

# Oneida Circular.

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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 Station of the Midland Railroad. Number of members, 253. Land, 600 acres. Business, Manufacture of Hardware and Silk goods, Printing the CIRCULAR, Horticulture, etc. Theology, Perfectionism. Sociology, Bible Communism.

### WALLINGFORD COMMUNITY.

Branch of O. C., at Wallingford, Conn., one mile west of the Hartford and New Haven Railroad. Number of members, 47. Land, 280 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 Wallingford Community, though it has not attained the normal size, has as many members as it can well accommodate, and must grow in numbers only as it grows 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 can not 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.

## WISHING.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

Of all amusements of the mind,  
From logic down to fishing,  
There isn't one that you can find  
So very cheap as "wishing."

A very choice diversion too,  
If we but rightly use it,  
And not, as we are apt to do,  
Pervert it, and abuse it.

I wish—a common wish indeed—  
My purse were somewhat fatter,  
That I might cheer the child of need,  
And not my pride to flatter;  
That I might make Oppression reel,  
As only gold can make it,  
And break the Tyrant's rod of steel,  
As only gold can break it.

I wish—that Sympathy and Love,  
And every human passion,  
That has its origin above,  
Would come and keep in fashion;  
That Scorn, and Jealousy, and Hate,  
And every base emotion,  
Were buried fifty fathoms deep  
Beneath the waves of Ocean!

I wish—that friends were always true,  
And motives always pure;  
I wish the good were not so few,  
I wish the bad were fewer;  
I wish that parsons ne'er forgot  
To heed their pious teaching;  
I wish that practising was not  
So different from preaching!

I wish—that modest worth might be  
Appraised with truth and candor;  
I wish that innocence were free  
From treachery and slander;  
I wish that men their vows would mind;  
That women ne'er were rovers;  
I wish that wives were always kind,  
And husbands always lovers!

I wish—in fine—that Joy and Mirth,  
And every good Ideal,  
May come erewhile, throughout the earth,  
To be the glorious Real;  
Till God shall every creature bless  
With his supremest blessing,  
And hope be lost in Happiness,  
And wishing in Possessing!

## CHRIST'S KNOWLEDGE.

Home-Talk by J. H. N., Oct. 25, 1863.

WHEN we assert with Paul, that "in Christ are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge," we are met with the flip-pant question, Did Christ understand the truth about astronomy and geology? Did he know a thousand years in advance of his age that the earth is round, that it revolves round the sun, and that it has been passing through millions of ages of successive transformations? Was he familiar with the intricate facts revealed by chemistry? In a word was he a scientific man to the extent of the meaning of that term as used now? This is our answer: While he was the Son of God, he was also in an im-

portant sense a man and his intellect grew up, in part at least, under human conditions, and consequently his attainments in knowledge were a work of time and development. It is to be supposed that as a child he had not the extent of information that he had in manhood. But the essential fact is, that both as a child and man, he was possessed by the Spirit of Truth; that Spirit was given to him without measure, and was to him as an omniscient memory containing in itself and recalling to him as he needed it the exact and whole truth on any subject. It may be admitted that during his visible career, he had not swept the whole circle of scientific subjects with his attention. He had not perhaps turned his mind to chemistry or geology: but the truth about these matters was in the spirit that was in him ready to spring to light whenever it was called for. A Humboldt or a Newton may have a vast accumulation of knowledge on all subjects in store, and yet for a few minutes every day may be unconscious of any knowledge beyond that of eating his dinner. But as his mind turns to subjects of thought, memory brings out his knowledge of them. So Christ needed only to recur to any part of the universe of things to apprehend the knowledge about it which was stored in the Spirit of Truth. He had in him the great memory of God. And it is to be noted that his love of truth was such, that what he had not recollected he left alone. He taught no errors, but confined himself to such disclosures as his mission demanded, and these were brought forth with a lucidity that time only brightens and confirms. He himself acknowledged the partial scope, in regard to detail, of his action at a certain period, by saying to his disciples that they should do greater works than he had done, and in assuring them of the gift of the Spirit by which they should be led into all truth. But any lack of detail, in the manifestation of his thirty years' life does not alter the fact that he possessed the key and storehouse of all knowledge. The apostle's statement is true that these treasures were "hid in him;" and all the subsequent illumination of science in these later years is but the shining forth of his mind. The workers and discoverers in science, instead of being an independent advanced force in position to look down upon the position of Christ and the Primitive Church, as is sometimes claimed for them, are really but the hirelings whom Christ employs in the excavation of truth for this lower sphere. He shows them where to dig and blast. But the previous surveys are his, and the canals resulting from the work are his.

In the early part of this century the old Congregational Church of New England, which had come

down from the Puritans undivided, was split by the Unitarian controversy, and became two bodies, Orthodox and Liberals. The Orthodox church, impregnated by heaven, went through a series of revivals, which culminated in 1834, and left as its net result, New Haven Perfectionism. The Unitarian or Liberal church, also impregnated by heaven, went through a corresponding gestation in the line of Socialism. The Brook-farm Association, and its paper, founded by Unitarians, excited a wide-spread interest in Fourierism, and led to many attempts at Association. As the revivals fermented almost exclusively in the Orthodox church, so the socialist excitement worked almost exclusively among the Liberals. It culminated between 1840 and 1846, and left as its net result the Putney Association. By these processes combined, God brought forth first the soul and then the body of the Oneida Community.

#### THE MOST EFFECTIVE WORK.

THE question has often forced itself on my mind, "is an invalid necessarily an unprofitable member of society?" Invalids are often tormented with the idea that they *are* unprofitable members of society, and such a conclusion may be correct if actual labor is the criterion by which we are to judge. But is our usefulness to be measured by the amount of vital strength we have at our disposal? Are the best elements of society those that involve merely the results of so much capital expended on outward comforts, and contributed by so much expenditure of time and labor by each individual?

Every one is ambitious to do something to make a happy and comfortable home. The comforts of home may be and are to a great extent the fruits of the labor of those who are engaged in the various businesses that contribute the means by which we surround ourselves with the essentials that furnish food and raiment, houses and lands, and all the luxuries that gratify our taste, cultivate our minds and give that "well to do" feeling of satisfaction that saves us from the anxiety and worry inseparable from straightened means. There is also a gratified sense of having accomplished something tangible, when we look over the hours just passed with the thought that we have contributed our mite toward the business of the day, and have mingled our enthusiasm with those around us. There is a great delight in doing something that tells.

Yet a man or woman may contribute to the comforts of home by the labor he or she performs, and add little to its happiness. In fact the work may be done in such a spirit as actually to mar the peace and pleasure of others. "It is not the work we do but the spirit in which we do it" that makes it an actual blessing. C. may lie on her bed and do more to make folks happy than if she were able to accomplish a vast amount of work. She can send a wave of happiness through the whole family by having a good spirit. Neither is she actually debarred from working. She can work with her heart if she can not with her hands, and every victory she gains is gained for all. She can engage in the work of prayer. "Praying women are as much needed as working women," said Mrs. Miller to an

invalid who had much labor of spirit on the question of her usefulness in the family.

Every one that learns in any circumstances to find happiness in waiting on God, who sees the way to walk and talk with God, who on every occasion can say: "O Lord, not my will but thine be done," contributes the best of all gifts to the family—faith and simple trust in God. Wealth and every other outward means of happiness may flee away, but the heart's wealth is always available. Sick or well there is no limit to its increase. You may sit down and do nothing, and yet your very presence will be a stimulus to others. A face radiant with happiness that flows from a fountain of peace and joy within, is what cheers and gladdens those who must necessarily toil for the means of outward comfort.

I can not clothe my thoughts on this point in better words than those of Mr. Noyes on the occasion of a criticism many years ago, of Mrs. L. who was then an invalid:

"I am not inclined to find fault with her ill health. It has been a great benefit to her, and is yet. There was in her nature a good deal of outgoing will-works—a tendency to outward care, neatness, order. The effect of her ill health has been to check the out-going of these qualities, and concentrate them in her spirit, that is to check doing, and nourish being; and here her beauty lies—in what she is, not in what she does. This is the most effective kind of goodness. Without underrating doing, I am sure that being is immeasurably the most important part of our usefulness to God and to man. Our spirit is a substance radiating its influence like a stove, a flower, or a candle; and the first thing in importance and in order of nature, as well as of God's instructions and discipline, is to give a person that condition of existence, that quality of spirit which shall radiate good. It has been the object and the effect of Mrs. L.'s disease to cultivate these very qualities. She stands in this Community like a beautiful plant—doing nothing comparatively, no outward activity, yet throwing around a fragrance, pleasing our eyes and giving us delight for what she is, and not for what she does. We should count the estimate of our works nothing in comparison with the admiration we attract when we are doing nothing. As plants of righteousness of the Lord's cultivating, and as expecting to do any good, our principle treasure is in what we are, and not in what we do: and the Lord has developed this treasure of being in Mrs. L. by checking outward-bound will-work and doing."

Mrs. L. is now well and as busy as any body we have among us; and one of the most beautiful things about her, and probably one of the results of those years of inability for labor, is the beautiful spirit of peace and love that you always feel in her presence.

The fruitfulness that is most conducive to the comfort and happiness of home is that which results from true humility of heart. Perhaps no circumstances cultivate a soft and humble heart more than those which put the body under control and leave the spirit free to find connecting links with the heavens.

S. L. N.

There is but one sentence of justification coming down from God, and that was said to Christ in the words,—"Thou art my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." By believing on Christ we become identified with him, and with all who are with him; and this word of justification comes sounding

down through Christ's whole body. Paul prays for the Ephesians, that they may be able to "comprehend with all saints what is the breadth and length and depth and height, and to know the love of Christ." Here is justification introduced as a social, not an individual affair. It pertains to the whole body of Christ, not to individuals alone by themselves. This view of justification ought to make us careful and anxious that everybody around us should be justified as well as ourselves. This is a Community interest. It is only as we are surrounded by those who are justified that we can be justified ourselves. A fault-finding person who has a propensity to criticise and condemn, and bring folks into condemnation, is working against his own interest, and filling the atmosphere with poison which will injure himself. Another expression of Paul's is this: "Let the peace of God rule in your hearts, whereunto also ye are called in one body." That is equivalent to saying,—Let the justification of God rule in your hearts, whereunto ye are called in one body, not as individuals, but all together. And we must not forget that "all saints" does not refer to saints in this world only, but to an innumerable company in the heavens, more worthy of the name of saints than any here below; and that glorious word—"This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased"—is sounding in their hearts all the time. It is an excellent exercise of the heart to try to come into union with *all saints*. J. H. N.

#### CORRESPONDENCE.

Louisville, Ky., Feb. 4, 1876.

DEAR FRIENDS:—I take great pleasure in reading the CIRCULAR. Its principles and teachings harmonize with those which I have held for the last thirty years, and which I think would, if they could be generally adopted and put in practice, prove infallible panaceas for the larger part of the evils and vices which afflict society.

The synopsis of your views, contained in your Hand Book, I accept *ex animo*, not only as true, but uncontroversial, and forming a sound basis upon which to construct society. If I had the means and could induce others to contribute and unite with me, I would make an effort to organize a Community, founded on the same principles and practices, upon which your Community is formed. I would start it near this city, where the goods and manufactured articles would at all times find a ready sale, and where it would be accessible to those in the West who might be willing to unite with us. I think there is quite a tendency in the minds of many highly intelligent persons in the West toward your system of religion and Communistic views. Thinking men are beginning to feel and recognize the fact that so long as society is divided up as at present into individual and antagonistic interests it can never improve much beyond its present moral status, which is certainly deplorable enough and furnishes materials for the bitterest misanthropist to feed upon. With my best wishes for your happiness and the material and moral prosperity of your Community,

I remain truly your friend J. H. B.

#### CORRESPONDENCE AND ANSWERS.

Taunton, Jan. 25, 1876.

DEAR SIR:—I would like to inquire if, under any circumstances, a blind man would be admitted to your Community? If so I would like to join you. I have been totally blind, but now I have partly regained my sight, and expect that in another year it will be *fully* restored. I am a Free Mason of good standing; ready and willing to work; there are a great many little things that I can do as well as when able to see. I am an amateur musician, with a good ear, and can play five or six different instruments. I think the temperate habits and moderate living of your Community would be *very* beneficial in my case. Enclosed you will find a likeness of myself taken since blind.

Hoping this will elicit an early reply,

I am very respectfully, W. L. E.

P. S.—I have been blind two years and six months.

DEAR SIR:—By closing the eye to the light of

the outer world one may be able, through faith and an undivided attention, to see more of the truth and glory of the inner world. The misfortune you speak of may, in this way, be turned into a blessing. Therefore it is spiritual not physical blindness that disqualifies an applicant for membership. But mutual acquaintance, resulting in mutual confidence, is necessary before admission, because we are something more than an association; we are something more than a society, or even than a Community. We are a family—a large family, it is true—a family holding peculiar opinions and principles, but still a family with all the harmonies, affections and sanctities of a home. The question of joining us, or coming here to live, after an applicant finds he is in full religious sympathy with us, depends upon the guidance of inspiration and Providence. We can not do violence to the inspiration we receive; we can not ignore the leadings of Providence. If the spiritual power that controls us has a place prepared for an applicant to which he is adapted, so that his presence or labor would be valuable to the cause to which we are devoted, a signal will be given us, and the way made clear.

Truly yours,

C. W. U.

### THE MOTHER'S RELATION TO HER CHILDREN.

[The following book review we take from an old number of the *Atlantic Monthly*: There is wholesome truth well told in it:]

A little book published by the Tract Society, called "The Mother and her Work," is a modest little volume. It makes no pretensions to literary or other superiority. It has much excellent counsel, pious reflection, and comfortable suggestion. Being a little book, it costs but little, and it will console, refresh, and instruct weary, conscientious mothers, and so have a large circulation, a wide influence, and do an immense amount of mischief. For the Evil One in his senses never sends out poison labelled "POISON." He mixes it in with great quantities of innocent and nutritive flour and sugar. He shapes it in cunning shapes of pigs and lambs and hearts and birds and braids. He tints it with gay hues of green and pink and rose, and puts it in the confectioner's glass windows, where you buy—what? Poison? No, indeed! Candy, at prices to suit the purchasers. So this good and pious little book has such a preponderance of goodness and piety, that the poison in it will not be detected, except by chemical analysis. It will go down sweetly, like grapes of Beulah. Nobody will suspect he is poisoned: but just so far as it reaches and touches, the social dyspepsia will be aggravated.

I submit a few atoms of the poison revealed by careful examination:

"The mother's is a *most honorable* calling. 'What a pity that one so gifted should be so tied down!' remarks a superficial observer, as she looks upon the mother of a young and increasing family.

"The pale, thin face and feeble step, bespeaking the multiplied and wearying cares of domestic life, elicit an earnest sympathy from the many, thoughtlessly flitting across her pathway, and the remark passes from mouth to mouth, 'How I pity her! what a shame it is! She is completely worn down with so many children.' It may be however, that this young mother is one who needs and seeks no pity," etc.

"But the *true mother* yields herself uncomplainingly, yea, cheerfully, to the wholesome privation, solitude, and self-denial allotted her. . . . Was she fond of traveling, of visiting the wonderful in Nature and Art, of mingling in new and often-varying scenes? Now she has found 'an abiding city,' and no allurements are strong enough to tempt her thence. Had society charms for her, and in the social circle and the festive throng were her chief delights? Now she stays at home, and the gorgeous saloon and brilliant assemblage give

place to the nursery and the baby. Was she devoted to literary pursuits? Now the library is seldom visited, the cherished studies are neglected, the rattle and doll are substituted for the pen. Her piano is silent, while she chants softly and sweetly the soothing lullaby. Her dress can last another season now, and the hat—oh, she does not care, if it is not in the latest mode, for she has a baby to look after, and has no time for herself. Even if the ride and the walk are given up, perhaps too often, with the excuse, 'Baby-tending is exercise enough for me.' Her whole life is reversed."

The assumption is that all this is just as it should be. The thoughtless person may fancy that it is a pity; but it is not a pity. This is a model mother and a model state of things. It is not simply to be submitted to, not simply to be patiently borne: it is to be aspired to as the noblest and holiest state.

That is the strychnine. You may counsel people to take joyfully the spoiling of their goods, and comfort, encourage, and strengthen them by so doing; but when you tell them that to be robbed and plundered is of itself a priceless blessing, the highest stage of human development, you do them harm; because, in general, falsehood is always harmful, and because, in particular, so far as you influence them at all, you prevent them from taking measures to stop the wrong-doing. You ought to counsel them to bear with Christian resignation what they can not help; but you ought with equal fervor to counsel them to look around and see if there are not many things which they can help, and if there are, by all means to help them. What is inevitable comes to us from God, no matter how many hands it passes through; but submission to unnecessary evils is cowardice or laziness; and extolling of the evil as good, is sheer ignorance, or perversity, or servility. Even the ills that must be borne should be borne under protest, lest patience degenerate into slavery. Christian character is never formed by acquiescence in or apotheosis of wrong.

The principle that underlies these extracts, and makes them ministrative of evil, is the principle that a woman can benefit her children by sacrificing herself. It teaches, that pale, thin faces and feeble steps are excellent things in young mothers—provided they are gained by maternal duties. We infer that it is meet, right, and the bounden duty of such to give up society, reading, riding, music, and become indifferent to dress, cultivation, recreation, to every thing, in short, except taking care of the children. It is all just as wrong as it can be. It is wrong morally; it is wrong socially; wrong in principle, wrong in practice. It is a blunder as well as a crime, for it works woe. It is a wrong means to accomplish an end; and it does not accomplish the end, after all, but demolishes it.

On the contrary, the duty and dignity of a mother require that she should never subordinate herself to her children. When she does so, she does it to their manifest injury and her own. Of course, if illness or accident demand unusual care, she does well to grow thin and pale in bestowing unusual care. But when a mother in the ordinary routine of life grows thin and pale, gives up riding, reading, and the amusements and occupations of life, there is a wrong somewhere, and her children shall reap the fruits of it. The father and mother are the head of the family, the most comely and the most honorable part. They can not benefit their children by descending from their Heaven-appointed places, and becoming perpetual and exclusive feet and hands. This is the great fault of American mothers. They swamp themselves in a slough of self-sacrifice. They are smothered in their own sweetness. They dash into domesticity with an impetus and abandonment that annihilate themselves. They sink into their families like a

light in a poisonous well, and are extinguished.

The nursery has no business to be the mother's chrysalis. God never intended her to wind herself up into a cocoon. If He had, He would have made her a caterpillar. She has no right to bury her womanly nature in the tomb of childhood. It will surely be required at her hands. It was given her to sun itself in the broad, bright day, to root itself fast and firm in the earth, to spread itself wide to the sky, that her children in their infancy and youth and maturity, that her husband in his strength and his weakness, that her kinsfolk and her neighbors and the poor of the land, the halt and the blind and all Christ's little ones, may sit under its shadow with great delight. No woman has a right to sacrifice her own soul to problematical, high-minded, world-stirring sons, and virtuous, lovely daughters. To be the mother of such, one might perhaps pour out one's life in draughts so copious that the fountain should run dry; but world-stirring people are extremely rare. One in a century is a liberal allowance. The overwhelming probabilities are, that her sons will be lawyers and shoemakers and farmers and commission-merchants, her daughters nice, "smart," pretty girls, all good, honest, kind-hearted, commonplace people, not at all world-stirring, not at all the people one would glory to merge one's self in. If the mother is not satisfied with this, if she wants them otherwise, she must be otherwise. The surest way to have high-minded children, is to be high-minded yourself. A man can not burrow in his counting-room for ten or twenty of the best years of his life, and come out as much of man and as little of a mole as he went in. But the twenty years should have ministered to his manhood, instead of trampling on it. Still less can a woman bury herself in her nursery, and come out without harm. But the years should have done her great good. This world is not made for a tomb, but a garden. You are to be a seed, not a death. Plant yourself, and you will sprout. Bury yourself, and you can only decay. For a dead opportunity there is no resurrection. The only enjoyment, the only use to be attained in this world, must be attained on the wing. Each day brings its own happiness, its own benefit; but it has none to spare. What escapes to-day is escaped forever. To-morrow has no overflow to atone for the lost yesterdays.

Few things are more painful to look upon than the self-renunciation, the self-abnegation of mothers—painful both for its testimony and its prophecy. Its testimony is of over-care, over-work, over-weariness, the abuse of capacities that were bestowed for most sacred uses, an utter waste of most pure and life-giving waters. Its prophecy is of early decline and decadence, forfeiture of position and power, and worst, perhaps, of all, irreparable loss and grievous wrong to the children for whom all is sacrificed.

Let me say to the mothers of boys, that with you rests a grave responsibility in this matter of training up pure, good men. Every good woman, who has a son, should endeavor by every means in her power to win his free, loving confidence in all matters pertaining to himself, especially on sexual matters. She should talk freely, just as a pure-minded woman can do, to him of all those mysteries pertaining to the sexual relation; then he will always retain a pure and reverent idea of those things as taught by his mother, which idea he can never entirely lose in after years, how vile soever may be his companions.

"Oh, horrors!" says one, "I could never be so immodest as to speak of those things to my boys—why I can not talk of them even to my girls." Very well, then, if your great modesty, which, by the way, did not prevent your marrying and bearing children—if this same modesty is more precious to you than the salvation of your child, then I can only say that he is unfortunate in his mother.

Now I know a great many women, good and



sensible on all other subjects, who have made just such remarks. They remind me of a man who nailed all his windows against burglars and left his front door standing open. They would send their children out to fight life's battles armed at every point but the most vital and vulnerable. They would turn them into a forest filled with lions and bears and wolves, and either say nothing about any danger, or else, "We will not talk of the animals, it is vulgar and immodest; go, and be devoured, so I preserve my modesty."—*San José Mercury*.

## ONEIDA CIRCULAR.

HARRIET M. WORDEN, EDITOR.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1876.

In these troubled times when robberies and cold-blooded murders are rampant, when government officials are at variance, when serious accusations are brought against ministers of the gospel, and names like Henry Ward Beecher are tarnished, it is cheering to witness the inspiration of Moody and Sankey in proclaiming their simple religion throughout the country. It is something marvelous to see them boldly enter our great metropolis with a fixed determination to change the hearts of the people. From their continued success it would seem as if they were expressly raised up to fill the need of the hour. It is only another evidence that God's truth is not dependent on persons—when one medium fails, another is found to carry on the good work of disseminating the gospel. Moody and Sankey promise to supply the place in the public estimation, once filled by Henry Ward Beecher.

Now that it is common to inquire how Congressional appropriations are used, we would like to ask what has become of the ten or fifteen thousand dollars, granted two or three years ago for the purpose of constructing a pneumatic tube in Washington, by which packages were to be conveyed with astonishing speed from one departmental building to another. If we remember correctly, Mr. Albert Brisbane was principally instrumental in securing the appropriation. Perhaps he will enlighten the public on the results of the experiment. We have heard it stated that it was as complete a failure as that of any Fourier Phalanx that was ever started; but let us have the facts.

There are indications that we have seen the worst of "the hard times." Commerce and manufactures are improving both in this country and in Europe, and the sanguine predict a prosperous centennial year.

The operations of the high officials who constitute the band of thieves known as the Whisky Ring, which are now being exposed, the robbery of a New London bank by a trusted teller and the flight of a county treasurer in Ohio, leaving a deficit in his accounts of \$60,000—all items of this week's news—show that Satan as well as death "loves a shining mark." The *Rochester Democrat* in commenting on ex-editor-ex-senator-ex-minister Winslow's forgeries, exclaims, "it will be Ralph Waldo Emerson's turn next, we suppose." One or two thousand years ago Diogenes hunted around some time with a lantern to find a MAN. We never heard that he found one, and they don't seem to be any more common now. Perhaps if we should reverse the old cry of "Principles not Men," and go for *Men*, such as fear God and hate the devil and his works, seven days in the week, whether they be democrats or republicans, Jews or Perfectionists, the chances of the modern Diogenes finding a man, among those in high places would be decidedly improved. ††

### MARRIAGE PERPLEXITIES.

Marriage, legally considered, is a more uncertain institution in these United States than persons unread in our laws would be apt to suppose. Each State regulates marriages and divorces to suit itself, and their statute provisions on the subject are very various. In some States, New York for example, there is no particular form of marriage prescribed by law, and no statutory prohibition as to certain persons marrying each other; while in other States definite rules are laid down. In some of the States, divorces are readily enough obtained; in others they are secured with greater difficulty. Some particular States have made themselves notorious by the laxity of their laws bearing on this subject. Further, the States can and do from time to time modify their marriage and divorce laws, making them more stringent or less so, to suit the popular sentiment. From this diversity of law and custom, people attempting marriage may be thrown into embarrassing situations, as in a case which recently occurred in Massachusetts.

About the first of the present month Mr. James Parton, the well-known author, who now resides in Newburyport, Mass., was married to Miss Ellen Eldredge, according to the usual church forms. Mr. Parton was the third husband of the late "Fanny Fern," and Miss Eldredge is her youngest daughter by the second husband. Mr. Parton therefore married his wife's daughter. A few days after the marriage he discovered that this was contrary to the laws of Massachusetts, being within the prohibited degrees. On making this discovery he left his house in charge of his supposed wife, and took lodgings for himself elsewhere, until he should be able to get legal relief in some way. Various expedients were suggested to help him out of his difficulty, as for example, that the Legislature should pass a special act making his marriage valid; or that he and the lady should come to New York State, where the same prohibitions are not in force, and be again married here. But it is doubted whether the Legislature can relieve him while the old statute stands; and it was claimed that according to Massachusetts law, if the parties should be married in this State with the intention of returning to their Massachusetts residence, the marriage would still be invalid there. Mr. Parton, acting under legal advice, has since been remarried in New-York city by Dr. Tyng.

The antiquated provisions of the Massachusetts law which stood in the way of Mr. Parton's happiness, were probably derived from the English statute passed in the 25th year of Henry VIII, in which it is enacted "that no subjects of his realm, or in any of his majesty's dominions, shall marry within the following degrees, and the children of such unlawful marriages are illegitimate, viz: a man may not marry his mother or step-mother, his sister, his son's or daughter's daughter, his father's daughter by his step-mother, his aunt, his uncle's wife, his son's wife, his brother's wife, his wife's daughter, his wife's son's daughter, his wife's daughter's daughter, his wife's sister."

The public sentiment of the present generation scarcely endorses these prohibitions, at least those touching the union of persons not related by blood; and it is altogether probable that Mr. Parton's case will lead to the modification or repeal of the old law. There is a growing tendency to regard marriage as a civil contract only, and to place less force on ecclesiastical sanctions. This is evident from the increasing freedom of divorce, and from the great diversity of marriage laws. Men and women feel less and less moral constraint to pass their lives in the exclusive misery of a first and uncongenial marriage, which perhaps was hastily en-

tered into. How to get comfortably and properly married; and how to get successfully unmarried; these are the problems over which society at present agitates itself. And the solemnity with which it strives to maintain the sanctity of the "honored institution," while practicing the most ingenious legal quips to evade its rigors, as it floats down the current of a constantly shifting custom, is a marvelous instance of hypocrisy. A system so undermined must soon be forced to submit itself fully to criticism. F. W. S.

### THE BEECHER-BOWEN DIFFICULTY.

WHEN the Examining Committee of Plymouth Church called on Henry C. Bowen for a reply to the list of grievances against him drawn up by Mr. S. V. White, it was generally supposed the time had come for a disclosure of the bottom facts of the great scandal; but the document read by Mr. Bowen to the Examining Committee in reply to Mr. White's grievances disclosed no facts and refused under any circumstances to give the names of his informers against Mr. Beecher. At the same time he denounced him as guilty of "the awful crimes of adultery, perjury and hypocrisy." The Church could now do no less than demand of Mr. Bowen a full statement of the facts upon which he based such a sweeping charge against their pastor. In response Mr. Bowen met the Examining Committee with a proposition that "three men within the Congregational body be selected, distinguished for their wisdom and impartiality, and in whose decision the world will feel confidence, who shall be pledged to keep all such evidence sacred, before whom only Mr. Beecher and himself shall appear with their witnesses, and before whom he will consent without any reserve whatever, and as soon as they can meet, to give in full the evidence which had led him to say he believed Mr. Beecher guilty of adultery, perjury and hypocrisy." This proposition was rejected by the Examining Committee, and their action has since been indorsed by Mr. Beecher and Plymouth Church. When the Examining Committee endeavored to make Mr. Bowen immediately unburden himself he asked "for at least ten days' time in which to consult papers, documents, dates and memoranda referring to the case." This was denied by the Committee at the time, but has since been granted under instruction from the church. To this summary must be added the denunciation of Mr. Bowen by Mr. Beecher "as a liar and slanderer," made while standing "before the almighty God and looking to the day of judgment."

In the same discourse in which this denunciation of Mr. Bowen occurs Mr. Beecher mentions that Mr. Bowen was not only one of the earliest members of Plymouth Church, but one of its founders; that it was his threshold he first crossed on coming to Brooklyn; that they often walked arm in arm; that his house was a brother's house to him; and he says he can think of nothing more sad than that there "should now be such antagonism between them that one or the other must be destroyed."

The public will of course suspend judgment on the quarrel until Mr. Bowen produces his facts, but there can be no harm in suggesting that the celebrated tripartite agreement covered all these facts, whatever they may be, with expressions of "cordial friendship, confidence and Christian fellowship," and that they would have remained covered till the Day of Doom if the principal actors concerned had had their way.

Neither can there be any harm in suggesting that it is a singular thing that men who apply such epithets to each other as Mr. Beecher and Bowen have lately used should stand at the head of the so-called religious press of the country;

some will go so far as to express their conviction that journalistic rivalry has a good deal to do in keeping the scandal alive.

It might be suggested in this connection that it is rather unseemly for religious journals and professors to concern themselves so much about institutions that are entirely free from such scandals and personal quarrels—the Oneida Community for instance—while there are such loud calls for reformatory labor in their own high places.

W. A. H.

### OUR WALLINGFORD LETTER.

#### HINTS ON GIVING THE TURKISH BATH.

DEAR CIRCULAR:—The feelings of delight and surprise that shampooing excites in person taking the Turkish Bath for the first time often find expression in terms that are quite superlative, and the invariable tendency is to compare the cheapness of their thorough cleansing with the very partial ablutions that they get under other circumstances at greater cost. "Why!" said a gentleman the other day, "the way in which you shampoo the head is worth fifty cents, alone, and all the rest is thrown in for nothing." So it will be seen that whether the shampooing process possesses the virtue that (in proper hands) we believe it does, or not, it certainly adds vastly to the luxury and pleasure of the bath and tends, not a little, to make it popular.

We advise that careful attention be paid to this part of the bath, and that, in the whole operation, the comfort of each particular bather be sought and studied, rather than the carrying out of a set of rules or practices in any thing like a professional habit. For instance, if a person is very ticklish, don't insist upon tickling, but rather omit some parts of the process; at all events, study to please. Let such an one take the brush and soap in his own hands and brush the parts that are most sensitive. Then if one wishes to be sprinkled with warm water, let him have it as warm as he wants it; if he asks for cold water, let him choose for himself. There is some truth in the theory that what people feel most like taking is the best for them. At all events, we find it best for the bath to let people suit themselves.

The sprinkling process follows the shampooing; the bather standing on the floor, is sprinkled with tepid water which is gradually cooled until the water becomes almost cold; commencing at about 90° Fahrenheit and ending about 75° Fah. This process may be prolonged or shortened at the option of the bather; but it should be of sufficient duration to thoroughly cool the skin without producing a chill. Some persons like clear cold water, and there is no reason why they should not have it, but it will not do to give a cold sprinkle indiscriminately. We have found it preferable in changing the temperature of the sprinkle; to let the change be first felt on the upper part of the body. Too much cold water on the head is undesirable on account of the tendency to headache from the reaction.

After the sprinkling, wipe off lightly with soft towels; don't rub with coarse cloths, but wrap the bather in a sheet and let him sit or recline in the cooling-room, which should be kept, not warmer than 70° Fah. The head should be well dried and the feet also wiped, and if there is any tendency to sweat let the sheet be thrown off. Under no circumstances should the bather dress until his skin is perfectly dry and smooth. This part of the bath is the most important, so far as any liability to taking cold is concerned; for whatever may be the fears or theories about such liability, it is certain that if proper precautions are observed in cooling and drying off, the bather is much less liable to take cold than he was before taking his bath. If a

person insists upon dressing before the attendant thinks he is cool enough to do so, let it be understood that he acts upon his own responsibility and takes his own risk as to catching cold.

Another remark on the subject of taking cold may not be out of place here. It sometimes happens that the first bath produces unpleasant sensations; we have found this to apply to the first bath or two but never afterwards. When the stomach is disordered, chills, and sometimes all the symptoms of a severe cold attack the sufferer. If the bath, in some cases acts upon the liver in a way to throw bile on the stomach, the symptoms of a cold are exactly the results that may be expected and they should be regarded as evidence of the good effects of the bath and should stimulate the subjects of them to a thorough course of bathing, for they undoubtedly are the class of people who would derive the greatest benefit from a free use of the Turkish Bath.

It is very desirable that there should be as little talking as possible in the hot- and sprinkling-rooms. The mind should be kept free from cares and excitement. Especially would we advise attendants not to enter into conversation with bathers during the shampooing process, for the attention of the attendant will be thereby diverted from the faithful performance of his duty, and the bather will fail to appreciate the pleasurable sensations of the varied manipulations. The manipulations, and in fact the whole process of shampooing, should be carried through systematically, so as to avoid any hesitation or uncertainty, and to guard against the omission of any part. The moment the attendant hesitates or is at a loss what to do next, a sensitive bather will feel it and it will detract somewhat from the comfort of his bath. Our shampooers find it most convenient to plan out the ground they go over and so be sure of doing their work thoroughly as they go; this precludes the possibility of omissions and leaves the shampooer in no doubt as to what he has done and what is before him to do.

The shampooer should attack his subject with a firm, yet gentle grasp, taking care that there is nothing harsh in his touch or manner. His directions also as to when to turn, etc., should be given quietly. He should be quick and lively, but not excited; he should seek to avoid all false motions so that the bather be kept no longer in the shampooing-room than is absolutely necessary. The confidence of a shampooer, who feels that he is master of his art and is going to perform it with a right good will, imparts itself to the bather and he feels that, for once in his life, he has fallen into the right hands. So much of this is true, that in the large cities shampooers so gain the confidence of bathers that they can carry their patronage from one bath to another and in this way command higher wages than others of their craft.

Let a spirit of quietness reign throughout the bathing establishment so that bathers may drink in an atmosphere of repose. Excitement or hurry, no matter how great the press of business, should be studiously avoided; otherwise your customers may be excited instead of rested and they will be liable to feel that they have been hurried through with less attention than they might have received under less pressing circumstances. A. E.

W. C., Feb. 9, 1876.

### HOME ITEMS.

#### ONEIDA.

Saturday, Feb. 12.—Very sunny and spring-like after days and nights of mist and rain.

St. Valentine's day.—Clouds and rain.

The lecturers on Physiology, Phrenology, Roman and English History, and "The Precursors of the

Reformation," have given us one or two lectures on their respective subjects during the past week.

THE blue birds have come. Perhaps they found it colder south than here, some suggest.

THE farmers are busy drawing stone for their new barn and digging its cellar, when the weather permits. We also see cartloads of muck going from the swamp toward the barns and pastures.

ON account of the prevalence of small-pox in this and neighboring counties, our doctor has been vaccinating some in the family the past week, besides vaccinating the children born since the last time we had our round of this operation.

THE other evening, when the educational hour was given up to Amusements, the stage curtain rose, disclosing to our eyes a *Tableau*, the "Village Choir." There they were, well-worn *Carmina Sacra* in hand, their mouths stretched to uttermost capacity,—sideways, lengthways, cornerways,—excepting the bashful young girl, whose singing was chiefly simpering, and the sentimental young man who

"With the rosin'd bow torments the string"

of his violin over which he leans his head as lovingly as though the chignon of his beloved were reclining on his shoulder, instead of his \$10 fiddle. The fellow with the clarinet kept *his* mouth puckered tightly-around his "tooting-stick;" but no sound came forth, and he scowled furiously at his music book, as if blaming it for the barren results of so much blowing. We had hardly got through laughing and clapping after the curtain fell, when up it went again, and there they were taking the pitch. And then—bless us! what a concatenation of sounds greeted our ears—a "full mouthed diapason" indeed! a

"Straining of harsh discords and unpleasant sharps,"

intended to represent the "Coronation Hymn;"

Surely, we thought, as the curtain fell again, this is music which

"Hath charms to soothe a savage,

Render a rock, or split a cabbage!"

After that came the play,

"A FAMILY FIX."

An old German play, in one act and scene, the plot of which is intended to illustrate the stubbornness of women in little things, as well as the propensity men have to domineer on the slightest occasion and make the "obey" of the marriage ceremony, more important than the "love and honor." Of course poor woman, in spite of frowns, and tears, and "I shan'ts," and "I'll die first," is at last out-witted, and made to say some silly words just to gratify her "lord and master's" love for commanding. It was all very laughable, however, and quite well done for amateur performers.

ONE of the topics of conversation in our evening meeting the past week, has been that of reading as a means of education. The subject was not exhaustively discussed by any means, still, many interesting points were touched upon which will probably be more fully considered in our columns at some future time.

It is a subject that will bear and deserves much study and reflection; for not only on the one hand is reading judiciously pursued, probably the most valuable of all aids in the education, and culture of the mind; but, on the other hand, if indulged in, in a haphazard, pleasure-seeking, gormandizing way, it has quite a bad, dissipating effect upon the mind and memory. How reading can be made a means to the highest and broadest development of the mind is the question we are considering. This naturally leads on to the discussion of the best "courses of reading" to be pursued, for certain ends, and certain minds; and not only this, but as to the best facilities for obtaining or supplying the

materials for such courses. Concerning this, the following practical point was made: "That for general education, especially of women, it is essential that reading should be done at home. Now universities, city—or even village—libraries, do not render this altogether possible; in fact *Communities only can afford to put good libraries into homes*; and hence, in some respects, the hope of universal education lies in the direction of Communism."

On hearing the report of our conversation on the above-mentioned topic read at W. C., Mr. N. remarked:

"It occurs to me that in selecting our course of reading we shall have to give inspiration considerable influence in directing us. If we are spiritual enough to get signals of direction in regard to any of our affairs, it would seem that we might, each one of us, avail ourselves of this guidance in a matter so essential to a good education as reading. Why not make this a subject of persevering prayer, and expect that Jesus Christ will help us to follow out courses of reading after his own heart, and in the line of inspiration that he has marked out for us?"

This remark was heartily endorsed in our evening meeting, and it was thought absolutely necessary, that, with such a mass of literature as there was before us, we should have the discrimination that comes with inspiration as an aid to judgment.

#### TURKISH BATH ITEM.

SOME three weeks ago we mentioned the case of a gentleman, a great sufferer from chronic rheumatism, who was brought to the bath by his friends "as a last resort for alleviation from his sufferings." He took two baths at the time with encouraging results and then went home to make arrangements for coming here to board and finish the course. He came here a week ago last Monday (Feb. 7th), and staid until the next Saturday (Feb. 12), taking ten baths in the time. When he first came he could hardly walk, but his health has steadily improved during the course, and when he left he could walk with an ease and quickness that was a surprise to himself and others. He expects to come again soon and take another course; for though so much better, his rheumatism was probably too severe, and of too long standing to entirely disappear by one course of baths.

A gentleman who lives within twelve or thirteen miles of our place, has been here twice lately and taken a bath. He commends the bath highly, especially our course as regards advertising it. He says we don't claim to cure folks, but are all the time curing them, and the world is finding it out; whereas if we made great professions, like the patent medicine people, and the like, that we can cure any thing, no one would believe us.

We have cases—in spite of the dreadful state of the roads—of persons from a distance dropping in now and then for one bath and then going away again; we not hearing of the result. But we expect such cases are seed, that in time will spring up and bear fruit.

An enthusiast in our family, who has received benefit from the bath, sent the following effusion to one of our shampooers, as a fit expression of gratitude:

"Oh come to the bath! it has merits untold,  
For the sick and infirm, for the young and the old.  
Come test it ye feeble and make no delay,  
For health, firm and sure, will your efforts repay.  
Don't sweat with vexation when agues assail,  
But plunge in the bath, where health-sweatings prevail;  
Once, twice, 'tis much better than doctor or pill,  
Which, sometimes, nay, often, the sufferers kill.  
Oh come! 'tis an era of health be assured,  
For a/ get relief, if they're not wholly cured;  
'The lame, the rheumatic, the blind and the deaf,  
May come to the bath and find speedy relief.  
Perhaps like the pool of Bethesda of old,  
An angel, whose presence we can not behold,  
Imparts healing power to the elements used,  
When applied with precaution and are not abused.  
Man, made in God's image was never designed  
To be cramped by disease, both of body and mind,  
And the bath, though so simple, may herald the day,  
When disease, and death even, shall both pass away."

K. V. J.

#### ROOT-PRUNING OF ANNUAL PLANTS.

HOW great is often the difference between the products of a well-tilled field and of one left mainly to take care of itself, even when all other conditions are equal; and who has not thought the reasons usually assigned for this difference were not fully satisfactory? For the contrast is noticed where the partly cultivated field is not very weedy nor the ground apparently in great need of pulverization. In the February number of the *Scientific Farmer* Dr. E. L. Sturtevant (widely known for his able and scientific treatment of many agricultural subjects) offers an additional reason deduced from his own observations and experiments:

The problem which the farmer has to meet, in order to derive the utmost profit from his soil, is to cause his whole soil to contribute to the growth of his crop. If by any means he can cause all the roots to divide and sub-divide and occupy the whole area of his soil, then not only is he gaining a larger return from his land, but he may profitably apply additional food to his land, with the expectation that but comparatively little of this applied food will go to waste, and that a very large proportion will contribute toward the growth of his crop.

The past year my brother, Joseph N., and myself formulated the very important observations, that *the pruning of the roots of annual plants—the corn plant in particular—caused an increased development of fibrous roots, in the same manner as happens when an apple or pear tree is root-pruned*. We found that an obstruction, an injury, or a direct severance of these normally straight and unbranched maize roots caused them to branch in a most striking manner. In other words the pruning of the roots of a maize plant (and other corn plants) increased the number of roots in a given area of soil in a very great degree, and thus gave the plant a greater command over the resources of a given area of soil. That is, root-pruning has caused the maize roots to branch, and has given them the power of soil-occupancy equal to the coronal roots. Again, root-pruning allows of the profitable use of chemical fertilizers. Again, root-pruning allows a farmer to depend upon other resources than those of the farm, and by economizing his material, to produce results equivalent to those obtained on the rich and deep alluvial soils of the West.

We would like to ask the farmer to think over these ideas for himself, and would suggest the following pertinent queries: Does not cultivation of the corn-crop greatly improve the yield? Does not this cultivation cut the roots? Does not the best farmer cultivate (root-prune?) the most? Do not the best results of culture come from the most constant application of those tools which pulverize (root-prune?) and break (root-prune?) the ground the deepest?

#### THE RESULT OF THE CENTENNIAL.

A writer of the *Pall Mall Budget* signing himself "An American," in an article under the title of "International Trifles," thus gives his views regarding the Centennial anniversary:

"The Centennial anniversary of the American Republic has been looked forward to as a time of general international good-fellowship. So far as this good fellowship will exist between the United States and the Continental nations of Europe, it will amount to a mere interchange of compliments—of about as much value, nationally, as the compliments of the ball-room are socially. As between Great Britain, however and the United States, compliments and criticisms, good-fellowship or bad-fellowship, involve at all times questions of the most serious interest to both nations. In spite of national boundaries and some national differences, we are one people. We are such by the imperative force of a common language, quite independently even of a common origin. The fact is fully recognized by the people of every other nation; and it exists all the same, whether some of us care to acknowledge it or not. We may hate each other or love each other: it is the hatred or the love of brothers. If we fight, it is a family war; if we are at peace, it is a family reconciliation. Our close relationship is something entirely beyond our own control: its existence can not be rati-

ally denied or profitably discussed. A question, however, which does demand our attention, and calls for our most serious thought, is this: shall we, united despite ourselves, enjoy the advantages of family unity instead of suffering its disadvantages? Shall we allow small prejudices, the result of little differences and trifling details, to stand in the way of our common interests? We have been doing this persistently for the past ninety-nine years."

He further remarks, and quite justly, that the hostile feeling existing between England and America, as often shown by English and American travelers is a "thing to laugh at—a very humorous picture: two groups of school-children as it were, standing apart and thrusting out their tongues at each other." He continues:

"Yet these children are the grown-up men and women of England and America. They are on neutral ground, and therefore exhibit their real feelings uninfluenced by the demands of hospitality on either side; they are unbiassed, also, by those annoyances which always make a traveler uncharitable to the country in which he happens to be. We may fairly conclude that their prejudices are such as they have brought with them from their homes—such as exist in somewhat less force among the people whom they respectively represent. The correctness of this conclusion is proved by a study of the people in their own countries. Americans who have met the English in circles where personal intercourse has not led to a courteous suppression of real feelings, or to that intelligent liberality which personal friendship must always produce, find a dense ignorance of every thing American; and growing in this ignorance there is an abundant crop of small antipathies. Precisely the same thing is true of the American people. Where they have not met the English, here, or at home, as friends, they have the ignorance and the indifference from which petty prejudices spring as naturally as weeds from neglected ground. In such soil, on both sides of the Atlantic, seeds of ill-will have been planted by petulant writers, great and small, English and American, during the last half-century; and they have sprung up in almost tropical luxuriance.

"We laugh at these little prejudices as trifles. I have called them trifles. But the trifles which first cause a slight commotion in a family circle, and then keep up a feeling of annoyance day after day, often cease to be very far from trifling. The gravest troubles of society are either caused by trifles or made possible by trifles. The same is true, for the most part, of international difficulties. Serious disputes can be settled with ease by the diplomatists of two nations if their respective peoples are in friendly personal sympathy with each other. On the other hand, the slightest differences often engender grave hostility when the inhabitants of two nations have suffered mutual irritation for a term of years, and then the strongest leaders may become powerless to quench it."

After giving a categorical account of the diplomatic history of these two nations, in which he cites numerous instances of petty quarrels and discords in which both have indulged, he mentions the cool indifference with which both England and America treat Spain, and gives it as his opinion that "neither the English nor the Americans respect the Spanish people a hundredth part as much as they respect each other."

But regarding the general result of the Centennial Exhibition, in bringing about a more satisfactory state of things he says:

"During the present year there will be many English travelers in the United States—four-fifths, probably, of all who cross the ocean to see the Exhibition at Philadelphia. Some of them will go for purposes of business in connection with articles exhibited; many others will go in the pursuit of scientific instruction. A vast majority of these travelers, however, will be mere pleasure tourists impelled by curiosity. This curiosity will be a laudable one, and the tourists will leave England with the most friendly intentions. When they start on their journey they will have, for the most part, feelings of kindly sympathy with their cousins over the water. For all that, however, they will constitute a horde of Caucasian Bedouins moving westward, and they will land at New-York with all the quick passions and the



ready prejudices of that race. I do not hesitate, therefore, to express the opinion that these travelers will add nothing to the kindly feelings of the English people for those of America; nor, except so far as they make personal friendships, will they place the English character in its most amiable light before the citizens of the United States. American tourists in England during the past sixty years have exerted the opposite influences; and I see no reason why we should hope for a different result from a sudden exodus of Englishmen to America—especially at a time when the ordinary discomforts of travel will be greater than usual, on account of the numbers seeking accommodation."

### JANUARY MEETING OF THE POTOMAC FRUIT GROWERS.

From our Washington correspondent.

**P**RESIDENT Gillingham read a very interesting Paper on "The Insects of the Apple," substantially as follows:

They are 1st. The Tree Borer (*Saperda bivittata*) a nocturnal insect which has proved very destructive to our orchards. The female deposits the eggs, one in a place, on the lower part of the trunk of the trees, which hatch out a footless grub and which enters and feeds upon the tissues of the bark. As it grows, it burrows deeper and upward until the heart of the tree is reached. There the insect undergoes its transformation, and in the Spring, the perfected borer, emerges to the light of day.

The remedy is to observe the bark of your trees very closely during the summer to discover the excrements that are ejected. The discolored and depressed portions of the bark will indicate the places of their retreat. Cut into them and destroy the grubs. If they have penetrated the wood, pursue them with a stout wire. As a preventive, alkaline washes may be used to drive away the mother beetle. Scrub the trunk with soft-soap in May or June, putting parts of it also on the forks of the branches, to be dissolved by the rains. Examine the bark again in August. Cut out as before, injecting the soap. Encourage the presence of the birds, who will efficiently aid in the extermination of wood-boring insects.

2. The Thick-Legged Borer, (*Chrysobothris femorata*) is another variety and which is very common at the West. This is a black beetle about 1-2 inch long, which may be seen running up and down the trees in June and July. This insect attacks the trunk higher up than the *Saperda*, and the hole bored by the grub is flat. At first it burrows under the bark and then sinks into the wood.

The remedies and preventives for this, are similar to those above named. Specially seek for the young grubs in their shallow burrows in August, before they have penetrated the wood.

3. The Twig Borer (*Bostrichus bicaudatus*) attacks the branches. This insect is a small chestnut-brown beetle, from 1-4 to 1 3 of an inch long, and may be known by two horns on its tail. The effect produced by this beetle on the small limbs is similar to the blight, causing the death of the parts at midsummer. It enters the bark near the axil of a leaf, winding round, and often extending its ravages several inches along the pith.

The remedy is to catch and destroy. Cut off and burn the dead branches.

4. Another variety is the *Leptostylus aculifer*, is a short, thick, brownish-grey beetle, with spines upon its wing-covers (hence its name), about 1-3 of an inch long. The larvæ are small worms, found in multitudes underneath the bark, and making long, winding burrows.

5. The Bark Beetle (*Tormicus mali*), is a new variety, small, smooth, black or chestnut red and cylindrical. The larvæ feed under the bark, and entering the wood destroy the young trees.

The best remedy against the two last-named, is

to keep the trees well washed in May and June with a strong lye, made white with lime.

6. The Bark Louse (*Aspidiotus conchiformis*) is very injurious in some parts of the country. It is very prolific and soon covers every twig of the tree, obstructing its transpirations and abstracting its juices. Often the leaves and fruit are also overrun. The *nidus* of these insects is the well-known "scale," flat, brown and overlapping on the branches. These hatch out in the spring, generally in May.

After the fall of the leaves, the limbs on which the scales may be found should be cut off and burned. To destroy the insects apply in May or June strong lye, or solutions of potash, or soda, or whitewash made of lye and sulphur, or tobacco boiled in lye, or soft soap tar and linseed oil. The lady-bird feeds on these insects.

7. The Leaf-Louse (*Aphis mali*) is a small green wingless insect, which crowds upon the tips of the green twigs and under the leaves, sucking the sap. Its eggs are laid in the cracks of the bark, and hatch when the bud expands. The best remedy is to scrape the rough bark and apply to the stems alkaline or lime washes.

8. The Root Louse (*Pemphigus pyri*) is the greatest of pests. It is found in warty excrescences on the roots. To eradicate them remove the earth and pour hot soap-suds upon the roots, and save your nursery stock.

9. The Codling Moth (*Carpocapsa pomonella*) gives us so much trouble that we now have but few perfect specimens of fruits. Early in the summer the female drops her eggs, singly, on the blossom end of the apple, from whence the young worm passes into the core of the fruit. In three or four weeks it has attained its growth, when it makes its exit by gnawing through the side of the apple. It instinctively seeks the trunk of the tree, where it hides under the scales of the bark. This gives the opportunity to destroy it in the pupa state. The pupæ can also be trapped by placing cloth or rags in forks of the branches, or by binding hay-ropes, or folds of paper round the trunk. These should be examined every few days, and the insects destroyed. The moth being nocturnal may be caught by putting lamps, or lighting fires in the orchards.

10. The Tent or Nest Caterpillar (*Clisiocampa Americana of Harris*) is also found on the wild cherry and persimmon. The moth selecting a terminal branch that has completed its growth, deposits her eggs to the number of two or three hundred, which she covers with a broad sheath. In the winter these eggs can be readily seen and destroyed; or the nests may be eradicated in the Spring.

11. The Lapped Caterpillar (*Gastropacha Americana*) is another pest. The worms are flat, and when at rest are not easily distinguished from the bark. They feed in the night. The remedy is to catch and destroy.

G. F. N.

Washington, D. C., Feb. 1879.

### WOODLAND.

I love to hear the woodman's ax, or saw, or rattling mill;  
I love to see the bill man bind his fagots, large or small.

**I**F we could see the forests or woods of the south-east counties of England, we should see something resembling our own forests, at a little distance; but a nearer approach to the English woods would show the large trees to be some distance apart, and the spaces between filled up with copse or under brush. The woods are mostly of small extent, but in places, occupy hundreds of acres, and look as though they had never been cultivated. Others again, show signs of regular rows, and the handiwork of man.

But here comes a sturdy woodman clad in stout clothing, leathern apron and sleeves, with thick

mitten, ax on shoulder and bill-hook in hand. He lays down the ax, and with bill-hook brushes away brambles and twigs, long grass, heath, or whatever surrounds the larger growth. These he carefully binds with withes like sheaves. Then he takes the ax and chops down the poles close to the ground. These he speedily and neatly trims with the bill and puts them in piles of fifty or one hundred. Those of the size of a fishing rod are trimmed not more than two-thirds or so of the length, then tied in convenient bundles to be used for binding the tops of new hedges. The larger poles are selected for fencing; the rest for hops. These are sorted, and the bark shaved off by women or children and piled according to length. The crooked poles are cut into stakes for hedges and bound with a withe at each end in convenient bundles. The larger branches are tied in larger fagots than the fine, and used for burning on the hearth. Then there are other kinds of fagots made at times, some six or eight feet long, bound with three withes and used for yard screens. This copse is cut close to the ground, and in winter, after a growth of eight or ten years, the larger trees are left for timber. It is a pretty sight to see a piece of woodland nicely cut, and the different sizes of wood neatly and orderly stacked or piled ready for the team. The varieties of wood that form this copse are birch, ash, maple, hazel, willow, alder, hawthorn, black-thorn, mountain-ash, holly, yew, beech, chacker, elder, oak, and a great variety of others less common. Where the land is poor, heath, broom, furze, brakes, moss, etc., form the principal growth. But now, when

"The blackbird and thrush sing in every green bush,  
And the blithe dairy-maiden sits milking her cow,"

let us follow two stalwart men and a hardy boy. On their shoulders are heavy axes long cross-cut-saws, spades, wedges, banking tools, hatchets, etc. They approach the sturdy oak that has been marked by the owner, lay off their coats, and dig around the tree from one to two feet deep, and wide enough to work the saw. Then the saw is laid close to the bottom of the newly dug trench. A man at each end places it so that they can work the handle with ease, and the boy pulls a cord at the cutting end. Now let patience cheer this manly group. As the saw proceeds the wedges are driven. The tree trembles—staggers—falls—and the sound of its fall echoes from many a flowery bank and smiling dell. Now the hatchet is whirled, the bark cut through in rings three feet apart, until the branches dwindle to the size of one's wrist. As it is the time of year when the buds are starting, the bark readily yields to the prying instrument. Then poles are laid on crotches nearly three feet high, and the bark set up against the poles somewhat like sheaves in long rows, with a piece of bark laid across the top to keep off the rain. In this condition it soon dries. The main log is drawn to a pit to saw, and the large branches are cut for fence-posts, or whatever they will make; the crooked and smaller parts are cut and corded for cord-wood. The smaller sizes and the brush are neatly bound into large fagots to cheer the hearth. Every twig is put to the best use; and what should we think of digging down and splitting out the remainder of the stubs left in the hole after the tree is removed? But as labor is cheap and wood dear, this is cheerfully done, and every root of any considerable size is grubbed, corded, and left to dry. This makes good fuel. A few fine specimens of beech and ash are left to grow into large trees, and as the bark of these is not valuable they may be cut in winter. Now what a contrast between the Old and the New World in this one thing. As our forests dwindle we may learn to plant and cultivate the best and most desirable trees with which to beautify our land.

C. E.

## THE NEWS.

The county treasurer of Wayne Co., Ohio, ran away last week. His accounts were short \$60,000.

A jury has at length been obtained in the "six-million" suit against Tweed, and the trial has fairly begun.

The Queen opened the new session of Parliament in person, on the 8th inst. The Lord Chancellor read her opening address.

Fighting is still going on in Spain. A great battle was fought on Saturday last, in which the Alonsists claimed the victory.

The trial of President Grant's private secretary, Gen. O. E. Babcock, at St. Louis, for complicity in the whisky fraud, has begun. It is impossible as yet to predict how it will terminate.

The inquiries into the iniquities of the Pacific Mail Co., reveal among other irregularities the fact that \$2,559,235.20 was paid to one firm of brokers who "never performed any services for the Company" except stock-gambling.

The "Centennial Bill" so called, appropriating \$1,500,000 for the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia, passed the Senate; the vote standing 41 to 15. Gen. Hawley promises to have the Exhibition ready to open at the time set.

The National Bank of Commerce of New London, Conn., was robbed, on Tuesday night of \$21,510 under circumstances which at first seemed very mysterious. But the crime was soon fastened upon one of the tellers who was arrested. He made a full confession, and returned the money.

Moody and Sankey are meeting with marked success in New-York City. The main hall of the Hippodrome which accommodates between seven and eight thousand people is crowded every evening, and the "overflow" hall is usually well filled. The noon prayer-meetings are also well attended. They announce twenty meetings a week, including the "overflow," and meetings for the assistants.

Rev. Fred. Bell, pastor of the Park-street Primitive Methodist Church, Brooklyn, has just been expelled from the church. A member of the church, Mrs. Morris, on her death bed made and swore to grave accusations against him of so gross a nature that the ladies of the church were asked to retire while they were being read. After a prolonged investigation the resolution expelling Mr. Bell was passed.

Keverdy Johnson the distinguished statesman and jurist, died on the evening of the 10th inst. in the grounds of the Executive Mansion at Annapolis Md. Mr. Johnson was at the time the guest of Geo. Carroll, and had been dining, with other gentlemen, at the Executive Mansion. He was found dead in the yard by a servant at 8.15 in the evening. Two flesh wounds were found on his head, the bones of his nose were broken, and his fingers and knees were bruised. These are accounted for by his fall. He was probably seized with vertigo, as he had been subject to such attacks. He was seventy-nine years old.

The Examining Committee of Plymouth Church have as yet failed to extract from Mr. Bowen his alleged "facts." He met the committee on the evening of the 10th inst., and submitted two propositions. The first was, that a committee of three men—distinguished for their wisdom and impartiality, within the Congregational body be chosen; such for example as ex-President Woolsey, President Asa D. Smith, President Fairchild, etc., who shall be pledged to keep the evidence sacred, before whom only Mr. Beecher and himself were to appear with their witnesses. This proposition was rejected. Mr. Bowen then asked for ten days in which to prepare his papers, collect dates, etc., when he would be ready to answer before the Examining Committee. This was also rejected. On the following Friday evening meeting of the Church, the matter was referred back to the committee with instructions to give Mr. Bowen the ten days he demanded. Mr. Beecher took occasion to declare that he would submit to no secret examination such as Mr. Bowen proposed, and emphatically denounced the latter gentleman as a "slanderer and a liar."

On Tuesday evening shortly after six o'clock a fire

was discovered on the first floor of a five-story brick building, No. 444 Broadway, New-York City. The fire spread with frightful rapidity, and the whole building which extended through to Crosby street, was soon enveloped in flames. The Chief Engineer was shortly on the ground, and at once telegraphed for steamers in every direction, and within ten minutes he had ten engines playing on the flames, but apparently without the slightest effect. The fire soon attacked the buildings on either side, and the heat grew so intense that the firemen were driven back, and forced to give their attention to protecting the neighboring buildings. At 8.30 the fire was under control. Numbers 444, 446, 448, 450, and 452, all magnificent iron front buildings were level with the ground, and several other buildings more or less injured. The total loss is put at \$2,271,000, and the total insurance at \$2,452,500. This last figure includes the whole amount insured on property only partly destroyed. The insurance is spread over a great many firms, and none will lose disastrously. Two firemen were killed by falling walls, and another has died since from injuries received.

GERMAN BABIES.—A German baby is a piteous object; it is pinioned and bound up, like a mummy, in yards of bandages, which are unfolded once (at the outside twice) a day; it is never "bathed," but I suppose is sometimes washed after some occult manner. Its head is never touched with soap and water until it is eight or ten months old, when the thick skull-cap of incrustated dirt that it has by that time obtained is removed by the application of various unguents. Many German ladies have assured me that the fine heads of hair one sees in Germany are entirely owing to this unsavory skull-cap. When, having some juvenile relatives staying with me, I insisted on their being "tubbed," all my female friends were shocked at my ignorance and willfulness, and assured me that it was entirely owing to our barbaric bath-system that the King of Hanover had lost his sight. "My friends, we are not all blind," I said; and then they were silenced, if not convinced. To this terrible system of bandaging and carrying the child in a peculiar fashion wrapped in a mantle, that is partly slung round the hips of the bearer, something after the fashion prevailing among Indian squaws, may be attributed in a great degree the number of curved spines, crooked shoulders, and abnormal developments we meet with in Germany. Yet, strange to say, "rickets," a disease only known with us among the poor, who can not afford the time themselves, or pay others to nurse their children properly, goes by the name of the *Englische Krankheit*. The baby being born and swathed up, now gets a huge peasant girl *in loco parentis*. A mummy is not a thing to fondle, nor is a little stiff bundle of humanity (which you might stand up on end in the corner of the room without detriment to its sumptuary arrangements) an object on which to lavish caresses. Thus the young mother is scarcely a mother at all, the maternal functions being delegated to another. The baby does not lie on the floor or crawl to the hearth-rug, crowing and kicking and curling its pink toes, trampling with its chubby legs, and fighting with its mottled arms, "as one that beateth the air." It does not swarm up and about its mother's neck and bosom, finding its little life and all its tiny pleasures in her arms; it does not fall at length into a slumber of rosy repletion, and with its mouth open, snoosily satisfied, rejoice its mother's eyes for the beautiful little animal that it is. No, it is out walking, tied to a feather bed, and accompanied by a tall soldier, the father of as poor a little foster brother or sister, which is to grow up as it can. It comes in presently and is taken to its mamma to kiss: but its real mother, the mother that fosters and feeds it, soon carries it away again, and resumes all the privileges of true maternity for the rest of the day. The lady might as well be its aunt. "Only that, and nothing more."—*Fraser's Magazine*.

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