development and just proportion of the various parts of the body. In the great majority of instances, bodily deformity, disease and early death, are produced by nursery mismanagement. Who, indeed, can tell the number of children annually killed by low-necked dresses, short sleeves and skirts, thin stockings and paper-soled shoes, in order that beautiful breasts and shoulders, round arms, and pretty little legs and feet may be fashionably exhibited, and the mother complimented for the good figure cut by her precious little nymph! It is a material error in the physical education of girls to condemn them from the cradle to a sedentary life, veiled or otherwise defended from every gleam of the glorious sunshine, and thus aiding directly, not only in the quickening of hereditary tendencies to disease, but in the acquisition of a highly nervous temperament, and exposing them in after years a prey to dyspeptic and hysterical disorders most distressing to themselves and often exceedingly disagreeble to friends and others in whose society they may be thrown. Girls should have the same freedom in their outdoor gambols as boys. Absurd and vicious as is the system of common schools, fettering and forcing, it is not worse, probably, in its effects and tendencies than the fashionable boarding-schools for young ladies. As commonly finished and seen the fashionable boarding-school girl is nothing more nor less than a fraud upon her parents, a fraud upon her friends and upon society, and if she reach maternity it is but to propagate misery and misfortune. The present system of fashionable education needs no prophet to foretell the ruin that lies at the gate of the temple.

In the interests of all classes a long and bitter bill of indictment could be made against the common *architecture* of American homes, against the excessive heating of houses by furnaces, and against the common practice of covering up with curtains and shutters the large windows the carpenters have left to ventilate the rooms and let in the sunlight. Our houses may be well enough to look at, but very few of them really are fit to live in. Another source of bad health connected with American houses is the prevalent or old style, out-of-door privy, than which nothing is more disgusting; yet it is a remarkable fact that notwithstanding the stench constantly arising from the vault beneath, much unnecessary time is there spent upon the seats in reading and in conversation. Many of the habits of dress among women are pernicious. The accustomed method of exposing the feet to damp and cold is productive, no doubt, of more suffering and untimely deaths among women than any other method of torture and slow suicide which the despot fashion has taught them to practice. Tight-fitting, very small high-heeled shoes not only paralyse and destroy muscular strength and elasticity, but distort the feet and ankles, producing corns and bunions, and entirely ruin a graceful carriage. But the distortion of the waist, and consequent damage to health, produced by wearing corsets is still worse. Another absurd and very dangerous fashion is the habit of loading the loins and hips with heavy underskirts, while the upper part of the breasts and shoulders have but little more covering than is actually necessary to hide their nakedness.

The destructive effects of excesses usually practiced during the first year of married life may be among the chief causes of the frightful mortality among first-born children. It cannot be denied that women are often completely broken down and ruined in health and hurried into the grave in consequence of frequently recurring pregnancy and child-birth. The great crime of American women is the effort to escape the consequences of fecundity. In city and country, all over the land, indeed, and among all classes, in church and out of church—this great evil is practiced and regarded as justifiable.

The next paper presented was by Carl Pfeiffer, C. E., Secretary of the American Institute of Architects, being a report on "Sanitary Relations and Health Principles of Architecture," read by the Secretary in the absence of the author. Of the many salient points in this scientific and masterly production the following are given for their valuable suggestiveness: The relation which architecture has to the science of hygiene is a very important one, inasmuch as the architect is called upon to furnish to the human body, by means of its dwelling-place, its house, the proper medium wherewith to regulate its intercourse with what is its chief food and necessity—air. It is the dwelling-place, the house even more than the clothing man wears, which must bring to him in a proper condition, to be digested and changed into nourishment, this his chief food, and in proportion as this food exceeds in amount three thousand times that of all other kinds which the body needs, is the science of building a proper house—proper for the climate wherein it is built, and proper with regard to the material whereof it is built—of preëminent importance to the science of hygiene. Vast as are the technical requirements which his profession imposes upon him, apart from all sanitary considerations, the science of hygiene thus moreover demands from him that he should study; first, the climatological and meteorological phenomena of the place where he is to build; second, the geological condition of the ground upon which the building is to be erected; third, the material of which he is to construct the building; and on the basis of these studies he must arrange the proposed house in such a manner that it may feed both the human body with air and preserve its nominal temperature. How these studies have been neglected the majority of our public halls, court-rooms, prisons, hospitals, asylums, churches, school-rooms, etc., are melancholy testimonials, not to mention private dwellings, tenement-houses and hotels. To some degree every house is of itself necessarily a ventilator; and thankful we ought to be that it is so. Streams of air pour continually from the outside through the walls into the inside, not to say through the ground on which the house stands. Every wall is porous, particularly the mortar is porous and a most active ventilator, and walls are more porous in proportion as they are less moist. Moist walls, therefore, being almost air-tight, are unhealthy in a double way; firstly, by the action of their moisture which draws the heat from our bodies, making us shiver, and causing all sorts of rheumatic complaints; secondly, by obstructing the passage of the air. Hence the greatest unhealthiness of new buildings. One of the first principles of architecture in its relation to hygiene is that all the materials of a building should be dry and porous before it is inhabited, and kept so after. The very furniture of a house can chill and produce rheumatic affections if it is damp and has been long in an unheated room. It strikes me as one of the barbarisms of vulgar notion that cold bedrooms are considered magazines of health; they are rather breeders of disease, unless they have ventilation besides their cold. People go to sleep in air-tight, cold rooms and believe they are doing a wonderous thing for their health, particularly if they have had the bedroom well aired in the morning. Yet all the night long the air in the room stays unmoved and gets slowly poisoned, while the evaporation of the body settles upon the walls and makes them more and more air-tight. It is often asserted that our sleeping apartments should be cold in order to be healthy; in referring to this, a medical journal says that "a moderate amount" of heat is needed in a bedroom, but *that* moderate amount is needed in winter time. There is no advantage in going to bed in a cold room, nor in sleeping in a cold room, nor in getting up and dressing in a cold room. A room under 45 deg. is a cold room for a sleeping apartment, and sleeping in an atmosphere in-doors lower than that is always hurtful, is always positively pernicious for the simple reason that such a temperature causes the carbonic acid gas of a sleeping apartment to condense and settle in the lower part of the room, where it is breathed into the lungs, with all its pernicious results. That two factors are needed for the proper moving of air should never be forgotten—a means of escape of foul air, and an inlet of fresh pure air—and that the means of making these two factors operate upon each other is heat. Thus do the walls speak to us of a life of their own, as Dr. Von Pettenkofer wisely remarks, so that Shakespeare was not so very extravagant, after all, when he made the wall speak and disclose its aperture, through which *Pyramus and Thisbe*—the human body inside the wall, and the air outside—speak to each other, kiss each other, and commit the like absurdities, so very essential to human health. The chief ventilation of a house must always be procured by artificial means—that is to say, by chimneys, in one form or another; and these means must be increased in proportion to the exigences of the building. Thus it is estimated that there is required for every person every hour:

In hospitals for ordinary patients, from 2,000 to 2,800 cubic feet of fresh air; in hospitals for wounded patients, 4,300; in hospitals for epidemic patients, 56,000; in prisons, 2,100; in workshops, from 2,000 to 3,500; in barracks, from 1,000 to 1,650; in theaters, from 1,400 to 2,400; in meeting halls, from 1,000 to 2,000; in schools for children, from 400 to 500; in schools for adults, from 800 to 1,000.

Architecture must not give absolute and undivided supremacy to its esthetical side. The importance of good drainage cannot be valued too highly in connection with public health. There seems to be a general confession that the heat produced by hot-air furnaces is of the most injurious character in its influences upon health. Vitiated at-

mosphere is quite as injurious and stupefying as the worst alcoholic drinks. Carbonic acid intoxication is the most terrible agent of disease, insanity and immorality, with which we have to deal; all the more terrible and dangerous as it is indulged in by all classes, by all ranks. Dr. Reid mentions a case where about fifty members of one of the Royal Society clubs at Edinburgh, dined in an apartment which he had constructed so that the product of the gas combustion and the vitiated air were removed by a ventilating pipe, and large quantities of a mild-scented fresh atmosphere constantly passed into the room. The gentlemen of the banquet were unaware of this arrangement, which had such an effect upon them that the caterer was struck with the enormously increased amount of food and wine dispatched with the utmost ease and nonchalance by the same men whom he had so often seen languishing over a dinner in the same but foul-aired room. Not one of them knew he had displayed an unusual appetite, and no one complained of headache or other misery at that dinner or afterward. M. L. B.

THE NEWS.

The members of the French Cabinet sent in their resignations to President McMahon, who accepted them and immediately reconstructed the Cabinet, retaining most of the old members.

Archbishop Ledochenski, of Berlin, has been sentenced by the Prussian Government to two year's imprisonment and a fine of 5,400 thalers for continuing to unlawfully institute priests.

The British troops are moderately successful in Ashantee. The nature of the country is such as to prevent very active operations without the aid of native auxiliaries who seem to be unreliable when brought into actual service. From the last accounts the army of Ashanteans, 40,000 strong, were in full retreat.

At a late meeting of the Italian Chamber of Deputies at Rome, Signor Mancini made an eloquent speech in support of the principle of arbitration between nations, and praised the conduct of the United States and Great Britain in the settlement of the Alabama claims. A resolution was then introduced and unanimously adopted recommending the introduction of an arbitration clause in all future treaties with foreign powers.

The most interesting event of the week has been the conviction and sentence of Wm. M. Tweed, the once famous leader of the New York "Ring," and officially known as the President of the New York Board of Audit, in which capacity, taking advantage of the unusual facilities afforded him for plunder, in having a weak-minded subordinate as Comptroller, he organized the most gigantic system of public stealing ever known in modern civilization. Not thousands merely, but millions were systematically divided among this gang of thieves whose leader now lies in a felon's cell. How long this wholesale plundering would have continued no one can tell, but fortunately the rogues quarreled in dividing the spoils and one of their number betrayed the rest to a leading city paper, which at once took hold of the matter and made a most thorough exposure of this corruption in the city government. The burst of popular indignation which followed struck terror into the hearts of the guilty officials and several of them fled from the city, and one even took refuge in a foreign country. Tweed, the leader and organizer of the gang, defying the press, the law, and public opinion, remained at home trusting to his well-known popularity among the lower classes to ensure an acquital in case of trial. His first trial resulted in a disagreement of the jury, and the law appeared powerless to punish this master spirit of official corruption. But a second trial, pushed and aided by the most powerful lawyers in the State, has at last convicted him, and now, in spite of his great wealth, in spite of his numerous and powerful friends, in spite of the prestige of former power and control in political affairs, he is doomed to spend twelve years of his old age, with a cropped head, and dressed in the prison garb of a common thief, at hard labor within the gloomy walls of the island prison in full view of the great city, the scenes of his former glory and official crimes.

The state of affairs between the United States and Spain in regard to the Virginius and other Cuban matters has not materially changed during the past week. Naval preparations at all the navy yards are still going on with unabated vigor, and the vessels are sent off to Key West as fast as they are made ready. The attitude of the Spanish Government seems to be one of conciliation towards the United States and a disposition to satisfy the demands of this government as far as is compatible with Spanish dignity and honor. The war fever of a week ago has decidedly moderated and every one seems disposed to look upon and discuss in a more temperate spirit the affair of the Virginius. In this connection the opinion of Ex. President Woolsey, of Yale College, one of the best authorities on international law now living, is worthy of attention as a calm, dispassionate view of the case, without temper and without prejudice:

After stating that the inhumanity shown by the Spanish towards the captured crew was certainly worthy of the utmost condemnation on the part of the civilized world, the real question at issue was, did the necessities of the case justify the Spanish Captain in seizing the Virginius, even though she was under American colors and on the high seas? What was the offense of the Virginius? It was not piracy, according to the law of nations, for there was no *animus furandi*, and no intention to do anything except to transport certain men and goods from one port to another. It was not treason, of course, for any but the Spaniards who were on board and engaged in the enterprise. It was not breach of blockade, for there was, as I understand it, no blockade. It was not, technically, carrying contraband of war, for there was not, technically, any war. It is hard to define the crime, but it was a very great crime, none other than for a captain and vessel to be engaged in doing what was really a hostile act—more than carrying contraband—carrying officers of high rank in the rebellion as near to the scene of armed contest as possible. It is to be observed, also, that the vessel, although nominally American, seems to have belonged to Cubans, and to have been engaged in no regular commerce. Now in such a case as this, do the ordinary laws respecting the rights of visit and of capture apply? It seems to me that it is an extreme case which the ordinary law of nations does not meet, and that the Spanish captain of the Tornado was put to a necessity of making the capture for the sake of the peace of the island; it was a case of necessary self-defense for preventing war.

The case of the Caroline in 1837 is an illustration where the law of necessity justifies the foreign power in making seizures beyond its own jurisdiction according to the letter of the law, when its own welfare and integrity is involved. The necessity for immediate action in the case of Martin Koszta justified the prompt interferance of Capt. Ingraham for the safety of an American citizen.

You will see that this is in some respects a peculiar case. There is no war in Cuba—and yet there is war. The Virginius was an American vessel, and yet not an American vessel. All the defenses of the vessel rested on a sham, and the state of things in Cuba was in one sense a sham. The only reality about the matter was the terrible one that broke through the sham that said, "This vessel means war, and we mean to take it for what it is. Would you have us give up our right of self-defense against war for a sham?" There is a conflict in the case between unjust law and unlawful justice. A weak nation must be very careful how it breaks through the fine net-work of what is lawful; but a strong nation will do it and take the consequences. Suppose a part of Ireland to be in a state of armed insurrection, and an American vessel to be engaged in carrying from some port in Spain important Irish leaders, as well as ammunition and money, does any one believe for a moment that the Government of Great Britain would hesitate to arrest the vessel before it had got into British waters, when there was great risk that a half-extinguished rebellion would be lighted up again by the arrival of the new means of war and the new sympathizers? I impute more solid sense to Great Britain.

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ADMISSIONS.

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

RESTING IN GOD.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

Since thy Father's arm sustains thee,
Peaceful be;
When a chastening hand restrains thee,
It is he.
Know his love in full completeness
Fills the measure of thy weakness;
If he wound thy spirit sore,
Trust him more.

Without murmur, uncomplaining,
In his hand
Lay whatever things thou cans't not
Understand.
Though the world thy folly spurneth,
From thy faith in pity turneth,
Peace thy inmost soul shall fill,
Lying still.

Like an infant, if thou thinkest
Thou canst stand;
Childlike, proudly pushing back
The offered hand,
Courage soon is changed to fear,
Strength doth feebleness appear.
In his love if thou abide
He will guide.

Fearest sometimes that thy Father
Hath forgot?
When the clouds around thee gather,
Doubt him not.
Always hath the daylight broken,—
Always hath he comfort spoken,—
Better hath he been for years
Than thy fears.

Therefore, whatsoe'er betideth,
Night or day,—
Know his love for thee provideth
Good alway.
Crown of sorrow gladly take,
Grateful wear it for his sake,
Sweetly bending to his will,
Lying still.

To his own thy Savior giveth
Daily strength;
To each troubled soul that liveth,
Peace at length.
Weakest lambs have largest share
Of this tender Shepherd's care;
Ask him not, then, "When?" or "How?"
Only bow.

CRITICISM.

PAUL praises the brethren at Rome as "full of all goodness, filled with all knowledge, *able also to admonish one another.*" We have learned to appreciate this commendation in the progress of our experience as a church. We have found that the fact of their being able to admonish one another, or as we should say, *criticise* one another, was evidence of the maturity of their spiritual growth. The little school at Putney went through a long discipleship before their system of mutual criticism was originated. The process was perfectly scientific. Love for the truth and love for each other had been nurtured and strengthened till they could bear any strain—we could receive criticism kindly, and give it without fear of offending, in the element of tried affection. Association had ripened acquaintance. We had been fed for many years on the truths presented in the *Berean*, on systematic Bible studies, and had been trained like Timothy, to "meditate on these things and give ourselves wholly to them." The *Berean* was in course of print at the time our first series of criticisms began in the fall of 1846. We were studying the true expression of our principles in external forms, and working out salvation from selfishness by the test of circumstances. The character of our pursuits and experience stamped itself on the pages of the *Spiritual Magazine* published that year, in such articles, as "Condensation of Life," "The Best Currency," "Provoking to Love," and others of the same kind, which will reveal to those who have an opportunity to read them, the problems we had to solve.

It was a year in our history known among us as the *year of revival.* There was a spring-like awakening of the affections, and a baptism of the spirit of unity which was new and supernatural. It was the precursor, as it proved, of the *spirit of judgment*, another supernatural effusion. This spirit was invited by our new ordinance of criticism. And that originated somewhat on this wise: In our evening meetings, Mr. Noyes talked about the rending of the veil, which was in prospect, between us and the invisible world, and our expectations of open intercourse with the Primitive Church. But how were we prepared to make music with this glorious company? Our hearts might be in tune, but in beauty of expression we must be for the present extremely awkward and unpractised. We were, in our external characters, comparatively uncivilized—rude and uncultivated in taste and manners—barbarians to the refined society of heaven. But, he said, there was one chord of sympathy between us, one spirit in which we could flow together now, and make music, and that was the *spirit of improvement.* That spirit animates all heaven, and no matter how green we are, it will put us in musical sympathy with every good being in the universe. With this for a beginning, we wanted to increase our points of harmony, and make ourselves attractive to them by all the refinement and civilization of which we were capable; and as one measure, he proposed the plan of mutual criticism, which is now such a pillar in our system. The plan was received with enthusiasm, and one of our most earnest members offered himself immediately as the subject of the first experiment. The others engaged to study his character, get their impressions clear, and bring to the next meeting the verdict of their sincerest scrutiny. We were to tell our whole mind, "without partiality, and without

hypocrisy," "in nought extenuate, nor set down aught in malice," but hold up to him as perfect a mirror of his faults as possible. When the affair took place we were not prepared for its solemnity. If some of us were sportively disposed in the beginning, we were serious enough before the surgery was over. There was a spirit in our midst, which was like the word of God, "quick and powerful, and a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart." All that winter we felt that we were in the day of judgment. Criticism had free course, and it was like fire on the tender life. Each in turn submitted to the operation we have described. It was painful in its first application, but agreeable in its results. One brother who has a vivid memory of his sensations, says, that while he was undergoing the process he felt like death—as though he were dissected with a knife; but when it was over, he felt as if he had been *washed*. He said to himself, "Those things seen in me were all true, but they are gone, they are washed away." Criticism is our interpretation of Christ's saying to his disciples, "If I then, your Lord and Master, have washed your feet, *ye also ought to wash one another's feet.*"

H.

PROVOKING TO LOVE.

Home-Talk by J. H. N.

"*Let us consider one another, to provoke unto love and to good works.*"—Heb. 10: 24.

THE world is well skilled in the art of provoking to wrath and strife and revenge; but to provoke one another to love is a thing almost unknown. Indeed we are so accustomed to associate wrong with the word "provoke," that its use in this connection seems a misuse. But it is the good fortune of our nature that all its susceptibilities to evil can be turned to account for good; and strength of passion which in common life is so uncomely and disastrous, under divine impulses, may become beautiful and glorious. We have only to use the proper stimulus, and love can be provoked as certainly as wrath. Devise occasion, and we shall see it *flash out* and retort like a burst of anger. We shall see it kindle with excitement and grow passionate and frenzied, and acquire all the intensity of revenge. And as revenge in its vehemence stops at nothing, but follows its bent through fire and water, so love, sufficiently provoked, will overcome incredible difficulties and perform exploits of heroism unknown to the tameness of common life.

The art of provoking love is unstudied in the world, because love is little valued. Men will sell love for almost anything; a sixpence is sometimes consideration enough for losing another's friendship; and the most pitiful triumph of opinion or will compensates a man for the dislike and hatred it brings upon him. His own perquisites of property and will are more to him than all the warm affections of his kind. But to believers who are not conformed to this world, love is a treasure beyond price, and acquisitiveness is put on its sharpest scent to procure it. It has orders to sell everything for love.

The apostle says, "*Consider* one another, to provoke unto love." The art of provoking to wrath seems to come by nature; men practice it without forethought; but some consideration is required to make us successful in provoking love. We are to consider not ourselves, but *one another*. It is natural for men to consider themselves and inquire what is agreeable to their own tastes and constitutional peculiarities, and what will advance their own interests; but it is according to heavenly wisdom that we should find happiness, not egotistically, but in the love which will be the return for our consideration of others; and we miss happiness when we pursue it too directly; when we would pour it into another's cup it overflows into our own. In the science of music we have melody, an agreeable succession of single sounds; and harmony, the tasteful combination of a variety of sounds. Mere melody is comparatively insipid; it is in harmony, the concord of many melodious sounds, that music displays its power of charming. Isolated happiness is like melody, feeble and tasteless, compared with the music of union, the blissful concord of hearts. So that if we seek the highest gratification of our own tastes, we shall consider others and learn the skill of producing chords in exquisite variation; in other words, the art of provoking love.

Of general things, *cheerfulness* is a great provocative of love. One who is uniformly happy and bright-eyed, whose presence is like a May morning, sunny, musical and enlivening, —such an one will provoke love whether he tries or not—whether he says much or little; and there is no surer way to repulse love than to be sad and moping—devoured with private speculations and the canker of egotism. Love flies not a homely, but a downcast face. Cheerfulness is diffusive—it shines for others; but melancholy begs for itself. The testimony of our tongue will give great advantage to the spirit of cheerfulness; confession is always one of the weapons of love's conquest.

Facility of yielding and suppleness of manners will always provoke love. When there is truth or essential interest at stake, we are bound to be as inflexible as the oak; but this seldom occurs, compared with the thousand little daily occasions when unimportant things bring up a question of difference and we have a chance to provoke love by giving way and promoting with alacrity the contrary side. Perhaps our judgment is better than the other's; yet the love we provoke by compliance is worth more than the difference. Very often the real advantage on one side or the other of a disputed point amounts to nothing; it is pride of opinion that must be maintained. But if we are wise, pride of opinion will be utterly contemned for love; we shall rejoice in the chance to be generous, to give rather than receive the favor of compliance; for in this case as in all others, "it is more blessed to give than to receive." And if we would be eminently successful in provoking love, we should not only acquire a facility of yielding, but a facility of entering into another's plans with all our heart —of showing zeal and becoming enthusiastic in carrying out his schemes.—'Whosoever shall compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain.' Add to your compliance cheerfulness and good will, and be happy in seeing others enjoy themselves in their own way.

We may take a hint for our purpose from the way the world provokes to wrath. The most frequent cause of quarrel is evil speaking; and hatred is imbittered and infuriated by abusive personalities—by taunts and impudent sallies. *Twitting* is a favorite method of inflaming passion. If two men want to get up a strife they begin to twit each other, and we have their characters overhauled and every little meanness each ever committed dragged to light. Well, believers may innocently reverse this performance, and twit each other of beauty and goodness and the graces of character which God has liberally bestowed. Every body is conscious of the love of praise, and there is no passion in nature more innocent Its gratification is one of the delights of heaven. If we can confess our salvation without boasting, we can praise the results of salvation without flattery. Paul's epistles are full of praise to his children. His censures are more sparing than his commendations. The effect of praise on believers is doubtless to strengthen their justification—to second their own word of testimony and enliven their faith. "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest just, pure, lovely, and of good report, if there be any virtue, if there be *any praise*, think on these things;" not abstractly, but as they are actually exemplified in persons around you. Skillfully using this provocative, we shall see the contrary effect of evil speaking, in the love and mutual delight which will be excited.

We should not be ashamed to let others know we want their love. Considerable importunity in this plea would not disgrace any one. Love generally waits to be asked, and does not bestow itself on indifference or the appearance of indifference; and yet there are many who desire to be loved very much, whose dignity and self-esteem are so chary of confessing it by word or action, that they starve in the midst of plenty. To such we would commend this saying of a distinguished author—"The foolishness of love is better than the dignity of egotism."

REVIVALS IN NEW YORK CITY.

x.

THE conversion of Mrs. E. to Perfectionism led many thoughtful members of the church to study their Bibles more thoroughly than they had done, with reference to what it did actually teach respecting present salvation from sin. Probably no one applied himself more studiously to the task than the husband of Mrs. E. His unbounded confidence in his wife's integrity, in her intelligence, intuition and ability to explain spiritual truths, made him a docile pupil. Although an elder in the Presbyterian church, Mr. E. had very little of that practical piety that enables one to say by deeds, "My God and my religion first, and everything else subordinate." Indeed his religion, as he now confessed, had been all in his head and found expression in heartless forms and dead works. But Mr. E. had not deceived others if he had himself, for it was

often said by those who knew him well, that his religion was simply a reflection of the piety of his wife. Be that as it may, to become a Perfectionist required a much greater degree of earnestness and faith than joining a popular church; for outward inducements to join the latter had often, no doubt, over-balanced his inward convictions, whereas in the former the loss of all worldly honor was the only experience that confronted the Perfectionists in those days. As Mrs. E. saw that her husband was more sincere in seeking to know the truth for himself than he had ever been before, she spared no pains in rendering him all the assistance in her power. How far this foundation-work was actually accomplished in her husband, we are unable to say. Suffice it that Mr. E. confessed himself a Perfectionist and was not ashamed to be known as such before the world. His wealth prevented him from losing caste in the eyes of his church friends.

No one was more rejoiced at the surrender of those two prominent members of the nominal church to the views of Perfectionism than Mrs. Gray. She had been on intimate terms with Mrs. E. up to the time of her own conversion to the new faith. They had been associated in various benevolent enterprises during their connection with the church. When Mrs. Gray made her confession of an indwelling Christ, she left behind her no dearer friend than Mrs. E.—none whom it caused her more suffering to forsake. Little did she imagine that this confession which for the time separated them apparently forever, was the very thing under God which was to unite them again. From that time the Perfectionists had two places of meeting; one at Mrs. E.'s and the other at Mrs. Gray's. At the house of the former philanthropists, temperance men and ministers were often entertained for days together.

During the winter of 1837–8, when the financial world was going through one of its periodical convulsions, causing distress among the poor, perplexity among the rich and anxiety among the benevolent, the house of Mrs. E. became unusually thronged with soliciting agents, whose poor success in collecting funds would not allow them to stop at hotels. Among them was the President of a Western college, whom we will call Mr. M. With this gentleman Mrs. E. had several rather warm discussions on the subject of perfect holiness and religious themes in general. Although not a Methodist, Mr. M. was an advocate of a legal kind of holiness or Perfectionism, not essentially different from that advocated by a part of the Methodist church; at the same time he was bitterly opposed to the views held by the New Haven Perfectionists Indeed, he planted himself firmly on the ground that entire freedom from sin, and security therein, was utterly impossible in this life. Against this position Mrs. E. brought so much Scripture, accompanied by sound arguments, that the Western President found himself so closely cornered at times, that it was with difficulty that he kept his temper. As Mrs. Gray was frequently at the house of her friend, Mrs. E.'s., she found herself quite unembarrassed in the presence of a great a dignitary of the church as Mr. M., and saw more clearly than ever before, the wide distinction between the two schools of Perfectionism represented by Mrs. E. and her guest. The Western divine seemed disinclined to open his batteries upon Mrs. G.; but whether it was from a feeling that the latter was too insignificant a person to open fire upon, or a fear that he might find her an opponent not readily vanquished, we cannot say. But as love for God takes away all slavish fear of man, Mrs. G. in Christ-like simplicity said to this clerical guest one day, "Mr. M., I have noticed that you also preach holiness or Perfectionism in a certain sense, affirming that we can obey the law perfectly. Will you allow me to ask you a few questions?"

"Proceed, madam," said Mr. M., wrapping himself up in his professional dignity.

"Do you think," said Mrs. Gray, "that the apostles of Christ were inspired men?"

"Certainly, I do," said the President.

"Then of course," replied Mrs. G., "you accept of St. John's statement, which reads as follows: 'He that committeth sin is of the devil; for the devil sinneth from the beginning. For this purpose the Son of God was manifested that he might destroy the works of the devil. Whosoever is born of God doth not commit sin; for his seed remaineth in him; and he cannot sin because he is born of God.' Now Mr. M. do you believe that the apostle John meant *just* what he said?"

Pres. M.—John evidently, in writing thus, had his mind on the perfection of saints after death; not on Christians in this life, struggling with, and oftentimes overcome by temptations; otherwise he would have qualified that statement by saying he that committeth sin *habitually* is of the devil.

Mrs. Gray.—Do I understand you then to say that a man may commit some sin without forfeiting his Christian character? And if so how much and how often may one sin without resting under the charge of being a habitual sinner?

Pres. M.—That depends very much upon the moral character of one's disposition, volition and other mental phenomena of the human mind, that cannot be easily explained.

Mrs. Gray.—(*a little confused by the ambiguity of the answer.*) Your reasoning, Mr. M., may be all correct on this point, but it does not satisfy my mind. I can see no sharp dividing-line in your explanation between believers and unbelievers, saints and sinners. But in the passage I quoted from John, the two states, of saints and sinners, are very clearly defined; there is nothing ambiguous about it. John says, "Whosoever is born of God *doth not commit sin;*" does not sin at all! and the apostle gives the reason, "his seed," *i. e.*, God's seed in the heart of the new-born remains there; so that this child of God has his father's disposition, and, therefore, cannot sin, cannot be selfish and disobedient, for the same reason that God, his father, cannot sin.

Mr. M.—Mrs. Gray you are self-deceived if you claim to be free from sin. I know very well where you get your ideas on this subject. The Perfectionists of New Haven might well be proud of you as a studious disciple.

Mrs. Gray.—It is not a question of where my ideas came from, but simply whether the Bible means just what it says in the passage quoted. But, admitting that my ideas on this subject did come from the New Haven school of Perfectionists, are they not in perfect accord with the Scriptures?

Mr. M.—(*showing signs of irritation.*) The apostle Paul, of whom you think so much, says, "I suffer not a woman to teach," etc., and on that question I am in sympathy with him.

Mrs. Gray.—Bless the Lord!

Mr. M.—You Perfectionists claim to be free from sin, but I think you have committed sin since this conversation began.

Mrs. Gray.—Bless the Lord!

Mr. M.—(*still more provoked.*) Yes, instead of confessing your sins you say, "Bless the Lord! bless the Lord!" I guess the Lord cares very little about your blessings.

Mrs Grey.—"Bless the Lord!—(*singing*) 'Blessed are the sons of God, for they are bought with Jesus blood.'" (*Exit Mr. M.*)

CONNECTICUT HISTORY.

A correspondent of the *Springfield Republican*, having made a somewhat cursory examination of the list of governors and lieutenant-governors of Connecticut from its first settlement, brings out the following interesting facts: In the 234 years that have elapsed since the first governor (in 1639), four families—ten persons—have held the governorship for 56 years, and twelve families—fifteen persons—have held it 108 years. The Winthrops held the office 27 years,—John from 1657 to 1676, and his son Fitz John, from 1698 to 1707; the Wolcotts nineteen years—Roger from 1750 to 1754, his son Oliver, from 1796 to 1798, and his grandson Oliver, from 1817 to 1827; the Trumbulls seventeen years—Jonathan from 1769 to 1784, his son Jonathan, from 1798 to 1809, and his grandson, (a nephew of the second Jonathan), from 1849 to 1850; the Griswolds three years—Matthew from 1784 to 1785, and his son Roger, from 1811 to 1813. The terms of office of the fifteen persons who held this position longest are as follows: John Winthrop, 18 years; Gurdon Saltonstall and Joseph Talcott, each 17 years; Jonathan Trumbull 15 years; Robert Treat, 13 years; Thomas Fitch, 12 years; Jonathan Trumbull 2d, and Samuel Huntington, each 11 years; Oliver Wolcott, 2d, 10 years; Fitz John Winthrop and Jonathan Low, each 9 years; John Haynes and Wm. A. Buckingham, each 8 years. Edwin Hopkins and Wm. Leete, each 7 years. All told, we have had forty-five governors, of whom but eleven (including our present Gov. Ingersoll) were elected for a single year. Our present governor, Charles R. Ingersoll, is a grandson of Jonathan Ingersoll, who was lieutenant-governor from 1816 to 1818, and a son of Ralph I. Ingersoll, for several years our minister to Russia. Twenty-three persons filled the office of governor for 146 years, and that of lieutenant-governor for 129 years, it having been, before 1818, the usual custom to make the latter office a stepping-stone to the former. Since the adoption of the new constitution, however, but three lieutenant-governors have thus been promoted, and one only to fill a vacancy. Originally, the governor could not be re-elected until a year had elapsed since the last term; hence, down to the time of Governor Winthrop, we find the names alternating each year. After Robert Treat had governed four years, he was superseded by the crown, and Sir Edmund Andros appointed, October 31, 1687, who served to May 1689, when Treat resumed the chair for

nine years more and then went back to the lieutenant-governorship, which he had held six years consecutively before being governor at all, and held it for eleven years more, making his total term of service in the two positions, thirty years.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

THE CIRCULAR will always be sent to all who wish to receive it—as gladly to those who are unable to pay its nominal price as to those who in some degree voluntarily share with us the burden of its publication; but we earnestly desire that it should not go to any person who does not care to read it: and as it is probable that some have sent for it during the year from simple curiosity, or on the recommendation of friends, or for other reasons, who do not choose to longer receive it, we hereby give notice, as is our annual custom, that the CIRCULAR *will be sent after January 1st only to those who shall previously renew their subscriptions.* Those who have prepaid for a term beyond January 1st, as well as those who have quite recently applied for the paper, are of course excepted from this notification. This rule makes its necessary for many old subscribers and well-tried friends to write to us—even those to whom we might safely send the CIRCULAR, with the assurance that it would be appreciated.

Our readers may rest assured that we are hearty in offering the CIRCULAR *freely*, as heretofore, and that the discrimination used in this notice is only such as seems to be necessary to protect us from needless expense.

ONEIDA CIRCULAR.

HARRIET M. WORDEN, EDITOR.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1873.

WHO SHALL BE KING?

SCIENCE, as well as society, is by common consent organized into different grades of rank, and consequently has its subordinate and leading dignitaries, who to a considerable extent, determine the tone and character of scientific opinion. Each department is represented by eminent *savans*, whose word, in matters within their particular sphere, is supposed to be nearly if not quite infallible; and from whose final decision there is no appeal. This has been the case, so far as we can learn from history, since the early ages of the world, wherever intelligence has obtained an available foot-hold; yet scarcely a generation arises but finds radical errors in the supposed incontrovertible dogmas of its predecessors. And if this continual succession and displacement of ideas is to continue, which we have no reason to doubt, many of the axioms and theories which modern science consider beyond dispute, will be overthrown by new facts, and new discoveries, to which the pregnant future may give birth.

We premise the foregoing, as showing the instability of science, considered in the aggregate, and as suggesting the great need, which every thinking man must feel, of a final arbiter in scientific matters of general interest. The world of science even at this day, is not inaptly described by the words of the apostle, delivered 1800 years ago—when he cautioned Timothy against "oppositions of science, falsely so called." Science is indeed full of oppositions. The several minor infallibilities who govern in it, clash; and the discord thereby generated is anything but soothing to the student and lover of learning. He is perplexed between conflicting authorities; and can do no otherwise than to choose the strongest probability, which may or may not be the truth.

The subject of the Plurality of Worlds was once a theme of dispute between two coteries of literary men, one of which was represented by Sir David Brewster, and the other by Dr. Whewell, of Cambridge University,—both eminent and influential astronomers. Sir David argued that the planets and other heavenly bodies are inhabited; while Whewell, with equal logical force held it not proven; and so keen was the strife, that it formed a prominent topic of discussion in all the leading Reviews in the United Kingdom. Now this is an inexhaustible subject. Argument may be multiplied indefinitely on either side; volumes may be written to prove or disprove the simple thesis of the plurality of worlds; yet after years of hard intellectual labor, the question is no nearer a termination than at the beginning. The truth is, there is a depth of mystery about the whole subject, which no man can possibly hope to fathom, without direct revelation.

Geologists demonstrate that the immense coal-deposits which underlie so large a part of the surface of our globe, were in process of formation thousands of years prior to the creation of man. Now without venturing an opinion as to the truth of any of these speculations we would ask: Who knows but that in the length and breadth of God's eternal purposes, the planets are yet in the infancy, or preliminary stages of their existence, and that their usefulness is yet to come? Who can say that the Almighty is not preparing the starry orbs for some ultimate and beneficial end, as he prepared the coal-fields, millions of years ago, to supply the future needs of the inhabitants of the earth? All this, however, is mere speculation and should be regarded as such. We would not wish to pry open the secrets which God has reserved to himself, at the dictation of an impertinent curiosity.

But this is partly a digression. We repeat, an arbiter is greatly needed, whose word in matters of science shall be beyond controversy. Here is a professorship vacant—a regal seat unoccupied. Where shall we find a person competent to fill the throne of science? We know of but one. We therefore would reverentially suggest that JESUS CHRIST be installed in this empty seat, and be duly recognized as *King of Science*, and sovereign umpire in all matters of dispute. Certainly we know of none below him so well qualified to fill the place. "In him are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge." And "in him is neither variableness nor shadow of turning." His dogmas are not of the class which are popular for a season, but which sink into oblivion with the lapse of time, or are displaced by newer or fresher truths. No! His inner life and essence is *eternal truth*, which is "the same yesterday, to-day and forever;" which was just as really *the truth*, ages before the world was created, as it is now, or will be in all ages to come. No subject is beyond his comprehension; the deepest mysteries of heaven or earth are as an open book to him; he is familiar with the thoughts and intents of that most recondite of all problems,—the human heart, and is a discerner of all the hidden things concealed therein. None need object, that he is difficult of access; for we have abundant evidence of his willingness to meet the humblest individual who approaches him in the humility and confidence of faith. Such is he whom we would inaugurate King of Science. C. S. J.

I get a flash of light once in a while, deep down in the middle of me—deep down in the very belly of me, that God is fixing all my circumstances: all my gains and all my losses; all my successes and all my defeats; all praise of me and all blame of me. He gives me my fullness and my emptiness; my clouds and my sunshine; my storms and my calms. I tell you these flashes of light give a man a wonderful disregard of foul weather. If you ever see a streak of that kind of light, just go for it. I always do, and always mean to. A. B.

COMMUNITY JOURNAL.

ONEIDA.

—A small house has been constructed for the use of the fishermen at Joppa. It is placed on sled-runners, and may be pushed about on the ice *ad libitum.* It is to contain a small camp-stove and the "Canadian Trapper" says that hot coffee can be served if the sportsmen there can make it compatible with "roughing it."

Dec. 4.—The snow is all gone except scattered patches on the hills and in the distant meadows. In a day and a night it disappeared, and this morning a rainbow spanned the western horizon. Now for Indian summer! The grass is still green enough to keep up the illusion if the sun will but continue to beam benignly while these soft breezes blow.

—Mr. Seymour seizes the present opportunity to finish covering the grape-vines. The farmers on the hills had not harvested all their corn and pototoes when the snow came upon us three weeks ago. Busy times now.

—Just after dinner to-day our stalwart fire-warden was seen with one of the "Babcock Fire Extinguishers" strapped on his broad shoulders "playing" on the Reservoir, to the great delight of numerous small boys who soon gathered in an admiring group around him. On inquiring we were informed that the machine had been standing "charged," a year and a-half, and it was thought best to try it and see if it would work "all right." Judging from the size of the stream and the distance to which it was thrown, the test was pronounced by our experts as entirely satisfactory.

—An evening school has been started near the Trap-Factory for the benefit of such of our employees as are engaged in the Trap-Shop and Silk-Factory, and who live on Willow-street. Mr. Nelson, the station-master at the O. C. Midland depot, has consented to act as teacher; and although it is his first attempt as a school-master, he seems well qualified both by education and character to fill the place. Two rooms were fitted up in the old Willow-Place house, the building formerly occupied by the W. P. family, but now partly used as a machine-shop. The conveniences are somewhat primitive, with the exception of a handsome map presented by a friend in New York. The scholars, about thirty in number, ranging from twelve to twenty-five years are divided into two classes according to their attainments, and each class meets three evenings in the week from six till eight. A great desire for improvement seems to possess all, and we hope the result of the winter's work will encourage us to continue it every year.

—Old Izaak Walton has a number of enthusiastic followers among us, and Joppa furnishes a splendid field of exploit for their angling propensities. Fishing through holes in the ice is just now a fascinating exercise. Some one found the other day the following letter among her old papers. It is so apropos to the present, and so good a reminder of old times, that it was listened to with interest in the evening meeting. It was written by E. H. H. from W. C. to Brooklyn in August, 1852:

DEAR FRIENDS:—Yesterday Mr. Bradley, Mr Noyes and myself proceeded to carry out Mr N.'s proposal to celebrate the 20th by fishing. God's blessing rested on the expedition from beginning to end. The day was fine every way, although in the morning it looked as though it would be pretty warm and sunny. What gave greater

zest to our good luck, was that it was "right over against," as Finney would say, the prognostications of worldly wisdom. When we arrived at the pond the man who had charge of the boats said: "You have come on a bad day; you won't catch anything; you may catch a few small fish, but you won't catch any large ones; it is quite too early in the season to catch them," etc, etc. His boats were leaky and small, so we went back about half a mile to a farmer who owned two boats. There was no one at home but a bright, interesting little girl. She thought we could take a boat and gave us the keys. We hunted up the oars, and were soon afloat in a good large boat with provisions for the day. We thought we would circumnavigate the pond until we found a good place. Mr. Bradley rowed, Mr. Noyes steered, and I attended to the anchor. I said to myself, "This is Mr. N.'s expedition, and I will haul up and cast anchor promptly, when he gives the word." The first place we tried, our anchor drifted some distance, because it was light and the rope short, so we cast out another anchor with a longer rope that we had with us. Then we began to catch bull-heads about as fast as we could pull them in, and occasionally a small perch. Mr. N. wanted to catch more perch, though we then had a good string of fine bull-heads, enough to content us if we caught no more, and to give the lie to our worldly-wise prophet. So we hauled up our anchor and tried from place to place in an easy quiet spirit, until we hit upon a spot where we had all the sport we could ask for—pulled the fish in hand over hand, two at a time occasionally. It exceeded all the fishing experience I ever had before, and a feeling filled our hearts, that it was "the Lord's doing." *Miraculous* is the best word I can apply to it. The fish were so thick that we could feel our sinkers strike on them as we let them down. Mr. Bradley said it was the best fishing he ever had. Every little while our success would call out an involuntary remark very disrespectful to Mr. Worldly Wisdom. The perch caught at first were small—none weighing over half a pound. Mr. Noyes said he wanted one weighing a pound. So I said, "Here goes for your pound perch," and very soon pulled in one weighing one pound and six ounces. I never caught a fish that tickled me so before. Such luck! Several fishes were hooked in other places than the mouth. Mr. Bradley in the fulness of his sportiveness said, "No matter what you take for bait, they bite it, and it don't make much difference whether they bite at all, we catch them just as well." I hooked one, the largest caught, weighing one pound fourteen ounces, just back of his gills. We took several in this irregular way, and two large perch were hooked in the posterior end of the alimentary canal. We went ashore and made three strings—one of eels and bull-heads, and another of small perch, and a third of thirteen large perch which weighed eleven and one-quarter pounds. Four of them weighed six and one-quarter pounds. The weight of the whole was forty-five and three-quarter pounds. They numbered five eels, three roach, sixty bull-heads, one hundred and seven perch; total one hundred and seventy-five. We put them in the wagon so as to have the string of bull-heads and eels atop, the string of small perch next, and the select string last. This last was as fine a looking string of fish I ever saw. We called and settled with the owner of the boat. He was very pleasant; charged us York shilling, looked at our fish and was perfectly surprised at our good luck; said they were the finest lot ever caught there with a hook. We offered him a water-melon which we had left; he accepted it very thankfully and we parted good friends. On arriving home we drove up to the gate and told the folks if they wanted to see our fish they must come out to the wagon. Mr. N. pulled out the string of bull-heads, saying, "What do you think of that?" Sixty large bull-heads make no small string, and they, supposing that was all, congratulated us on our good luck. Then he pulled out the small perch, and lastly the string of large perch. Mr Bristol was not present—he by the way is an experienced fisherman, particularly in pickerel fishing. He had been pretty skeptical as to our success. Soon he came out, as we were gathering around the fish. First the bull-heads and eels caught his eye. "You have done well, I say for it! Did you catch all those?" We opened the ring so he could see the string of eighty-five small perch. "By George! you have had good luck, I declare!" We told him to hold on a minute, and then displayed the large perch. "I give up, there's my hat!" and suiting the action to the word he threw his hat down with the fish. The whole experience from morn till eve was electrical to me and faith-inspiring. Our sisters served up some of the best for supper, and we all agreed that we never ate any fish that relished so well. We remarked going home how much better it was to trust God than worldly wisdom. He had done for us better than we would ask or think."

—We have had some very lively conversations in our evening meetings lately on the subject of *Criticism*—the institution as it exists in the O C., its relation to our theory of Salvation from Sin and to the permanence of the Community. Outsiders are often raising the question, What will become of the O. C., when it loses its founder? How long will it last after J. H. N. is gone? It will last as long as our institution of free criticism maintains its integrity and no longer. The O. C. is governed by this institution and not by the personal influence or domination of any one. The loyalty of members to this institution has been drawn out in overwhelming acclamation during the late discussion. Everybody has found utterance. The dumb have opened their mouths, and the common speaker has been kindled to eloquence. The time has been so melting that sins against criticism have been tearfully confessed and renounced—temptations to resent it, and resist it, to stick in some little inaccuracy of fact, some flaw in the letter—and so lose all the benefit of the truth brought out. The swamps and tangles of bad experience to which quarreling with criticism has led, have been freely confessed, swamps and tangles which were only escaped from by going back to the starting-place and accepting what had been rejected. It is the voice of all, that criticism has the best effect when it is taken entirely without reply, without self-justification or anxious explanation. On the other hand criticism itself has offered itself for criticism. Mr. Cragin, whose zeal sometimes causes him to overshoot the mark, invited criticism of himself as a critic, and asked the forgiveness of any whom he had unnecessarily wounded. His humility was infectious and softened the hearts of some of the young men who had been chilled by his sincerity, so that they said they felt nothing now but admiration of his nobleness, and gratitude for his faithfulness. Mr. Cragin, by the way, was the first to offer himself as a subject when the system of mutual criticism was adopted in the Putney Association twenty-seven years ago, and has always been an example of taking criticism in the right spirit.

As to the relation of this system to our theory of Salvation from Sin, it belongs to the machinery if we may so call it, by which this theory is reduced to practice. You have a theory for making butter, but to really make it you want a churn, a contrivance for stirring the cream to and fro, up and down, splashing and dashing, till the butter separates from the buttermilk. Criticism is to the theory of Salvation from Sin what the churn is to the theory of butter-making. You say that Christ is the only name by which we can be saved. That is true, but he saves us by means. He says to the servants of sin, "The *truth* shall make you free." He gives us sincerity and wisdom to tell the truth, and a soft heart to accept the truth. If we *walk in the light* the blood of Christ cleanseth us from all sin, and criticism helps us to walk in the light.

A LONDON LAWYER UNDER CRITICISM.

[A correspondent in criticising the CIRCULAR thinks that we do not give prominence enough to our mode of living. "If Communism," says he, "is the true form of government, it is very important that your fellow men should know it." Perhaps the following communication, which enlivened one of our late meetings, will be to his mind. It is certainly an inside view:]

I DON'T know how much mortification others have had to go through under the system of criticism practiced in the Community, but it may be easily presumed that I have had a fair share of it, when it is considered that I never knew what it was to allow man to rebuke me, and that I had been brought up to esteem it a duty and a virtue, to resent as an insult the slightest impeachment of my character or actions. I had never worked for wages, and therefore, had never felt the restraint of a master. My youth had been spent in the society of those whose duty it was to obey me, and in subsequent life, my extravagance surrounded me with parasites who stood ready to flatter, so long as I had money to spend. Thus I never had received any check or contradiction, except such as my circumstances placed upon me, until I came to the Community; it will therefore be seen, that what to many would have been a slight affair, to me was an overwhelming affront. I can laugh heartily now at criticism which at one time I thought would be utterly impossible for me ever to get over.

My first taste of criticism was at the Moffatt Building, New York, where I met Mr. N. and Mr. C. and submitted to an operation. I well remember that I was so indignant at what I considered the consummate impudence of the thing, that I could scarcely refrain from resenting it as an insult, in stronger terms than would have been considered polite, or consistent with my Christian profession; but with great effort I left without any improper expression. I should be sorry to be obliged to put on paper my mental emanations, as I walked down those long flights of stairs from the top of the Moffatt Building to Broadway. I swore in my heart that I would never again subject myself to such insult, or permit myself to so much as speak with a Communist again; but by the time I had arrived at Canal-street my temper had cooled. The street was crowded with carts, etc., so that I could not readily cross, and while I stood waiting, a voice whispered in my heart, "Turn back; those men will do you good; it is the devil that would keep you away from them." All at once I felt more indignant than ever, but my anger was kindled, this time, against Satan and I returned to find my critics still sitting where I had left them; but for what purpose I had returned, other than to defy the evil one, I was at a loss to tell. From that time I was convinced that God had appointed criticism as an ordinance for my improvement; and I decided that with God's help, I would go through the judgment come what may. That I got a great deal more than I bargained for, would be useless for me to deny; in fact, it seems to me now that if I had known all, I never could have summoned courage enough to take the first plunge.

I do not at this time remember any of the particulars of my criticisms at New York, more than that they were frequent and intensely mortifying; many things were said from time to time that seemed utterly untrue; and after worrying and stewing over them for a few days, I have invariably

come to the conclusion that it would not hurt me to accept the criticisms, even if they were unjust; and that they might do me good; that God, after all, was my judge and he would surely justify in me whatever deserved justification; and that if ever I was saved it would be by standing justified before God, and not before man. Thus my attempts to explain away criticism appeared paltry, and too small a business for a man who sought favor with God alone. I may say that for some years, the advantage of criticism was almost the only privilege of Communism that I was permitted to enjoy. It was a thorny path, but the firm assurance that I then had, and have now, that through criticism I shall find salvation, enabled me to hold out, and it will, I believe, enable me to persevere to the end. My greatest and latest difficulties about criticism, are that positions have been thrust upon me contrary to my own seeking and desires, and though I have been conscious of a great deal of diffidence as to my capabilities of filling them, and have done my "level best" to do my duty, yet I have been jerked out in disgrace; criticised for seeking position; for affecting to know a great deal more than I did, and for many other like faults, all of which at the time seemed untrue and unnecessarily unkind. Well! this of course, has been mortifying to me, exceedingly mortifying; I can't imagine anything more so. It seemed as if the O. C. had become more unjust than the capitalists in the world. But I will leave a blank for those to fill up who have had similar experience. I suppose the devil has about the same programme of evil thinking and temptation for all. Suffice it to say, that, in time, I have come to see that it is not a question of justice or injustice, but of spiritual growth and improvement. It would be the height of folly to suppose that the Community or any one in it meant any injustice to me personally, or desired anything but the advancement of my highest interests. It may be legally a theft to take the rags from off a beggar's back, but it cannot be considered unjust, if the object is to replace them with good clothes. I have received a discipline that perhaps I could have got in no other way, I will therefore thank God for the *results*. He has the right to use any means he pleases. If I believe heartily that everything works together for my good, I should not call in question the mode of discipline; the fact of my quarreling with the means should be proof that I needed just that kind of discipline to teach me how to trust the Lord with more implicit faith. By such processes of reasoning I have come to be thoroughly satisfied and thankful with all that has taken place, and it seems as though it were impossible for me ever to have a hard thought again about criticism; but I will wait till next time and trust God about it. I will only add, that if there are any in the family who feel that I have at any time acted wrongly, or spoken unjustly, or intemperately at any criticism, I want to make all the reparation possible.

A. E.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Cleveland, O., Nov. 27, 1873.

MY DEAR BROTHER:—The late newspaper discussions of ecclesiastical movements against the O. C., have made me desire to give my testimony on the question of the character and influence of the Community in respect to sexual morality and passional purity. For I think the question which the Synods and Conferences and the whole nominal church as well as the world will be called on to face, and on which they, as well as we, shall be brought to judgment, is this: not, what does the O. C. *do?* not, what are the practices of its members in respect to sexual intercourse, viewed in the light of the statutes of New York, or of the institution of marriage? but, what sort of a passional or sexual character do its teaching and its life tend to form? what is its influence? whither does it tend? is it to lasciviousness or to chastity? to animal indulgence or to rational restraint? does it lead a man to "look on a woman to lust after her in his heart?" or does it, on the other hand, effectually tend to cast out the demons of lust and sexual tyranny and fill their place with love that "seeketh not her own" and "worketh no ill to its neighbor?" I say this is the real question and it cannot be dodged in this age of the world; and upon this question the Community may challenge investigation.

But I said I wanted to give my testimony. As you must know, my life and pursuits have given me some opportunity for knowing what society is. But aside from that, I want to say that the O. C. is not only, in my judgment, immensely above ordinary society, even the best of it, but also that it has been the means of giving me an inspiration in respect to sexual morality which has enabled me to overcome passion and lust to an extent I often dreamed of and longed for formerly, but was never able to attain. During my earlier years, and most of my marriage life, my experience in sexual matters was that of the 7th of Romans. "When I would do good evil was present with me." I found a law in my members warring against the law of my mind, bringing me into captivity to the law of [lust] and death." All the helps I could get from the religious influences around me, from science, physiological and other, from esthetics and human experience, availed not to lift me above the level of the 7th of Romans. When I became personally acquainted with the O. C., from the very time that I was brought into contact with it in 1866, I got help. I was lifted up toward a higher plane of not only aspiration, but attainment.

I well remember the first visit I made to the Community in May of that year. I had been some years before to a limited extent a Berlin Heights free-lover. I was acquainted with the social theory of the Community, had abandoned my former "free love" views, and was in a state of mind well prepared to receive impressions of and influences from a higher and purer character than any I had yet felt in life; and I remember as but yesterday how hallowed and divine seemed to me then, the spirit that reigned in the life of the men and women I met there. I was with you only a few days, but the baptism I then received was a baptism of the spirit; from that time my life began to change; soon after, I adopted the practice of "Male Continence," and have never swerved from it since. I began to study the "social theory" as a part of God's truth about our souls as well as our bodies, and sexual intercourse in its relation to religion, and have become so filled with the idea that only as a means of glorifying God is such intercourse permissible, that I have come to hate and abominate even the virtues as well as the vices, if I may so speak, of my former sexual life and of passional indulgence, as of the devil himself.

I have, through the power of Christ in you and in my soul, been enabled to "overcome the wicked one" in the amative nature. I have been all this time only indirectly and remotely under your influence; but it is through even *this* connection with you that the work has been wrought. I have visited you three times since 1866, remaining twelve, fourteen and twenty days at those several times. I have become familiarly acquainted with many of your prominent members, young and old; have been treated almost as a member of the family; and I must say that nowhere did I ever see among men and women that modesty, delicacy and genuine refinement, that real chastity in word and act and bearing, that I have seen there.

I have been school-teacher and "boarded round;" preacher and itinerated; and lawyer with quite a range of experience; and of all the places in the world I have ever been in, or have seen, there is the least of amative *manifestation* at O. C. of any. Here is a fact, as I devoutly believe, as I know in my own soul; and the Synods and Conferences will have to grapple with it. No matter for the external form or the *legal* conformity or non-conformity of sexual relations at O. C. What is the spiritual status? What do those relations do for God's work in the soul? Are they helping to save from sin—from selfishness and all that is mean, low, sensual, vulgar, narrow, contemptible, unmanly and tyrannical, and to cleanse amativeness from being a cage of unclean spirits, and to lift it up into a life of worship, of love and purity? What kind and quality of men and women is the O. C. making, as to their relations to each other in all that is high, noble, generous, manly and womanly? These will be the questions before the tribunal to which the times are hastening us all under God's providence. I know you will welcome the trial. But I wanted to bear my testimony, feeling called on to do so by the inner monitor. It is at your service for what it is worth.

Very truly yours, J. W. T.

Grant City, Iowa, Nov. 23, 1873.

DEAR CHRISTIAN FRIENDS:—When I last wrote you nearly a year ago I enclosed five dollars with a promise to send another dollar in part payment for the CIRCULAR I had been reading as a "free subscriber." I have not sent the dollar, nor can I do so now, but if you continue to offer your paper on the same terms as at present I want you should continue to count me as a subscriber whether I can pay for it or not. The reading of your publications has been a great help to me in understanding the Bible, and the CIRCULAR is a continual feast. It seems a wonder to me how interesting it has continued from number to number, and from year to year. A few years ago when reading the series of articles on "Second Advent Geology," a feeling came over me that when that series was finished the paper would become dull, but then came "Old Mansion House Memories," "Backward Glancings," 'Revivals in N. Y. City" (and I hope it is not concluded), any one of which I should now be sorry to have missed. The "Home Talks" are always interesting and almost always have some truth especially applicable to me, as if Mr. Noyes were acquainted with my spiritual experience and had been sent with a special message to me. I still read the *Berean* with profit, and articles which on a first reading did not seem of great importance are now full of deep interest to me. Three of those articles I have been reading to-day—"Our Relation to the Primitive Church," "Principalities and Powers'" and "The Condensation of Life."

Please thank Mr. Noyes for me that he has written so much that is doing me good. I thank God for the light that is shining from the Oneida Community. I have had much good religious experience during the past year. May God ever bless you and have you in his holy keeping, as I am sure he will, is the prayer of your brother in Christ.

E. M.

Hutchinson, Kansas, Nov. 28, 1873.

DEAR FRIENDS:—Please continue sending the CIRCULAR to my address, and many thanks, for it is a dear messenger of love and truth in these Western Plains. May the time soon come when all shall see the truth and love one another as little children. God's smiles on the CIRCULAR.

J. H.

St. Joseph, Mo., Nov. 12, 1873.

DEAR FRIENDS:—It is quite a treat to me each week to read of your progress and improvement in the way of goodness and truth, and I hope you will

go on prospering in good works and deeds, until sin and iniquity shall be abolished from the land. The writings of J. H. N. are truly instructive and interesting to me and mine, and I sincerely wish that more of our land might read your good little paper. I will now request a continuance of it for another year, and accept my heartfelt thanks for previous favors. W. T. M.

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE AMERICAN HEALTH ASSOCIATION.

III.

New York, Nov. 29, 1873.

DEAR CIRCULAR:—The next paper read was by Mr. Lorin Blodget, of Philadelphia, on the subject of "Non-Periodic Changes of Heat as an Element in Sanitary Climatology." He said that when excessive heats prevail in the eastern part of the United States, the natural inference would be that the tropical districts would at the time transfer their heated and saturated atmosphere to these latitudes, and that the surface atmosphere toward the Gulf coast would be continually and connectedly similar. But the facts are quite the contrary. These heats do not come from the South—at least along the surface—and the temperature is almost always lower, as far south as our observation extends, than it is in these middle latitudes. The same striking anomaly appears in cases of arctic severity of winter cold. At the very time of its prevalence the weather is in many cases warmer at the distant north. There is not here any adequate preparation for our very sudden change of temperature. Hence the effects of such sudden changes are more dangerous in a sanitary point of view. The yellow fever at Philadelphia in 1793 at Norfolk in 1854, and the recent scourges a Shrevesport and Memphis were, he believed, directly within the power of a forewarned and competent Board of Health to control. He would impress upon the Association the necessity of establishing powerful agencies to guard the people against the dangers arising from such sudden changes of temperature.

Dr. Hamlin, of Bangor, Me., read a paper on "Alimentation Considered in its Relations to the Progress and Prosperity of the Nation." The chief points of this paper were that the effect and value of alimentation is a question for the philosopher as well as for the physiologist; that the gormand gave utterance to a truism when he said the destiny of nations depends on the manner in which they are fed; that animal food is easily affected in its nutritive qualities; it contains the elements of virulent poison, and a change in its condition converts it into a source of disease and death; great care should be exercised in the selection of meat for food.

At the evening session Dr. Newberry, State Geologist of Ohio and Professor of Geology, School of Mines, Columbia College, delivered an address upon the "Future Distribution and History of the Population of the United States as Affected by Physical Geography," which was listened to with no little degree of interest.

Following this, Dr. Austin Flint, of New York, read a paper on the "Relations of Water to the Propagation of Disease," among the noteworthy points of which may be mentioned the subjoined: Of the late acquisitions in medicine, one of the most interesting and important is the discovery that typhoid fever may be communicated through the medium of water used for drinking or culinary purposes. It is very rarely if ever, communicated by means of emanations from the bodies of patients affected with the disease. Typhoid fever may occur sporadically, endemically, and epidemically. Typhoid fever differs from typhus in that it is not, like typhus, communicable by means of impalpable emanations from patients affected with the disease. At least, if it be ever communicated in this way, the instances are rare exceptions to the general rule. Through the agency of milk also typhoid fever may be diffused. Several outbreaks of this fever in England have been imputed to infected milk; but a remarkable outbreak in 1843, at a place called North Boston, in Erie Co., N. Y., situated twelve miles from Lake Erie, traced to its real cause, proved indubitably that it arose from using water in close proximity to a privy into which had been thrown *excreta* of a sick person. The water was poisoned and the drinking of it induced the outbreak. No doubt that other diseases may be traced to drinking water which either contains virus of contagion or is polluted by divers kinds of morbific matter. The infection or the contagion in milk is, of course, derived from the water used in washing the milk cans, and, perhaps in the dilution of the milk. The diffusion of the disease in this way, therefore, is through the medium of water. As regards prevention, the diffusion of typhus contagion is to be avoided by the isolation of cases in respect to those who are susceptible, conjoined with the freest possible ventilation. The spontaneous occurrence of this disease is to be avoided by guarding against overcrowding dwellings or apartments, together with complete ventilation. The diffusion of typhoid fever by contagion is to be avoided by the disinfection of the *dejecta* from typhoid patients, and by ample protection against the pollution therewith of water or air.

At the third and last day's sessions Dr. E. M. Hunt, of New Jersey, read a paper on "Sanitary Organization in Villages and Rural Districts," which displayed extensive study, compact with practical applications. He said the welfare of the science of hygiene, in itself considered, requires organized investigation in the broad field offered in rural districts. One of the first objects of sanitary science is definiteness of classification. Sanitary science is to be congratulated in that, to a degree, not surpassed by any other department of physics, it is attempting to accumulate great series of facts and to put its facts in form, so as to make of them, not only results, but material for obtaining new results. Rural localities offer some advantages over cities, in that disease in such places is not so aggregated nor in conditions intensely abnormal as it is in cities, and can be seen in its essential characteristics more clearly. So long as physicists are busy with the origin of life, we shall be busy with the origin of death. We are studying how the germ of disease having come somehow into existence, reproduces itself. This involves very close observation, and is to be corrected by manifold experiences. One naturalist says he repeated an experiment a thousand times before he felt justified in annoucing the fact as established. There is often not so much learned by observing a very great number of cases as by exhaustive searching into a few cases, all the facts of which are more within the grasp. I once spent a little time on a plantation in Mississippi, on which Audubon sat for weeks just watching a few birds in all their habits, and he found out more about them than if he had caged five hundred of them and taken them to an infirmary. Legislation is required to further the cause of sanitary science, and a sanitary police is needed. M. L. B.

THE NEWS.

Attorney General Williams has been nominated by the President as Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States.

On Thursday, Nov. 27, Thanksgiving Day, about three o'clock in the afternoon the final charge of one hundred and fifty pounds of nitro-glycerine was fired in the Hoosac tunnel by the contractor, Mr. Shanley. The effect was tremendous, blowing out immense masses of rock and making a large opening in the heading, through which the crowd rushed from both sides shouting and shaking hands over this great triumph of modern engineering. The remaining work of enlarging the tunnel is but child's play compared with what has been done and it is expected that the opening train will pass through the tunnel on July 4th, 1874. At least twelve millions of dollars have been spent on this great work during the past thirteen years. Company after company have undertaken the work and failed, till finally the State took hold of the job, found the right men to carry it through, and now its a matter of a few months before the old Bay State will realize its ideal of a great through railroad on an easy grade carrying the vast produce of the West to the wharves and shipping of Massachusets Bay.

Wm. M. Tweed has been taken to the Blackwell's Island prison and confined in cell number 34, dressed in the "larceny jacket."—Two more of his associates in crime, Ingersoll and Farrington, have been sentenced to the State Prison, the former for five, and the latter for one and one-half years. Civil suits are to be pressed against the estates of Tweed and others, and it is hoped and expected that a part, at least, of the vast amount stolen from the city treasury will be secured. On Saturday, Tweed's counsel, Fullerton, Graham and others, were summoned before Judge Davis on a charge of contempt of court, in handing in at the beginning of the trial a paper charging Judge Davis with incompetency and bias in the case about to be put on trial. Fullerton, Graham and Bartlett were fined each $250, and the other members were dismissed with these words of warning, "Good faith to your clients never involves bad faith to your conciences. However well it may be to be known as great lawyers, it is better to be known as honest lawyers; and there is no incompatibility between the two."

District Attorney Britton, of Kings County, is now on trial for malfeasance in office in connection with the Brooklyn "Ring."

Congress met at noon on Monday and went through the usual formalities of organization. Speaker Blaine was reelected Speaker by a large majority. The President's message was received, read and ordered to be printed. It is of unusual length, and contains much sound advice and considers the national affairs in a calm and temperate manner. He is opposed to any additional inflation of the currency, recommends the resumption of specie payment as soon as possible, and suggests, the adoption of free banking as a measure required by the necessities of a rapidly growing country. The Mormon question is briefly referred to, and Congress is requested to provide some way of establishing courts in the Territory without having them controlled by the Mormons. Our relations with Spain and Cuba are discussed at length. Much sympathy is expressed for the Castelar Government and the young Spanish Republic now struggling for existence. The facts in the affair of Virginius are given in detail, and he expresses an opinion that the source of all our troubles with Cuba is the existence of African Slavery on the island. In regard to the affair of the Virginius a protocol has been officially published by Secretary Fish and the Spanish Ambassador at Washington in which Spain agrees to restore the Virginius, set at liberty the surviving members of her crew, provide for the families of those who were unjustly slain, and salute the flag of the United States on the 25th of December, unless it shall appear that the Virginius had no right or authority for carrying the flag of the United States, in which case, the salute will be omitted, but a disclaimer of intent of indignity to the flag will be accepted. Furthermore, the Spanish Government engage to institute proceedings against the officials concerned in the capture of the Virginius and putting to death of a part of her crew, while the United States agrees to investigate the legal status of the Virginius, and if it be found that the vessel has violated the laws of the United States, legal proceedings will be instituted against the owner or owners of the vessel. The protocol produced great excitement at Havana, but owing to the prompt action of Gov. General Jovellar, no outbreak took place and the excitement soon subsided.

The steamship Ville du Havre which left New York on November 15th, when within two days' sailing of the French coast was struck by the British ship Loch Earn about two o'clock on the morning of November 23rd

and sunk in twelve minutes. Out of 313 passengers and crew, only 87 were saved by the boats of the Loch Earn. The time of night, the terrible character of the injury inflicted, and the brief time afforded the terror-stricken passengers to act in any concerted manner, accounts for the terrible loss of life. Both vessels were of iron, and the Ville du Havre was built in the usual style of water-tight compartments, but which were of no avail in saving the vessel when struck amidships with a blow estimated at 1,000,000 foot tons. The jib-boom of the Loch Earn penetrated no less than thirty feet into the steamer, crushing before it immense sheets of iron like so much pasteboard. The Loch Earn was so much injured that the rescued passengers were transferred to an American ship which passed the scene of disaster next day. Among the lost passengers many prominent citizens of New York, Boston and Chicago, including Judge Peckham of the New York State Court of Appeals; Charles Mixter, wife and children; Henry Sigourney, wife and three children, and Mr. Nathaniel Curtis, and others of Boston. Several members of the Evangelical Alliance were on the steamer returning home. Rev. Antonio Carasco, of Spain, Prof. E Pronier, of Geneva, Switzerland, Rev. N. Weiss, of Paris, and several others. The cause of the accident is not yet known as the Loch Earn has not yet been heard from.

CUBA.

THIS crooked bit of land lying just within the tropics has suddenly become of unusual interest to the American public. Its great length, nearly eight hundred miles with an average breadth of about seventy-five, gives it a long coast-line which is much increased by the abrupt and indented formation of its shores. Through its central and longest axis, has been upheaved a mountain chain broken and of no great height, from which the streams of either slope run into the sea. In area it does not exceed the State of Pennsylvania having about 46,000 square miles. The chief towns are Havana on the northwest coast, with a population of over 200,000, Matanzas a little to the east of it, Trinidad on the southern coast, Santa Clara and Puerto Principe in the interior, and the little village of Santiago de Cuba on the eastern end, raised to a present notoriety from its connection with the Virginius affair. In round numbers 800,000 whites chiefly of Spanish descent, and 600,000 colored people, including 50,000 Chinese, comprise the population. From the amalgamation of the Spaniards and mulattoes has resulted a large creole class between whom and the pure bloods there is no excess of tenderness. In proportion to its size the exports of Cuba are unsurpassed by those of any other country. Her chief exports are sugar, molasses, honey, rum and cigars. In 1869 she sent away over a million cases of sugar of four hundred pounds each, and more than a hundred million cigars. The Captain General, the chief military and civil official, is responsible only to the home government, and has at his command a standing army of 30,000 men well drilled and equipped. The sub-offices are filled by Spaniards of the upper class. Since the overthrow of the Bourbon dynasty in Spain, religious toleration has been proclaimed throughout the island.

A little more than five years ago, *viz*—October 10, 1868, an insurrection broke out in the district of Yara in the extreme northeast. Its leader was Carlos Manuel Cespedes, a native, formerly a lawyer and large slaveholder, and then recently returned from extensive travels in the United States. The movement spread rapidly in the eastern part of the island. Within ten days the insurgents had overrun a large tract of country and claimed that they had the support of 100,000 people. They also gained possession of some important towns and captured a number of men of rank. They next issued a declaration of independence. In this document, which has some points in common with the one read in Philadelphia nearly a hundred years ago, are set forth the grievences endured by the native Cubans under Spanish rule. The harsh and oppressive laws, the illegal prosecutions, the civil process displaced by military commissions, excessive taxation, interdiction of writing and speaking on public questions, a standing army quartered on them at great expense, and finally, a swarm of hungry office-holders devouring their substance. From Bayamo the rebel headquarters in the East, soon was issued another proclamation freeing the slaves; for Cuba still clung to the wretched barbarism of slave labor. The volunteers were now organized under the leadership of General Quesada, ranking next to Cespedes, a brave man who had fought for Mexican independence under Juarez. The insurgent force was estimated by a New York correspondent, to be at that time, Nov., 1868, upwards of 50,000 men, but almost without arms or amunition. However, undeterred by this, they fashioned implements from the hard woods, abundant there, and even made wooden cannon, good for a single discharge. From December till May, 1869, the dry season in Cuba, war was waged with increasing vigor. The rebels were at home in the mountain districts, and made sudden sallies thence in all directions, destroying railway and telegraphic communication, burning bridges and in all possible ways impeding the progress of the regular troops. Their own crops were burned lest the enemy should receive succor thereby. A proclamation by the Captain General, Lersundi, promising civil and political rights and representation in the Spanish Cortes, had no effect in checking the revolt. On the contrary a fervent appeal was addressed to General Grant after his inauguration in March, 1869, praying for recognition as belligerents and that the republic just born and already formally recognized by certain of the South American States, be assisted by its great prototype. In vain. Meantime Cespedes had been elected President by a congress composed of delegates from all the provinces, sitting at Guaimaro. As the fighting went on, the combatants proved to be about equally matched. A great number of small engagements took place, each side often claiming the victory. The Government disclosed its intention of selling the property of all absentees. At this time May, 1869, a body of recruits from this country with a large amount of war material was placed at the disposal of General Quesada. This cunning chief placed the Cubans in front and ordered the American volunteers in the rear to fire on them if they ran. Thus placed, they fought with desperation. The cholera suddenly breaking out at the beginning of the rainy season, put an end to military operations for the year. In the autumn the rebels made extensive raids on the sugar plantations, and laid waste one hundred and sixty large estates, which with the valuable machinery destroyed, temporarily extinguished the sugar trade of the island. So hopeless was now the prospect of subduing the revolt, that many of the wealthy planters sold their estates and left the country. In the spring of 1870 the American General Jordan reported that the insurrectionary army numbered 26,000 men and was followed by 40,000 liberated slaves. Spain with a much greater force was content to hold her own in the fortified towns without pursuing the enemy in the field. Hence there were no military operations of note in 1870.

The following year was a disastrous one for the cause of Cuban independence. The valiant Quesada was captured and put to death, and Gen. Porro and 3,000 of the rank-and-file laid down their arms. The Cuban Congress also dissolved. At the close of the year (1871) the Havana papers claimed that the only insurgents in the field were a few hundred negroes, who had rebelled against Cespedes, and were fighting for plunder. The Captain General gave notice that after January 15, 1872, every captured rebel would be shot. But notwithstanding the boasted subjugation of the island, the war continued throughout the year 1872, and Spain found it necessary to send several thousand additional troops to maintain her position there. According to Spanish accounts the rebels were the victors in several battles. The Havana authorities claim that in the four years, ending in Oct., 1872, 13,000 rebels had been killed and 60,000 had submitted to the Government; eight thousand arms of various kinds, and nine thousand horses had been captured.

During the past year, interest in the Cuban insurrection had so diminished, that the press of this country published next to nothing concerning the struggle going on there. In August last, several engagements took place and a body of insurgents under General Gomez captured the post of Nuevitas on the north coast. It is mentioned also that negotiations between the republican leaders of Cuba and the Spanish Government have taken place, and that the Castelar ministry had tendered friendship to Cuban patriots with the assurance that harmony could be again restored between Cuba and the mother country. Such are the antecedents most necessary to be known in order to understand the Virginius affair and the prevailing excitement about Cuba. J.

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

ADMISSIONS.

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

CROSSING JORDAN.

[The family at Wallingford some years ago commenced a round of criticism, every member having asked for a benefit. An hour was devoted every day to the exercise. At the beginning of the course, J. H. N. made the following remarks, which we have copied very literally in order to save all their strength and earnestness.]

IN order to have real fellowship with the Spirit of Truth, and see it go forth among us with power, there must be great sincerity. Those concerned in the criticisms ought to make up their minds to be very sincere one with another. Speak the truth in love, but speak the *truth* and the *whole truth*. Let us not make pets of one another, or be afraid to say what should be said. Let us have more respect for the truth than for persons. Let the truth have a good time—let the spirit of God's sincerity rejoice through us—rejoice in our simplicity and faithfulness one with another. Sincerity is the main thing in a good criticism—sincerity on one side, and the love of sincerity on both sides. Those who receive criticism should count it as a blessing—something that is going to send them forward into a good experience. For my part, I am glad of anything that deepens my earnestness, and makes me feel more and more that the truth is my King. I am getting the lesson thoroughly impressed on my heart, that I will have no friendship, no love, no relatives, no father, no mother, no wife, no sweetheart, that shall come between me and the truth. The truth shall come between me and all of them. All friendship shall be controlled by the truth. All love shall be controlled by the truth. I will love the truth more than any companion. That is the way that I shall get good and do good by criticism.

I suppose that what the whole world's heart is longing for above all things, is love that is sure and perpetual—love without end. Faithful love is a very scarce article. We cannot obtain it in any other way than by thorough submission to the truth. All love that is not nourished by the love of truth on our part, and by the Spirit of truth from God, no matter how romantic it is, no matter how warm and sentimental it is, no matter how indispensable it may seem to our happiness, is a terrible delusion; and the more beautiful it seems, the greater the delusion. Friendship and love are very beautiful and very enticing, but don't try to get them without the truth. That is the only way to them. We say "strait is the gate and narrow is the way which leadeth unto life (*i. e.* heaven), and few there be that find it." We may say just as well, strait is the gate and narrow is the way which leadeth unto *true friendship*, and few there be that find it. A true friendship *is* heaven. We shall find the love that is immortal on the other side of thorough criticism, given and received all around. It is over Jordan, and the Jordan between us and heaven is the Jordan of criticism, of truth, of judgment—of God's judgment. Whether you live or die, you must go across that Jordan, or you will never get into heaven. You may sing the old song, about "Canaan's happy shore," but Canaan's happy shore is not necessarily the other side of death. We need not die to get there. Heaven is on the other side of criticism. We shall get there by exposing ourselves to the truth. This view changes our outlook considerably. But it is true as the throne of God, that heaven is on the other side of criticism.

I am in hopes that the O. C. will get clear across Jordan by and by, on to "Canaan's happy shore," and show the world that it can be done this side of death. We are not over yet, but let us swim and help one another. What the world and the churches think is death, we have found to be criticism, and we have been wading and swimming and buffeting through this Jordan now for a long while, and shall certainly get across. We shall get into the real unity of heaven, "where congregations ne'er break up and [friendships] never end," and then "Canaan's happy shore" will be no more a song but a reality.

DEFINITION OF CRITICISM.

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

THE general meaning of the word Criticism is obvious, being derived from the Greek *Krino*, signifying to discriminate—to separate—to judge. It is properly applied to the process of inspection, by which persons form their opinion in works of art, literature, science, morality and religion. It is an application of the judgment and taste to these things in such a way as to distinguish between the good and the bad—to separate compounds, and bring things to their simple elements, so that praise and blame, like and dislike, may be distributed intelligently. Hence Criticism may be considered as a species of Chemistry, doing in the higher sphere of mental and spiritual substances, what the crucible and testing apparatus do for gross matter.

Such is a general definition of the term *Criticism*. Traced out in its more specific application to different subjects, as to the various fine arts, to literature, etc., we find that many different faculties are employed in its operations, and that the tests of approval and disapproval vary with the subject in hand. In music, Criticism employs as its agent, the *ear*, and requires that the performance shall pass the approval of certain principles of musical taste. In painting or sculpture the *eye* is principally the medium of Criticism, while form, color and ideality sit in judgment. In literature, there are still other faculties, as the love

of truth, the imagination, etc., that are involuntarily summoned to the business of Criticism, whenever we read a book.

In respect to all these departments Criticism is quite a natural operation of the mind, and is carried on continually and almost involuntarily, with more or less effect, according to our intelligence and purpose. Whenever we have a feeling of pleasure at the sight of a beautiful object, or at hearing fine music, there is the foundation and beginning of Criticism. We have only to trace out and tell the *reason* of our pleasure, or of the opposite sensation in the case produced, to make the act of Criticism complete.

With this view of the subject in its general and ordinary aspect, it will be easy to understand the explanation which we will now give of the SOCIAL or MUTUAL CRITICISM which is practised in the Community. Observe then, that the faculty of careful discrimination and correct judgment, which is elsewhere exercised mainly in the criticism of literature and art, is with us turned to the examination of *character*. We carry up the art and the uses of Criticism from the range of things, to that of persons. What the connoisseur and the reviewer do in respect to books and paintings, we do in respect to ourselves and each other.

It is evident that an immensely greater and richer field of scrutiny is offered in the case of living character, with all its various phases and relations, than in the case of fixed objects, like paintings or ideas printed in books. Every person presents himself to us in a many-sided, complex way—not as an object of sight and sound merely, but as a spiritual, intellectual, physical and social being, with whom we hold necessary, and often intimate relations. How appropriate, then, it is, that he should be the subject of Criticism—that we should note and study that in him which tends to give us pleasure, and should observe, on the other hand, those things which are inharmonious and disagreeable.

While the Criticism of character employs most if not all of the faculties which are engaged in the Criticism of other things, it also brings into exercise a still higher part of our nature—the faculty of spiritual perception. As human beings, we possess in ourselves, and present to others, all the essential beauties of music, poetry, painting, sculpture and romance, on which to exercise the discrimination of taste; and still beyond this there is a fountain of spiritual life, which is understood only by the subtle discernment of sympathy. On the other hand, there are vices and evils in character that can only be detected by the sense of spiritual discord.

Our system of Criticism, it will now be seen, is a system of mutual inspection of character, and truth-telling about one another. In practical operation there are various modes of proceeding. As for instance, it is customary for the members of the Community, each one as he feels moved thereto, to invite, from time to time, Criticism from all the other members. On such occasions, whoever has anything to say of him, either in the way of finding fault, or of special commendation, or of both, freely says it. Again, if any member manifests a bad spirit, or faulty manners, or in any way proves annoying to the social circle, it is the privilege of the circle, either in public or private, to bring the matter to examination and seek in a kind spirit the reformation of the offender.

SILENCE UNDER TRIAL.

BY PROFESSOR UPHAM.

When words and acts, untrue, unkind,
  Against thy life, like arrows, fly,
Receive them with a patient mind—
  Seek no revenge, make no reply.

O holy Silence! 'Tis the shield,
  More strong than warrior's twisted mail—
A hidden strength, a might conceal'd
  Which worldly shafts in vain assail.

He who is silent in his cause,
  Has left that cause to heavenly arms;
And Heaven's eternal aid and laws
  Are swift to ward the threatening harms.

God is our great protecting Power.
  Be still! The great Defender moves;
He watches well the dangerous hour,
  Nor fails to save the child He loves.

LIBERAL EDUCATION.

THERE is a thoughtful farmer in our valley. He makes a fence that he can readily get over or take up and move when the need comes. He says if he keeps his neighbor out, he has to shut himself in, and furthermore he doesn't know certainly which way the drifting snow will blow, nor from what quarter the irrigating stream will start, or where it will run.

I once met a teacher who was successful in the higher sense, and I was so fortunate as to hit upon his secret. He was in league with the wise and happy spiritual powers, and to unfold and further their purposes with respect to the youthful minds under his care was what he was trying to do. None of his scholars, he said, was of the common-place order. Every one had a peculiar tendency—faint in some but marked in others—which to his mind was the finger of providence pointing out the path each was designed to follow. Their studies were shaped to this end. To be sure, certain things were essential for all to learn, but as no two occupied precisely the same point of view, it followed that each one's road to an attainment differed in a degree from that of all others. The method that was natural and easy to one, he had often found hard and distasteful to another. He never had a scholar that was without a gift of some kind. He never had one who wasn't a mystery. He had often tried to go to the bottom of this or that one's mind—it was his delight to make such investigation and he thought, too, his talent lay in this direction—but he had always failed to get there, had always found it fathomless. Still, he had never failed to make interesting discoveries which kept his interest keen. Life, in various forms, was flowing in, the source of which was visible only to the eye of faith. He was sure it was his office to see that these streams were not diverted, but made to run in their proper channels.

To do this the heart has to be trained, first of all, and most of all—put in tone, strengthened, qualified to take the lead, in all things. No one can be a faithful student, in the full sense of the term, unless he has a tender conscience. Here is a teacher that should be free from all trammels. O! make way for his inspiration, and the inspiration of his scholars! Who knows what heroes, what prophets, what useful workers in all fields, shall come from his school?

Your old-time professor says you must learn Latin and Greek and master the mathematics before you can claim to be well taught. Not because these branches are specially juicy and nourishing, but because they furnish the best means yet discovered for intellectual training. Herein you shall have the drill that is essential to clear thinking as well as speaking. You shall get a good hold of the reins of this courser, the mind, and thereafter be able to check it or turn it at will, or guide it through to the desired goal.

But the old is giving place to the new, the world over. The ringing scythe of the mower, the sickle that *risped* as it entered and sundered the golden grain of the reaper, the lumbering stage-coach—the horn of the driver faintly heard in the distance—are, every year becoming more remote. The old ways of thinking are changing with the old ways of living. Customs and theories that have held sway for centuries are losing their potency. So, it has finally come about that the wisdom of the classical system of education is seriously called in question. The first step, we may call this, of a great reform, leading most surely to the second, the nature of which it is not impossible to foresee.

One of the most interesting papers we have yet seen on this subject is by Prof. Wm. P. Atchison in the *Popular Science Monthly* for November. He says:

"The advance we have been making towards a truer education philosophy, based upon truer conceptions in regard to the growth and early development of the human mind, is pretty well disposing of what, perhaps I may be permitted to call the old-fashioned grindstone-theory of elementary education; the doctrine, namely, that, as preparation for higher culture all youthful minds require a certain preliminary process of sharpening upon certain studies, valueless, or next to valueless in themselves, at least so far as regards the vast majority of their recipients, but quite as needful nevertheless, to them as to all others who are hereafter to be considered as liberally educated for the indirect benefit their pursuit was supposed to confer. The accepted theory of liberal education has heretofore been, that it was a certain very special kind of training which required this peculiar preliminary sharpening process, and that, as the instruments for it, there were certain almost divinely-appointed studies exclusively set apart, to wit, the grammars of two dead languages, and the elementary portions of abstract mathematics. It was not and could not be maintained that these studies would ever be the natural choice of the youthful mind in the beginning of its scholastic career; rather, it was thought to be a prime recommendation that they were as remote as possible from anything the youthful mind would of itself appropriate as intellectual nutriment. Like medicine, the value of such disciplinary studies was supposed to be in direct proportion to their disgustfulness; for they were not food to nourish the mind withal, but tonics, wherewith artificially to strengthen it. They were rods for the spiritual part, the counterparts of those material ones which the strong right arm of the ancient pedagogue wielded with such efficiency on the bodies of his youthful charge, and the benefit of both alike was not utilitarian, but disciplinary.

"That I may not be suspected of caricaturing, I will make two quotations, the first from a lecture by Prof. Sellar, Professor of Greek in the University of Edinburgh: 'The one extreme theory' he says, 'is, that education is purely a discipline of the understanding; that the form of the subject is everything, the content little or nothing. A severe study, such as classics or mathematics, is the thing wanted to train or brace the faculties; it does not matter whether it is in itself interesting or not. Read and learn the classics simply for the discipline they afford to the understanding. You may, if it comes in your way and does not interfere with your training, combine a literary pleasure with this mode of study, but this is no part of your education. As teachers, we do not care to encourage it; we do not care to interpret for you the thought or feeling of your author. All such teaching is weak and rhetorical; we do not profess to examine into your capacity of receiving pleasure. Accurate and accomplished translation, effective composition in the style of the ancient authors, thorough grammatical and philological knowledge—these are our requirements. The training in exactness, in concentration, in logical habits, and in discernment of the niceties of expression, is the one thing with which we start you in life. Whether you have thought at all

or care to think about the questions which occupy and move the highest minds, is no affair of ours.

"My other extract shall be from an essay by the Public Orator of the University of Cambridge; 'I conclude then,' says Mr. W. G. Clark, 'that the first subject of study must be the same for all, and that it is no valid objection to any subject to affirm that it is dry and distasteful, but on the contrary, a strong recommendation. It cannot be denied that this condition is amply satisfied by the Latin accidence, as exhibited in our time-honored and much-abused text books. * * * The question arises where, besides the Latin grammar, we can find any other subject equally dry, and by consequence as powerfully tonic to the juvenile mind, which recommends itself as deserving in lieu thereof to form the basis of education by its general applicability and greater fertility of after-results. Except the Greek language, which, from its intimate connection with the Latin in structure and literature, is a necessary complement to it, and not a possible substitute for it, I know of none.'

"Here we have the very essence of what I have denominated the grindstone-theory. I think that a truer philosophy has exploded these fallacies, and well-nigh obliterated that artificial line of distinction between studies for use and studies for discipline. True education remains and must forever remain a discipline; but juster views in regard to the nature of the youthful mind are beginning to show us that that discipline is of the nature of a *nutritive* rather than a *curative* process and that the disgust felt by the recipient for the means employed is no measure of their disciplinary value. We are discovering that the idea of discipline inheres not in the nature of certain particular subjects, distinguishing them from all others which are non-disciplinary, and merely utilitarian, but in the right method of teaching all subjects; and the question whether at any particular period or stage of progress a subject is to be used for purposes of mental discipline, depends not at all upon the question whether it belongs to one or the other of two imaginary classes, the disciplinary and the not-disciplinary, but upon the quite different questions whether the study is valuable in itself and whether it is suited to that particular stage of the pupil's mental progress. If so, and if rightly taught, it will then be sure to be the right discipline.

(To be continued.)

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE AMERICAN HEALTH ASSOCIATION.

IV.

New York, Nov. 29, 1873.

DEAR CIRCULAR:—The evening session was held at Association Hall. The first speaker was the Hon. Andrew D. White, L. L. D., President of Cornell University, who gave an address on "Sanitary Science." He said the generations that come after us will doubtless wonder at what this age has done, but he thought they will wonder far more at what it has not done. Look first at the neglect of political studies. The case is still worse in regard to that great class of studies comprehended under the designation of social science. The only approach which we have to the palaces of the Old World are in the various hospitals and prisons and asylums of the New. If any one wishes to see what vicious methods of dealing with great social questions will produce, he has only to look at the great harvest of evil which England is now reaping from seed sown three hundred years ago, especially as regards the treatment of her pauper and criminal classes. Provision should be made for instruction in human physiology, hygiene and sanitary science in all departments of public instruction; in college and university by presenting this general instruction in a more extended way and by promoting investigation; and in medical colleges by giving more special instruction in matters relating to public and international hygiene, and in our departments of engineering and polytechnic and technological schools, and especial provision should be made in sanitary engineering. When the yellow-fever broke out in Shreveport it was telegraphed all over the country that it was caused by the removal of the obstructions in the river above the city. That statement went all over the city unchallenged. So far as he knew, no one thought of expressing doubt publicly as to the statement that the yellow-fever was caused by a more plentiful supply of water at the wharves of that city, the fact being that this would conduce rather to the removal of the causes of the disease than to the pervention of them. At last came information as to the real cause, and it was found that in that hot climate men had been allowed to accumulate the material in which disease germs arise abundantly, that the simplest truths of sanitary science had been ignored, and the consequence was perfectly simple and natural. Such ignorance exists in most sections of the country, and even in our cities, comparatively few have much knowledge of sanitary requirements. You will find prevailing in many of our country towns traditions and superstitions in regard to this matter that are most surprising. You may hear apparently intelligent people maintain that after all the emanations of the cesspool are rather conducive to health than to disease. Up to a very recent period at least similar ignorance was manifested in this metropolis. To give an idea of this ignorance let me recall, as nearly as I can, a little episode that occurred in the investigation of the conduct of that branch of the City Administration which had the care of the public health. It happened that the late Judge Whiting, who had charge of the investigation on the part of the Citizens' Association, put on the stand a young physician, who testified that the health officers or warden or inspectors were men utterly ignorant of the first principles relating to the public health which they were appointed to preserve. In order to refute this, the head of the Health Department brought on the stand, in perfect good faith, several of these health officers. Toward the close of the examination of the first one, Judge Whiting asked the question, "Did you have a case of small-pox in your ward?" "Yes sir." *Judge Whiting.*—Did you visit the patient? *Witness.*—No sir. *Judge Whiting.*—Why not? *Witness.*—For the same reason that you would not; that I was afraid of taking it myself. *Judge Whiting.*—Did the family have any care? *Witness.*—Yes sir, they were "high-jennecks;" they doctored themselves.

As the other witnesses came in, Judge Whiting used this as a sort of test question—as a sort of key to unlock the system and show the utter ignorance that prevaled in every department of it. Every witness was asked: "Well, have you any high-jennecks in your ward?" Some of the witnesses thought they had, some thought they had not, some thought they had them pretty badly, some thought they had them in other parts of the ward. At last the Judge asked a witness who had been answering his question, in this way: "Do you know what the word high-jennecks means?" and he replied, "Yes sir, I do. It means a bad smell arising from dirty water."

Look now at a higher range. It is only a few years since the country was startled by the outbreak of a malignant type of fever in one of the leading boarding-schools in England. The result was that several ladies from the most respectable families in the country lost their lives. The school had always been considered an admirable one. It was under the charge of a principal and instructors in every way worthy of their calling; but an investigation by competent persons showed that causes of zymotic disease lurked at every corner of the edifice, and that the only wonder was that the disease had not come earlier and spread even wider. The International Commission on quarantine matters, that a little over ten years ago sat in Paris, did a great and noble work; but its results have taken no such hold upon the policy of various States as they ought to have taken. Unquestionably the true theory of disease is yet to be wrought out, though everything leads us to suppose, that science is at least upon the right track; but unquestionably in relation to the germ of disease, great discoveries are yet to be made. So, too, the relations of ozone to various diseases is a matter in which conquests are still to be made. There is a higher culture than literary study—a culture of thought for our fellow men, which comes from studies of sanitary science. If any one object that these studies are based on physiology, which has led man into dangerous paths, that it is in fact, an unsafe study, I would simply point to these words: "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." This fear is a wholesome one, as it is not based on mystic dread of tyranny, but arises from a righteous determination not to violate these great laws by which the Divine power, that maintains and regulates this universe, governs all.

President Barnard, of Columbia College then read a paper on the "Germ Theory of Disease in its Relation to Hygiene." The ignorant, he said, had always attributed all events whose causes were obscure to blind chance or the interference of some supernatural power, and these false suppositions have remained even long after the vain theories have been thoroughly exploded. The laws of health and disease are as well defined as those of mathematics, and the only obstacle is the difficulty attending their discovery. Concerning epidemic or contagious diseases there are two theories, namely, the chemical and the germ theory. These, President Barnard illustrated by a somewhat lengthy review of recent scientific discoveries.

On finishing the discussion of the germ theory, the speaker said, in conclusion, that drugs are already falling into disrepute, and he hoped to see the time when, through medical science, infectious diseases would be exterminated, and men would live out the time heaven intended they should; when the medical profession would, like Othello, find its occupation gone; it would be, after all, a glorious victory, for it would be itself that had destroyed itself.

The last speaker was Professor Ordronaux of New York; State Commissioner on Lunacy, and member of the State Board of Charities, who delivered an interesting and terse address on the "Relations of Hygiene to Pauperism and Insanity." Sanitary science is, really, a department of religion, said he. Pauperism is a disease, as is shown by the absence of physical vigor, running through an army of paupers. The pauper is not only poor in purse but poor in ambition, in courage, in self-reliance; poor through and through. Organic disease which undermines the health, undermines also the mind, and insanity is purely a disease of that kind which has long been accounted for by superstition. It is purely a disease of the body, and its preventive is to live healthfully in the sense temperately, and not to ride hobbies to death. One great cause of insanity is lack of proper nourishment, and lunatics have been cured by feeding their systems, thus coming to full men on full stomachs. This idea is ridiculous, but it is true. This the speaker illustrated by statistics, showing the possible study of insanity on a physical basis.

M. L. B.

END.

STEEL BARS INSTEAD OF BELLS.—Steel bars produce a very pure, distinct, and melodious sound, and possess many advantages over church bells of moderate size. In Germany they are in some measure supplanting bells in church steeples, and an English publication, the "Choir," advocates their general use, on the ground that while in point of sonorousness they are equal to the common bell, in certain other respects they are to be preferred to it. Thus, their weight will be light in comparison with the ponderous engines they are to

replace. They will not burden the steeple so much, and consequently will give more scope for architectural design. Their winding and hanging up will not be so difficult, dangerous and expensive. They are not liable to crack, as is the case with bells, and are therefore adapted for use in any climate. They can be operated by a simple mechanical contrivance.

The cost of these bars is so low that three or four of them, forming a peal, whose weight would not exceed one hundred pounds, could be manufactured in England for fifty or sixty dollars, whereas three bells of the same power would cost five times as much. They can be made of any dimension, weight, or power of sound. Every note or harmony can be produced more easily, and the tuning is obtained more precisely, than in cast bells. Of course these bars are also adapted for use whereever bells are now employed.—*Galaxy.*

ONEIDA CIRCULAR.

HARRIET M. WORDEN, EDITOR.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1873.

Things go contrary, do they? The world is trying to roll one way and you are trying to roll it another, and may be you are dreadfully afraid it is going to roll over you! Why then let it go over you and done with it. I guess I could drop into a hole small enough to save all my bones and let the thing rush. That idea is original with me, and I have a patent on it. I have seen lots of folk who have been run over, and they aren't dead yet. They got right up and brushed their clothes and washed their eyes and put some *arnica* on their joints and then went straight on. I have had the thing go over me, too, and here I am. And there is Sisyphus who was sent to Hades and set to rolling stone up a hill for a punishment, they say. But I don't believe a word of it. I think he was a self-willed, ambitious fellow who was trying to build a castle or some other big thing up there. If he had staid down in the meadows he might have built a cottage by a spring of soft water and had a good time. A. B.

THE DEAD SEA TO BE PURIFIED.

THE late article on the "Heart of the Temple" is not entirely satisfactory. We must acknowledge the high probability of its theory that Christ took Ezekiel's vision of the great river of living waters flowing from the sanctuary of the temple as a prefiguration of the all-healing power that was flowing from his own heart. Christianity itself is indeed a river of life flowing from the heart of Christ, of which the primary health-revival during his personal ministry was only a miniature. And in this large view it is easy and edifying to trace in the several stages of Ezekiel's river as it expanded from a rivulet ankle-deep to a broad stream that could be passed over only by swimming, the outlines of the grand progressions of Christianity from age to age. But there is a difficulty in completing the view. Ezekiel at last runs his river into a strange place. Let us read his story again:

"When the man that had the line in his hand went forth eastward he measured a thousand cubits, and he brought me through the waters; the waters were to the ankles. Again he measured a thousand, and brought me through the waters; the waters were to the knees. Again he measured a thousand, and brought me through; the waters were to the loins. Afterward he measured a thousand; and it was a river that I could not pass over: for the waters were risen, waters to swim in, a river that could not be passed over. And he said unto me, Son of man, hast thou seen this? Then he brought me, and caused me to return to the brink of the river. Now, when I had returned, behold, at the bank of the river were very many trees on the one side and on the other. Then said he unto me, *These waters issue out toward the east country, and go down into the desert, and go into the sea* [*i. e. the Dead Sea*], *which being brought forth into the sea the waters shall be healed.* And it shall come to pass, that every thing that liveth, which moveth, whithersoever the rivers shall come, shall live: and there shall be a very great multitude of fish, because these waters shall come thither: for they shall be healed: and every thing shall live whither the river cometh. And it shall come to pass, that the fishers shall stand upon it from En-gedi even unto En-eglaim; they shall be a place to spread forth nets; their fish shall be according to their kinds, as the fish of the great sea, exceeding many." (Ezek. 47: 3—10.)

The general flow and expansion of this river of life is pleasant and suggestive; but what can we make of its termination? If Christ adopted the vision, as he seems to have done in what he says about "rivers of living water" in John 7: 38, what did he understand to be the final result of the all-quickening flood? How did he interpret the details of its disemboguing into the Dead Sea?

It is impossible to regard those details as having any literal sense, so long as we hold that the river is symbolical. What then must we understand by the Dead Sea considered as a symbol? There seems to be but one answer to this question. The Dead Sea, with its volcanic excrements and its salt-saturated lifeless waters, is universally associated with Sodom and Gomorrah, and is generally believed to be the gulf in which those accursed cities were swallowed up. The special sin of Sodom and Gomorrah was lasciviousness. Sodomy, the most unnatural of vices, got its name from one of them. Thus the Dead Sea should naturally be the symbol of the terrible passions concerned in sexual vice; it should represent the gulf of deepest degradation into which human nature is plunged by the abuse of its social faculties. Then we have in Ezekiel's vision and in Christ's adoption of it, a prophecy and pledge that Christianity shall at last pour itself into the gulf of sexuality and overwhelm with life and purity the curses which have so long made it the horror and shame of the world—a consummation devoutly to be wished, and very probable, whether prefigured by Ezekiel's vision or not. J. H. N.

THE LOWER DEEP.

THE truth of the assertion often made that the so-called purely scientific training tends to atheism, is, I think, undeniable. My own experience is perhaps a fair example. I entered the Yale Scientific School at the mature age of twenty-eight, graduating at thirty-one. My religious convictions when I entered were firmly settled. Belief in God and the Bible, and in Communism as derived from the Bible, had been taught me from my childhood. I was forewarned of the effect of that kind of scientific education that does not practically recognize God's overruling hand. I spent my evenings at home among God-fearing men and women; and yet, for the last nine months of my college life, I found my religious opinions were gradually undergoing some kind of subtle change—a change not so much in kind as in degree. Belief in the realities of the spiritual world seemed of less importance than the acquisition of scientific truth. I do not suppose the School would teach any such doctrine in so many words. Indeed, on the contrary, many religious forms are observed. The professors are most of them nominally ordained ministers, and all of them regular church-goers. Sunday evening lectures on semi-religious topics are given, and a weekly prayer-meeting is held. But these formalities are as powerless against the general influence of the School as an attempt to keep back the advancing ocean tide with a broom.

We were constantly impressed, both by precept and example, with the idea that the object of the School was not so much to instruct us in this or that particular thing, as to give us thorough mental training—to teach us the use of tools. If we asked, for instance, "What is the use of Analytics or Calculus? Are they ever employed in practical life?" we were told that by means of them we might reach absolute accuracy in engineering problems. In cases where other people are obliged to depend on some "Engineer's Guide," or "Pocket Companion," we could sit in judgment on such books and determine their reliability.

But perhaps the study of geology, which extends through the third year, and which I found singularly fascinating, affected me more than any other one thing. The incontestable proofs of the great age of the world, the apparent evidence of the existence of man upon it for hundreds of thousands of years, compelled me to look on the Scriptural account of Creation, as entirely figurative, to say the least; and with this entering-wedge my faith in the whole Bible began to grow dim.

I can account for the gradual elimination of my belief in God and the future life, in no other way than by the combined effect of the scientific materialism of the School and a steadily increasing conceit of opinion—an almost incurable affliction of the college-bred man.

It has truly been said that "knowledge puffeth up." I do not know that I was more self-opinionated than the average college graduate, but certain it is, that I felt a gradually increasing confidence in my ability to judge for myself in all things. Almost before I knew it, I found myself casting about to see what satisfactory proofs I had of the existence of God, and the immortality of the soul. While debating these matters I graduated.

Away from school I began to look squarely at the great questions: Was I as a scientific student ready to enter the lists against such men as Socrates, Christ, Paul, Luther and thousands more, and really convince myself that they were in error? If I accept without question the conclusions of Gallileo, of Laplace, of Newton, because they were master minds, why not for the same reason accept the conclusions of Christ and Paul? But many of the conclusions of the great men of the past have been shown to be erroneous. Where then can the line be drawn?

After much debating, I found it vain to seek a demonstration by a course of semi-mathematical reasoning. At last I said to myself, "I know one thing at least. I am a better and a happier man when I believe in God and the Bible than when I doubt. Call it marvelousness or blind faith or what you please, I know that truth must be in the direction of this deepest and best instinct of my heart, and I will make a jump in the dark, if purely scientific minds please to think of it as such; I will accept God on such evidence as he pleases to give me, because I feel the need of him, and know he has done me good." This deliberate decision I have had occasion to look back to many times, but have never found cause to reverse it.

In studying the schools in connection with my experience there, I can find no word of fault with what they teach. The enthusiasm, the thoroughness, the eager search after such truth as is revealed by the microscope, the blow-pipe, the thermo-pile, the spectroscope, is most praiseworthy. Their fault is that they do not at the same time, and even first of all, start the same enthusiasm, thoroughness and eager search for truth in things spiritual and eternal. They lay the foundation of education in an enthusiasm for materialism, and so crowd and preöccupy the mind with visible things as to leave no room or relish for things invisible. K.

When hard pressed, hold still and wait on God—wait patiently and steadfastly. Although bless-

ings may tarry, they will surely come in the end. There is a kind of emptying of self-will that must take place before God can work in us, and he knows how to take us through the process.

COMMUNITY JOURNAL.

ONEIDA.

—Two of our lost sheep have mysteriously returned. They show no signs of having had a hard time.

—An agreeable call of a few hours on Wednesday afternoon from Dr. Dio Lewis. He is on a lecturing tour. Two of our people went to Utica in the evening to hear his ideas on "Our Girls."

—Tolerable skating on the Willow-Place pond. Saturday afternoon E. S. B., who at present acts the pedagogue, equipped his troop of children with skates and marched with them to the ice-field, where they enjoyed the sport until they were tired and hungry enough to do ample justice to the dinner which was served to them at the Villa.

—We receive letters almost every day from persons making earnest inquiries about Male Continence, showing that it is gaining in respect abroad. A highly respectable lady recently wrote: "I am inclined to believe with you that Male Continence is the highest expression of civilization, and something which is in the future to set a distinguishing mark between man and the brute creation; at the same time that it will solve the social problem as to women, their place in the home, society and the world."

—Just before the close of the meeting Tuesday evening Mr. Woolworth returned from Joppa. Being called on for a report, he said that the men there were having fine luck fishing and that he had brought home a hundred pounds of pike and perch. "If folks will wait," he added, "I will show you a pike weighing eight pounds and a quarter, which I caught to-day." Soon returning, he held up the lusty fellow to our admiring gaze, saying, "Mr. N. thinks this ought to convince folks that Joppa isn't a humbug."

—There is a pretty custom in the nursery, which it would do every earnest mother's heart good to see. Would you think that your infant of nine months, who cannot yet lisp the sweet names "papa," "mamma" is capable of moral control—of discrimination between good and evil? But so it is. One of the first signs of the depravity of human nature is willfulness, and it is astonishing how early this trait shows itself; but we have discovered that quite as early there comes an instinctive idea of good, which only needs training to become the helm which will keep these little lives in the true course. Only a few lessons are needed to teach an infant to put its hand upon its heart in reply to the question, "Where is the Good Spirit?" It is wonderful what intelligence these young things will sometimes show about the matter. A naughty child will never make this response; but as soon as the willfulness gives way, the little hand will strike the breast with vehement recognition and obedience. To instill into the infant mind an idea of the Good Spirit in the heart, we have found to be the best method of government.

—How can we improve in our manner of giving criticism? was the subject discussed in a recent meeting. We should always remember that the main object of criticism is to help the subject; hence any expression of personal feelings should be avoided. It is not necessary that we look solemn and long-faced when attending a criticism-committee; it is not impossible that we may sometime conduct a session of that kind in merriment. Tedious repetitions are not in good taste. If a speaker has nothing to add to what has been said by those who have spoken before him, let him say so, and not make a rehash of what has once been served up. Some critics seem unable to get their ideas vibrating until they have gone through about the same formula in every case. Brevity and pointedness are desirable traits. Some objected to having a dose of sincerity prefaced by an enumeration of their good qualities; they rather take the pill without sugar-coating, and if there is anything saccharine to be administered receive it afterward. Others, however, preferred to have the bitter doses disguised as kindly as may be. There has been of late a marked improvement in the manner of giving criticism. The truth spoken in charity can never offend or wound the truth-lover. We should seek to justify and restore those found at fault, remembering ourselves lest we also be overtaken.

—The following note from J. H. N. to the family was read the other evening:

"The late revelations of the strength of criticism in the Community have been a happy surprise to me. The spontaneous discussions and confessions of critics and criticizees have swept away offenses and obstructions. Hereafter criticism cannot but be given more wisely and received more heartily than ever before. The unanimous confidence and loyalty that surround the institution seem to be a sure pledge of its future vigor; and the general discernment of its vital relation to the permanence of the Community makes it sure that henceforth the whole family will love and cherish it as we love and cherish our home. In this we have one good practical answer to the question—'What will become of the Community when its founder is taken away?' With mutual criticism, honored and supreme, the heavens can rule this Community or any other, without a personal master.

"And our late study of Spiritualism is giving us another answer to the same question. The spiritualism of the New Testament taught us from the beginning that death is but an illusion—that Christ, though he was crucified and disappeared, still remained with the church. And now the manifestations everywhere going on, and the growing philosophy of the times, are teaching us the same thing. What if the founder of this Community should die? would he be annihilated? or would he be sent to some unknown sphere beyond communication with this world? would he be disabled in any way? If we believe the tidings of Spiritualism, either the old or the new, death can never interrupt my care for the Community. True, we have not yet *seen* any of the modern manifestations of personalities returning from the grave. Let us then sieze the opportunity we yet have of getting the superior blessing of believing without sight. I do not think Thomas was wise in saying that he would not believe till he should see. It is wise to accept the testimony of others when it is good and sufficient. It seems to me that the testimony of Spiritualism to the reality of another world and its approach to this world, is not only sufficient but overwhelming. I doubt not there will soon be evidence enough for all the Thomases.

"In the light that is upon us and that is coming, there will be no place for the question—'What will the Community do when its founder is taken away?' Its founder will not be taken away beyond the reach of that system of telegraphy which is rapidly approaching a perfection, fit for the final manifestation of Christ and all his angels."

—As a family we are fixed, immobile, stationary; as individuals of a family we are quite the contrary—fluctuating, vacillating, changeable. To own the truth, we have a weakness for moving. We never shall take root like cabbages—that's sure. Almost any day you may catch us in a grand commotion, when a score of women and girls—moving is a business mostly confined to them—are going bag and baggage for their new quarters. Mrs. H. says we are like a covey of partridges; you scare one bird off her seat, when first you know up will start a dozen of them, flying in all directions. The other day witnessed an event of this kind. Lucretia, whose business it is to write, had a pleasant room on the east front of the house, which opens into the main hall and faces the children's dressing-room; her ideas were often scattered to the winds by the racket, and she petitioned for a less noisy apartment. The moving officials considered her request, and assigned her a quiet little room in the south wing of the building, which Phebe was then occupying. Room was made for Phebe in the upper sitting-room in Ida's place; Ida would move into the corridor in Marion's place; Marion would move into the Mansard attic in Susie's place; Susie would take Eliza's place at the Tontine; Eliza would come into Helen and Carrie's room at the head of the stairs; Helen and Carrie—young and spry—would go into the corridor in Elizabeth's place; Elizabeth would go into the room Lucretia had vacated opposite to the dressing-room; Edith would move from "Ultima Thule"—a section in the western extremity of the house—to room with Eliza, and Ellen would take Edith's place in "Ultima Thule." The plan well laid, when presto—change! All-hands-round, *chasse de chasse*, down in the middle, —back—balance and swing—a lively dance, truly! Such a running up stairs and down! Such a tugging of band-boxes, baskets and bundles! Such ripples of joyous laughter as echoed through halls and corridors all over the house, as one and another met with the salute, "Fun to move, is'nt it?" But as moving with us consists mainly in transporting clothing, trinkets and a few "personal effects," to the new dormitory—beds, bedding and bureaus remaining stationary—the job is quickly over. The men are always ready to serve in such emergencies; but why or how the women bring about these great internal revolutions once in so often is a standing conundrum to them. One of the women who lately changed her abode, writes us as follows:

"I am perfectly satisfied with my new room, and should be glad to settle down for the winter, Providence permitting. One would hardly think it, but our house is so large, that changing from the east end to the south side, is like moving into a new neighborhood. Where before I looked out on the lawn, seminary, office-buildings, the road and the butternut tree, my windows now command a fine view of the valley south, of the hills east and west, of our own pleasant meadows in the foreground, with the mill-buildings on the one side, and the long, high trestle-work on the other. I watch the cars from our little station till they become mere specks in the southern landscape. My new neighbors, Grandmother C., who entertains every one with her chatty ways; Mrs. N., who provides the family with bedding; Mrs. S., who provides the family with towels, curtains and the like, and Aunt S., who has in charge the chest that contains things to be taken "for the stomach's sake and often infirmities"—I find them all very agreeable women. At evening some one in the room above gladdens the somber hours with dulcet warblings on a flute, and anon the plaintive tones of a viola can be heard from a room below. My little room is cozy as can be, and I have a pleasant room-mate, who harmonizes with me well thus far. She winds the clock, and I take care of the lamp, and the rest of the work we do alternately. Yes, I am very delightfully situated, and should be loth to change at present."

The others have not reported themselves so explicitly, but we have called on them occasionally and we judge that none of them are anxious to alter their circumstances; so we infer quiet times till spring. GITANO.

—The following talk, illustrating to the children

the idea of the confession of Christ, may be of interest to some of the little readers of the CIRCULAR and help them to avail themselves of this simple but effectual means of self-government:

"You remember, children, what was done to you when you were vaccinated? Dr. Cragin scraped a little place on your arms till he wore through the skin almost to the blood—you could see the blood. Then he took some virus on the point of his knife (you saw him take it from a sore on one of the baby's arms) and put it on the place he had scraped. There it soon worked into the blood, and the blood carried it all over the body; for you know that the blood circulates through little veins from one part of the body to another, from the head to the feet, and from the heart to the ends of the fingers. In three or four days you began to feel the effect of this virus. Some of you were quite sick. Your heads ached and you were lame all over. You did not want to eat or play, but you wanted to lie on the lounge and do nothing. That was not all its effect. It had an effect that will last for years to save you from that terrible disease, the small-pox; but its effect to make you sick is what I have in my mind now.

"That virus was a poison. It was taken from a a filthy sore, and it poisoned your blood. Now what if we could find other kinds of virus, and those that are healthy instead of poisonous? Can you not imagine such a thing as being inoculated with a virus that would make you feel wonderfully well, as if you wanted to dance and sing instead of mope on the lounge? Well, the resurrection spirit that we talk so much about in the great meeting is such a virus, and it is already in the blood of every one of us. Do you wonder how this can be? I will try to make you understand it.

"Don't you know that the blood in your body is one blood? The blood that is in your hand will be coursing in your feet presently, and if you should cut a great blood-vessel in your leg all the blood in the body would run out. So, no matter where the virus is put in it will spread through all the blood in the body, just as when you drop the least quantity of milk in a cup of water it colors all the water.

"Now we all have another blood in us a good deal finer than this red blood that runs in our veins. It is too fine to be seen with our eyes, and it is called the *life*. That life is one life in all of us. Our bodies are many; but our life is all one. Imagine the Community one great body, then Harley might be one of the fingers and George another. They would be separate fingers, but they would have one blood. So, though there are two hundred persons in the Community, their inside blood or life is all one; and so it is with all the human race—every man and woman and child that is living, or ever has lived; all have one life, and no matter where the virus of Christ's spirit enters that life, it will be in every person. That virus was put into the life of men when Christ sent the Holy Ghost on the day of Pentecost, and it has been in that life ever since. But you know that the virus which Dr. Cragin used did not always work very much for some reason; so the virus of the resurrection does not always work very much till we believe. Faith makes it work in our life. This virus not only makes us feel bright and strong, but it makes us good. It clears out of our hearts everything that is mean and selfish. It makes us love God and each other. In order to give us that virus Christ had first to come in the flesh. He had to leave his home in heaven and his glorious body and come to the earth and take on a body like ours, and go through a great deal of suffering and die on the cross. I cannot tell you how much he suffered to get this virus, and inoculate the life of men with it; but what he wants now is that we should believe he did it, and confess it, and so give it a chance to work in us all its beautiful effects."

A PLEASANT ORDEAL.

New York, Dec. 8, 1873.

DEAR H:—Did you ever take a Turkish Bath? No?

Well, then there is one pleasing sensation you have not experienced. If you will go with me to Dr. E. P. Miller's, 39 West 26th-street, you shall enjoy one. Making our wants known to the person who answers our ring we are shown into a long room through the middle of which are inviting couches, covered with white linen. On either side of the room are small dressing-boxes or rooms, containing each a mirror, a comb and brush, hooks on which to hang your clothes, and in some a convenient sofa. In one corner of the room is a desk, on which is a book, in which you must register your name. Give your pocket-book and watch, if you have such, to the attendant to be locked up for safe keeping, and he will give you a check for your property.

Now step into one of these dressing-rooms, let down the curtain door, and hang your clothes on the hook, not however till you have taken them from your body; people who neglect this caution sometimes have to be helped down. Now gird this linen fig-leaf about your loins, and we will proceed to the farther end of the room, and passing through a door, enter an apartment in which are several lounging-chairs. The temperature of the room just left is about 70°. This is 150°. For a few minutes the air seems almost stifling; but your lungs soon accommodate themselves to the unusual temperature. An attendant throws a linen spread over one of the chairs, in which you now recline. Here you are left to meditate for fifteen minutes more or less, then if you do not sweat profusely you are taken into another room 20° hotter. This heat soon starts the water from every pore of your body. When every duct in the skin has become sufficiently opened, you are conducted into a small bath-room where you lay yourself upon a warm marble table, covered with a linen cloth. Your attendant now begins his labors in earnest. Such a rubbing and scrubbing as he gives you with hand and brush will certainly remove any loose particles that may be clinging to you, and you may feel certain that everything which is left belongs to you, and cannot be easily parted with. You now sit up and your head is given a shampooing which sends thrills of pleasure and satisfaction through your whole body. You now stand upon your feet while a spray of water from a rose at the end of a rubber hose, is allowed to play all over your body, the temperature of the water being regulated at will. When you have enjoyed this a sufficient time you are conducted into the room you first entered, and thoroughly wiped. Next wrap yourself in a sheet and recline for ten or fifteen minutes on one of the lounges in the room. You are then ready to dress, and go on your way rejoicing.

D. E. S.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Letter from an Agapemonistic Universologist---Refreshing Enthusiasm---The true Social Motor Discovered---Love stronger than Science---Harmony made easy---Comte and Spencer behind the times---The O. C. Ahead---Perfectionism the last product of Evolution---Thrilling effects of the Community headlight.

———, *N. Y., Oct.* 4, 1873.

DEAR FATHER NOYES:—I have closely watched your Community for upwards of eight years, and have been a diligent reader of your CIRCULAR for half that time. I have also repeatedly read, studied, analyzed, and I think, inwardly digested your exhaustive and incisive "History of American Socialisms," as well as the "five pamphlets." And more, I have had the edifying pleasure of ample conversations with several good folks who directly or indirectly know a great deal about you and your ways, especially with one who has been numbered among you for many years, and who is still with you in "heart and soul," though at present "in the world abiding." I have also learned much—in your favor—from your enemies and false friends, as in "New America," "Spiritual Wives," letters and editorial squibs in the Cazenovia and Canastota papers, in *Leslie's Illustrated*, and the *Daily Graphic*. And I have ever believed in and tried to live the *dual* communism of the monogamic family and home, as against the sophistic doctrine and false living of "*Individual Sovereignty!*" with its unscientific and anarchical "variety" and "promiscuity"—in fact, its irresponsible free-love in mixed society; have successfully practised male continence for years, (was married six years ago); and have always been quite hygienic in my habits, living on a simple, but generous sub-vegetarian diet; no alcohol, no tobacco, not any narcotic or stimulant, except an occasional cup of tea after fatiguing work; fresh air, semi-weekly baths and frequent ablutions, constant employment of mind or of body, long walks and rambles, regular hours, plenty of sleep, and social recreation being the physicians which have hitherto kept me in excellent general health. But above all, through all, more than all, comprehending all, indeed, all in all, my religious nature has (unless I am sadly mistaken) been ever kept fresh and gently enthusiastic, often highly revivalistic, through all my manifold experiences. To many mere "religionists" or "non-religionists" about me, I may, undoubtedly, appear very far indeed from "the kingdom." But those who know me best have, I think, a somewhat different tale to tell. The fact is, PERFECTIONISM has been at least my *aspirational* religion for over twenty of the thirty-six years of my life. I had, through the agency of various providences, *grown* (no matter how green or immature) into the cardinal conception, and more or less the life, of Salvation from Sin, even before I happened (?) to come across a few of the highest-toned English "Agapemonists," who were the very best and holiest people I had ever met, spite of the vile virulence with which they (in common with their less developed, blamable brothers and sisters) were afterwards assailed and dispersed. My Agapemonic conversations, cogitations and religious exercises (though I never aspired to become a member of the Community, nor even visited "The Abode"), colored my whole after life; and whatever the faults and errors, and, it *may* have been, the Jesuitism, blasphemy, and carnality of *some*, even of the leaders of those religious Communists, I have ever since grown more and more toward the full conviction that mere political, or social, or politico-social communism (of Paris, Cartagena, &c. !) or communitism (*vide* History of American Socialisms!) *cannot succeed*, because of its inherently non-religious, non-unifying, disobedient, querulous, negative, destructive, everlastingly fault-finding *individualistic taint;* even were Congenial Labor, Complex Love and Marriage, Male Continence, and Free Criticism introduced therewithal; as even under these blessed modifying circumstances (supposing it *possible* even to introduce them into such a Community) I fully believe that envy, jealousy, willfulness, incontinence, free cavil, and very probably free fighting, if not free murder, would, sooner or later, sprout up as rank, poisonous weeds, and choke and kill the nascent, spiritual plants. Neither have I any more faith in the success of Swedenborgian or Spiritualistic attempts at Communal Life and homes, as affinity-hunting and irresponsible free-love will ever militate against them; and conflicting instructions and commands "from the spheres" (mostly the consummate impostures of vile, but highly-magnetic "mediums," always jealous of each other's influence and power), will ever stultify and bring to nought all such enterprises. Only a high-toned religion, unifying in its very nature and in all its tendencies, can and will ever succeed. Whether there is more than one expression of such a religion, is the great question. I know that yours is such. And ("*sic magnis componere parvam*,") I know that mine is the same as yours in vital, practical *essence*, though its external aspects, to my consciousness, may be of quite another type. In fact, philosophically, scientifically, æsthetically, socially, *religiously* (if not "theologically) considered, my religion is yours; your Perfectionism is mine; my Resurrection and Salvation from Sin are yours; your Kingdom of Heaven and Miliennium are mine. On the four grand "restorations" of God-communion, sex-rectification, labor-attraction, and disease-and-death-abolition, we are *one* in virtual, actional essentials, however different our theological sanctions and interpretations of

the said great doctrines may be. And of course in all the working details of your Communal life, from the merest voluntary handi-work to your high walks (highest of all on earth) of criticism, sexual morality, stirpiculture, and subsequent man-culture through life, we are one without the slightest divergence, "in full communion bound."

And O! what good has *not* your Community done me where I am! The very fact that there is *one* such a "Zoar"—*one* such a "city on a hill,"—*one* such a beacon-light—*one* such a MODEL in the wide world!—how it has constantly fanned my religious flame, ever keeping the hearth warm for the dear welcome of all good thoughts, feelings, and actions! How it has confirmed my faith in the ever-possible conquest of good over evil! How it has exalted my hopes of the now sad fates of labor, love and marriage! How it has elevated my ideas of the great moral Mrs. Grundy, public opinion, discipline, conventionality, police, military, legislature, judicature, executiveness, government of the possible future—FREE CRITICISM IN LOVE! How it has made me happy—glowing all over with happiness in the midst of much misery, and more than ever ready to ameliorate surrounding despair as far as I can! How it makes unattractive labor (unattractive *per se*) congenial; and poor, weakly, sickly love, rich, strong, and healthy! How it sharpens my criticism of willfulness selfishness, grabbingness, "pure cussedness!" And yet how at the same time it broadens my charity toward all, even toward myself, especially toward those who are, like myself, struggling through much error, sin, and even crime, into the light! Whenever I feel a little weak, weary or wicked, I close my eyes, and lovingly think of your blessed little heaven on earth, with its magnificent certainties, probabilities and possibilities—the glorious rainbow of religion spanning and enhaloing it all! And my eyes having thus been "bathed in the light of a new morning," I straightway "see all things new" about me. Each and every time I am thus exercised, the contemplation actually makes a poet all at once of me—a poet who

> "hath the child's eye in his soul,
> And sees all new."

Yes, I then (and the spell is on me *now*), see all my friends and neighbors, and every stranger I meet, as men and women of infinite possibilities for good, and not as trees moving to and fro in the limbo of spirit-blankness!

I had, long before the publication of your book, studied, analyzed, and digested *various* accounts of the African, Asiatic, and European Socialisms, rudimentary and advanced, from the earliest period to the present time, as well as of the most prominent American ones treated and *not* treated of in your work, not overlooking the aboriginal communism of primitive America and of the Pacific Islands: and all this, after, and pretty thoroughly disciplined by, a twenty years' study, with more or less interruption, of the whole series of the positive *sciences* (in the light of the "classifications" of both Comte and Spencer) as well as of the "positive," metaphysical, theological, and universological (Andrewian!) *philosophies* and *politics*. I state this, not, I hope, from or with any egotism or even mere egoism, but in order to show you that I have not hastily arrived at the deliberate chronicling of this my "testimony," which I am willing to speak "right out in meeting" anywhere, to wit: While I believe that Sociology is at the head of the Positive Sciences; that ethics and religion are far above Sociology; and that Religio-moral-scientific Communism is the flower and fruit of all science, art, philosophy, ethics, polity, and religion, I believe in the same breath (contrary to Comte and Spencer) that a high social system—a true Sociology—aye, in the light of O. C., the very *present* PERFECTION of Sociology—is, and I would almost say, has, since the days of downright savagery, ever been, theoretically and practically, easier, far easier of attainment, than many of even the *minor* arts and sciences, aye, even trades and occupations, *for folks of real æsthetic, scientific, business and working capacities.* And the right class of people, on different planes, in different countries and ages, has always existed, for the tens, the hundreds, the thousands and the millions. *The* difficulty is, and ever has been, to bring *them* together. I say that as love (the more religionized the better), has always been the greatest and most diffused power in Humanity; let us have this rightly guided, and it will accomplish what mere intellect or taste, or industry will ever fail to perform. And the world must see this: indeed, it is fast coming to believe it, and, in a few spots, to realize it. And *when* love takes her throne, intellect, taste, and industry are at once infilled with a new life; and they, with *health*, *wealth*, and *happiness*, do leal homage and fealty and courtier service to their queen, and the Kingdom of Heaven is straightway there!—We cannot afford to *wait* until HUMANITY is *perfect* before organizing *Groups—Communities* of PERFECTIONISM, and crying—constantly crying, to the undeveloped world surging beneath us in sin and sorrow—"Come up higher! Come up higher!" And this your Community, *par excellence*, has done. It has "learned to labor," but *not* to *over*-wait, spite of the Comtes and Spencers and the whole host of *mere* "common-sense evolutionists; and for this *Revivalist* REVOLUTION of yours—this Religious "Enthusiasm of Humanity," (nothing *less* or more than a citadel vantage-ground in the wide field of evolution, after all) the noblest men and women of the world *so* bless you, THE VERY FLOWER OF HUMANITY, to-day! I know *you* will not construe *that* as flattery: you will take it as an honest, earnest, downright, well-reasoned-out declaration of my inmost feeling and belief. T. C. E.

———, *Va., Nov.* 26, 1873.

DEAR FRIENDS:—I here return you my grateful acknowledgments for sending me your paper the past year, and I shall be very glad to have it continue if you are willing to send it. I have read every number of it now for several years, and feel almost as if I were personally acquainted with you all. I should miss the paper very much if it stopped its pleasant weekly visits. Respectfully, E. D. S.

———, *Wis., Dec.* 2, 1873.

DEAR CIRCULAR:—The gratuitous favor of your valuable paper for the past five months, I deeply appreciate, and thank you for, and would kindly ask a continuance of the same. I have read with interest, J. H. N.'s "Home Talks," and other articles; in fact the CIRCULAR as a whole I am more than pleased with, and wish I had more than thanks to offer in return.

Yours for truth and progress, N. M.

———, *Iowa, Nov.* 26, 1873.

DEAR CIRCULAR:—Your notice to subscribers warns me that the time has come if I desire the benefit of your paper for another year, to make my desires known. I therefore take this opportunity of saying that I desire with all my heart to receive what instruction I can, in the right way, and I know of no paper but the CIRCULAR to give advice and instruction. Please continue it to my address. Yours truly, W. P. M.

———, *N. J., Dec.* 2, 1873.

EDITOR CIRCULAR:—Permit me to thank you for sending me the CIRCULAR the past year free. I find much good reading in it. Of course I cannot sanction your theory in regard to the Second Coming of our Savior, the Son of the living and true God; neither do I believe in your theory of marriage; but so far as you are striving to live a higher life, I say Amen. If it would not be asking too much, I should be pleased to have the CIRCULAR continued another year on former terms.

Yours truly, J. B.

———, *Mo., Nov.* 29, 1873.

DEAR FRIENDS:—I feel as if God had blessed me for the past few weeks, and I praise him for it. I have just been reading J. H. N.'s talk, *Sowing to the Spirit.* It showed me just the ground on which I had ought to stand. At one time in my life I was a chronic grumbler, that is, I found fault with everything that was not a pleasure to me; especially when I was cutting down trees, splitting out rails, ploughing on stumpy land, and everything that tried my patience. But thank God, I have learned patience, and by working hard I see there is a pleasure in having a pretty good crop, or at least a crop that will carry us through if we are prudent. And I take pleasure now, whereas I found fault before. If it was disagreeable and hard when I was working, it is pleasant now to think that my work did amount to something. And I thank God for it. I am trying to *sow to the Spirit.* I find a great deal of pleasure in it, and I also find a great deal of up-hill work in it too, but it will produce a glorious harvest in the end. I am bound to reach that glorious harvest if I do have to struggle for it. I find I am blessed with a better spirit every day, but I have to work hard against old human nature. The flesh is weak but the spirit is willing.

Your brother in Christ, E. B. B.

———, *Pa., Dec.* 1, 1873.

DEAR CIRCULAR:—Your welcome face has visited me in my quiet retreat, during the last year, and I have never perused it without meeting with something in its pages which has benefited me. If I might be permitted to give a word of criticism, it would be that in my opinion, you do not give prominence enough to your mode of living and the benefits to be derived from communistic life. If Communism is the true form of government, and the form in which the highest type of manhood and womanhood can be developed, then it is very important that your fellow-men should know it. And how can they know it, unless you who are its representatives, make it known to them, either by tongue or pen? Think you Christianity would ever have been the power it is to-day, had not its most choice spirits gone forth through all the earth, burning with the divine idea of bringing humanity to the feet of the Crucified One? And this is true not only of Christianity, but of every reform which has had any great power in the molding of the world's destiny. Being a seeker for truth wherever found, "On heathen or on Christian ground," I shall hope to peruse your paper, during the coming year, with the same pleasure and profit as in the past.

I am fraternally thine, G. B.

MAKE THE BEST OF LIFE.

What's the use of always fretting
Over ills that can't be cured?
What's the use of finding fault with
What we know must be endured?

Does it make our burdens lighter
If we grumble 'neath their load?
Does it make life's pathway smoother
If we fret about the road?

Better *use* our time, than fill it
Full of sighs and vain regrets
Over some imagined blunder—
As does he who always frets.

Storms will follow every sunshine,
Grief be mixed with every joy;
And 'tis best that it should be so—
Gold 's too soft without alloy.

"Half our trouble 's our invention,"
We're to blame for half our strife;
Then if life is what we make it,
Why not make the best of life?

—*The British Workman.*

MUSICAL STONES.

A correspondent of *Nature* writes that in roaming over the hills and rocks in the neighborhood of Kendal, near Lancaster, England, which are composed chiefly of limestone, he had often found what are called "musical stones." They are generally thin, flat, weather-beaten stones, of different sizes and peculiar shapes, which when struck with a piece of iron or another stone produce a musical tone, instead of the dull, heavy, leaden sound of an ordinary stone. The sound of these stones is in general very much alike, but sets of eight stones

have been collected which produce when struck a distinct octave. The new French scientific weekly, *La Nature*, copies the communication from its English namesake, and brings forward some additional instances of the same phenomenon. It tells of a performer who played musical airs on rough flints suspended by silk threads, striking them with an iron rod. We are also informed of the accidental discovery of musical properties in a stone fountain at the French Institute. A distinguished musician, A. Elwart, having struck it with the palm of his hand, elicited "a musical sound corresponding with extreme precision to the perfect accord major of *fa* natural." The fountain in question is in the grand court of the Institute.

But a still more singular phenomenon is the "musical sand" of Jebel Nagus, a sandy hill lying to the west of the mountain usually called Sinai. According to Captain H. S. Palmer, an English traveler, the sand of this hill possesses the marvelous property of giving out musical sounds, whenever it is set in motion. The sandy slope is two hundred feet in height, the sand being very much the same as that of the desert around. When any considerable quantity of this sand is set in motion, it is seen to move in undulations, and simultaneously a singular sound is heard, which is first feeble but may be heard at some distance when it has attained its maximum intensity.

This sound is not easily described. It is neither metallic nor vibratory. It might be compared to the sharpest notes of the Æolian harp, or to the sound produced by forcibly drawing a cork over wet glass. The phenomenon attains its greatest intensity during the day in summer, when the sun is hottest and while the wind blows from the northwest. Captain Palmer has observed it on all sides of the hill, and the only differences he has found are such as depend on the direction of the wind. —*Galaxy.*

THE NEWS.

The Erie Canal has been re-opened and it is hoped that the great majority of loaded boats detained by the first ice will succeed in reaching the Hudson.

On Tuesday, Dec. 8th, the Atlantic cable reported a fog in London at two P. M., so dense as to cause an entire suspension of traffic. The streets were filled with men and boys bearing torches to light pedestrians on their way.

Professor Agassiz has been seriously ill from overwork in lecturing and organizing his various scientific projects and institutions. The latest reports pronounce him out of danger, but his physicians have ordered him to suspend all mental labor for the present.

Marshal Bazaine has been convicted on all the charges against him in regard to the capitulation of Metz, and sentenced to degradation and death. After the verdict the judges all signed a recommendation to mercy which was immediately laid before President McMahon. Bazaine was greatly agitated when he heard the decision of the court.

The present session of Congress will have enough to do if but a portion of the flood of bills which is now pouring in receive any notice whatever. Up to Monday, Dec. 8th, or during the first week, 500 bills have been presented. The salary question, on a bill from a Special Committee, is provoking a lively discussion without much prospect of any very satisfactory solution of this vexed question. Secretary Robeson appeared before the Naval Committee and asked for an appropriation of $5,000,000 to meet the extra expenses caused by our present relation to Cuba and the Spanish Government.

John C. Underwood, United States District Judge for the District of Virginia died at his residence at Washington on Monday, the 8th, aged 65. Judge Underwood filled an important position during the days of the war and reconstruction, and his zealous and unflinching support of the Government made him many bitter enemies among the rebel sympathizers. He was born in Litchfield, Herkimer county, New York, graduated at Hamilton College in the class of '31, after which he took up the study of the law. In 1861 he accepted a position in the Treasury department and soon afterward received from Mr. Lincoln his appointment as Judge of the U. S. District Court of Virginia.

The difficulties between the United States and Spain in regard to Cuban affairs seem to be in a fair way to be amicably settled. The Cuban press has decidedly moderated in tone, since receiving peremptory orders from the Home Government in regard to delivering up the Virginius. The loud bluster of last week has given place to a surly congratulation that the United States Government has so far reduced its demands that they can be admitted without loss of Spanish dignity and honor. The protocol of Secretary Fish, and Admiral Polo, the Spanish Minister at Washington, has been accepted by the Home Government at Madrid and officially signed. The Spanish Government has notified the authorities at Havana that unless their orders were immediately obeyed the island would be considered as in a state of insurrection and treated accordingly. This, in connection with the fact that the wealthy planters and slaveholders of Cuba doubtless realize that war with the United States involves the entire destruction and loss of their immense wealth, has had the effect to quell the blood-thirsty uproar started and fostered by the Casino de Espana. Our Navy Yards are still pushing the work of fitting out gun-boats, monitors and all classes of war vessels, both for home defense and possible offensive operations in the West Indies. Several U. S. men-of-war have arrived at Santiago de Cuba and report that the one hundred survivors of the Virginius massacre are doing well. The Spanish iron-clad Arapiles is still detained at the Brooklyn Navy Yard; the accidental sinking of a coal barge loaded with 300 tons of coal in front of the dock-gates effectually bars her egress for several days, to the intense disgust of the Spanish officers, who suspect something more than mere "accidents" in the numerous delays which occur.

A Physician, wishing to instruct his pupil in the mysteries of medicine, took him to see a patient who was confined to his bed. "Sir," said the physician to the sick man, "You have been imprudent; you have eaten oysters." The patient confessed that he had. When the physician returned home, the pupil asked him how he came to discover that the man had eaten oysters. "Why," replied he, "I saw some oyster shells under the bed."

Shortly after this he sent his pupil to pay a visit to the same person; but he soon returned, saying that he had been turned out of the house. "Why so?" asked the physician. "Simply, sir," replied the pupil, "for saying that Mr. A. had been imprudent—that he had eaten a horse." "A horse, you blockhead! and how could you say so?" "Because of the symptoms, sir." "What symptoms, you ignoramus?" "Why I saw a saddle and stirrups under the bed!"—*Exchange.*

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

THE CIRCULAR will always be sent to all who wish to receive it—as gladly to those who are unable to pay its nominal price as to those who in some degree voluntarily share with us the burden of its publication; but we earnestly desire that it should not go to any person who does not care to read it: and as it is probable that some have sent for it during the year from simple curiosity, or on the recommendation of friends, or for other reasons, who do not choose to longer receive it, we hereby give notice, as is our annual custom, that the CIRCULAR *will be sent after January 1st only to those who shall previously renew their subscriptions.* Those who have prepaid for a term beyond January 1st, as well as those who have quite recently applied for the paper, are of course excepted from this notification. This rule makes its necessary for many old subscribers and well-tried friends to write to us—even those to whom we might safely send the CIRCULAR, with the assurance that it would be appreciated.

Our readers may rest assured that we are hearty in offering the CIRCULAR *freely*, as heretofore, and that the discrimination used in this notice is only such as seems to be necessary to protect us from needless expense.

Oneida Community Cooking, or a Dinner without meat. By Harriet H. Skinner. **Price 25 cts.**

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Machine-Twist and Sewing-Silk of their own manufacture for sale by the Oneida Community.

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(Sent from the Office of the Oneida Circular by mail, post-paid, on receipt of price.)

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

The Trapper's Guide; a Manual of Instructions for Capturing Fur-bearing Animals. By S. Newhouse. Third edition; with New Narratives and Illustrations. 215 pp. 8vo. Price, bound in cloth, $1.50.

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

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

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

The five pamphlets—"Salvation from Sin," "Dixon and his Copyists," "Hand-Book of the Oneida Community," "Scientific Propagation," and "Male Continence," will be sent to a single address on the receipt of $1.00.

Back Volumes of the Circular, Unbound. Price $2.00 per volume.

MESSRS. TRUBNER & COMPANY, Book-sellers, Paternoster Row, London, have the "History of American Socialisms," the "Trapper's Guide," and the "Hand-Book of the O. C.," for sale. They will receive subscriptions for our other publications.

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Of the Oneida Community Buildings and Grounds, made by a first-class artist and finely mounted, can be had on application at the Office of the Oneida Circular.

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Bird's-eye View, looking West, of Community Buildings and Grounds, 12 by 14 inches, on fine enameled board 16 by 20: price $1.75. Quadrangle and Group, 12 by 14, mounted like the above: price $1.75. South and East Fronts of the Community Dwellings giving a good view of the New Wing occupied by the Children—8 by 10, on tinted board 10 by 12, with an ornamental border price $1.00.

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No. 2, East and North Lawns. No. 3, East Lawn and Portico. No. 4, East Front. No. 5, North Front and Lawn. No. 6, Bird's-Eye View of Buildings looking West. No. 7, Lawn and Summer House. No. 8, West View, toward Railroad. No. 11, Quadrangle. No. 12, Lawn View. No. 15, South and East Fronts. Price of Stereographs $3.00 per doz. Sent by mail post-paid, on receipt of price.

Oneida Circular.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF HOME, SCIENCE AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

Published by the Oneida & Wallingford Communities.

ONEIDA COMMUNITY, DECEMBER 22, 1873.

New Series, Vol. X, No. 52
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POST-OFFICE ADDRESS:

ONEIDA CIRCULAR, ONEIDA, N. Y.

TERMS:

The CIRCULAR is sent to all applicants, whether they pay or not. It costs and is worth at least two dollars per volume. Those who want it and ought to have it are divisible into three classes, viz., 1, those who cannot afford to pay two dollars; 2, those who can afford to pay *only* two dollars; and 3, those who can afford to pay *more* than two dollars. The first ought to have it free; the second ought to pay the cost of it; and the third ought to pay enough more than the cost to make up the deficiencies of the first. This is the law of Communism. We have no means of enforcing it, and no wish to do so, except by stating it and leaving it to the good sense of those concerned. We take the risk of offering the CIRCULAR to all without price; but free subscriptions will be received only from persons making application for themselves, either directly or by giving express authority to those who apply for them.

Foreign subscribers, excepting those residing in Canada, must remit with their subscriptions money to prepay the postage.

THE UNITED COMMUNITIES.

ONEIDA COMMUNITY

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

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SPECIAL NOTICE.

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

ADMISSIONS.

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

MORNING.

O sun! good sun! I'm glad, you've come!
The night was dark, and cold, and dumb!
At last bright eyes beamed o'er the wall;
Away fled cold, and gloom, and all.
And then I heard the angels cry,—
Good will! good will! the day is nigh!
Anon the gates swung open wide,
And then you came, and then I cried.

O faithful sun! I'm glad you shine!
I think of him the Light divine.
His love brings morning to the heart,—
The cold, the dark, the silent heart—
Then sing the sons of God for joy!
The sad, is now a happy boy!
O precious sun! I'm glad you've come!
The night was cold, and dark, and dumb!

U.

THE BIBLE OF THE FUTURE.

Home-Talk by J. H. N.

THERE are many signs of an inversion of the process by which the Bible has hitherto prevailed in the world—an inversion that is necessary to complete its influence. Hitherto the Bible has been held up as sacred, and as it were forced down upon the people by teachers and authorities of church and state. Men have felt themselves *bound* to believe it. This part of the process, which mainly covers the history of the past, has answered good purposes in disciplining the world to thought and reflection, and setting things going in a right direction.

But an advanced part of the world are now seen throwing off the Bible to a great extent, and launching forth on their own speculations. Infidelity and free-thinking seem to be the order of the day; and yet you will find there is, rising out of all this free-thinking, a returning tendency toward the Bible. The liberation of mind, instead of weakening this book, increases its power, and in the end, multiplies its proof. So that the world will at last receive the Bible, not from authority, but from intelligent discovery of the truth of it. That is the only way in which it will be of any use; it is the only way that God wants to have it finally received. Parents make their children read the Bible mechanically; but that is not the end; and the Lord will never be contented until his children get free from law in the matter, and take up the Bible as intelligent beings, because they find truth in it. And this infidel spirit that is having such scope in the world is just suited for that purpose, to train the world to freedom, that it may turn round and take hold of the Bible in the right way.

That first kind of loyalty to the Bible, which comes from authority and teaching, is not secure, but is always liable to rebellions, heresies, and insurrections. But when people return from their circuit of free-thinking, and place confidence in the Bible as free, intelligent beings, their loyalty to it will be secure. The first kind of loyalty takes the form of *sectarianism*. The last will be simple love of truth.

CRITICISM CRITICISED.

IN the late family talk about criticism, all who had ever been disturbed by what seemed to them unjust and needless severity, were invited to speak their minds. There was no one who had any fault to find with the ordinance of criticism itself, but some thought the manner in which it was sometimes administered might be improved, and that explanations might be admitted. "Well," said one, "suppose we institute a Court of Appeals, where such persons can go and put in their explanations and get redress." The matter was left over for further thought and discussion. The next evening, however, the following was sent in, which met with such a hearty and unanimous response, that the question of a Court of Appeals was settled without further doubt or delay:

"I am willing to have this committee of Appeal instituted and thoroughly tried, but I confess I have very little faith in it. I believe that the old-fashioned way of taking criticism without reply—without self-justification and without explanation—is the true, saving way. I have never seen any good come from the person criticised taking much pains to correct mistakes. I have no doubt mistakes are sometimes made, but they do not hurt the person half as much as anxiety to explain them does. Who cares for mistakes in this Community where things right themselves in a little while, where the truth cannot be hid very long, where you are sure to pass for what you are worth in the long run, and be rewarded according to your works in due time? When a person allows his attention to be seized by some little mistake, it operates like a leak through which the whole criticism runs away and is lost, or like a spindle which twists every thought around it, to the utter forgetfulness of the rest of the criticism. The better way is to say, 'No matter for that mistake, God will take care of it; I will attend to what is true, and not lose the benefit of my criticism.' Even a bad spirit in persons that criticise you cannot hurt you, and it is very rare that anybody has reason to complain of that. If this Committee of Appeal is going to encourage attention to mistakes, I do not believe we shall find it work well. H."

Following this were read many papers relating to past experience in receiving criticism, which were unanimously in favor of the system. All were interesting, but we can only give a few of them, as a sample of their spirit:

"I am exceedingly glad that the merits of criticism, as developed in the O. C., have come up for discussion. I look upon it as the key-stone to all successful communism. It was one of the strong magnets which drew me to this church; and I believe it to be the leading agency in producing the greatest miracle of the nineteeth century, namely, two hundred people living as one family in the most astonishing love and unity. It has been truly said that criticism brings the *day of judgment* home to each participant. It is a "refiner's fire," purifying the character of all dross, and leaving nothing but

unchanging gold. Without this detective I believe all communities must sooner or later fail. With it, failure is impossible. Truth can never fail. God has reserved the real benefits of criticism for those whose whole hearts are bent on having the truth as it is in Jesus at any cost, who hate their carnal natures with a perfect hatred, and gladly submit to any fire which will thoroughly burn up the chaff. No other fanning-mill has ever been invented with screens that would effectually separate the chaff from the wheat, but in a little time the machine would become clogged, and have to be thrown aside. Thirty years' use of the fanning-mill which Mr. N. was inspired to build has proven it to be a successful machine, with a screen, *criticism*, which will effectually cast out the chaff and keep the machine from clogging. Improvements have been added to this screen from time to time till now it is self-regulating, and no longer needs the personal oversight of Mr. N. For one I firmly believe that if he were called to labor in some other sphere, the screen, criticism, will keep all clear, and allow the machine, communism, to run just as smoothly as it does now. And I have no doubt that other machines can be built on the same principle, and be just as successful, provided they adopt one of these screens.

"Personally I have received immense benefit from criticism. It has caused a radical change in my character; improving me outwardly and inwardly. I court it as my best friend, and expect its refining process to fit me for an eternal dweller among the people of God. D. E. S."

"Now that the subject of criticism is under discussion, I cannot forbear saying a few words in its favor. If there are those, who from the first have taken kindly and naturally to criticism, I have not been one of them. I have in the past found infinite occasion for repentance and regret, and the sorrow that one can feel who has ill-treated his best friend. I know the discouragement, the evil-thinking, the paralyzing chill that comes from not receiving criticism in the right spirit. I know also the other side, where the expression of criticism has been positively enjoyed, and the effect immediate and lasting, and I cannot forget how it has more than once saved my soul from the consequences of sin, and my body almost miraculously from disease and death.

"When I heard of the Court of Appeals, I said within myself, It may be a nice thing to have, but *I* shall not use such an organization, while I remember an experience which is labeled in my mind as 'An experiment that failed.' About a year ago, I verily thought my critics, some of them, had misunderstood, not to say ill-used me, and I determined to try an appeal to higher powers. I was earnest in my cause, and, as women *have* been known to talk when roused, I will add, eloquent. At each rehearsal of my story, my egotism however received a kind but firm rap, till I was glad to retreat in all humility to my starting-point, bearing with me the no small addition of voluntary contributions gathered from each of my listeners. By this time I had lost sight of my first grievance, and had plenty to do, to attend to the tide of conviction already rollingover me. I saw then, that persons were not pulling my hair as it were, in a personal way, or in sport even, but were endeavoring to help me, showing a moral courage and purpose that faltered not at my outcries. I learned from this profitable but not pleasant jaunt, this life-long lesson, not to quarrel with any criticism given, nor even to think it important that I should understand all the details, or reconcile the seeming inaccuracies. In my own case there is enough in every criticism to engage my most earnest attention, and I feel always that in strict justice much more fault could be found instead of less. As soon as I found a way to accept criticism as a whole without quarrelling with the manner in which it was administered, I found myself at peace and in unity with my critics in all the past, a state which remains without a sliver of discontent toward any. H. C. N."

"I once had a criticism in which I was strongly tempted to resent the remarks of one individual. What was said by this person was wholly unlooked for by me, and to my first feelings seemed unjust and hard to bear. For several days, it rankled in my mind, causing me great unhappiness. I at length thought I would try to put the matter wholly out of my thoughts, but it kept continually recurring, bringing with it a feeling of bitterness that I had never before known. Seeing that it was likely to destroy my peace of mind, I resolved that I would try no more to thrust it away from me, but to summom all the self-sincerity and humility I could and sit down and reflect upon it, calmly and prayerfully. The result was, that I saw and clearly acknowledged to myself, that the bitter pill, at which I was tempted to rebel, was the *truest* and *best part* of *my criticism*. It was the only thing in my criticism that had really mortified and wounded my life, and in that I saw was its supreme value. I swallowed it, and have had no trouble with it since. It seemed to me at the time, that if a person was tempted to resist criticism he would naturally resist that which wounded him deepest, and that the fact of there being such a temptation was a sure sign, in most cases, that he had been hit where he needed to be hit.

"My experience with criticism has led me to look upon it as a *great source of relief*. People who are accustomed to be clean physically, are uncomfortable, not to say miserable, when they become befouled. They have a kind of self-loathing that nothing but a good bath can remove. The desire for spiritual cleaning by criticism seems to me to be just as natural and instinctive. G. N. M."

"When we begin to break colts, we put on the bitting-bridle loosely at first, and gradually tighten the straps so as to bring their heads up and get their necks into good shape. We deal as gently with them as we can and get them in the right shape and have them form good habits. "When I have seen them with their four feet braced, refusing to move out of their tracks, and running and throwing themselves and doing all they could to get out of the harness, I have thought that is just the way I did in resisting criticism. I have said to myself, that God had a bitting-bridle on me and I might kick and thrash as much as I chose, it would do no good; he would keep it on and draw it tighter and tighter till he got me where he could handle me just as he wanted to. I say now I feel thankful for all the criticism I have ever received. C. C. H."

"The talks about criticism have been very interesting, and I should indeed be ungrateful if I did not acknowledge its benefits to me. It is very probable I would have died when sick with the diphtheria were it not for Mr. N. and other sincere friends. My experience at that time is a bright spot to me which has helped me through many a time of temptation. Five years ago I received a public criticism never to be forgotten; at first it seemed hard and unjust and troubled me a good deal, but finally I came to the conclusion that what the family joined in so unamimously, must be right; and I resolved to accept the criticism. Before doing so I found my state had not been exaggerated in the least, and that even more might have been said in strict justice. Since that time I have not thought evil of any of my criticisms, and I can plainly see the hand of God in them. I am especially thankful for the criticism I received last summer, which cleared away a fog of unbelief that beset me and enabled me to find God. My confidence that God is with the Community increases each day, and I desire to help in any way I can the furtherance of his work on earth. C. R. M."

"About two years ago I received a number of criticisms which I did not accept, and by taking exceptions to some things that were said, I hardened myself against them all. My heart was very hard; I could not yield myself to those whom I knew were better able to judge of me than I was myself. When my state of mind became known to Mr. Noyes, he gave me a sharp rebuke, which I accepted, and which opened my eyes to the spirit I had had. I made up my mind then to stop thinking evil of criticism, even though I could not see the truth of everything. This brought me out of my bad experience and I began to love those toward whom before I had felt hard.

"Not long after my resolution to accept criticism, I had a new experience of loving God and feeling near him, and found it easy to pray. Some days I felt like praying all day. I have been waked up in the night with the feeling that God was criticising me and calling on me, as plainly as if some human being were speaking to me, to be more in earnest and devoted to him. I have had such experience several times, and for weeks have felt the good effects of it. Formerly, when tempted to unbelief I have looked to the world and outward things to drown my bad feelings; now I am driven to God and can only find relief in turning within, and in seeking the heart of the Community. I did not realize before my conversion that I was joined to the Community by any special tie, but God made me feel that I was living with brothers and sisters. I appreciate all the criticism I have ever had, and I love and respect Mr. Hamilton and Mr. Woolworth, and my love for Mr. Noyes of late has been wonderful. J. H. H."

"I don't think I ever had any idea of really submitting to criticism until I was twenty years old, and then I did not do it so fully but that I had to have many conversions about it afterward. I had always looked upon criticism as a disagreeable ordeal to be stoically endured or if possible avoided. I invariably took offense at it, and since my grandmother died I have reproached myself many times with sorrow and mortification for the unteachable spirit with which I received her kind admonitions. I remember well the first time I perceived the divine element in criticism. I had been involved in an affair of reckless love, and knew that I was out of fellowship with the family, though I did not expect a public exposure. One night feeling utterly wretched, I determined to go to bed and if possible forget my misery in sleep. It seemed as though nobody in the world cared for me, and I had not found God. I had partly undressed myself, when something suddenly arrested me and told me to go down to meeting. After some resistance I obeyed the call and soon found myself seated on one of the back seats in the Hall. I had scarcely been there five minutes when my case was brought up for general criticism. I don't know how it happened, but after the first shock I seemed to be taken out of myself so that I could listen to what was said about me just as though I were another person, and though there were some things said which seemed unjust I had so entered into the general indignation that I could appreciate the motives of those who spoke. The criticism was intensely severe and mortifying; but I positively enjoyed it, and the sharpest thrusts did me the most good. From that night I date the first turning of my heart toward the Community with a purpose to become united with its spirit and internal organization. Until then, though existing here externally I really lived in a world created by my reading and imag-

ination. That criticism brought me to my senses and showed me the flimsy foundation on which I was standing in such a startling manner that my face was turned square about.

"Two years afterward, in a course of criticism at W. C., I had a similar experience, only more vivid, of being able to slip out of my own personality into sympathy with the judgment of my natural life. Since then, though sometimes tempted with personal feelings toward those who criticised me, I have been able in the main to see that it was God who was dealing with me. Last winter, particularly, I had such a clear sense that it was God rather than the Oneida Community who was chastening me that I felt none of the depression and mortification usual after criticism, but on the contrary, relief and buoyancy of spirit.

"One of the best results I have realized from criticism has been that the loss of outward comfort and justification has driven me to God. I do not believe the Community could exist without criticism, and I pray for repentance of any coldness of heart toward Communism or this divine ordinance which makes it possible. T. C. M."

THE BABY MYSTERIES.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD.

Where did you come from, baby dear?
Out of the everywhere into here.
Where did you get your eyes of blue?
Out of the sky as I came through.
What makes the light in them sparkle and spin?
Some of the starry spikes left in.
Where did you get that little tear?
I found it waiting when got here.
What makes your forehead so smooth and high?
A soft hand stroked it as I went by.
What makes your cheek like a warm white rose?
I saw something better than any one knows.
Whence that three-cornered smile of bliss?
Three angels gave me at once a kiss.
Where did you get this pearly ear?
God spoke, and it came out to hear.
Where did you get these arms and hands?
Love made itself into hooks and bands.
Feet, whence did you come from, you darling things?
From the same box as the cherub's wings.
How did they all just come to be you?
God thought about me, and so I grew.
But how did you come to us you dear?
God thought about you, and so I am here.

RESPONSES.

——, *Wis.*, *Dec.* 9, 1873.

DEAR FRIENDS:—I herewith renew my request for the CIRCULAR. I feel very thankful to God, the Primitive Church and the Community, for such a paper. I have an increasing sympathy with your life, and the truths you present. May God bless you all. W. E. U.

—

——*N. Y.*, *Dec.*, 1873.

DEAR FRIENDS:—In my last application for the continuance of the CIRCULAR I said "When the time comes that I no longer wish to receive the CIRCULAR I will give notice." That time has *not* yet come, nor will it come until the day comes when Priests, Synods, Conferences and their followers break up the Oneida Community, which event will not be in my day. Very Respectfully,

C. R.

—

——, *Kansas*, *Dec.* 17, 1873.

DEAR FRIENDS:—I feel as though I could not do without the CIRCULAR. How eagerly I look for it! how often I go to it and find strength and support. My life is a very unhappy one, and the greatest encouragement I get to persevere in well-doing, I glean from the columns of your little paper. Bless the hands of those who fill the pages with such life-giving thoughts. As I was glancing over the last number received, I again read the subscription notice "to send to all those who wanted it, freely, whether they paid for it or not." I said to myself, How kindly it reads! what a spirit of charity seems effused in those lines! My pride was dissolved, and I felt willing to humble myself and ask you to continue sending your paper which is a prop and support in my trials, and which I cannot do without. How much I thank you for past favors only the All-wise Father above can tell. With many wishes for your continued success, I remain yours in gratitude. H. A.

—

——, *Ohio*, *Dec.* 11, 1873.

DEAR FRIENDS:—I write this to thank you for the CIRCULAR; and also to ask you to send it to me another year. I have always loved to read the CIRCULAR, but I can say that I love it better than ever. The more I learn of your Religion the more I become interested and edified. Yes, I thank you very much for the CIRCULAR; for the useful instruction it gives, and the valuable information it imparts. Yours, H. B. M.

—

——, *Me.*, *Dec.* 13, 1873.

DEAR FRIENDS:—I thank you very kindly for sending me the paper. I am an old lady, seventy-two years old. I possess but a small share of this world's goods. I am unable at present to pay for your paper, but if you feel able to continue sending it to me, I should feel thankful. I don't want you to have one meal the less, nor one garment the less. I like the papers very much; they grow better and better. Your friend. S. D. N.

—

——, *Conn.*, *Dec.* 10, 1873.

DEAR COMMUNE:—I wish you to continue to send me your CIRCULAR, as I find it helps me in the teachings of faith. I was near death's door a few weeks back, with billious and typhoid fever, but my trust was in the power of God, and I do believe it was the prayer of faith that restored me to health; and I feel it is my duty to acknowledge it publicly. I am thankful for the good I have received from reading the CIRCULAR, and I should feel it a trial to do without it. Accept my humble thanks. J. R.

—

——, *Va.*, *Dec.* 11, 1873.

DEAR CIRCULAR:—One more year with its vicissitudes is nearly gone. My soul is weary with the constant clammoring of the selfish world. The CIRCULAR comes weekly with its refreshing draught, and the saved soul quaffs its invigorating contents, and sighs for the companionship the Community enjoys. O! that mankind could understand their interests, and act on the true social principle. Then "earth would have no sorrow" but that a remedy would be at hand! Please send me the CIRCULAR another year.

Yours truly, J. S.

—

——, *Kan.*, *Dec.* 8, 1873.

FRIENDS:—In returning you my sincere thanks for the CIRCULAR for the past, I hope you will be kind enough to continue it, as my family is very much interested in your solution of the great social problems that have hitherto perplexed so many philanthropists and philosophers. Having no sympathy with your religious ideas, we are led to ascribe your success to your own wisdom in the practice of the cardinal virtues, and the administrative ability of several of your members. If I could believe in Christianity, I would consider myself under a solemn obligation to carry out most of your ideas, as I believe your practice and professions to be the only consistent realization of its requirements with which I am acquainted.

I remain, etc., W. C.

—

——, *Mass.*, *Dec.* 11, 1773.

DEAR FRIENDS:—Time in his ceaseless course has brought around the season when it *again* devolves upon me to remit my yearly stipend of thanks for the CIRCULAR, and to renew the assurance of my admiration and appreciation of the same. I do not remember as it has failed to appear in our home, every week, during the last year, a faithful as well as kind friend. We never forget the day on which it is due, and welcome it eagerly, and read it with interest. Indeed, we almost feel that we have some lot and part in the O C., so long have we had this little weekly messenger, telling us of its prosperity and progress. May the years multiply its blessings, and bring a deeper fullness of joy to your large and happy household.

Gratefully and truly, C. O. H.

—

——, *Dec.* 15, 1873.

TO THE ONEIDA CIRCULAR:—I take this opportunity of returning thanks to you for the paper, which comes to us regularly every week with a variety of original ideas, and historical facts, which are very interesting to a progressive mind. We try to get the true spirit and meaning of its teachings, and profit as much as possible by the study. Having been acquainted with your writings over twenty-three years, I am convinced of the truth of your principles, as far as I understand them. Although I have not enjoyed a personal acquaintance with any of you, yet my heart sympathizes in your labor of love; and whatever is of love is of God, for God is love. I believe in encouraging every thing that I think is right, and discouraging every thing that I think is wrong.

I am very Respectfully Yours, T. M. B.

—

——, *Dec.* 11, 1873.

DEAR FRIENDS:—Three years have elapsed since first I saw your CIRCULAR. It has come to me regularly, and I am so much attached to it that I cannot think of doing without it now. I regret that I cannot recompense you otherwise than by expressing my gratitude. I live in hopes that I shall be able some day to do something more in return for it.

Many of my friends think because I am so enthusiastic in praise of your principles, that I shall ultimately join you. To one who intimated as much to me the other day I replied, "I never expect to be born again until I do join them or some other similar Christian organization; but I am afraid I am not yet worthy of it, etc." With many thanks for the free gift of the CIRCULAR, I again ask you to renew my subscription, for by so doing you will add greatly to the happiness of

Your friend, W. A. P.

—

——, *Dec.* 12, 1873.

DEAR FRIENDS:—As it is time to renew my subscription, I will take this opportunity to do so. As Mrs. F, says, I can live outside if I can have the love and fellowship of the Community. I am one of the number that is more contented and happy for the O. C. I have often wished it had been my lot to live in the Community, on account of spiritual improvement and growth, but God knows what is best for me and I can wait his time. I am interested in all your doings and can rejoice in your prosperity as much as though I was there personally. I love to think of the O. C. as being the bright spot on earth where the light shines as a city set on a hill which cannot be hid, and where the will of God is done on earth as it is done in heaven. I love you all. Please find inclosed $2.00 for the CIRCULAR. Your sister for improvement,

W. A. K.

—

——, *Mich.*, *Dec.* 15, 1873.

DEAREST FRIENDS:—I come again with humble supplication to you for the dearly beloved CIRCULAR. I want it. I cannot be without it. It is my comfort; yes, it is my only counsel in this world; and I know your brotherly love to all mankind will not refuse such a request.

I sometimes think the older I grow, the greater are my trials. But your paper is a real comfort to me through them all. I want to stand by Christ with you, who is our Savior, mediator and redeemer. My prayer is that you may prosper, and stand fast to your Bible Communisms in faith. Thanking you from the bottom of my heart for your favor for so many years, I am your well-wisher, C. F. S.

—

——, *Iowa*, *Dec.* 4, 1873.

DEAR FRIENDS:—I would like to receive your paper another year. I like its teachings, for it speaks out what I have been studying upon for years, and advances correct principles according to my notions. The way you manage children is grand, and your impartial love to all and striving for perfect love, both to God and man, getting rid of selfishness, and living for others, and trying to promote the glory of God, are very good. Those who do these things connot fail to reap great blessings. As to your marriage system, I have nothing to say.

Respectfully, D. B. N.

It has sometimes been noticed that our views take rather a fragmentary form, and come out in short, detached articles, rather than in the formal grandeur of an organized system. If a man proposes to present *the whole truth*, he ought indeed to write a systematic treatise—a pretty large and long one, too, in order to make thorough work of it. But if he believe that the truth is a great reality at the center of the universe—reality that cannot be

written, but must be *seen* by every one for himself, then all he can do is to try to make holes here and there, through which folks may peep. He will not attempt to organize the truth himself; but will be content to make eye-holes through into the interior, where men may look and see it already organized in God. A very small aperture, if carried clear through, will sometimes give a good view of the great panorama. J. H. N.

ONEIDA CIRCULAR.

HARRIET M WORDEN, EDITOR.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1873.

LAST NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

THE CIRCULAR will always be sent to all who wish to receive it—as gladly to those who are unable to pay its nominal price as to those who in some degree voluntarily share with us the burden of its publication; but we earnestly desire that it should not go to any person who does not care to read it: and as it is probable that some have sent for it during the year from simple curiosity, or on the recommendation of friends, or for other reasons, who do not choose to longer receive it, we hereby give notice, as is our annual custom, that the CIRCULAR *will be sent after January 1st only to those who shall previously renew their subscriptions.* Those who have prepaid for a term beyond January 1st, as well as those who have quite recently applied for the paper, are of course excepted from this notification. This rule makes its necessary for many old subscribers and well-tried friends to write to us—even those to whom we might safely send the CIRCULAR, with the assurance that it would be appreciated.

Our readers may rest assured that we are hearty in offering the CIRCULAR *freely*, as heretofore, and that the discrimination used in this notice is only such as seems to be necessary to protect us from needless expense.

COMMUNITY JOURNAL.

ONEIDA.

—When nothing else presses in our evening meetings, we read occasionally a few pages in Howitt's History of the Supernatural, admiring it much for its reverential treatment of the Bible, and its true interpretation of Spiritualism. In conversation, however, after a late reading, the author was judged to be somewhat intolerant toward scientific skeptics. They are to him the Scribes and Pharisees of this generation, who take away the key of knowledge, neither entering in themselves nor suffering others to enter in. Mr. N. said:

"If I should offer any general criticism of this author it would be that he does not really do justice to the learned. He is somewhat illiberal toward the Positivists. They have a place and a function in the great whole of things as well as o'her folks, and should not be despised in a bigoted way. I have come to think that the Spiritualists represent the sails of the great ship of progress, and the Positivists the ballast. The ship needs both sails and ballast. Steady, conservative, learned men, who will not give in to anything that cannot be rigorously proved, must be carried in the hold, or the world would have a sorry time with the top-sails of Spiritualism."

—What the effect will be I cannot tell, but it must have some effect on our children to be brought up as they are in the bosom of so much family affection. People say that we destroy families and extinguish natural affection, but see now! The babies here are born and grow up under the same roof not only with parents and brothers and sisters, but with grandparents and uncles and aunts and cousins, in short, with all their near relatives on both sides. Godfrey, for example, see what a lap he falls into! Besides father and mother and brothers and sisters he has here a grandfather and grandmother, two uncles and one aunt on his mother's side, two aunts on his father's side, nine cousins of the first degree, and ten more remote, all kin by blood not to speak of others by marriage. Irene is almost equally endowed. Instead of a great uncle which Godfrey can boast of, she has a great grandmother by whom she was named, and whose room is often brightened by her sparkling eyes. Corinna has two grandfathers, one grandmother, two great aunts who have children and grandchildren, several uncles and aunts, one first cousin, etc. Berton has a grandfather on one side, two uncles and one aunt on his mother's side, one aunt on his father's side, and cousins without number, his grandfather being a kind of patriarch who in coming here drew after him a great clan of relatives. So on; these are only examples; the rest have fallen into the same affluent lap, so far as family affection is concerned. Besides all this the fathers and mothers of these children have had their special friendships in the Community, companions and lovers, who come in as uncles and aunts to all intents and purposes, loving the child for the parent's sake, and often enjoying a partnership in its care.

Now if we have been able to extinguish natural affection, as some seem to think, this would be a cold place for children notwithstanding; but if we have here on the contrary a very school of love, if we set the heart high above the intellect, and give the whole kingdom to it, and only exclude selfishness, then it is a very warm place, and we expect to see some remarkable effect.

These thoughts were suggested by hearing a mother say to-day that the children's house folks thought her little boy had too much attention from his aunts and uncles—that they took him out too often— an opinion with which the mother heartily sympathized. There is perfect freedom for all the friends to go into the children's rooms at any time, and a good deal of liberty to take the children out, but the Community give the people there the right of check, conservative authority to say when they think a child suffers from what we call "the family spirit," and to cut off any unwise attention.

After four or five o'clock these long evenings the little ones are scattered all over the house, and it is a feast of love enjoyed by many who have no children of their own as well as those who have.

—"Shall we join in the celebration of the Tea Anniversary?" asked W. A. H. at our meeting last Sunday evening. Raps from every quarter signified Yes. "What!" says one, "to take tea *in*, or to throw it overboard?" "To take it in," says another, "we threw it overboard long ago." Now a tea-party in the Community is something very extraordinary. We have not had one for nearly fourteen years. And two or three conservatives queried whether it would not lead to further license, and whether it would be prudent to let our children get the taste. All objections were overruled, however, in the fervor of our patriotism, and it was voted unanimously that we have a generous cup, and all imbibe without any questions for conscience'-sake or for the sake of future generations. Some one suggested that we celebrate in this way every hundred years right along (members of the O. C. in 1973 will take note of this), and one little boy after meeting was heard lamenting that he should not be alive, perhaps, to attend our next tea-party.

We had the tea at our three o'clock dinner; served—genuine green and black, to suit each one as to kind and strength. Strawberry-tea was called for by two or three; the four-year-olds had the wonderful treat of weak "cambric tea," while the class still younger or the last weaned had a porringer of catnip. Early in the evening there was a dance in the Hall at which some of the unusual exaltation found escape, and which was opened by Mr. R. in continentals, wig, ruffs and breeches, leading lady T. dressed *a la* Lady Washington. Mr. R. has the bearing of a general, and he can boast that both his grandfathers served in the revolutionary army seven years, or the whole time of the war, and one of his grandmothers, at least, emulated the heroes whose valorous deed we were celebrating in being foremost among the women of that time who loved their country better than their tea, and scorned to drink it under the hateful tax. She had often told him about their lofty resentment, and how they took off their petticoats and gave them for wadding when the cannons ran short. At a later hour, after the little fry had gone to bed, we had an "oration" and the "recitation of an ode," both quite impromptu, but received with unbounded applause, the first for its terseness and simplicity, and the last for circumstances which we will mention after making place for the oration. (The young speaker expostulates with us now and says, "You silly woman to put that in, when it is *A. B. C.* to every body who knows anything about American History;" but we heard one man declare, a man very well read in history, that it gave him a better idea of the beginnings of our rebellion than he ever had before, and so we are thankful the reporter took notes.)

WHY THE TEA WAS THROWN OVERBOARD.

"Mr. Hinds has promised an oration, but I had not thought of making anything more than a simple narration about the rather saucy act perpetrated by our ancestors a hundred years ago. That act is commemorated to-day, all over the New England States and in New York, and in that commemoration we have ourselves taken part by drinking tea this afternoon.

"Every one here knows that less than a hundred years ago, this country belonged mainly to England. The settlements in New England and in the South, were known as English Colonies, and the good people, our fore-fathers, who dwelt in these settlements, were ruled by Governors who were put over them by the English Kings. Some of these Governors were oppressive toward the much-enduring colonists, but there were no particular feelings of hostility, or even disloyalty, in the minds of our ancestors toward the mother country, till the memorable year 1765. At that time the English Government was greatly in need of money. It had been engaged in expensive foreign wars, (notably the French and Indian war) which emptied its treasury and increased its public debts more than three hundred millions of dollars. For this reason, the king's ministers were much engaged this year in devising means for increasing the revenue of the kingdom, and, while they were about it, they bethought themselves that their thriving colonies in America might, by a system of taxation, be made to contribute to this end. Now if our forefathers had been allowed the privilege of choosing men from their respective colonies to go and sit in the English Parliament, and thus make known their necessities and distresses and secure them protection from the oppression of their Governors; if, in a word, they had been allowed representation, they would not have rebelled, as they did, at taxation. But this great privilege of representation was, as you know, denied them; therefore the proposal to tax them for the support of a government in which they had neither voice nor part, and from which they were separated by a great ocean, seemed to our ancestors a very extraordinary piece of injustice.

"Their sense of this injustice, moreover, was probably greatly heightened, by the memory that they had crossed the ocean at their own risk in

small, insecure merchant vessels; that they had planted their colonies amidst great hardships, with no aid from the Government which claimed them, and had defended themselves from the savage attacks of the Indians without the assistance of British troops. At any rate, our grandfathers made up their minds that taxation without representation was a grievous wrong, and they protested bitterly against it. Nevertheless Parliament insisted on its right to tax its colonies, and in the year 1765 Lord George Grenville the king's first minister, introduced a notorious Act in Parliament, called the Stamp Act, which declared that all legal writings drawn up in the colonies, such as bonds, deeds, notes and contracts, should be valid only when written on stamped paper. This stamped paper must be purchased of the agents of the English government at a certain fixed price. The passage of this Stamp Act by Parliament aroused such bitter feelings and such intense animosity in the colonists, that when the day came on which it was to take effect, none of the government agents in the colonies dared to expose the stamped paper for sale. As a consequence, there was an immediate suspension of all business requiring the use of this stamped paper. This suspension lasted however but a short time. The colonists gradually came to ignore the Stamp Act, and resumed the making of written contracts without using stamps. We may infer that there was a high degree of public honesty and honor in those days to enable men to be faithful to contracts which, according to the King's law, were not binding.

The Stamp Act proved so unpopular and ineffectual, that Parliament was induced to revoke it in 1766, but it still insisted on its right to tax the colonies, and, in 1767, passed another Act, called the Declaration Act, which imposed a duty on all glass, paper, painters' colors and tea that should be carried to America.

"You understand by paying a duty, that every merchant ship-owner who chose to bring such necessary articles as glass, paper, paints and tea to the colonies, was compelled to pay the English government, for the privilege of so doing, a certain fixed sum per pound. Hence, when these goods reached the colonists, they were compelled to pay the ship-owner, not only the market price of these articles in London, and for the risk and expense of the ocean transportation, but also the sum paid to the government for the privilege of carrying these goods into the colonies. This Act was not less obnoxious than the Stamp Act, and non-importation societies began to be formed in all the towns throughout the colonies. That is, the people assembled and resolved that they would not use any glass, paper, paints, or tea, brought from England, till the duties upon these articles were removed. These non-importation societies were so general and so effectual, that commerce between England and America in the articles I have mentioned, was almost immediately broken up. Parliament, therefore, made another concession to our rebellious grandfathers, and in 1768 revoked the duties on glass, paper and paint, but still left a duty of threepence per pound on tea.

"Now we may reasonably suppose that our ancestors were very fond of tea. In those early days before the Revolution, there were almost none of the comforts and luxuries of life; therefore, I think tea must have been highly prized not only as a social beverage but as a solace from the hardships incident to life in such a new country. Had our colonists then been less earnest men, they might have been tempted to lay aside their troublesome contest at this point, and by yielding to this small tax have drowned their sorrows at once in fragrant Souchong. For had not England made repeated concessions removingthe duties from all articles but tea? One who did not see the real issue, might suppose that our grandfathers were a very stiff-necked generation, not to pay this paltry three-pence per pound and return to their cheering cups without further trouble. But it must be borne in mind that *they were contending for a principle.* They had entered upon their resistance to the English government from an absolute conviction that taxation without representation was wrong, and they could not yield a single point. So it happened that, about a hundred years ago, all the rebellious feelings of our old-fashioned grandfathers were concentrated on this one article tea, with which we have regaled ourselves to-day. They resolved, and their wives joined with them heartily, that they would use no more tea, except in cases of sickness, till the obnoxious duty was removed. Now, at this time, one hundred years ago, there were three vessels, loaded with chests of tea, lying in Boston harbor right under the noses of our indignant progenitors.

"So just one hundred years ago to-night, and on very much such a night as this, though history does not say anything about its being Indian summer, sixty of our grandfathers doffed their three-cornered hats and their long coats, such as Mr. R. has on, and proceeded to disguise themselves as Indians in feathers and paint. They had had too many clinches with the Indians not to know how to imitate them, and we may suppose that our grim old grandfathers while dressing and daubing themselves with paint, chuckled over the undertaking they had in hand, and perhaps told stories of their warfare with the Indians. Well, these sixty painted men proceeded to the harbor in Boston, and, boarding the tea vessels in the darkness, they unceremoniously broke open all the tea chests, three hundred and forty-two in number, and tumbled them into the water. This was the most saucy act of the resistance to taxation without representation, which began in 1765. Three years after the tumbling overboard of the tea, this resistance culminated in the Declaration of Independence which brought on the Revolutionary War and ended in our separation from England and becoming an independent nation."

For the "oration" we make no apology; it was only too short; but the "ode!" "What a magniloquent epithet!" somebody will say when they come to read the lines we shall produce; and we shall have to save our taste by declaring that it was their delivery that drew down the house. They were recited by the dame who "opened the ball," Lady T., so titled according to our custom, not only in respect to her age, but to distinguish her from her son's wife, also a member of the family. She was not exactly a contemporary of Lady Washington, but was born, we think, before that lady died. She was born the year before General Washington died, in 1798. Mr. R. invited her to entertain us and introduced her with due ceremony to the audience. She drew the verses from the cabinet of her memory, which is stuffed full of relics of the past disposed in wonderful order, like her room and every thing of which she has any care. She rose into the spirit of the occasion, her towering cap heightening a figure not much short of six feet, and spoke with a voice strong and sonorous, and a patriotic unction which only those who lived in the penumbra of the revolution are mediums of at the present day. The flavor of this piece will be appreciated in spite of its doggerel, we venture to say, just at this time:

THE DYING BRITISH SERGEANT.

Come all you heroes where'ere you be,
You that walk on land or sail by sea,
Come hear these words of a dying man,
And surely you'll remember them.

'Twas seventy-five, that fatal year,
As by our signal doth appear,
When we set sail for America,
'Twas on the fourteenth day of May.

'Twas on that dark and dismal time,
When we set sail for the northern clime,
Where the drums did beat and trumpet sound,
And unto Boston we were bound.

When unto Boston we did come,
We thought to beat on British drum,
Would drive those rebels from their place,
And fill their hearts with sore disgrace.

But to our sad and great surprise,
We saw them like grasshoppers rise;
They fought like heroes much enraged,
And sorely frightened General Gage.

But O! our brave American sons
Deal death and slaughter from their guns:
"Freedom or death!" those heroes cry.
Surely, they're not afraid to die.

It's now September, the seventeenth day,
Since we set sail for America:
Full fifteen thousand have been slain—
Bold British heroes every one.

We sailed to York as you 've been told,
By the loss of many a Briton bold:
To make those rebels own their king
And daily tribute to him bring.

They told us 't was a garden place
In which our armies might with ease,
Burn down their towns, lay waste their lands,
In spite of all their boasting bands.

A garden place it was indeed:
In which grew many a bitter weed:
Which will pull down our highest hopes,
And sorely wound our British troops.

The glory of Great Britain's Isle,
Is now eclipsed for awhile:
She shines no more, the reasons are,
Because our king is so severe.

His crown will fade most certainly,
A coward for all his cruelty:
Now proud old England will sink in shame,
While America doth her rights maintain.

Now I 've received my mortal wound,
I'll bid adieu to old England's crown:
My wife and children will mourn for me.
While I lie cold in America.

Fight on! fight on, brave American boys!
Fear not old Europe's thundering noise;
Maintain your rights from year to year,
God 's on your side, you need not fear.

Wednesday Morning.—The house was haunted last night. Doors opened and shut; there were flittings and rustlings through halls and corridors, and lights in unusual places at all hours. Occult influences of some kind kept many awake. Mrs. F., who used to be a great devo*tee* of the cheering cup, (the typo claims the pun) was heard to say this morning that she did not care if we did not have another tea-party for a hundred years or even for a thousand years; and this reminded some one to tell a story which he heard about her in times gone by, not long after we abolished tea. She had a racking head-ache and was tossing on the bed, ejaculating and soliloquizing as some folks do in such a condition: "Oh!" said she, "I do confess Christ in my head—but nothing but tea will cure it." Tea often takes the credit of curing headaches which its habitual use has originally inflicted.

JOPPA STORIES.

II.

THE TIP-UP RACES.

ONE of the fishing enthusiasts, writing Dec. 14, says:

"Last week was the great time of the tip-up races, and I assure you that horse-racing, donkey-racing, steeple-racing, hurdle-racing and all other popular methods of running man or beast, are not to be compared for fun and excitement with a good lively tip-up race. But I must first tell you

WHAT A TIP-UP IS.

Take a strip of a long shingle an inch or two wide with a notch at one end and a half-inch hole near the middle; hitch a line with hook and sinker to the notch and run a willow rod two feet long through the hole, and you have all the essentials of a tip-top tip-up. With this machine go out on

the ice till, by sounding here and there, you find water eighteen feet deep. There make a hole six or eight inches in diameter, bait your hook with a minnow, *i. e.* a small live fish, and drop him down the hole nearly to the bottom. Place the tip-up so that the end of the shingle from which the line is suspended will be over the hole. The shingle should be nearly balanced on its willow axis, but the free end should outweigh the line-end just enough to keep down on the ice so long as there is no extra weight on the hook. Then when a fish down below takes the bait, up goes the free end, and either stands perpendicular or bobs about, thus giving notice as far as it can be seen that a fish is ready to be hauled up. The bob-end should be painted black, so as to contrast with the snow and ice and thus more surely attract attention.

"Suppose now we have fifty such tip-ups set at as many holes, arranged in two parallel lines, with a distance of two rods from hole to hole, making the double line fifty rods long.

"Now for a specimen of

ACTUAL RACING.

"Last Thursday morning, at the first glimmer of daylight, five of us started for the fishing station already equipped with tip-ups, half a mile out on the lake, west of our lodge at Joppa. We took along plenty of live bait in pails and a hand-sled to bring home fish. On reaching the lines our first business was to re-bait the hooks. At the first glance along the rows of tip-ups we discovered that two of them had their black tails sticking up. These we took in hand at once, and on raising the lines we hauled out on one of them a two-pound pike, and on the other a three-pound 'lawyer!'*

"After raising all the hooks and putting fresh bait on those that needed it, we took our stations at equal distances along the lines, and the sport began. Bear in mind that whenever a tip-up began to bob and stick up its tail we were all under the greatest inducement to get to it as soon as possible, not only from natural eagerness for the sport of hauling out fish, but because there was danger of losing the chance by delay, as the fish generally got away with the bait if left alone for a minute or two.

"In order to give any idea of the fun, I must here abandon systematic writing and proceed in helter-skelter style.

"All hands watching. First bob on the extreme right. Spencer from the extreme left shouts, 'Tip-up behind you, Wood!' Wood turns and runs. Pitt at the center shouts back, 'Tip up behind you, Spencer!' Spencer turns and runs, but casting an eye backward he shouts, 'Two tip-ups to your left, Pitt!' Pitt whirls and makes a dash at the first; Noyes rushes in for the second. Bradley takes a long run down the line for a tip-up that he discovers bobbing on Pitt's beat. Pike, perch and lawyers are flopping on the ice. Hooks baited again in a hurry. Eyes meanwhile darting hither and yon. Tip-ups bobbing in all directions. All hands shouting and all hands running. Bradley's heels fly up and he comes down *easy*. Noyes hauls a big pike half out of water and then sees him disappear. So we go on hour after hour, watching, shouting, running, hauling and baiting, with all variations of luck and disaster, and infinite laughter. I for one got so tired running on the slippery ice, that after the first hour I would'nt go out of a walk for all the fish in the lake—*because I couldn't*. At the close of our forenoon's work we had a fine sled-full of fish—about sixty pounds of pike, and half as many of perch, leaving a good supply of lawyers for our friend who is fond of them."

After a day or two of this fun, came warm weather and rain, weakening the ice, and threatening to break it up. Another enthusiast who went down to Joppa with a party just at this wrong time, tells the story of his adventures as follows:

ADVENTURE NO. 1.

"We arrived at the railroad station after dark, and with the rain pouring; a dismal time it was for traveling and boating to the lodge. We had a lantern, and found no great difficulty in making our way to the boat at the upper landing. As each one was heavily loaded, some time was spent in stowing bags and bundles into the boat. Meanwhile V. came too near the water's edge and slipped off the bank, going into the water over the tops of his rubber boots. B. taking in the situation at a glance, laid hold of V.'s coat-collar and quickly extricated him from his unpleasant predicament. But in his zeal to help V. he accidentally hit a satchel that contained various articles of wearing apparel, and off it went into the stream; this he soon captured and sent it whisking on shore, barely escaping a mishap similar to that which V. had just experienced. At last we seated ourselves in the boat and pushed out into the stream. 'All right now,' said I, 'only keep the light shaded and I will land you safely on the other shore.' All was going smoothly when B. raised the light, throwing a blinding flash in my eyes. 'Down with the light!' I shouted; but too late. I could see nothing. 'Look out! the ice! the ice!' said V. 'Pull your left oar!' The next instant the boat propelled by both oar and current, crushed upon a projecting point of ice, and seemed on the point of upsetting or going down by the stern. The ice, however, was not strong, so that we were only 'shook up like.' The boat rolled to and fro, but she did not dip any water, and we were carried safely to shore. When I had time to think over the events of the passage, it seemed to me that we had 'broken our eggs' as badly as Herrick did on his famous trip a few weeks since. The contents of the satchel were thoroughly drenched, and these were spread around the stove to dry. Thus ended adventure Number 1."

ADVENTURE NO. 2.

"In the course of the night following, as we were all quite eager to have a time of fishing, we watched the weather with some anxiety, wishing and hoping, and imagining as we hoped, that it would grow colder. One after another of us got up to look at the thermometer at different hours of the night, one reporting that the wind had changed and was blowing fiercely; another, at a later hour, insisting that it was much colder because so still, etc.; but in spite of our wishes and hopes the glass persistently, doggedly, refused to indicate the least change. It stood immovably at 36° above zero.

"We started early next morning to see what effect the rain (which had been falling all night) had had on the ice. The wind was blowing a gale off shore. The ice was craunching and crackling. A small house had been placed on the edge of the ice for our protection when we should become cold at fishing. S. took a position near a tree and sighting by the trunk exclaimed, 'The ice is moving out! Take each of you a boat and row round the point to the fish-house, while I take the light boat across the sand. I will have the stove and fixtures landed before you arrive.' The ice had carried the building out a quarter of a mile from shore. After tying a rope to two of the corners of the house and making the other ends fast to the boats, we rolled it off into the water. S. in the third boat took post behind the building and rolled it back and forth, while we pulled on our oars. So by rowing and rolling, lifting and pulling, we finally succeeded in getting the heavy thing into a safe place.

"But what of the tip-ups and lines? They were out a full half mile on the ice. S. who is a finished sportsman, and who understands every freak of the treacherous lake, and every probability of the frisky wind, shook his head ominously: 'Those lines,' said he, 'with all their rigging, are not worth five dollars, and I don't care to risk any of our lives for that money.' I inquired, 'Can't we take a boat or two with pike-poles and go out, rowing where there is water and drawing the boats on the ice where it will hold, and so work our way out carefully, and secure the tackle? That will make a clean thing of what we have so well begun.' 'Well,' says S., 'let's to breakfast and think of it.' When our meal was finished we decided to attempt carrying out the above programme. After reaching the ice beyond the open water, S. took a small pole in one hand and the chain of the light boat in the other, and went forward to test the ice, while I pushed behind. B., armed with a long pole, followed some distance in the rear. We found no open water after we once got on the ice; though the ice was cracked in every direction by its motion under the force of the wind. At one end of the row of holes, the ice was not over half an inch thick and bent under us ominously. Nevertheless, we gathered in all our lines, finding on three of them, pike weighing from two to three pounds apiece. After returning our boats to the ferry, we arrived at the lodge with our lines and tip-ups at eleven o'clock, having been out in a soaking rainstorm nearly four hours."

THE NEWS.

The new Constitution of Pennsylvania has been adopted by over 150,000 majority.

The sentence of Marshall Bazaine has been commuted to twenty year,s seclusion, or retirement from the army.

In an engagement between the Dutch troops, lately landed in Acheen, and the army of the Sultan, the latter were defeated.

The centennial anniversary of the Boston "Tea Party," Dec. 16th, was celebrated in great style at the "Hub," and in other cities of New England and New York.

From England we have reports of a great storm, which extended all over the north of England and a part of Scotland. The loss of property in Sheffield alone is immense, churches unroofed, factory chimneys blown down, and the city generally "looks as if it had been bombarded." At Leeds the damage is estimated at $500,000. Many lives were lost and great numbers were injured by the flying masses of broken timbers and falling walls.

The investigation in regard to the disaster to the Ville du Havre, has not as yet thrown any light as to the cause of the accident, or on whom rests the blame. Several of the crew of the steamer testify that the lights of the Loch Earn were seen from ten to fifteen minutes before the two vessles met, but as the officer in command of the steamer was lost at the time of the collision, it will require a most careful investigation to find out the exact facts of the case. This the French Government has promised to do as soon as possible.

Havana advices reaffirm the story of the Cubans having captured the towns of Bayamo and Guisnayro, together with the Casadavoz de Valmaseda regiment of 1200 men. From Madrid it is reported that President Castelar has formally announced to Gen. Sickles the surrender of the Virginius to the U. S. naval authorities in Cuban waters. The tone of the Cuban press is decidedly peaceful and they even go so far as to discuss the policy of emancipating the slaves, during the next ten or fifteen years. The Virginius has been taken to Balia Honder, a seaport 60 miles west of Havana, there to be delivered to a United States man-of-war.

Professor Louis Agassiz died on Sunday night about 10 o'clock. His last hours passed peacefully and painlessly. One of his attending physicians said it was like a child dropping quietly to sleep. His last word was an affectionate farewell to his wife on Sunday morning. The funeral took place on Thursday; the flags of the public buildings of Boston were at half mast, and the church bells tolling during the service. At a meeting of the President and Fellows of Harvard College, an entry was made in the College Record of the great personal services rendered by Agassiz during the twenty-six years he has been connected with the University, and expressing their deep regret and strong sense of personal bereavement by the death of the great scientist and beloved teacher.

* That is the name the lake people give—for what reason I cannot say—to a fish that is very ill looking and generally rejected as worthless, though some folks eat it and speak well of it. In shape it is a great polywog, and its color is dappled brown and white, like that of frog or lizard. We caught a good many of them first and last, and left them on the ice as mustakes, but they finally found a customer. A man who liked them drew off a sled-load of them, and salted them down for family use.

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[The letters "h. t." after the title of an article denote a Home-Talk.]

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