

# 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 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, 223 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.

## SPIRIT AND FORM.

Home-Talk by J. H. N.

THE celestial mode of seeing things is an inversion of the ordinary mode of human sight. Man sees first the external; God sees first the internal. We see bodies organized as containing souls, and perceive signs that souls are in them; whereas God sees the soul, with the body surrounding it. Our vision is as if we were passing a house, and having our attention drawn to it, we see smoke rising from the chimneys, and perhaps persons looking out at the windows, and recognize the fact that there are persons in it; but the main thing we see is the house. But God's vision is as if he were *in* the house, where he sees the people first and mainly; they are the principal objects of interest to him, and the house around them is entirely secondary.

Take another illustration: Trees exist in two spheres, and are partly visible and partly invisible. One section of a tree is in the air and another in the ground. Our sight has to do exclusively with that half which is in the air, and *that* we call the tree. But in fact the most important part of the tree, that which contains the vital organs of the whole structure, and on which all that we see entirely depends, is in the ground out of sight. Reckoning by sight, the tree is a falsehood: there is a lie in it. That which we see is not the tree, strictly speaking; it is only the exponent or a vision of the tree. It is the *word* of the tree, or its expression. The vital organization of the tree is in the ground, out of sight, and to a perfect vision like that of God, the tree is very differently shaped from what it is to our eyes. To his vision the tree is a duality; it is a stock with a system of branches at both ends. To think of it in the manner we do, as a stock with a system of branches at one end, is a falsehood. And if we estimate ourselves by the same method, and have no conception of what we are but by that which is suggested by mere sight, we are resting in a perpetual delusion. *We* are dualities, as well as the tree, with part of our being in sight and part out of sight; and that part which is out of sight is the most important, and the one which God sees primarily.

The fundamental error of the flesh lies right here, in reckoning a part as the whole. Fleshly wisdom is all built on this half-sight. It is here that unbelief has its basis and element—in the assumption that we see the whole of ourselves, when we see only half, and that the least important half. Regeneration is the work of God, bringing us out of this fleshly view into true vision, and giving us that perception of ourselves and of the universe which he himself has. We are making our

way out of the lie of this half-sight, which is the mist of darkness and the shroud of Satan, into the true light of entire vision, where we shall see things as God sees them.

If our illustration is a fair one, it will correct our ideas about death. When a tree is cut down, it is destruction to that part that we see; a great change is made in that; but the part that is out of sight may be unchanged. And now, applying this to ourselves, suppose that part of us which is out of sight, represented by the roots of the tree, has penetrated into Christ, and is rooted in his life. Then what is called death is no death. The visible part is dissolved, but the invisible part remains as it was, rooted in Christ and in communication with his life. And sensation being withdrawn from the part that was visible, it concentrates in the invisible, so that there is actually an increase of life in that part, and more free fellowship with Christ. I understand that Paul had that in mind when he spoke of "having a desire to depart and be with Christ." He was already in Christ and present with him in the spirit. And yet he reckoned that whilst he was "at home in the body" he was "absent from the Lord." He must have meant that he desired to have that part of his consciousness which was in his body withdrawn and concentrated in his spirit. He desired to increase his fellowship with Christ by the withdrawal of his whole life into that part which was present with him. In saying that whilst he was at home in the body he was absent from the Lord, he did not mean that he was wholly absent from the Lord—absent in spirit and in every respect—but that so far as his consciousness was in the body, he was in an external sphere. So Christ, at the same time that in some of his sayings he represents himself as absent from the Father, and speaks of "going to the Father," "ascending to his God," etc., in other sayings represents himself as present with God, "in the bosom of the Father," and even said to his disciples, "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father." In these latter passages he is speaking of that part of his life which corresponded to the roots of the tree, and in the former, of the part corresponding to the top, which was in another sphere.

Paul, in his fellowship with the church, speaks of being "present in spirit, though absent in body." In his invisible part he was present with all believers as he was with the Lord. In that part they were all in the Lord, members of Christ's body, and present with Christ, and therefore present with one another.

I suppose that the great work which was going on in the Primitive Church, during the period of discipline previous to the judgment, was the strenuous cultivation of this inward

vision, which is able to recognize spiritual presence under conditions of absence in the body. That was the meaning of Christ's withdrawal from his disciples. It was expedient that he should go away, in order that they might appreciate his spiritual presence and seek him in the invisible sphere. While he was with them in the body, their thoughts about him and perceptions of him were all absorbed in the outward sphere of sensual vision; and the true and most important relation between him and them—that of spiritual presence—could not be established and perfected without his withdrawing from them personally, and then sending them the Holy Spirit to *introvert* them and teach them to seek him in their invisible parts. Undoubtedly the same policy was constantly being employed in that church to discipline them to inward attention in a true way toward one another, and to bring all the attractions that existed between different parts of the church to bear in turning them inward to spiritual presence. The whole machinery of God's providence and spiritual operation was tending to the perfecting of that state of things previous to the Second Coming, when Christ was to reappear and withdraw them wholly into the spiritual world.

We may test ourselves and find out whether our life has come into a true balance, and whether our attractions are predominating in the right direction, by an inquiry of this kind: Which do we value most, the spiritual presence of a friend or his bodily presence? We may be certain of one thing, that as sure as God means to save us, the process of breaking up our love of bodily presence will be carried on in some way until we are rooted and grounded in the principle of interior recognition—until we have an eye, as God has, principally on that which is invisible to our bodily senses, and love spiritual presence more and bodily presence less.

There is a third kind of presence—presence in spiritual form; but I believe that spiritual presence *without* form takes precedence of that, as well as of bodily presence; and God will insist upon our first being established in a true valuation of spiritual presence without form either spiritual or material. Calling the branches of the tree the visible body, and the roots the invisible body, God will require of us to dwell in the interior germ of both till we learn to be contented with the circulation there; i. e., till we are weaned from formal presence of both kinds. And this suggests a comprehensive view of the experience of the disciples. Christ presented himself to them in an ordinary body, and they became acquainted with him in that form; then he was parted from them for forty years; and finally at his Second Coming was revealed to them in a spiritual body, and they became acquainted with him in his heavenly form. Thus they first became acquainted with the top of the tree; then they had a long experience in connection with its invisible life, and at last they reached a perception of its roots. During the period of Christ's absence after he left them in bodily form, and before they were received into his glorified presence, they were set upon intercourse with the Spirit of God in a variety of

ways, till the "day should dawn and the day-star arise in their hearts." That was the point to be gained—the opening of their inner vision. They were checked, and crucified, and driven back from all outward attractions, by exhortation and providential discipline, in order to concentrate them on that result, the dawning of the day in their hearts, when they should see things as God sees them.

The great correction we need, in order to get out of all manner of lies, is to reduce our valuation of forms and raise our valuation of essences to their real and comparative worth. When we have done that, forms will be good and serviceable; but they are monstrous delusions and breeders of lies as they are usually valued.

### CHRIST IN ME.

BY G. CRAGIN.

A FRIEND in a recent letter asks: What is the meaning of your confession, "Christ in me a Savior from sin? It means that we have made the discovery (although it was a fact well known to the Primitive Church), that Christ, in a spiritual and vital sense, is in all flesh; and therefore he is in you and in me, whether we recognize the fact or not. "The light shineth in darkness; and the darkness comprehendeth it not." This truth was not understood by the believers of the apostolic age until subsequent to Christ's crucifixion and the outpouring of the Holy Ghost on the day of Pentecost; though just previous to his crucifixion he plainly intimated to his disciples, in the following words, that closer union with them was impending: "I will pray the Father," he says, "and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you forever; even the Spirit of Truth, whom the world cannot receive because it seeth him not; neither knoweth him: but ye know him, for he dwelleth with you, and shall be in you." As though he had said to them, "I have done all I can for you as an external helper, and now the time has arrived for me to become your internal deliverer, and Savior from the bondage of sin and Satan. The fulfillment of this promise is fully verified by such utterances of the apostles as the following: "And if Christ be in you, the body is dead because of sin; but the spirit is life because of righteousness." "That Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith." "I am crucified with Christ; nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me." "Ye are of God, little children, and have overcome them; because greater is he that is in you, than he that is in the world." "Even the mystery that hath been hid from ages and from generations, but now is made manifest to his saints: to whom God would make known what is the riches of the glory of this mystery among the Gentiles; which is *Christ in you*, the hope of glory."

The foregoing passages suffice to show that the great central fact of the Gospel of Christ, in the minds of the Apostolic Church, was that the Savior of mankind had not only risen from the dead, thereby conquering death, but had, in the person of the Spirit of Truth, and according to his promise, entered into the spiritual center of humanity, that he might work

out its redemption. This *indwelling* of Christ in humanity, though *unrecognized* by individuals in their unbelief, is the *soul* and substance of the gospel; and the *belief* in and confession of a present interior Savior from sin, by whom we are justified from self-condemnation, we believe is the beginning of obedience to God and of true regeneration. Without this belief and confession of "*Christ in me*," the performance of religious ordinances and duties, the acceptance of creeds and doctrines, however orthodox they may be in the letter, are but filthy rags, worthless and offensive in the sight of God. He looks at the heart, and if the image and spirit of his only beloved Son is not there, he sees nothing that he can respect or love.

Hence it is seen, that to be a follower of Christ in the apostolic sense is to hate and put off our selfish life, on the one hand, and, on the other, to believe in, and yield to, the Christ life within, whose sole office is to lead into all truth righteousness and peace. Yet one cannot follow Christ until one knows who he is and where he is. Unbelief veils his presence from you. Faith, that works by love, reveals him to the earnest soul hungering for the bread of life. Christ is that bread of life. And how generous is our heavenly Father to place it within the reach of all, whatever their outward circumstances in life. The confession therefore that *Christ is in me*, if made sincerely and continuously, cannot result otherwise than in a radical change of heart, character and life in those who make it; for, as the apostle expresses it, they become "temples of the living God; as God hath said, I will dwell in them, and walk in them, and I will be their God, and they shall be my people."

### HOW I CAME INTO THE TRUE PATH.

VI.

BY JAMES BURTON HERRICK.

AFTER resigning my pastoral charge I moved to Bergen Point, New Jersey, and there established a private school, in which I taught for two years; but finding the business not sufficiently profitable I asked for and received a situation in my father's business office, where I worked as clerk for two years longer. Meanwhile my father died, leaving the business to my oldest brother.

Having learned that the Oneida Community had established an agency in Reade-st., near Broadway, I called there, and met Mr. Noyes. I had read and studied his writings so long that I felt at once well acquainted with him; I recognized him as the best and noblest man living; and when I saw his simplicity and sincerity I loved him as I had never loved human being before. The following will serve as an illustration of the moral power I gained by contact with him. I had used tobacco from boyhood, and had never been able to give it up permanently, though once I had abstained from using it for two years; but at the end of that time my appetite for it was as strong as it had ever been. I had controlled and modified the external habit by dint of great exertion; but by my contact with Mr. Noyes I lost all appetite for the degrading weed, and threw away with disgust the supply which I had at

the time in my pocket, and have never been tempted to use it since.

At the time referred to I had no knowledge of the peculiar social theory of the Oneida Community, and it was not until I had called at the Agency several times that this subject was discussed. I had heard rumors of Mr. Noyes being the originator of a social heresy, but I answered the calumny by saying that though I did not know what his social opinions were, I knew that no man could have the courage, sincerity and penetration to vindicate the character of St. Paul as he had done in the tract "Salvation from Sin," and be a bad man. I knew that it took moral and spiritual qualities and a personal knowledge of God to make such a defense, and that the intellect of a bad man would never arrive at his conclusions. I knew this by the experience I had myself gone through in the study of that subject and by deep intuition.

Subsequently I obtained a copy of "The Bible Argument" (an exposition of Mr. Noyes's social theory); and after a thorough examination of it was fully convinced that the author had discovered the true, heavenly theory of the relations of the sexes. His arguments not only appealed to my understanding, but to my heart. They brought my past life into the judgment of God. They showed me the existence in myself of idolatry and selfishness of which I had no suspicion; and, as the truth gradually worked in me, it gave me, besides exquisite joy, the most terrible suffering I ever experienced. It showed me I had given to a woman the affections I owed to God alone.

#### THE STRAIN OF JOY.

PAUL wrote to the Corinthians, "Our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

This reference by the apostle to the future happiness of believers, as a "weight of glory," leads to the interesting inquiry whether it may not require as much strength and nerve to bear intense joy in a heroic, manly way as to endure suffering? Almost every one knows what it is to have his nerves racked by suffering. How many realize that there may be an equally trying burden of joy? The well known fact, that religious zeal and exaltation often produce a strain upon persons under which the nervous system breaks down, would seem to confirm this view.

The remedy in this matter lies no doubt in getting into such unity with Christ as to enter into his victories, and so receive his strength. What a nervous strain our Savior must have endured while "lifted up" on Calvary. Yet it may be that the agony of the cross—though terrible beyond compare—was the means of enabling him to bear a heavier weight of eternal glory.

V. C. N.

#### OUR SINGING BIRDS.

BIRD-MUSIC is so common in this country that its intrinsic merit is liable to be overlooked; and yet if we will but consider, we have some most beautiful bird-songsters. It requires some cultivation of the ear to appreciate their

music; the more we listen to it the better we are sure to like it.

Our lawn trees afford an attractive resort for these warblers, and they make the most of their opportunity. They begin their *matinée* at break of day, and by half past four the climax of their melodious effusion has been reached. I hear them through my open window as I lie in bed; but this I thought was like listening to music on the outside of the concert-room; so yesterday morning I arose at an early hour for the purpose of getting a nearer view of these charming musicians. The first to greet me were two Song Sparrows (*Melospiza melodia*), on the tree between "Ultima-Thule" and the "Tontine." I can scarcely tell how delicious their clean-cut soft twitter seemed to me. So rapid and so rapturous were their notes that a close analysis of them was quite impossible. I know of nothing in art that matches them. The Song Sparrow is especially worthy of our regard, as he leads the van of songsters in early spring, stays with us through the summer, and sometimes, although rarely, may be heard in the depths of winter.

But the place in this vicinity where the birds hold their grand jubilee is in a forest on the West Hill, about four miles away. A few days ago I went with a small party to this favored retreat, and we were abundantly rewarded for our pains. Brothers DeLatre and Ellis served as guides, and none could do better in that capacity and with such an object in view. They have so thoroughly reconnoitred the woods of this locality that they can readily point out the *habitat* of the leading songsters; and they were overflowing with enthusiasm, as the readers of the CIRCULAR will readily believe.

On our way we encountered that notable bird of the season, the Bobolink (*Dolichonyx oryzivorus*). Nothing can rival the rollicking, frolicking song of the male of this species. Like the varied but rich hues of his plumage, his style is brilliant and ever exhilarating. Ecstasy with him must be constitutional, for he seems to say, "I am the happiest bird in existence;" and it is almost sad to think that in a few short weeks he will doff his beautiful jacket, cease singing, make a glutton of himself among the rice-fields of the South, and perhaps finally end his days on the spit of some epicure in the torrid zone.

As we ascended the hill, sharp tones of the Crested Fly-catcher could be heard, while the twitter of the Goldfinch and the more agreeable warble of the Oriole were not unheeded. We drove quietly and spoke to one another in whispers, listening eagerly while passing a secluded part of the woods on the hillside, where the Hermit Thrush had been known to sing; but we did not hear him. Our disappointment was soon forgotten, however, as we approached the forest toward which we were directing our course. The woods were fairly quivering with sound. At first there seemed to be a confused jargon of voices, for not only the birds, but the squirrels also, seemed to be vying with one another to see which could make the most noise. It was a carnival in good earnest. But as we continued to listen the apparent confusion disappeared, and high above all the rest the clear, metallic, but mellow strain of the Wood Thrush was heard, like an entrancing melody from a master violinist accompanied by a hundred performers. I do not wonder that T. W. Higginson wrote thus about the song of this bird:

I am acquainted with no sound in nature so sweet, so elevated, so serene. Flutes and Flageolets are art's poor efforts to recall that softer sound. It is simple, and seems all prelude; but the music to which it is the overture must belong to other spheres. It might be the *Angelus* of some lost convent. It might be the meditations of some maiden hermit, saying over to herself in solitude, with recurrent, tuneful pauses the only song she knows.

In beautiful contrast to the seraphic notes of the Wood Thrush, come the less vociferous but sweet carol of the Grosbeak. To appreciate his song a close approach is desirable, and in that respect we were fortunately situated. While listening and watching, one of these birds came within a few yards of us, and apparently exerted himself to please us. The Veery, too, put in his ever welcome note; and so, with a new appreciation of the harmonies of nature, we turned reluctantly homeward. We had enjoyed a rare treat, and now, whenever I turn my eyes to that forest upon the hill, I thank God for the birds that dwell there.

O. C., June, 1872.

B.

#### THE FLAMING MOUNTAIN.

For several nights before the new craters burst, the mountain was so enchanting in its robe of flame that Naples could not think of going to bed. When darkness fell on the night, the great cone seemed suddenly to festoon itself with wreaths of fire. From its summit three craters were playing simultaneously. It was past three o'clock before I could turn my back on Vesuvius. On the third night the fire had further diminished in brilliance, but those who were not absorbed could discern indications of an increase of volcanic energy. All through this ill-fated night premonitions of catastrophe followed hard upon each other. What did happen was an incident unprecedented in the treacherous history of Vesuvius. Rosina is a favorite point for making the ascent which enjoys the most exciting distinction of lying in the line of the great current of lava. Thousands of visitors have ascended the hill nightly from Rosina, driving up as far as the observatory, and then walked to the bed of last year's lava. On Friday morning many such excursion parties were assembled directly under the cone. They had begun to disperse with the first indications of sunrise, but hundreds still lingered. Without a single movement to warn them, the earth opened under foot, and the dead lava, which they had been treading on as a curiosity, turned again to molten fire. Those who were not engulfed in the chasm as it burst forth attempted to flee for their lives. Happily the fleet and sure of foot were many. They reached safety; but woe to whoever fell by the way. The earth they fell on was already at furnace heat, and fresh waves of lava overtook them ere they could rise again. A few were miraculously delivered by noble efforts on the part of strong-nerved men. I have been told by a friend, who was at the very edge of the chasm when it burst open, that the effect on the imagination was as though the whole mountain had begun to move from its base. A carriage, which happened to be inside this circle, was burnt up in an instant, as if it had been spirited away. Shortly before the eruption a lady was seen in it, but of her nothing has been heard since. Throughout Friday consternation reigned in Naples. The booming of the underground artillery sounded as close as if it were beneath our feet. The flow of lava had increased, and two enormous streams were rolling toward the sea as if they would sweep away half a dozen villages in their course. Windows rattled, and the strongest houses trembled to their foundations. The smoke rising from the crater was mingled with volumes of sulphurous vapor, blackened by ashes it carried in its furious ascent. There was far more danger in scoriae than in lava, scattering themselves wherever the prevailing winds carried them, which was happily not in the direction of Naples. They became firebrands for the destruction of houses, vineyards, forests, and every form of combustible property. On Friday night Naples was a degree lower in the descent toward abject terror. The Bourse had been closed all day. No one attempted to think of anything but the awful noises under foot, and the conflagration which was spreading among the villages lying at the mercy of the volcano. Poor San Sebastino was nearly reduced to ashes, and its 1,200 inhabitants had to seek refuge nearer the coast, whither the lava and ashes were fast following them.—*Cor. London Telegraph.*

#### QUININE.

ON the eastern slope of the Cordilleras, at an altitude of from 4,000 to 12,000 feet above the sea, in latitude 10° each side of the equator, grows the famous Cinchona tree, known in the Linnæan system as *Pentandria monogynia*. The different

varieties of this tree yield the "Peruvian Bark," so long used in the treatment of malarious fevers, and from which modern chemistry has extracted the alkaloid or active principle *Quinia Sulphas*, or sulphate of Quinine. Dr. Karsten gives the following description of the locality favorable to the growth of Cinchona:

"The cinchonas which are rich in alkaloids, inhabit the peculiar cloudy region of the Andes, in which during the rainy season of nine months of the year a steady rain is only interrupted during the day by short gleams of sunshine interchanging with clouds of mists, whilst in that part of the year which answers to our winter cold nights in which the temperature of the air descends to the freezing point are followed by days in which the rays of the sun, piercing here and there through the thick clouds, raise the temperature to 77° Fah., while the leaves are kept almost continually bedewed by the mists. Ravines stretching upward into the grass-covered region and filled with forest vegetation are the channels by which the streams of air ascend when the midday sun warms the leafy covering of the mountain side. Here the mist first begins to form when the strata of warm air, containing much aqueous vapor, mix with the colder atmospheric currents descending from the icy summits, and there ensues a frequently repeated alternation of thick mist which bedews the surface of plants, and of warm sunbeams which dry and warm the moistened leaves. This lasts till late in the afternoon, when misty clouds overspread the whole district, until they are condensed by the cold of the night, to be raised into vapor by the morning sun."

## ONEIDA CIRCULAR.

WM. A. HINDS, EDITOR.

MONDAY, JULY 1, 1872.

An exchange, commenting on the eight-hour strike of the workingmen, pertinently inquires, "How is it with the women? Will the workingmen agree to limit their wives to eight hours of labor? Or do they propose to adhere to the old-time dictum that a woman's work is never done? We shall feel a good deal more enthusiasm in the labor movement when convinced that the women are to share its promised benefits." The point is well made. Workingmen should consider that they stand in respect to the labor question in a relation to their wives similar to that of their employers toward themselves, only they in general require of their wives many more hours' work a day than their employers ask of them. "What's sauce for the gander is sauce for the goose." Let the workingmen, who are compelling their employers to take ten and even eight hours for a day's work, turn round and say to their wives, "You shall have the same privileges without strikes that we have secured by them." It is our conviction that the great body of American workingmen's wives are more burdened with excessive labor than the workingmen themselves. There must be a general movement for their relief; why should it not be a peaceable one? The first step will be to lesson their hours of labor, as has already been done in the case of the men; then will come coöperation, with its labor-saving and labor-lightening arrangements, which is already taken advantage of to a considerable extent by workingmen; and, finally, we will hope that both workingmen and working-women may be prepared for the final condition of Communism, in which all forms of oppression cease.

One of the worst consequences of the course pursued by the Czar of Russia, in sending all political offenders into exile, is, that the nation is thereby drained of her most fearless and intelligent thinkers. A check is thus put upon the off-spring of some of the best blood of the Empire, leaving

only the inferior strains to multiply. This policy, pursued for several generations, has doubtless done more to keep Russia half civilized than one would suspect, unless he considers how frightfully cumulative are the evils of such a method when continued from generation to generation.

The life and death of James Gordon Bennett, the founder, editor and proprietor of the *New York Herald*, emphasize two facts; first, that single-eyed attention to one thing brings success; second, that success attained at the cost of moral principle is ephemeral at best. The one thing to which Mr. Bennett made all else contribute was the making of the best news-paper; and in this he achieved great success—standing at the head of his profession; and his long journalistic career was crowned with a grand triumph of individual enterprise. While Europe and America were wondering whether Dr. Livingstone were dead or alive, and while the Government of England was listening to individual appeals in his behalf and fitting out an expedition to go in search of the great geographer, the *New York Herald*, asking no assistance from individuals or governments, commissions one of its reporters to go and find him if alive, and if dead ascertain the place and circumstances of his death, thus relieving the anxiety and satisfying the curiosity of millions. Before the English expedition reaches Africa the telegraphic wires convey to the *Herald* the glad tidings that the great explorer is alive and has been interviewed by the American Stanley!—But what is such success weighed against the moral and social condemnation which his apparent disregard of upright principles brought upon him? In all the sketches of his life which now appear, scarcely a word of commendation is given respecting his general character. His course compelled his contemporaries to think of him as a man without any controlling principle of good.

We never like to hear persons broadly state that this is an age of humbug and sham, for we are firmly persuaded that it is quite otherwise—an age of extreme practicality and good sense; but that many sham enterprises are started and flourish for a time is a fact not to be denied; and among these must be reckoned that of "patent outsides" for newspapers. These are printed in the large cities, and furnished to country newspaper establishments at a small advance on the cost of the printing paper. The country editor fills up the inside pages with local and general news, political squibs and other matter, leaving his subscribers to suppose that the entire paper is made up and printed in his office. This is of course a sham and cheat, but as the paper is generally quite as good as it would otherwise be, if the editor who takes advantage of the "patent outsides" would frankly acknowledge it, few would find fault. The idea does not seem particularly bad in itself; it is the trickery and deception that condemn it. But what shall be said of the scheme of a New York firm, celebrated for fine printing, which proposes to furnish a monthly magazine without imprint to whoever will buy, for the expressed purpose of enabling the purchaser to deceive the local public with the belief that said purchaser is its originator and printer? The New York firm actually finds brass to say in its notice to printers and publishers, "There is no means by which a printer or publisher can obtain a business reputation for *fine printing* sooner, and at the same time realize a *handsome profit* for his labor, than by adopting our *ready printed magazine sheets*, and so become the acknowledged head of a first-class literary magazine, printed and illustrated equal to any in the great cities!" It is added—"The local publisher has merely to add a cover (and as much more as he can) filled with advertisements!" Will not country printers and publishers

refuse to bite this hook, though it be baited with the promise of a "handsome profit," and is thrown by the publishers of a journal generally commended for the beauty of its typography and illustrations? When such plans are addressed to the CIRCULAR we feel that some one has lost his self-respect and ignores ours.

### COMMUNISM COSMOPOLITAN.

ONE interesting phase of Communism, which we can but notice, is the facility it affords for gaining a knowledge of the world and its diverse inhabitants, without the discomforts and expense incident to extensive travel. Our contact with the outside world is not bounded by the "visual line that girts us round," or by a town or neighborhood, as that of ordinary isolated families; the press has given us such world-wide publicity that we receive almost weekly visits from foreign tourists and celebrities, to say nothing of the thousands, representing science, art, learning and the varied gifts and acquirements common to the cultivated classes, who come from every part of the United States.

The stereoscope has often and justly been praised for its power to bring to our firesides and faithfully represent to us thousands of persons, objects, and scenes, that otherwise could never be seen, except by those who possess abundant means, and can travel extensively. Much as we prize the stereoscope for the many interesting and marvelous things it shows us of the wide world, it is due to Communism that we acknowledge that it puts us in possession of very much of the substance of which the stereoscope gives only the shadow. The latter shows us the images of persons, etc., but Communism attracts the persons themselves, giving us contact and interchange with representatives from almost every country and clime that the sun shines upon. These visitors come from motives of curiosity partly, but chiefly to study us and our institutions. While we accord them a generous hospitality, and facilities for accomplishing their object, we find there are reciprocal benefits, for they impart to us freely of their treasures acquired by careful culture and an extensive observation of men and things; and thus we gain very many of the advantages of foreign travel without going off our domain.

Communism, instead of being narrowing and cramping in its effects on character, as is often assumed, is really a broad, cosmopolitan institution, with sympathies and receptivities expansive enough to take in whatever the world has accumulated that goes to enrich the life and add to the sum of human happiness.

W. H. W.

### BROTHERLY COPARTNERSHIP.

THE following paragraph, which originally appeared in the *Greenfield (Mass.) Gazette*, we take from the *Coöperative News* of Manchester, England. It shows that Communism even on the smallest scale is a fine thing:

One of the best farms in Franklin County is owned and managed by two brothers, whose locks are now silvered by many years of honest labor. Their well-kept lands extend over hundreds of acres, including some most fertile pastures, where graze in the summer 75 or 80 head of cattle—one of the best herds of Durhams to be found in New-England. Hundreds of acres of woodland are covered with a heavy growth of timber, and instead of being pillaged and robbed by the invading axe, are increasing in value every year. Extensive orchards are in the best bearing condition, and frequently contribute over a thousand dollars to the annual income. They own a dairy of some twenty cows, and the golden butter produced is some of the best that finds its way to the Boston market. Each of these brothers has a family, and they reside in two grand old farm-houses in close proximity, beneath the spreading branches of mag-

nificent elms. But what seems a little remarkable in this age of greed and selfishness, is that the relations of the two families are always the most friendly. They share everything in common. There is no division of the proceeds of their well-paying farms. Each draws for the wants of himself and family, as the occasion requires, without any particular consultation with or permission of the other. There is a confidence in and a reliance upon the integrity of each other that is as rare as beautiful. If a member of one household is sick, he or she is cared for as tenderly by those from the neighboring house as by those beneath the same roof. There is no finding fault because some may think they are doing more than their share of the common work. As the wife of one of the brothers is an invalid, the management of the dairy has fallen to the lot of the other; but this extra duty is discharged as a matter of course, and is the source of no unpleasantness. Each of the brothers has a son, and it is probable that the grand old farm will be transmitted to them still undivided, and that the same pleasant family relationship will be continued for another generation. We doubt if a like instance of happy copartnership can be found in the country.

### COMMUNITY JOURNAL.

#### ONEIDA.

—We have had one or two days of exceedingly warm weather the past week. We were hardly prepared for so intense heat in June. The insect creation seemed to multiply and mosquitoes were troublesome. But rain soon followed, and the atmosphere became more tolerable. Strawberries are ripening rapidly; Tuesday we enjoyed the first meal of them.

—A master mechanic from New York city, who was lately detained here two or three days on business, volunteered the following remark to one of our men: "What I like here is that I don't hear any bad language. In my shop in New York, my men know that I don't like swearing, and there is very little of it; but wherever I go to do work outside, the men I meet seem to try to outvie one another in blasphemy, and it tries me as much or more than the work does. I have been here now three days working among your men, and I haven't heard a single oath or bad word, and it pleases me very much."

—The "Quadrangle" is in situation as well as arrangement an attractive spot. Besides being very convenient for those passing to and from their meals, it is the most secluded ground we have. The southern part of it, being well shaded from the morning and evening sun, has very naturally become a favorite resort for all classes. Here the children run at large and the infants gambol like kittens. In the center of the ground is a fine tulip tree, which is just now laden with beautiful blossoms. The following lines, found under its spreading branches, are supposed to be the production of one who occupies a room overlooking the scene they picture:

Beautiful tree! our own tulip tree,  
The pride of our lawn, and of rare symmetry;  
Sure never a tree had such beauty and grace,  
For the pencil and skill of a painter to trace.  
The tree of itself's a fine sight to behold,  
All covered with blossoms bespangled with gold;  
But lovelier far is the scene 'neath its shade,  
Of life in all forms in great beauty displayed.  
There are matrons and misses, old men and young,  
The robust and slender, the healthy and strong;  
There are babes and their mothers, all active and gay,  
And little chits chasing each other at play.  
'Tis the hour of all others the choicest and best,  
When labor has ceased, and the weary find rest,  
When the social affections untrammelled by care,  
Can quickly the waste of the spirit repair.

—We learn from our California callers that oranges of superior quality are successfully raised in the vicinity of Los Angeles in the lower part of that State.

—Among our late visitors were two linen manufacturers from the north of Ireland, where their branch of industry has assumed great proportions.

They report that linen for the American market requires a peculiarly white finish, which really weakens the texture of the fabric. It must be subjected to a severe bleaching process in order to produce the required whiteness, and this operation leaves the linen weak and light. It is then treated with a preparation of white clay which gives body or apparent thickness to the cloth. For the English and continental markets the linen is finished in its more natural state, without the bleaching process, and is much more serviceable. The chief competition in this business comes from Germany, where labor is much cheaper at the present time than in Ireland. The extensive emigration to this country from Ireland, which has been going on for years, is telling on her productive industries.

—A late visitor, resident at Elmira and member of Thomas K. Beecher's church and family, gave us an interesting account at one of our evening gatherings of a plan for a new church edifice projected by Mr. B., and of the way in which the needful funds were raised. Circulars were printed with blank spaces to be filled out, stating, not any precise amount, but limits within which contributions would be offered. These circulars were not distributed, but were accessible to all. The plan was confidential, no one knew the amount of his neighbor's gift. The scheme was initiated a year ago last April. When the returns were made and footed, it was found that more than enough had been promised. The building is to be a church, an academy, and a home; that is, the interests of religion, education, and social culture, are to be subserved according to their importance. To this end the building will contain a large hall for Sunday services, school-rooms, parlors for social gatherings, a refectory-room, a bath-room, and a play-room for children, etc. A horse and carriage, the property of the church, will be at the service of members who cannot afford to keep one. A novel feature of Mr. B.'s present church is a sort of Community supper-party after the adjournment of the weekly sewing circle, the table being spread with only the chance contributions of the members. The increasing unity of church organizations is a hopeful sign of the times to us, and a sure indication of the advance of Christian organizations toward the "good time coming."

—The following curious letter comes from a subscriber, and was recently read before the family. The writer seems to belong to the "positive style"—asserts what he knows, in short, terse sentences; no "beating about the bush"—no guessing—but refreshing assertions, square and fair. It afforded us no little amusement. Our readers would hardly appreciate the style, which challenges comparison with that of the renowned "Artemas," unless we give them a verbatim copy. As to its genuineness we have not a single doubt:

"Dear Circular  
once upon a time a man got up to make a political speech and he sed E Plurebus unum and set down now I set down to write to you but I dont know what to say to you but I can beat that I will say more I will tell you what I think of you you are a grate sett of folks you are the upper tens you are the high fig newtons you are E Pluribus unums and will be the stirpicultural you are a people that the united states or any other state ought to be proud of a people that can govern themselves without their assistance no need of a standing army for you you can follow the persute of happyness acordin to the declaration of independance and no man can make you afrade the man who would have the united states to interfeare with the Oneida community dont know any thing and he is not good looking and il bet he is a mean man to his wife

the first I ever herd of the Oneida community was by frank leslie's pictorial and as I like pictures I hav kep them the best one of all I send to you it is the one with the book in her hand and long eye winker and short dress she looks as tho she had

good common sence enuf to dress herslef the other one with basket and long dress I dont like her dont you see she is not honest she has stol a big wod of silk and got it on the back of her head and should you ask her what it is she will tell you why thats my water fall

the Circular I have received for nearly two years free and the onley reason I have not written to you is neglect I have not much to live for here among the heathens they receive the Circular like a dog dos a hot potato they drop it but I will receive it and thank you to as long as its a mint to come I still live in hopes that I will som day be abel to pay for it the Circular is the best paper in America and as it circles a good ways around the world I would like to have it circle around to me

yours truly and freely  
and in advance of civilization

#### WALLINGFORD.

—We had our first strawberry picking on the 16th ult.—picked thirty quarts. The berries were very large and wonderfully sweet for the first picking.

—We miss our usual summer luxury of bathing in the Quinipiatic. Now and then some one ventures over to the factory for a dip.

—The great pile of stone on the bank east of the river is getting quite thinned out; but some Portland stone have been unloaded and drawn there. These stones, by the way, are in splendid shape, large, square and well-formed blocks, of a dark-brown color. They are to be used for the steps of the wing walls, and for the coping. The river is running through the opening left in the core wall, and as soon as the coffer-dams are completed (which may be in two or three days), its whole course will be turned that way. The top stone of the front wall of the dam is also laid. The pile-driving has steadily advanced, and now it seems a comparatively small job to finish it. The brick walls of the wheel-house are building, being now half the hight of a common door-frame.

—Mother Noyes has discovered a model way to get up a "rousing bee." Do you suppose it is by stirring about and expending half her energies in calling on others? No, indeed. The other afternoon she heard Mr. K. say the garden-walks needed attention. She said nothing, but pretty soon, as some of us sat on the grass, eating strawberries and ice-cream, while others were playing ball, others climbing the cherry-trees, out came Mother Noyes with a broom, and went busily at work on one of the paths. G. N. M. and C. S. J. soon joined her, and in another twinkling all the old brooms, rakes and hoes were in great demand, and the merriest bee ensued. All worked with a will, and by reading time at 7 o'clock the walks were in very good order.

#### THE BOSTON JUBILEE.

Boston, June 22, 1872.

The Jubilee continues with unabated vigor; and the misgivings which some have entertained as to its success, both as a musical and financial undertaking, are being rapidly dispelled. Musically considered, it is long past a doubt. The choruses gain day by day in unity and smoothness, while the orchestra is fast attaining that coherency so necessary to perfect execution and yet so difficult for a large body of instruments to attain. It would be easy to point out minor defects, and to criticise in a small way an occasional break in the tempo, a confusion among the voices, or a lack of perfect accord between leaders and performers; but in spite of all these, which, it must be allowed, do here and there appear, no one who knows the difficulties attending musical organization on anything like a large scale will deny that they have been to a great extent fairly conquered.

The international courtesy and good feeling to which the presence of several European bands has given rise, is not the least among the results of the Jubilee. The warmth with which these foreigners

were greeted by audience, choruses and orchestra, exceeded anything of the kind I have ever witnessed; and, so far as I could observe, there were no invidious distinctions of nationality; German, English and French received the same welcome. All this may not go far to settle Alabama Claims, or remove a *casus belli*, if any such existed; and yet I do not know but if it were left to their arbitration these musicians would adjust those causes of irritation as wisely as the members of the Geneva conference.

The performance of the excellent German, French and English bands has been much and justly praised, and thus far has contributed largely to the success of the Jubilee. The German band is probably the best in Prussia, and, as well as the French, took part in the musical contest at Paris in 1867, in which the Austrian band was the victor. Two of the pieces performed by the Germans on Wednesday were played on this occasion. The French band is that of the *Garde Républicaine*. Under the Empire it was called the *Garde Impériale*, and was accustomed to perform every morning in the *Place du Carrousel*, at the east entrance of the *Tuileries* in Paris at the changing of the guard. The English band, that of the Grenadier Guards, performs the same duty when at home, at St. James Palace. Their leader is Mr. Daniel Godfrey, somewhat popularly known in this country as the composer of the Mabel, Hilda and Guards' Waltzes.

It is difficult and perhaps impossible to say which of these fine bands is the best. I was not entirely unfamiliar with their different styles of playing, having formerly heard them in Europe; but after listening to their music here in Boston, I feel quite unable to award the palm of superiority to either. The different manner with which each band executes the same music renders the task of deciding as to their comparative merits hard, and perhaps unnecessary. Each, in its way, excels the others: the music of the French is full of Gallic fire and brilliancy—what they call *elan*; and the German is imbued with the tender, dreamy poetry of the Teutonic race; while that of the English has a sturdy, Saxon ring, most refreshing to listen to. The Allegro in Rossini's Overture to "William Tell" was rendered by the Frenchmen in quicker time than I have ever before heard it, without in the least confusing or jumbling together any of its intricacies. Any one who is acquainted with the music will understand that it is no easy matter to execute a rapid and elaborate passage of violin instrumentation with a set of reed instruments so totally dissimilar to those for which the music was written; yet this was successfully done, and the tempo even increased, by the French band.

These organizations are called military bands, but they must not be confounded with the brass bands with which all are so well acquainted. Their organization is quite different, and the quality of their music much superior. In the military bands the brass instruments are to a certain extent subordinated, and made to give the middle and under-tones of the harmony, and occasionally to strengthen the melody, while the upper parts are taken by the reed and lighter wind instruments. The instruments added to the brass are, usually, bassoons, clarionets, oboes, flutes and piccolos. Some of the foreign bands have supplemented these by an instrument called the saxophone, intermediate between the clarionet and bassoon, and which is very useful in sustaining the middle harmonies and for occasional solos. With an organization of this kind, music which is entirely beyond the reach of a brass band becomes comparatively easy; and most orchestral effects can be successfully imitated.

In an enterprise of this magnitude there must of course be some roughness and many individual shortcomings. It becomes us, as charitable critics,

to judge leniently and not to apply the canons of musical criticism too severely. There is an occasional break of the time, the organ does not always behave exactly as it ought; the room is so large that much of the nicer shading of the music is lost to the distant auditor; the guns sometimes break out in the middle of the measure, and produce a sad sense of unrest; the chorus will drag on the rapid passages; the extreme wings of the chorus are so far apart that we often hear one before the other, owing to the time required for the sound to reach us; these and others which might be specified are some of the drawbacks to a perfect enjoyment of the performance. But, as the saying is, "one can't eat his cake and keep it too;" and so, in producing the grand general effect, we are obliged in some instances to forego the perfection of detail to which we are accustomed in smaller organizations.

A point on which the New York critics lay much stress is, that the massing of so many voices on a musical passage which requires feeling and careful treatment, deprives the music of its soul and renders it a rigid and lifeless volume of sound. This stricture is not without foundation in music of a certain character. Take, for example, the delicious Aria from Lucia, "*Chi ma Frena*," which was sung yesterday by what they term the "Bouquet of Artists," the chorus and orchestra. I have heard Patti sing this music in such a way that every measure was so surcharged with feeling, that it could by no possibility be rendered in rigid time; but the tempo varied almost from measure to measure. Now in requiring two hundred voices to execute a solo intended for a single voice, this flexibility of expression must be sacrificed, the strict tempo must be preserved, and the sweet melody thereby robbed of half its beauty.

But if we lose in this regard, we gain a hundred-fold in another. Take, for example, the Marseillaise Hymn; it was worth a journey across the Atlantic to hear it as it was sung yesterday. Probably no music ever written is better adapted to large numbers of singers than the Marseillaise; and the execution yesterday was a worthy one. Even the guns kept the time; and the fervid, passionate tones as they rose, and, gathering in intensity, filled the room, thrilled the heart in a way which no one present will ever forget. It is easy to understand how men can cheerfully march into battle and to death under the inspiration of this magnificent lyric; and it was probably never sung so well and so powerfully as yesterday.

The same general remark may be made with more or less qualification in regard to many of the choruses, especially the less intricate ones. While the "Soldier's Chorus" from Faust dragged badly, and was more or less unsatisfactory, "See, the Conquering Hero Comes," was rendered in a spirited style; and the hymn given at the close, which is usually simply like "Coronation," or "Watchman. Tell us of the Night," although badly marred by the haste of the audience to leave the building, is always impressive.

Of the various solos, instrumental and vocal, a word should be said. Many of them, owing to the size of the building, were so weak as to be heard by those only who were nearest the performer. Such were all the piano solos, which, though well enough in their way, might better have been omitted. The singing of Madame Rudersdoff, though evidently strained, was of much the same character. The only voice which nearly fills the room is that of Madame Peschka-Leutner, who fully sustains the favorable impression made at her *début*. The cornet solo of yesterday by Mr. Aubuckle was very enjoyable. His tones are unusually pure, and his execution rapid and precise. He played De Beriot's "7th Air," and, for an encore, "The Last Rose of Summer." The air of De Beriot was written for a violin solo; and those who are acquainted with

it know that the technical difficulties to be overcome in executing it upon such an instrument as a cornet, are very great. In this regard, Mr. Aubuckle showed himself a complete master of his art.

It is intended to keep up the performance through next week with full ranks; but as many of the individuals forming the choruses are leaving town to-day, the depletion must be very great. I hear it stated, however, that Mr. Gilmore has a reserve of 5,000 singers, with which he proposes to fill any deficiency. I doubt, however, if the number of the performers is as large next week as this.

C. S. J.

#### CONNECTICUT ENTERPRISE.

DEAR CIRCULAR:—Perhaps you would like to hear from an old correspondent, who was formerly a traveling agent for the O. C., but who for the past year or two has lived in old Connecticut, the "land of steady habits," where in olden times, as the story runs, they whipped beer barrels for working Sundays, and in later and less pious times became somewhat noted for the production of wooden nutmegs. I cannot vouch for the truth of these stories, but from reports and my own experience and observations. I am sure that Connecticut is a great place for all kinds of manufactures, from the smallest pin-head to the largest and most powerful machinery required in this age. It is interesting to see to what an extent manufacturing is carried on in this State. Indeed, nearly every town and village has its factories, where hundreds of thousands and even millions of useful and indispensable articles are produced every year. It is wonderful how a small stream of water, which you would naturally suppose must inevitably dry up in summer time, is made the basis of manufacturing interests. A Connecticut Yankee, with the spirit of economy and ingenuity that tries to improve and utilize everything, will often go ahead and get rich in a few years, by making some little notion in a small factory nestled among the hills where there are perhaps a dozen others on the same stream doing the same thing. I have sometimes found situated on one stream, a mile or so apart, fifteen or twenty different establishments, all making precisely the same thing, and apparently on good terms with one another in regard to business, prices, etc. In many of these places, if water fails it is found necessary to apply steam in order to supply the market. Such manufactories necessarily create a great demand for job printing. Fluctuations in prices of stock and raw material make it necessary for manufacturers to have new price-lists from time to time, and the more extensive establishments have large and elegant illustrated catalogues, printed and bound in various styles and made into handsome books. Every firm finds it profitable to issue something of this kind in order to keep its customers aware of changes in prices, and also to apprise them of any new or improved article it is manufacturing. These establishments use an immense number of labels of various sizes and descriptions, and order millions of them in the course of a year. It is marvelous to see with what rapidity some of these companies turn off work, and yet finish everything in the most perfect manner.

Yours, C. O.

#### HOW THE COMMUNITY "SHE" DISH-WASHES.

ACCORDING to the Rev. T. K. Beecher, "the quiet fidelity with which 'she' will dish-wash her life away for 'him' is a marvel of endurance and grace." He (T. K. B.) condoles with "she" on her lot—mending socks over and over, tidying rooms over and over, and above all, having to wash the same dish over and over—three hundred and sixty-five times a

year. (Too small a number, O! T. K. B.; rather put it three times 365!) After sympathizing thus, "he" (T. K. B.) praises "she" (because he tried to go and do likewise and failed), and then, after an encouraging pat, leaves her to "dish-wash her life away," with the fond hope that "she" will always be on hand to wash his dishes whenever "he" (T. K. B. or "any other man") dines.

The "shes" of O. C. have had a little more than this done for them. Condolence has come to us in actions rather than words. "He" not only washes dishes with us, but, by mechanical fixtures, has reduced the labor of dish-washing to the minimum. It is no drudgery now. Indeed, were we as "curst and shrewd" a "she" as Socrates' Zantippe, we could now wash "his" dishes with cheerful grace.

This is how we do it: After a leisurely meal, we envelop ourselves in an apron. Sauntering then into an adjoining room, we seat ourselves on a high stool in front of a big copper pan set in a large table. There is another just like it on the other side of the table, at which our *vis-à-vis* will soon make her appearance. At the further side of our pan are two faucets. Open them—down rushes hot and cold water! At our right hand are set the dirty dishes. "He" works in the dining-room, and has taken care to put them within easy reach. We slide them down into our pan of tepid water—cups and saucers, nappies, plates, sauce-plates, pitchers, coffee-pots, etc., then we

"Wash, wash all together,  
Wash, wash away;  
This is the way we wash at [O. C.]  
To have a game at play."

Out they go, the other side of the pan, and "he" piles them away in racks—souses them in hot water—sets them aside to drain, and then trundles them on his cart to the dining-room again.

If there is no poetry in dish-washing as we find it, there is at least entertaining prose. What chances to speculate as to who drank from that cup, or ate strawberries from that saucer! What questioning as to the history of these inanimates we handle daily! the processes they have been through in making! etc., etc. The plates, especially, are invested with thrilling interest. For one thing, they are easiest to wash. Then they are not mute like other dishes. To be sure, as you wash their round, white faces, you find nothing very notable, unless it may be the embossing on their edges of wreaths of callas, of corn and oats, bunches of wheat, wild poppies, or garden posies. But as you turn them over to wipe their backs, lo! an infinity of interesting sights. There are the names of the ware—"Demi-Porcelaine," "Porcelaine Opaque," and "Porcelaine de Terre;" "Pearl China," "Stone China," "Ironstone China," "Royal Ironstone China," "Royal Patent Ironstone," "Imperial Ironstone China," and "Imperial Parisian Granite"—a regular *crescendo* and *sforzando*.

There are the names, too, of the manufacturers—"Bridgwood & Sons" and "J. Wedgwood & Sons" [Descendants, we suppose, of the famous Josiah Wedgwood of "The Potteries," England]; "T. & R. Boote," and "J. G. Meakin;" "Livesley & Davis," "Livesley & Powell," and "Livermore & Forester," "Richard Alcock" and "John Edwards;" "Baker & Co.," "O. P. Co.," and "Anthony Shaw" and "Burgess" and "Clements," etc., who send us their wares from Bruslem, Cobridge, Hanley and Fenton, in Staffordshire, Eng., and from Nobody-knows-where.

A few of the plates are marked "Lily Shape," "Prairie Shape," or "Sydenham Shape;" but it might as well be understood that they are all "Full-Moon Shape."

We note, too, curious trade-marks. Here is an anchor beset with o's; here a Phoenix, emblem of

immortality, rising from its own ashes; here an ermine cloak envelops a shield on which a stately eagle treads the letter "N," above a kingless crown; here a flaming crown pierced by a star, whose rays have burst into bud and flower; here a fierce eagle guards an ingenious monogram, which looks as if a portion of the alphabet had been stereotyped while going through what the children style a "Double-and-twisted-Lord-a-massay."

But the dishes thus marked are exceptions. On nearly all are emblazoned the coat of arms of England; for, says a learned friend, "Such is the cheapness and excellence of the imported pottery, that American manufacturers of pottery have made little progress, notwithstanding that good materials for different sorts of ware are sufficiently abundant in this country." Yes, here are the lion and the unicorn (*couchant* or *rampant*), the crown, the shield with its motto, "*Honi soit qui mal y pense*," and underneath the scroll with the motto, "*Dieu et mon droit*." Ever, as we note it, the imagination pictures the magnificence of a court ball, crowds of gayly bedight Lords and Ladies, in the midst of which warlike Edward III. hands the Countess of Salisbury her garter, while he screens her blushes with quick-witted gallantry. Ever, too, as we note, comes the memory of a trot on grandam's knee to the monotone,

"The lion and the unicorn fighting for the crown,  
The lion beat the unicorn all about the town.  
Some gave them white bread, some gave them brown,  
Some gave them cake and sent them out of town."

This is the last plate.

"Dishes!" we cry.

"All out," says "he."

We put our right hand under the pan and turn a faucet. There is a sudden commotion, a miniature whirlpool, and the dirty dishwater has disappeared. Our cloth is rinsed and hung on a nail underneath the table. And now, can we, for any appreciable moment of time, congratulate ourselves that every thing is dish-washed? DISH-WASHER.

#### THE CUT-WORM.

THE cut-worm is a thick worm, about an inch in length; it is of a dark or light color as the case may be, for it usually assumes the color of the soil in which it is found. In muck it is quite dark, while in sandy soils it is so near the color of the soil that one needs good eye-sight in order to detect it. I formerly was of the opinion that there were several varieties of this worm. Observation has led me to another conclusion.\* Unlike the grub which eats the plant-root first, this creature usually cuts it off just above the crown, though occasionally below. The time to catch him is in the morning while the dew is on the ground; with a light trowel dig him out near a prostrate plant.

The cut-worm is for some reason shy of the earth-worm, and is seldom found in any great numbers in soils where the earth-worm abounds. The latter flourishes in strong rich soils and in many decaying substances, while the cut-worm feeds on vegetable life, and its favorite breeding-place is the swamp. In my opinion muck should be drawn from the swamp and exposed to the weather for two years at least before using; three years would be better. I have observed that muck so cured is free from this worm, while that drawn a short time before using will often fill the garden with the pest.

\* We think our contributor is in error in saying that there is but a single variety of the cut-worm. Entomological authorities describe several species. Harris, in his work, "Insects Injurious to Vegetation," tells (p. 443) how he dug up a number of cut-worms, from among cabbage plants, potato hills, the flower-garden, etc., and kept them till they passed through the chrysalid state, when, to his surprise, he found that he had five different species of moths. We must also be permitted to question the accuracy of the statement that cut-worms assume the color of the soil in which they are found. Has E. G. H. removed a specimen from a muck-heap to a light sandy loam, and observed the worm to change its color to correspond with that of its new habitat? ED. CIR.

Prevention is better than cure, but it is still worth while to know how infested soils may be "cured." In the case of a flower-garden, as soon as frost is out of the ground in the spring, remove every plant to a place of safety; then fork up the ground and make up your flower-beds, that the sun's rays may warm the soil and bring the worms to the surface; then sprinkle over the top a reasonable quantity of soot; rake it in, that the spring rains may mix it with the soil. After a suitable time set out your plants, and you will find your remedy effectual. Soot may be gathered from stove-pipes, ranges, furnaces, and should command its value in the market. E. G. H.

Wallingford, Conn.

#### FOREST-CULTURE.

BY R. S. DELATRE.

HAVING attempted to show the natural use of the forest as a reservoir, especially on very elevated lands, and the disastrous effects of its indiscriminate destruction, we will close with a few remarks upon the subject of its preservation—giving, by way of introduction, an extract from Clavé, a celebrated French writer who verily has gone into the question *con amore*. He says ("Etudes Forestières," p. 7), "A forest is not, as is often supposed, a simple collection of trees succeeding one another in long perspective, without bond of union, and capable of isolation from one another: it is, on the contrary, a whole—the different parts of which are dependent upon one another, and it constitutes, so to speak, a true individuality. Every forest has a special character determined by the form of the surface it grows upon, the kinds of trees that compose it, and the manner in which they are grouped."

We must, therefore, bear in mind that "a wood is not a mere assemblage of trees, to be selected and disposed by the caprice of its owner." A complete system of forest culture had not been reached when Marsh wrote (in 1864), but several manuals of practice had been prepared for the foresters of the French Empire, which, owing to many points of resemblance between the climate of some parts of that country and of our own, might be made available here.

One argument for converting a natural wood into one that is artificially regulated, is the great superiority of cultivated timber, that is, if we except the white pine and kindred trees. In regard to the management of the forest, the garden system, or coppice treatment, which consisted in raising crop after crop of young and uncertain timber from old roots (which, however, would not hold out after the third or fourth crop), has been abandoned for the German or full-growth system, which is this: There are three operations, first, about one-third of the wood is cut down, so as to leave proper spaces for the remaining trees to replant by process of natural sowing. The seedlings are then thinned out, and the ground kept clean. When old enough to bear or require additional light, more of the old trees are cut away, and when at last they are hardy enough to dispense with all foreign shelter, the rest of the forest is felled, the wood now consisting wholly of young trees. This takes about twenty years. The young forest is then kept cleaned out, and in some cases irrigated and fertilized. And when it attains to maturity (whenever that may be) the original process is repeated, and so on *ad infinitum*, to the joy of every lover of the grove.

Most of this might appear foolish to the sturdy pioneer of the West, whose great object through life has been to get rid of the forest. But we should not quarrel with him. It has been found, however, that the better quality of the wood, and the much more rapid growth of the cultivated forest repays, in a measure, the cost of its maintenance;

while the "immense collateral advantages derived from the presence of forests, and the terrible evils resulting from their destruction," call aloud, not only for the due preservation of those that exist, but for the more costly extension of them where they have been unduly reduced, as "among the most obvious of the duties which this age owes to those that are to come after it. Especially is this obligation incumbent upon Americans. No civilized people profits so largely from the toils and sacrifices of its immediate predecessors as they; no generations have ever sown so liberally, and, in their own persons, reaped so scanty a return, as the pioneers of Anglo-American social life. We can repay our debt to our noble forefathers only by a like magnanimity, by a like self-forgetting care for the moral and material interests of our own posterity."

### THE NEWS.

#### AMERICAN.

Harvard has added LL.D. to the name of our President. What for?

Father Cleveland died in Boston recently at the extreme age of 99 years, 11 months and 14 days.

Miss Tennie C. Claflin has been elected Colonel of a colored regiment of New York city! It is stated that the regiment was rewarded by new uniforms.

Rev. Robert Collyer of Chicago has made and delivered to the Cornell University a horse-shoe, and received therefor \$2,000. It bore the inscription, "Robert Collyer, Maker."

The work of tunneling West Point for the New York West Shore & Chicago railroad has begun. The tunnel will be three-fourths of a mile in length, and two years will be required for its completion.

It is announced that the N. Y. Central & Hudson River Railroad Co. has decided to lay two additional tracks over its entire line, intended especially to accommodate the through-freight traffic.

A serious accident occurred on the Canadian Grand Trunk railroad near Belleville, on the 22d ult., 23 persons being killed and 42 wounded. A less serious accident occurred on the same day on the Pittsburg, Washington and Baltimore railroad—a freight and passenger train running into each other, killing a part of the railroad officials and wounding some twenty passengers.

The *New York Tribune* has a tabular statement showing that something over two million dollars has already been lost to the employers, and \$1,674,950 to the workmen of New York city, by the recent "strikes;" and though the "strikers" have been more than usually successful, there are still eleven thousand out of employment—so that the aggregate losses as estimated by the *Tribune* must be considerably increased. The "strikes" have been more general than ever before in New York city, or probably in any other large city of the world.

According to statistics in the *Railroad Gazette*, there were in the aggregate 27 railroad accidents in the United States in the month of May, by which 9 persons were killed and 33 injured, to say nothing of the great amount of property destroyed. For the three months previous to May the record stands as follows: February, 21 accidents, 18 killed and 128 injured; March, 27 accidents, 3 killed and 67 injured; April, 22 accidents, 18 killed and 32 injured. The various causes of these accidents are enumerated as collisions, derailment, falling through bridges, and boiler explosions.

*Reduced Postage—Important Notification from the Post-Office Department.*—The following are the rates now charged on third-class printed matter, viz.: On all pamphlets, occasional publications, transient newspapers, magazines, handbills, posters, unsealed circulars, prospectuses, book manuscripts, proof-sheets, corrected proof-sheets (passing between author and publisher), flexible patterns, sample cards, phonographic paper, letter envelopes, postal envelopes and wrappers, cards, plain and ornamental paper, photographic representations of different types, seeds, cuttings, bulbs, roots, and scions, a postage of one cent for each two ounces or fraction thereof on packages to one address, to be pre-

paid by postage-stamps affixed. On all books (other than those printed by order of Congress) postage at two cents for each two ounces, or fraction thereof, limited to four pounds in weight. On samples of merchandise, metals, ores and mineralogical specimens, two cents for each two ounces or fraction thereof, packages limited to twelve ounces in weight.

Two political conferences of some importance were held last week. The first included representatives of all sections and of all parties opposed to the reelection of General Grant. The majority was in favor of concentrating all the elements adverse to the present administration upon Horace Greeley and Gratz Brown. The second conference was mainly composed of Free Traders, though including others opposed to the Cincinnati candidates. It adopted a platform of principles, and nominated Wm. S. Groesbeck for President, and Frederick Law Olmstead for Vice-President. Mr. Olmstead has since declined the candidacy.

#### FOREIGN.

The Carlists continue to give the Spanish Government trouble, though the insurgents are generally defeated in all engagements.

It is announced that Père Hyacinthe will be married in a few weeks to the only daughter of Count von Edel, a Bavarian nobleman.

The bill passed by the German parliament against the Jesuits has been approved by the Federal Council, and is now a law. Its provisions will soon be carried into effect.

The Duke of Montpensier has issued a manifesto against King Amadeus, claiming the Spanish throne for Don Alphonso, the son of Ex-Queen Isabella, now in his fifteenth year.

The political-wise predict an early crisis in French affairs. There has already been a disturbance of the cordial relations heretofore existing between President Thiers and the Right in the Assembly.

It has at last been arranged between Minister Sickles and the Spanish Minister of Foreign Affairs that Dr. Houard shall be released—thus terminating one cause of controversy between Spain and the United States.

The Geneva Board of Arbitration has already accomplished some good, in deciding that the "indirect claims" cannot properly be considered by them. Thus another great cause of irritation between the two countries is disposed of.

The request of the people of Alsace and Lorraine that they might be excused from military service for a year or two longer has been denied, and the Mayors of cities in those provinces have been directed to prepare registers for a military levy in October next.

It is stated that "the German Government has thrown down the gauntlet to the Catholic Episcopate. By a decree published on the 22d of May, it informed the Bishop of Ermeland that he must not only cancel his excommunication of the two 'Old Catholic' Professors, for rejecting the new dogma; but must officially by public proclamation announce his retraction, and pledge himself for the future to entire obedience to the State. Should he refuse, the State connection with the Catholic Church in his diocese will be considered to have ceased, and measures will be taken in accordance with that new position. As excommunication is a spiritual act, it seems impossible that the Bishop should obey; and if he does not, the German Government cannot now recede. It must disestablish and disendow the Catholic Church in that diocese at least, leaving it in the position of the Church in Ireland."

### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

To D. T. L., *Dunmore, Penn.*—We prefer not to make the exchange you propose.

To C. B. P., *New York City.*—You are at liberty to make the Community a short visit at your convenience.

To A. W., *Avoca, N. Y.*—Your response is satisfactory. Make such disposition of the pamphlets as you think best.

To C. V. P., *Trenton, N. J.*—We appreciate your expressions of sympathy, and are glad to recognize you as in some sense a co-worker, though you may never become personally identified with the Community. We have no objections to your procuring subscribers to the CIRCULAR in the way you suggest; please bear in mind, however, that we prefer in all cases to have persons forward their own names as subscribers.

To T. C. E., *Vineland, N. J.*—We send the pamphlets you order. The article on "Scientific Propagation," in the *Modern Thinker* will be reprinted in pamphlet form without revision. The Report of Dr. Noyes on the Nervous Diseases of the Community, published in the *Medical Gazette* of 1870, is to form part of the same pamphlet. The "Berean," "Bible Argument," "Bible Communism," etc., are now out of print. We mail to your address an old CIRCULAR which contains the briefest sketch of the past publications of our society.

## ANNOUNCEMENTS.

#### SILK GOODS.

Machine Twist, Sewing Silk, and Ribbons, of their own manufacture, in wholesale quantities, for sale by the Oneida Community.

#### 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.

#### MACHINE--SHOP AND FOUNDRY.

Silk Machinery, Lifting-Jacks, and all kinds of agricultural, machine and light castings, on hand or made to order. General Jobbing and Repairing done on reasonable terms. Descriptive price-list sent on application. Address, ONEIDA COMMUNITY, *Oneida, N. Y.*

#### THE WALLINGFORD PRINTING COMPANY.

Orders for all kinds of Book and Job Printing will be promptly attended to. Manufacturers' Illustrated Catalogues made a specialty; also Bronze and Color Work, and the finer kinds of Card, Circular and Bill-head Printing. It is the aim of this Company to do a superior grade of printing at moderate rates.

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#### PUBLICATIONS.

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

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

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

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

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

*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.

*Back Volumes of the Circular, (Unbound.)* Price, \$1.50 per volume, or sent (post paid) by mail at \$1.75.

MESSRS. TRUBNER & COMPANY, Book-sellers, Paternoster Row, London, have the *History of American Socialisms* and the *Trapper's Guide* for sale. They will receive subscriptions for our other publications.

#### NEW 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 CIRCULAR

#### LARGE VIEWS.

Bird's-Eye View, looking West, of Community Buildings and Grounds, 12 by 14 inches, neatly mounted 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 Dwelling, giving a good view of the New Wing, occupied by the Children—8 by 10; mounted on tinted board 10 by 12, with 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. 6, Lawn and Summer-House. No. 15, South and East Fronts.

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#### NO. 27. CONTENTS.

Spirit and Form	209	Community Journal	213
"Christ in Me"	210	The Boston Jubilee	213
How I Came into the True Path	210	Connecticut Enterprise	214
The Strain of Joy	211	How the Community "She"	214
Our Singing Birds	211	Dish-Washes	214
Quinine	211	The Cut-Worm	215
Communism Cosmopolitan	212	Forest-Culture	215
Brotherly Copartnership	212	The News	216
		Answers to Correspondents	216