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TERMS:

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THE UNITED COMMUNITIES.

ONEIDA COMMUNITY

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

WILLOW-PLACE COMMUNITY.

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

WALLINGFORD COMMUNITY.

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

SPECIAL NOTICE.

The O. C. and Branches are not "Free Lovers," in the popular sense of the term. They call their social system BIBLE COMMUNISM or COMPLEX MARRIAGE, and hold to freedom of love only within their own families, subject to Free Criticism and the principles of Male Continence. In respect to permanency, responsibility, and every essential point of difference between marriage and licentiousness, the Oneida Communists stand with marriage. Free Love with them does *not* mean freedom to love to-day and leave to-morrow; nor freedom to take a woman's person and keep their property to themselves; nor freedom to freight a woman with offspring and send her downstream 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.

ZEPPHTAH'S DAUGHTER.

FROM TENNYSON'S "DREAM OF FAIR WOMEN."

Slowly my sense undazzled. Then I heard
A noise of some one coming thro' the lawn,
And singing clearer than the crested bird,
That claps his wings at dawn.

"The torrent brooks of hallow'd Israel
From craggy hollows pouring, late and soon,
Sound all night long, in falling thro' the dell,
Far-heard beneath the moon.

"The balmy moon of blessed Israel
Floods all the deep-blue gloom with beams divine:
All night the splinter'd crags that wall the dell
With spires of silver shine."

As one that museth where broad sunshine laves
The lawn of some cathedral, thro' the door
Hearing the holy organ rolling waves
Of sound on roof and floor

Within, and anthem sung, is charm'd and tied
To where he stands—so stood I, when that flow
Of music left the lips of her that died
To save her father's vow;

The daughter of the warrior Gileadite,
A maiden pure; as when she went along
From Mizpeh's tower'd gate with welcome light,
With timbrel and with song.

My words leapt forth: "Heaven heads the count of crimes
With that wild oath." She rendered answer high:
"Not so, nor once alone; a thousand times
I would be born and die.

"Single I grew, like some green plant, whose root
Creeps to the garden water-pipes beneath,
Feeding the flower; but ere my flower to fruit
Changed, I was ripe for death.

"My God, my land, my father—these did move
Me from my bliss of life that Nature gave,
Lower'd softly with a threefold cord of love
Down to a silent grave.

"And I went mourning, 'No fair Hebrew boy
Shall smile away my maiden blame among
The Hebrew mothers'—emptied of all joy
Leaving the dance and song.

"Leaving the olive-gardens far below,
Leaving the promise of my bridal bower,
The valleys of grape-loaded vines that glow
Beneath the battled tower.

"The light white cloud swam over us. Anon
We heard the lion roaring from his den:
We saw the large white stars rise one by one,
Or, from the darken'd glen,

"Saw God divide the night with flying flame,
And thunder on the everlasting hills.
I heard Him, for He spake, and grief became
A solemn scorn of ills.

"When the next moon was roll'd into the sky,
Strength came to me that equal'd my desire.
How beautiful a thing it was to die
For God and for my sire!

"It comforts me in this one thought to dwell,
That I subdued me to my father's will;
Because the kiss he gave me, ere I fell,
Sweetens the spirit still.

"Moreover, it is written that my race
Hew'd Ammon, hip and thigh, from Arer
On Arnon unto Minneth." Here her face
Glow'd, as I look'd at her.

She lock'd her lips; she left me where I stood:
"Glory to God," she sang, and past afar,
Throbbing the sombre boskage of the wood,
Toward the morning-star.

MYSTERIES.

Home-Talk by J. H. N.

THE best illustration of the nature of spirit and spiritual power is the magnet. It might almost be said that the magnet is a body having a spirit. Besides the body of the steel, there is in it and around it a radiating

influence, which is entirely invisible and intangible—something which does not directly address itself to any of our senses or even to the microscope, and yet has power to act at a considerable distance from the steel.

Whatever the power may be which extends beyond the body of the magnet and affects substances at a distance, it is certainly something like spirit or spiritual influence. The phenomenon which Paul describes when he says, "Though I be absent in the flesh, yet am I with you in the spirit," is a reality in the case of the magnet. It might say to the iron filings, "Though absent in body I am with you in spirit."

The spirit-like nature of this something which dwells in the magnet is indicated not only by the fact that it does not address itself to any of our senses—being so near nothing that we cannot observe it in any way except through its effects—but still more by the fact that it will act right through any intervening substance such as wood, glass, paper, or even a man's hand. If I should put a magnet on one side of my hand it would make iron filings stick to the other side; that is, it would operate right through my blood, bones and muscles.

This is a wonderful thing. It is of the nature of a miracle; and is just as inexplicable as any of the miracles attributed to Christ. All you can see is the fact. As to seizing the power concerned or being able to examine it and tell how it works, that is out of the question. It eludes all the bodily senses and all material tests.

It is a phenomenon which is very extensive in nature. The attraction of gravitation is entirely analogous to it. The attractive force exerted by the earth, the gravitation of the earth toward the sun, the attraction that governs the motions of all the planets (which is evidently a fundamental, sovereign power in the material universe), is altogether similar to what we see in the magnet. If you let a stone fall from the top of a tower to the earth, it is affected by an influence which radiates from the earth, and the earth might say to it before it starts, "Though I be absent in the body I am with you in spirit." That attraction is not obstructed by any substance which intervenes, but like magnetism will act right through any solid, just as freely as if nothing were in its way.

All this is a fair illustration of the working of spiritual power. If the magnet operates by a force and in ways that are thus mysterious, it is certainly not incredible that our souls and bodies should have in them and flowing from them an influence equally intangible and mysterious. We know that within our bodies there are phenomena of this very kind. Our ability to control our muscles and move our

limbs is known to be dependent on the transmission of nervous influence, which works in a manner similar to the operation of electricity; and electricity is convertible into magnetism. By the galvanic battery, you can put magnetism or the magnetic spirit into soft iron and take it out again. There is known to be a similarity between galvanism and the power of the will; that is, galvanism and the power of the will produce the same effect upon the muscles. Here, then, we may trace a manifest analogy and connection between magnetism and the human spirit; and it is not at all more wonderful that a man should be able to do things at a distance from himself by a perfectly imperceptible power, than that a magnet or a galvanic battery should do so.

When Paul wrote to the Corinthians from Philippi that, though absent in body hundreds of miles away, he was present in spirit, and called upon them in conjunction with his spirit, to "deliver a certain one unto Satan for the destruction of the flesh," he was talking about things which, though they may seem incredible and fanatical to materialistic unbelievers, were in fact just as simple and intelligible as what we see in the magnet.

It is exceedingly difficult to believe in the power of the magnet, though you can see it operate. I can hardly conceive of the possibility of it, yet I know it is a reality. How does attraction take place? That word attraction really has no more meaning than the word suction used to have. We know that there is properly no such thing as suction; whatever takes place that goes by that name is really pressure. And this word attraction is probably used in the same senseless way. It can have no meaning until the principle by which it works has been demonstrated. The difficulty in the case is to understand or imagine how a magnet can *pull* things. It is easy enough to see how it might *push* by a radiating efflux: but in order to pull, the radiation must have something equivalent to *hooks* at the outer end, and must return to the magnet instead of simply radiating from it.

If you study closely the facts of attraction, whether in magnetism or gravitation, you find yourself immediately in the very depths of the doctrine of miracles. You are surrounded by exactly the same mysteries that you find in the miracles of Christ. Yet the material philosophers don't believe that a man has a spirit; they scoff at the idea of spiritual power. Now it seems to me very absurd that mere unintelligent matter, like steel and earth, should have such powers, and that human beings who are made in the image of God should not. It is easy to believe that an angel, or a being like Jesus Christ who is in communication with eternal life and wisdom, should be full of just such and even vastly superior forces. It seems the most natural thing in the world, that Christ should have control of all these other forces and be able to supersede them as he did in the case of gravitation.

The time will come when disbelief about spirits and spiritual power and miracles will seem very absurd. There is no more reason why I cannot sit here and act in London, than there is why a magnet should not act at the

distance of an inch. The space is greater, but there is nothing in principle to hinder the action. Though a conductor is used in sending electricity across the Atlantic Ocean, yet the possibility of acting without a conductor must be unlimited; because if a magnet acts at the distance of an inch without a conductor, there is no reason why it should not act in the same way at any other distance. We see that the attraction of gravitation does act millions of miles away without a conductor.

I am going to assume that it is one of the fundamental laws of all existence, and one that I can avail myself of as well as any body or any thing, that a substance can act where *it is not*. Paul's words—"Though absent in body, yet present in spirit"—instead of being absurd, point to the most fundamental and omnipresent law in the universe.

"THOSE EARLY DAYS."

IV.

BY W. H. W.

I HAVE intimated that there was a "falling away" in Belchertown of many who at first "heard the word with gladness," and stood up boldly in the confession of Christ a Savior from sin. But a few were left after the final "winnowing" that has been alluded to. If it be asked, What occasioned this lack of stability in the believers when the day of trial came? I should answer, in general terms, that many had previously *failed to count the cost*. They were holiday soldiers, without the discipline and purpose that would hold them firm when persecution and adversity came and the cause in which they had enlisted passed under a cloud of obloquy and disfavor. To specify more particularly the causes of the falling away, it is manifest that an enemy sowed tares in the field under the guise of New York Perfectionism and modern Spiritualism. There was genuine coin put in circulation there, but Satan's minions did not fail to also put in circulation much that was spurious. The false leaven was manifest in jealousies and envyings and evil-speaking. There were disputations about words to no profit, but to the subversion of the hearers. No doubt the poison of diatribes, the love of preéminence, was the cause of much discord and jealousy, especially among those who were not thoroughly loyal to Mr. Noyes and did not recognize him as their head and leader. But after treachery and disunity had done their work a goodly number were left who were not beguiled by specious words or promises, and had sufficient discernment to distinguish between the true and the counterfeit. These, as I have said, stood ready for marching orders, and followed the fortunes of the "Corporation" after its memorable exodus from Putney. They were good and true men and women, and endured the hardships, privations and persecutions of the Oneida pioneer life with heroism and unwavering constancy. It would be a pleasure to dwell on their self-sacrificing labors, and recount their faith works more specifically, but time would fail me; and I will only briefly mention a few who were either prominent in the Belchertown movement, or joined the Community here in its infancy and have since labored with heart and hand for the good cause.

Colonel Joshua Longley and wife were leading Perfectionists in the town, and made their house a kind of headquarters for social meetings and informal gatherings of the believers. Col. Longley was apparently a staunch follower of Mr. Noyes, and thoroughly devoted to the interests of the Putney school, though personally he would be characterized as a religionist of the emotional class. He was a man of lively sympathies, and a genuine enthusiast; and when the "power" was on him his zeal was sublime. His feelings were easily touched, and he melted into tears with all a woman's facility. His wife was a spiritualist of the more sublimated kind, and often had visions and revelations to relate. Though she was a bright and shining light at that time, and had much influence with the believers, I judge that her affinities were more with the New York Perfectionists than the Putney school. At any rate, she soon took offense at the plain dealing of the brethren, and subsequently gravitated to the ranks of Spiritualists, and became a "medium." Col. Longley was somewhat "shaken in mind" by his wife's disaffection and the dispersion at Putney, together with the development of the social theory; but he afterward renewed his loyalty, and died in the bonds of friendship with the O. C. at least.

The Belchertown band numbered in its ranks Charles Kellogg, a nephew of Mr. Enos Kellogg—one of the founders and a pillar of strength in the present O. C. organization. Though an invalid, Charles Kellogg was an invincible character. When convinced that any given course was right, nothing could turn him from it—his will and purpose were as inflexible as iron. His devotion to Mr. Noyes and appreciation of his writings were unwavering. What he had once set to his seal as truth became an eternal foundation, and he would

"The dark'ning universe defy
To quench his immortality,
Or shake his trust in God!"

He was a man of no little personal attraction and power. Several members of the O. C. ascribe their conversion to the Perfectionist doctrines to his influence and teaching, including the present editor of the CIRCULAR, who was, at the time of which I write, a boy of twelve or thirteen years.

The Thayers—son, wife, and mother—were among the first to forsake their lifelong Belchertown home, with all its tender memories and associations, and join the outcast Perfectionists at Oneida. They have never wearied in well-doing, and the aid they have contributed to the growth and prosperity of the O. C. is incalculable. Mr. Thayer is one of the most indefatigable workers that New England ever produced; and he has had the satisfaction of playing an active part the past year in the erection of the Wallingford dam and the creation of a three hundred horse-power on the Quinnipiac. This is only one of the many monuments which his energy and skill have aided to raise on the Community domains.

Mr. Olds, an honored member of the O. C., was one of the most zealous of the Belchertown Perfectionists, and was directly influential in turning the attention of my brother-in-

law, after he came under conviction, to the subject of Salvation from Sin, and thus indirectly helped to shape my career and destiny. Mr. Olds was a believer of an older experience in the confession of Christ than most of his associates in Belchertown, having first become acquainted with Mr. Noyes while living in the vicinity of Putney. His motto was, "If religion is anything it is everything;" and he gave it his first attention and thought; no sacrifices were too great to make for the possession of it. He was not a thrifty man pecuniarily: competitive, selfish society offered too many barriers for him to surmount, and he contented himself with a pittance of this world's goods. But though he could not make headway in the world, he was well adapted to Communism—coöperative society gave scope to all his talent, and developed a good deal that was latent, and he has been an active man in promoting the prosperity of the O. C. He has traveled extensively as a commercial agent of the Community, and his name is as familiar as household-words among business men, especially of the Western States. Mr. O. furnishes a good example of thousands, who in ordinary society gain but a "hand-to-mouth" subsistence, but would be effective producers in organized, coöperative society, where big fish do not eat up the little ones, but all strive together for the common weal.

Belchertown has still left a remnant of the old Perfectionists—one or two families which stand by the old flag of holiness that was unfurled there more than a quarter of a century ago. They contribute of their means, though they are poor in this world's goods, to support the CIRCULAR and advance the cause of Bible Communism. Silas Howard and wife were among the first adherents of Mr. Noyes in Belchertown, and believers always find a warm welcome at their house, and enjoy a generous hospitality, as the writer can testify from frequent personal experience. Their oldest daughter became attached to the Perfectionists, and left her home in Belchertown a few years since for a home in the Oneida Community.

There are others in Belchertown who have not wholly lost their interest in the old Perfectionist doctrines.

The old "free thinker" before alluded to, who consorted a good deal with the Perfectionists, was something of an oracle in his way. The gospel of the New Covenant was a favorite theme with him, and he would dwell impressively on the exalted privileges and glories that it secured to the saints, till he seemed to be overwhelmed with the contemplations of the subject, when he would exclaim with much emotion, "O 'tis great! 'tis great!"

SILLY ENVY.

"For wrath killeth the foolish man, and envy slayeth the silly one."—Job, 5: 2.

I HAVE lingered more than once over that dream of Addison describing the "endeavors of mankind to get rid of their burdens." It is not altogether the exquisite simplicity of the language that charms me: the moral of the essay refreshes my heart. This is the plot of the dream:

Jupiter issues a proclamation commanding every mortal "to bring in his griefs and calamities and throw them together in a heap." This is obeyed by the whole human species. A lady of thin, airy shape, and wild, distracted look, assists at this unburdening. Her name is *Fancy*. In her hand she carries a magnifying glass, which, placed before each individual, so exaggerates his distresses of every sort that they appear greater than they are, and he delightedly obeys Jupiter's proclamation. After the whole race of mankind has thus unburdened itself, Jupiter gives every man the liberty to exchange his misfortunes for those of another person. Here is where the humor of the dream comes in. *Fancy* now bestirs herself more than ever. She persuades every one that the trouble of his neighbor is less than his own, and advises him to take it in exchange. Soon the huge mountain of misery is thus portioned out. But, dear me! what a piteous sight is now. All wander about, groaning, complaining, lamenting, under the pressure of their new burdens. Jupiter takes compassion on the poor mortals. They are ordered a second time to lay down their burdens, with a design that every one may take his own again. This they do with a great deal of pleasure. A goddess of serious but cheerful aspect assists at this second distribution. Her name is *Patience*. Her very presence by the mount of sorrows makes it appear only a third as big as before. She gives to each his own proper calamity, teaching him how to bear it in the most commodious manner. Every one leaves her well pleased that he has not been left to his own choice as to the kind of evils which fall to his lot.

To me the most pointed moral drawn from this dream is, the foolishness of envying our neighbor's happiness, since it is impossible for us to form a right judgment of his sufferings. No one can consider this idea without finding in it a deal of shrewd philosophy.

From the judgment of others of us, we can see how possible it is that we may esteem others enviable, when, did we but know more of their secret experience, we would not so esteem them. "Every heart knoweth its own bitterness." For us there are only glimpses. Let us consider then, when tempted to envy the happiness of another, whether we would take the unknown bitter with the known sweet; whether indeed with it we would take the bitter we surely see. Here is where we can all see the silliness of envy. It is not alone that it belongs to the "reprobate mind" [see Rom. 1: 29], to the unthankful heart, and the disposer of God, it is that it belongs to the foolish, shallow mind, who, unapt in the philosophy of compensation which pervades the universe, enviously covets the prosperity of another, as if it could be had without its alloy or the sacrifices which have preceded it.

Whoever long observes human nature or the vicissitudes of life sees that our heavenly Father gives sorrow and joy to all his children in wisely-balanced measure. Heaven is the reward to all. But, that we may grasp this reward, it is often ordered that pain and adversity temper our joy and prosperity.

Let us see the point. Let us acknowledge

the silliness of "the spirit in us that lusteth to envy." Salvation is the desire of all. Its contingencies must be encountered by all. Let us be satisfied with the contingencies appropriate for us, and wisely refrain from envying our neighbor, if we would not, with the happiness we covet, encounter a contingency we are not fitted to endure. VERBUM SAP.

ALCOHOLIC TREATMENT OF DIARRHEA.

BY GEO. F. CRAGIN, M. D.

THERE seems to be a popular notion that the best treatment for diarrhea or dysentery is that of alcoholic stimulation. Brandy is the favorite remedy, although wine, gin and whisky are also used quite freely. Alcohol in its various forms is no doubt in many cases a pleasant remedy to take, and the momentary stimulating effect of a dram may and often does cause the patient to fancy that he is decidedly bettered by the dose. Let us for a moment look into the condition of things in a case of diarrhea, and see if the love of liquor is going to lead to a cure.

In the majority of cases an attack of diarrhea is caused by indigestion, resulting from irregularity in eating, exposure to extremes of heat and cold, eating while fatigued, or excessive exercise while the stomach is full. The mucous membrane of the stomach and bowels is in a state of irritation, congestion, and often inflammation. The normal circulation of the blood in the affected part is interrupted, and all natural action is for a time partially suspended. Does not common sense teach us that the best thing to be done in such a state of things is to remove the cause of irritation and allay the inflammation, or, in other words, restore to its natural vigor the function of digestion? Can we get any help from alcohol in any of its various forms? Can we by using an active irritant poison check the disease, reduce the congestion and inflammation, and restore the natural action of the glandular membrane of the stomach and intestines? It is well known that alcohol when taken in quantities rapidly depresses the vital forces, reduces the normal temperature of the body, and utterly disorganizes the nervous system. Men exposed to extremes of heat and cold are sure to die if allowed to drink freely of ardent spirits.

Dr. Beaumont found in his experiments on Alexis St. Martin that fermented liquors of any kind interfered with digestion, and soon produced actual disease of the stomach when used for several days in succession. The effect of alcohol on the capillary circulation is easily seen in the web of a frog's foot placed under the microscope. When first exposed to view the circulation is beautifully clear and free. The color of the web is a light straw, tinged here and there with a darker pigment. The red corpuscles are hurrying along through the branching, hair-like tubes without meeting the slightest obstruction to their rapid course. Now watch the effect of a drop of alcohol applied to the web. For an instant the circulation seemed to be increased. The blood vessels dilate to nearly twice their former size, and the color rapidly changes to a deeper, darker red. Only for a moment, however, is this increase of activity noticeable. The capillaries, although retaining their increase of size, are now filled with a dark, sluggish mass slowly moving forward and backward for a moment and finally coming to a complete stop. As far as the circulation is concerned, the part is dead or paralyzed by the irritating liquid. In the course of a few minutes the circulation slowly starts again, but it takes some little time before the paralyzed vessels are restored to their natural vigor and elasticity.

It may be said, in reply to all this, that a frog's

foot is not a human stomach, and that the action of the alcohol might be quite different in one case from what it is in the other. All very true, and if you will take the trouble to compare the delicate and highly organized structure of the living membrane of the stomach and intestines with the tough web of a frog's foot, you will hardly hesitate or question as to which will receive the most injury from the application of irritating substances.

What ought to be done, then, for an attack of diarrhea? and what shall we take if brandy* is out of the question?

I have found in treating my own case and many others that the very best thing is to go to bed, keep warm and stop eating. I have never known this treatment to fail of a cure if faithfully carried out. If you *must* take something, take an active cathartic. A dose of castor oil is much better than a glass of brandy, and if not so pleasant to the taste will often effect an immediate cure.

ONEIDA CIRCULAR.

WM. A. HINDS, EDITOR.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1872.

The question of Woman Suffrage was a few years ago kicked about by the political parties like a foot-ball. The man was thought a fool or mad fanatic and hooted down who attempted to set forth the claims of woman before any political body. Now the Grant Republicans of Massachusetts in their State Convention put into their platform of principles a plank strongly favoring Woman Suffrage; and even the National Convention at Philadelphia promised in a mild way to look after the interests of Woman. That is about the way reformers generally fare in this country. First, contumely and persecution; then toleration; finally open acknowledgment and public favor. Communists will probably prove no exception to the general rule.

It is a noteworthy fact that for the first time in the history of our country Socialism is now an element in the presidential campaign. The candidate on one side, and some of the best speakers and writers on both sides, have been personally identified in the past with socialistic experiments or zealous propagandists of theories looking to the radical reorganization of society. Of course, on its first introduction into political discussions Socialism would not be an element of popularity, and the side supposed to be most affected by it would be most severely lampooned; and so Greeley, Dana, and the other Liberal-Republican leaders have thus far fared the worse in this matter, though George W. Curtis, Parke Godwin and other effective workers for the reelection of Grant are almost equally vulnerable. The fact that old socialists are found in the front ranks of all parties furnishes conclusive evidence that the socialistic movement in this country has not been a superficial and temporary thing. It has drawn into it many of the best minds, and though some of its early apostles have turned their attention to less worthy issues, the cause moves on, and promises to command ere long the consideration of all deep-thinking men.

The policy of the Community, in keeping itself aloof from organizations whose principles are in some respects similar, still perplexes some of our friends. They say: "The Internationals are radically opposed to existing social institutions—so are you; now why don't you join your forces with theirs and fight out the battle together?" And again: "The disciples of Fourier, and Owen, and Cabet,

and of a score of others who have started Communities or propounded some peculiar theory of society, have substantially the same ultimate objects in view as you who are followers of Mr. Noyes; now why not all unite and all coöperate?" And still again: "The Infidels and Free-Lovers and Positivists and Pantarchs are as much interested as you Bible Communists in maintaining the rights of free thought and free discussion, and are doing as much as you in this direction; then why not consider them as belonging to the same army of progress, and so as your friends?" To all which we answer briefly: Admitting all you say in behalf of the various schools of Socialists and Free-Thinkers to be correct, we still see abundant reason for pursuing our present course. If we placed the same value as the Internationals upon the readjustment of the external relations of men, or believed with common Socialists that if men could be induced to take advantage of the principle of combination general harmony and happiness would result, or if we regarded free discussion as a very desirable thing of itself,—then there would be great force in your appeals; but such is not the case. We appreciate these things simply as means for the accomplishment of an end incomparably more important—the introduction of Christ's everlasting Kingdom into this world: and we cannot coöperate with others in the way some well-disposed friends desire and still keep our eye single to this great object. Whether our policy in this respect will in the end prove the wisest that might have been adopted let time determine.

Dean Stanley preached recently in a Scotch Presbyterian Church by invitation of its pastor, the Rev. A. K. H. Boyd, author of the "Recreations of a Country Parson." A correspondent of the New York *Evening Mail* gives the following description of the two men: "Dean Stanley is a bright, active little man, sharp-featured and with a sharp eye; frail seemingly, gray-haired, and looking old for his years. The Rev. A. K. H. Boyd, the 'country parson,' clergyman of the parish church of St. Andrew's, and whose guest Dean Stanley is, is a large man with a good head, but inclined to pomposity. His clothes are of the extreme clerical cut, and he preaches not only in the regulation gown and band, but in light kid gloves." Alas! that folly and affectation in clerical dress should show itself in the folds of the sober Presbyterian Church.

Ezra Cornell writes a letter to the Boston *Trades' Journal*, in which occur the following interesting paragraphs relative to the Labor department of the University bearing his name:

The University has paid about \$10,000 per annum to such of its students as wished to work for the earnings of their labor, and many of the students have obtained employment outside of the institution by which they have earned, as near as I can learn, about as much more; so that our students have earned nearly or quite \$80,000 during the past four years, which is an important item in aid of their educational expenses.

I think we may safely say that our experience demonstrates the fact that students can apply themselves to physical labor three or four hours a day without detriment to their studies. Our working students are our prize-takers, and they are rarely found among "rushers" or "hazers;" their manual, useful labor furnishes a safe exit for the surplus steam, and they are quiet and happy.

We have a much larger number of students desiring employment than we have employment for, and the question that I most desire information on is, how to provide suitable and profitable employment to all who wish to make their labor available in procuring a first-class education.

The farm and garden have afforded much work; our printing-office has employment for some twenty or more students; we have students at carpenter work, stone-cutting, mason work, painting, etc., etc.; but all this is not sufficient for all who apply for work. Our machine-shop is more devoted to labor of an educational character.

COMMUNITY JOURNAL.

ONEIDA.

—Our fruit-and-vegetable packing corps have nearly closed their summer's campaign. They have yet to can a lot of pumpkins, if they can get them, for family use next spring and summer, and then their labor for this year will be done. During the season they have bottled and canned altogether, of the various kinds of fruits and vegetables, 27,200 quarts, which may be assorted as follows: Strawberries, 1,400 quarts; red raspberries, 1,238; black raspberries, 409; cherries of different kinds, 2,455; currants, 366; pine-apples, 254; quinces, 638; plums, 4,278; peaches, 1,713; pears, 2,654; corn, 3,978; apples, 406; tomatoes, 6,791; Lima beans, 620. Total, 27,200. In addition to the above, 240 quarts of tomato-catchup, and over 150 dozen tumblers of currant, crab-apple, raspberry and quince jellies have been put up. About five-sixths of the above-named amount of fruits and vegetables was put up to fill orders from abroad, and is daily being sent to its destination. The remainder will be reserved for home consumption.

—The Community recently received by post a box labeled, "FOR THE O. C. NEST COLLECTION"—containing a curious bird's-nest, the outside of which is rudely constructed of coarse swamp grass and reeds, and the inside delicately lined with cat-tail down. Accompanying the box is the following descriptive information of its contents: "Nest of the Marsh Wren (*Troglodytes brevirostris*) secured by pushing a boat in among the reeds and rushes at the head of Conesus Lake, near the private residence of Dr. and Mrs. J. C. Jackson of Dansville Water Cure." Thanks to the unknown friend who sent us this contribution.

—Help to husk corn is in demand just now. Every autumn the 150 or more of husk beds used by our large family have to be renewed, and many of them replenished with fresh husks; and hence the occasion for "bees" to assist in procuring the necessary material. But as the Community have raised but little corn this season, we are dependent on neighbor Hubbard for a supply of husks. With his consent our farmers strip his cornfield of its ears, and bring them to the Community barn, where as is usual for two or three weeks at this time of year a portion of the barn-floor is furnished with stools and benches and supplied with ears of corn already for husking; and any of the family, old or young, single or in squads as is most convenient, have a standing invitation to drop in for an hour or two and assist. Mrs. Norton, who has general charge the year around of all the Community bedding is now always on hand, superintending the sorting and drying of the husks: and though in her 68th year seems indefatigable in her personal labors to provide for the family comfort in the very important item of good beds.

15th.—A big "bee" for an hour and a quarter in the kitchen last evening to pare apples for drying—the first of a succession of "bees" that it is proposed to have for the same purpose. Over eighty persons were in attendance, and 18 bushels of apples were pared, quartered and sliced. To dry the apples, they are carried over to the "hop-house" on the Willow-Place premises, where, with the help of a little fire, they are sufficiently dried in two or three days, independent of the weather outside.

Oct. 17th.—Last night we had the first serious frost of the season.

—We are always tempted to think, when we read of a "bear and her cubs ravaging the region about Oneida Lake," that somebody has drawn largely on his imagination for the sake of creating a sensation; but having noticed that there is a greater call than usual for bear traps this year (128 having thus far been sold), we asked the Canadian Trapper if bears were actually increasing. He said that with-

out doubt there had been an increase of numbers among this species of wild animals, but that also the yield of the nut-bearing trees had been very light this season, thus obliging these omnivorous creatures to leave their forest haunts and prowl about the grain-fields of the surrounding farms. In Michigan and other Western States the farmers have considerable trouble to protect their crops. Two bears will utterly devastate a large field of wheat in a day and a night. It is amusing, he says, to watch their method of helping themselves. They will sit down amid the uncut grain, and reaching out their long arms, as a man uses a sickle, they will collect a large bunch under their chins, from which they rapidly munch the heads. They will thus make a circular sweep of six or eight feet in diameter. It is a positive fact that at Oneida Lake, Taberg, and other places on the frontiers of Brown's Tract, bears are so numerous as to cause great anxiety and annoyance to farmers. In the fancied security of this nineteenth-century civilization, bears have seemed to be among those relics of barbarism which we only read of in books or hear of from the lips of brave pioneers in the wilderness; but to think of their ranging the country within fifteen miles of us! Ugh! The bare idea gives one an uncanny sensation. Isn't there enough powder and shot and Nimrodian pluck in the world to keep us from retrograding into antediluvian savagery?

H. and T. stepped into N.'s room this afternoon, and were astonished to discover him engaged in turning over the leaves of an old violin book from which he and G. W. N. used long ago to play duets. How familiar its pages seemed! There was "The King of Prussia's March," "Morelli's Lesson," "Jager Chorus," "Lady Rosalie's Waltz," and many another favorite of the dear old days when music among us was in a stage of unpretentious enthusiasm.

"Oh, I do wish," exclaimed H., "that you would get your violin back again and play as you used to!"

"I suppose you don't think I know anything about music," answered N. laughing good-naturedly, "but the fact is I was the founder of your orchestras and all your musical organizations."

"We know you were," said T., "but won't you tell us how you happened to learn to play the violin?"

"Well, the year that I was studying in Esquire Mead's law office (1830-1), when I was twenty years old and up to all sorts of fun going among the girls and boys of the village, I heard that there was to be a singing-school started in the winter; and I foresaw that in order to hold my place in the flirting ring and keep up with everything that was going on, I must go to that singing-school. But really I didn't know any more about music than a sheep. I couldn't raise and fall the eight notes to save my life. I could hardly distinguish one note from another, and didn't know a discord from a concord. But I determined to go to the singing-school; and discovering an old violin in the office closet, I set about cultivating my ear with that and learning to read notes from a book of psalm tunes. I didn't dare begin to saw till everybody was out of hearing; but at night as soon as all was still I would get the violin and practice till 12 o'clock. It took me quite awhile to learn to tune the instrument; but at last I got so I could do it, and after considerable hard work I was able to play some of the slow church tunes quite respectably. The result of these night labors, continued all through the fall, was that I got along very well in the singing-school, and had a good time carrying my part among the boys in school-time and 'carrying on' with the girls in intermissions.

"The next year I was converted and went to Andover. The public singing of the Seminary was done by a very select organization, and the custom was to choose a few of the best singers

from each entering class of students to join that organization. A delegate from this select society came to my room, and set me to sing the bass alone to several rather difficult pieces. I did the best I could, and the man went away without saying anything. I supposed that was the last I should hear of the matter; but I was soon officially informed that I was one among four or five of my class who were to become members of the select choir. So I had good opportunity to improve that year. Afterward at New Haven, in 1833-4, I actually led the singing in the conference meetings of the Theological Seminary; and when I was preaching and attending revival meetings, I was looked up to as the musical fugleman, ready for anything, from leading a choir to singing a solo. Why, I've given the pitch and started the tune in the North Church in New Haven before a larger audience than you ever saw! so you had better believe that I have been something of a singer in my day.

"Well, to go back to where we began: the drill I had on that old violin in Esquire Mead's office led to all my violin playing, and that led to the foundation of all our Community orchestras. And by the way, that old violin, which I found lying round loose and dusty in the closet of the law office, was afterwards discovered to be a very fine instrument, and has an excellent reputation in the Community to this day, having been loaned to us several years in the early time of our orchestra. Moreover, the history of it before I strung it and learned to tune it, has a spice of romance in it. It was originally and for many years the property and favorite of one Leach, an old blind musician of the peripatetic sort, who was reverenced in all the country about Chesterfield, as the Scotch bards used to be reverenced. I well remember his sweet tones and strange musical freaks, and the enthusiasm they caused in our village, as he came round from time to time in extreme old age. If violins catch and carry the spirits of those who love them, I and the Community may be indebted more than we are aware of to old blind Leach for our enthusiasm and success in music."

WALLINGFORD.

Oct. 10th.—It is difficult telling which are enjoying this fine day most, the excursion party that started for the sea-shore before daylight this morning, or we that are left at home. The day seems to have been planned on purpose for a sea-side jaunt—perfectly clear, with a light breeze from the south, and growing very warm in the middle of the day. It would seem that each one of us left at home had privately planned to fill all the vacancies made in the housework by the absence of so many—no less than six of us women meeting over a lot of beds to be made, and each one saying—"Why! I was going to do this."—"Well," said mother Noyes, one of the six, laughing, "we will have a grand 'bee' then, and do all the work up together:" and so we did, enjoying the treat immensely. Here and there about the house you would hear a merry peal of laughter, and a call of—"Oh, who has been doing my work?"

The apple-gatherers are still busy on Mount Tom harvesting the beautiful apples with which the trees there are so bountifully laden. Over forty barrels of the best of winter apples are already gathered. And now we must say a word in praise of our apples. Whoever has lived much at Wallingford will doubtless remember that as a general thing Wallingford apples have been remarkable chiefly for being small and wormy, gnarly and unsatisfactory. The cooks who have pared basket after basket of them for pies and sauce will tell you that. But this year, by some mysterious processes best understood by Dame Nature, a change has come about; and our apples, besides growing in

lavish abundance, are fair and smooth, and *very large*—not to be beaten by anybody's apples. Baldwins and Greenings are the most abundant.

—We had a lively paring-bee this evening between six and quarter-past seven o'clock. In that short time thirty-six pairs of hands put two barrels of apples in readiness for drying.

Oct. 11th.—C. S. J. went to New Haven yesterday, and came near having a stirring adventure while there. He was in one of the stores when a mad dog rushed in almost brushing against C—as he ran, but without seeing him. As the dog ran under a desk, the proprietor of the store opened a door into a back room. The dog rushed into this room, and the man fastened the door and went for his revolver. Then breaking a pane of glass in the window of the room where the dog was, he fired at him six times before killing him.

Oct. 12th.—There was a snapping frost last night; and of all the gorgeous array of flowers in the garden yesterday, not one can lift its head this morning. Mr. Skinner placed a pan of water out of doors last night, and this morning there was ice upon it an eighth of an inch thick. The grapes, we are glad to say, are all harvested.

WHY "THUNDER AND LIGHTNING?"

O. C., Oct. 13, 1872.

DEAR EDITOR:—Besides the clever reasons given in your last number for saying "thunder and lightning" instead of "lightning and thunder," I would suggest another. It is very frequently the case that thunder is heard to so great a distance that the flash of the explosion causing the sound is below our horizon, or is hidden by clouds: so as not to be visible. Accordingly in many, if not most, thunderstorms, and especially those occurring in the day-time, when lightning is least conspicuous, but the storm most likely to be noticed, we actually hear the thunder, as the storm approaches, some time before we see any lightning; and thus very naturally speak of "thunder and lightning," although, for any particular flash that we see, the sound does not come till afterward.

J. J. S.

IS THE FASHIONABLE DRESS OF WOMEN IMMORAL?

A WRITER in a late number of the *Galaxy* says: "The Egyptian woman, from inclination and shuffling slippers, moves slowly, and gratifies her curiosity in looking at what is passing on about her. Her sensuous nature is seen in her walk—a certain undulation of the body, which is generally regarded as adding to her charms. For her this writhing motion is supposed to perform the same office which the 'Grecian bend' does for some of her sisters in other lands."

Is this grave implication well founded? Does the long dress and pannier of the so-called representatives of society indicate a sensuous nature, as does the walk of the Egyptian woman, and thus create impure thoughts in the minds of young people who gaze upon them? Who has passed along a busy street, where groups of idlers are seen at every corner, and not heard expressions showing that the dress of women is responsible for many lascivious thoughts? It is true that those who express them do not represent the best class of society; but similar thoughts, though unexpressed, force themselves upon every one who mingles with women dressed in the prevailing style. The main portion of the labor in making such a dress is laid out so as to attract the attention of the most casual observer to the lower parts of the body. The "Grecian bend" is one glaring impropriety, and the hoop skirt another. It is impossible to prevent some display of limbs in following the various avocations of life when clothed in fashionable

gear; and this display in public places, in getting in and out of carriages, passing over filthy streets or sidewalks, elbowing through crowds at theaters, churches, street corners, etc., excites thoughts anything but flattering to the wearer of such a dress, as can plainly be seen by watching the various expressions on the countenances of beholders. They betray feelings of pain, disgust, amusement, gloating, etc., according to the different stages of civilization of the beholders. And these feelings are produced not so much by the exposure of the limbs themselves, as by the vain attempt at concealing them. Any effort of concealment which is only partially successful always tends to awaken curiosity and imagination in an unhealthy way, and directly tends to invite further investigation. Facts, then, compel us to admit that the fashionable dress of this country is productive of immorality.

But there is a style of dress worn by a small minority of American women which I think is free from this charge. It consists of a waist and pants, quite like those worn by little boys, over which is worn a gown reaching a little below the knees. No special attention is called to any portion of the body by the shape of this dress nor the amount of work laid out upon it. Neither does it make a vain attempt at concealing any part of the body, thereby exciting impure thoughts. From the waist to the soles of the feet the dress is precisely like that of a man with an overcoat on, differing only in material. Without the gown a woman in such dress would appear quite like a man in usual dress with simply his coat and vest off, and yet the man would never be called immodestly dressed. Here then is a dress against which the charge of immoral tendencies cannot be brought. D. E. S.

THE DUST OF TRAVEL.

X.

The "Garden of Ohio"—Cincinnati Exposition—Detroit, Cleveland, etc.

Cincinnati, O., Oct. 6, 1872.

DEAR CIRCULAR:—Down to Cincinnati again. Down from slow and sure-growing Detroit—down from Lake Erie—down from Toledo and its vast reaches of fat, feverish, half-drained lands, which stretch away so far on every hand that one is constrained to look at the maps to see whither they extend—down by the Sandusky and Cincinnati road—down through Tiffin, Kenton, Belfontaine, Urbana, Springfield, Dayton, Hamilton—down through the Mud River valley and "Garden of Ohio;" 'tis a garden surely, fair-lying, dry, arable, beautiful, fertile, after a hundred years of cultivation yielding almost everything; beef and wheat for strength, peaches for luxury, apples for comfort, grapes for jollity, corn and pork for heat and grossness; and tobacco for oblivion—down through a wilderness of dead and dry corn-fields—down among the elms growing rusty, among the sassafras and hickories turning yellow, among the maples turning red, and the luscious paw-paws and puckery persimmons—down through a thick autumn haze—down into the dun smoke of Cincinnati.

The Exposition, which has been holding under the joint management of the Board of Trade, the Chamber of Commerce, and the Mechanics' Institute of Ohio, was closed yesterday with the exception of its art galleries, which will be open a fortnight or so longer. It has been a great affair, and 'tis thought it will pay its own expenses. To realize it, suppose that the leading merchants and traders of a great city bring the contents of their show-cases and show-windows; that the manufacturers bring the best from their sample-rooms; that the various artisans make a draft on their reserves of taste and skill, and each produce something more beautiful than our earnest every-day life ever calls for; that florists and gardeners bring their exotics and rare show-plants; that artists con-

tribute from their studios; and that men of wealth and taste loan their hoarded pictures—suppose all these things to be brought into one great building, with machinery and scientific and historical collections added, and you will have an exposition—a great interesting, taxing, wearisome affair, which, if you have but a few hours to spare, will show you more than you can see in a year, and less than you will sometimes see in an hour.

In the machinery department machines for wood-working seemed to be most numerous. The floral department was most remarkable for its collections of exotic and tree ferns, sago palms, a century plant and banana or plantain, both in fruit, the *Phylocladus* —, a strange plant having large lattice-like leaves, and for foliage plants generally. The collection of pictures has been excelled, I think. One of the two which attracted the most attention is "Huss before the Council of Constance," by Carl Frederic Lessing. In this you see a body of men having weight, authority, and the prestige of command, confronted by a thoughtful, spiritual looking man who appeals to the Bible and to his own convictions of right and truth, and who must abide by them if all authority and organized opinion go to hell. This picture is owned by Joseph Longworth of this city. It is remarkable for its clear, sharp drawing and for its high, bright colors, showing well the ecclesiastical dress of monk and bishop, priest and red cardinal. The other is Leutze's "Expulsion of the Moors from Grenada," a large picture (owned by Marshall O. Roberts of New York) with a great deal of red brick wall in it, and something which I should call too much fore-shortening. It is full of figures, however, and gives the artist a chance to show the various emotions of men victorious, of men beaten, and of captives set free—strong men bent with agony and torn with grief; fair, voluptuous women perplexed and grieved, and stout souls who carry off their defeat in pride and self-control. The picture is charged with strength and strong emotion.

Nearly all the pictures are from private collections, and though you may do your best to appreciate the generosity of their owners, they nevertheless come to you bathed in an atmosphere of exclusiveness. You would scarcely dare to ask the owners to let you see them, and much less offer any compensation for the favor. Statuary and pictures in this country are held too much like our furniture and silver spoons. Not so with music. Much of it is free, and the best of it is, at least, an article of commerce, and, considering the law of supply and demand, it is sold at reasonable rates to any who will buy. If it is too soon for our cities, towns and Communities to have free picture galleries, why do not our men of business gather up the best pictures as they come into market, and, putting them into indestructible galleries, show them to the public for what it is worth?

I must go back from pictures to some of my impressions of travel. Do you see that Detroit is a frontier city—more of one than any other we have? When I walk along its avenues, and glance down side-streets across the river, and get a glimpse of Windsor, I fancy I have a pretty strong flavor of Canada. Notice how the boundary line between this country and the Dominion turns at the west end of Lake Erie, and going straight north arrests the easy western course of Canadian emigration, and compels it to creep up through the dreary regions north of Lake Huron and Lake Superior, into the Winnipeg country and on to Vancouver's Island. I am sure if you could see spirits, you would see the Canadian soul bulging out on the side next to Michigan. Do you remember how quickly the British got over the river in 1812 and took Detroit? The City Hall there is made of the beautiful Ohio stone, and is perhaps as pleasing a building as there is in all the West.

The soldier's monument, which stands in Campus Martius near the City Hall, is a somewhat lofty work in granite, surmounted by a brazen Liberty or Columbia or some other fierce thing. Lower down are bronze medallions of Lincoln, Grant, Sherman and Farragut, and four bronze statues—an infantry-man, a trooper, a gunner and a marine. This monument was executed by Randolph Rogers, the sculptor, and cost some sixty thousand dollars. When done it will doubtless be more pleasing than now.

Cleveland, which has increased greatly in wealth and population, has just taken its public square in hand and made it a splendid piece of garden-work. It consists of four squares as the city was laid out. Two of these squares were quite level, while the other two sloped gently towards the center. These squares were planted with about the same skill you see in the planting of any court-house square. The Perry Monument was built at the intersection of the streets which divide the square into four sections. Until this year it received little care or attention. Meanwhile the buildings around have been improving. Euclid Avenue, which opens into a corner of it, has become a long, fine street, and many of its ornamental places are a credit to the men who designed them. The improvement made is this: The two flat sections have been made gently undulating for the better display of shrubs and flowers. In one of these is a large basin and fountain. In the other is a large rustic summer-house for music and public speakers; it is made of oak and cedar, and is hardly surpassed by anything of its kind in the parks of New York. It appears to stand on a mass of rock-work, in the nooks and turns of which our native ferns have been set in great profusion. The third section has been enriched and nicely turfed, as have all the rest. In the fourth section, which is the most sloping of all, a small pond or basin has been made; in this little body of water is a rock-fountain. From this pond the water pours over a ledge of rock-work and runs through a little gorge spanned by a rustic bridge, and then falls into another pond. This bit of work has been planted with trees and shrubs. Standing on the side-walk and looking underneath the bridge, this rocky glen seems quite natural and just the place for slender ferns and damp green mosses. It is small and pleasing, and not at all petty or trivial. In addition to the earth-work done, the adjoining side-walks have been relaid with a new and beautiful concrete.

You see that Cleveland is going on to perfection. First; we have fine clothes, next fine architecture, and then fine gardening. Music, painting and sculpture, as well as religion and the amenities of a Christian socialism, will have to come into some other category of progress. I have sometimes wished that our city fathers and strong men, who look out for the main chance, could all be put to school to a gardener. We should have a world then that you could look at. The art of the gardener is not so well appreciated as it should be. There is scarcely a man who would, without the necessary education, undertake to cut and make his own clothes, but there are hundreds, thousands, of men, who will, without any preliminary study undertake to adorn a country place. A landscape-gardener in New York once told me that the greater part of his work was for men who had gone into the country thinking to make fine places for themselves, but becoming sick of their own work had turned it over to him in despair. And this reminds me of Lord Bacon's essay on gardening. The perusal of it affects one like the reading of a poem, he brings in so many old garden names which have figured in our literature. He says: "God almighty first planted a garden, and, indeed, it is the purest of human pleasures; it is the greatest refreshment to the spirits of man, without

which building and palaces are but gross handiworks: and a man shall ever see, that when ages grow to civility and elegance men come to build stately, sooner than to garden finely; as if gardening were the greater perfection."

A. B.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

Criticism of "the Central"—New Tracks—New Things at Albany—Clearing the Hudson of Sand-Bars.

Wallingford, Conn., Oct. 7, 1872.

DEAR CIRCULAR:—It is always unpleasant to arrive at a railroad station and find the train you wish to take an hour behind time. Such was my experience on reaching Oneida via Midland last Friday, expecting to make direct connection for Albany. We made up some time, however, before reaching Albany, by running a portion of the way at the rate of over forty miles an hour.

Considerable complaint is made these days of the Central Railroad Company, for obliging the traveling public to ride in poor cars or pay an extra price for a seat in a drawing-room car. The public claim that the policy of the Central seems to be to force people to ride in its drawing-room cars, by not furnishing fair accommodations in the common passenger-cars. Some of the leading conductors are free to say that their ordinary cars are often so dirty and unattractive that they are actually ashamed to offer their friends a seat in one of them, and accordingly put them in the drawing-room cars. The managers of the Central justify their course, perhaps, by the fact that they are obliged by law to carry people at two cents per mile, which is lower than any other road in the country takes passengers, and the extra expense for a seat in a drawing-room car does not bring the average charge per mile above that of other first-class roads. It is true the road is managed with great economy, and but little is expended for mere show. The freight cars are allowed to run with the least possible expense laid out on them, so that other roads dislike to use them, for fear they will give out on their hands. This is especially true of the Central's stock-cars, which sometimes come to pieces when loaded. This is the statement of the superintendent of a leading railroad, who lately called at O. C.

Notwithstanding this peculiar management, the Central is one of the most prosperous roads in the country, and is doing an immense business with but few accidents. Two more tracks are to be laid its entire length to accommodate the increasing business, and at many of the stations these additional tracks have already been laid for some distance, to be used for the present as side-tracks. With two through-tracks for passenger-trains, and two to be used exclusively for freight, the Central will have facilities for doing business superior to those of any other road. This will give it what has long been talked of as a great need, a through-freight road.

The Boston and Albany railroad, running in direct connection with the Central, is also preparing to lay two more tracks its entire length, in order to handle the increasing business forced upon it by the Central. It does not fear the new competition it will have when the Hoosac tunnel is completed, as it is seen that the constant increase of business will still give it plenty to do. This road is now sending out of Albany daily some 500 cars loaded with eastern-bound freight, and employs on its western section from Albany to Pittsfield forty locomotives. It now owns over 4,000 freight and stock cars, and is constantly receiving additions from the shops where its freight, passenger and drawing-room cars are made. The steep grades over the mountains make it necessary to take extra pains in making the cars strong, and the passenger-cars lately made are models of good taste and comfort. This company is building a fine bridge across

the Connecticut river at Springfield, and it is reported that a grand union depot will soon be erected at Springfield, to take the place of the present ill-contrived building.

The trains all run over the new bridge at Albany, as the upper bridge is being rebuilt of iron. The intention is to use the upper one, when finished, exclusively for freight, and the new one below for passenger-trains. This new bridge is really a splendid structure of stone and iron, with a walk on the side for foot passengers. It passes over the street that runs down to the river past Stanwix Hall and above the yard formerly occupied as the starting point of the Central trains. Here, near the Delavan House, is a large brick building in process of construction for a fine union depot; so that the Albanians will ultimately have no occasion to complain of Vanderbilt for "leaving them out in the cold," and making the capital city of the Empire State a mere "one horse" way station.

The many new and elegant stores to be seen on the business streets in Albany indicate that the city is growing. The erection of the new State capital buildings here will give new confidence in the future growth and prosperity of the place. It is said that these buildings when completed will be the finest structures in America. Albany enjoys a good wholesale trade; the duty paid last year on imported goods at this port amounted, I am told, to \$150,000 gold. The city has a large and increasing manufacturing interest. Shoes are made here quite extensively, and both Albany and Troy are doing their share toward supplying the people with stoves. Some years since a Mr. Littlefield invented a new base-burning stove, and afterward brought a suit against another man in Albany for infringing on his patent, and they have been contesting the case ever since without coming to any decision. Each party has spent over \$100,000, it is said, in the contest, and in the mean time others have been free to go on and make the same stoves. If these men could only have managed to agree, they would have been able to control the whole business. They probably "got their backs up" and could not get them down.

From year to year appropriations have been made by the State and U. S. Governments for the purpose of improving navigation on the Hudson River. Last year the U. S. appropriated \$40,000 for this purpose. Bars are constantly forming in the channel at various points in the river between New Baltimore and Albany in a way to obstruct navigation. Heretofore the dredging system has been pursued with indifferent success, but the Government Engineers who have the matter in charge have discarded it. Their plan now is to construct dykes on the sides of the river where the bars are liable to form, not having them high enough to obstruct the water in time of freshet. They are to be built funnel shaped, with the mouth down stream. The tide water, which rises 2 1/2 feet at Albany, will rush up through the dykes, making a higher stage of water above, and on returning the water will crowd through the narrow portion of the dyke at the upper end, forming a current that tends to keep the channel clear of bars. The engineers claim that if allowed to carry out their plans, they will clear the river of bars and give a uniform depth of thirteen feet of water from New Baltimore to Albany, or two feet more than the present depth. It is estimated that the commerce on the river is worth annually five hundred million of dollars, which shows the importance of the proposed improvement. This information about the river was communicated to me by one of the engineers.

H. G. A.

There are at this time four chemical laboratories in Japan, where chemistry is taught, three of them be-

ing presided over by Germans and the fourth by an American. The chief one is at Osaka, where there are nearly 100 students. The rest are at Kaga, Shidzoka, and Fukuvi. A fifth will soon be opened at Jeddo. The students are said to be fairly intelligent, but their minds are at present encumbered with spurious philosophy.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Liverpool, Sept. 30, 1872.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ONEIDA CIRCULAR:

After a too long interval I pen a few lines gratefully acknowledging the regular receipt of your most valuable paper, although I have now to ask you (if you honor me by its continued transmission) to send it to my new address. I cannot but rejoice at the progress you display, and also at the advancement of the principles you contend for in the world at large. There cannot be any doubt that Communism is making rapid strides; the difficulties are, first, that "pure religion and undefiled" is not taken along with it, and, secondly, that unregenerated selfishness is sought to be retained instead of being carefully eliminated. In fact, instead of patient submission to a wise necessity, dutifully and peacefully, they kick against the pricks, and strive to *eat their cake and keep it too*. Britain is practically a communistic isle, and so without knowing it; yet it is marred by many grievous blots and departures from the truest causes.

The *Alabama Claims'* decision seems to have given to the majority here considerable relief. They expected trouble or a heavier award. The following lines appear to me a true reflex of the general opinion:

THE GENEVA AWARD:
Three millions and a quarter, all in gold!
But it will soon return a hundred-fold.
What peace and amity and thriving trade
Beyond the bright and rich example made,
When chivalry its passions can forego,
And in the arbitrator sink the foe.

May God grant that America may be equally soothed and satisfied! If only humility accompany the prosperity that peace and industry are sure to bring in the train of the two countries now and henceforth, what bound shall be put to it?

If Mr. Noyes, your good father, could be induced to make a trip over here, and give a few lectures or discourses, what incalculable good might be done, and what wonderful effect he would have!

Dr. Bellows caused some sensation here, and is still rampant. Charles Sumner was at our Club the other day, and though not well in health is much sought after. He goes in strongly for Greeley, but the prevalent opinion at this moment is that there will be not a ghost of a chance for him. Grant's reëlection is thought to be assured.

If you would like to institute an agency here for your canned fruits, or other products, you might command my services, and I should be delighted to repay in some degree the gratification the CIRCULAR affords me. Would that I could do more. I can only hope that I may accomplish something better in the future and soon make some return.

There will be a tremendous emigration from this country in the spring. The prices of articles are approximating close to the American standard, without a corresponding increase in salaries and incomes, and the class that will henceforth leave these shores will, I opine, be amazingly superior to any that in the main have ever gone before. The price of coal here, which you know is a prime necessity all the year round in this climate, was ten years ago 10s. per ton, or \$2.50 paper; it is now close upon 30s., or \$7.50 paper, for the same quality. In London it is nearly 40s., or £2. So with boots, clothing, bread and many other articles. Groceries seem the only things that have not gone up wonderfully. Much suffering there will doubtless be

this winter, which promises to be a very severe one; but I have faith that in the end all will result well; "that many will go to and fro, and that knowledge will be increased."

I am most sincerely yours,
B. W.

THE NEWS.

AMERICAN.

The telegraph cable from Aspinwall to Jamaica is ready for business.

There are twenty-one artesian wells in Chicago, one of which is 1,640 feet deep.

The installation of Bishop Bayley as the Roman Catholic Archbishop of the diocese of Baltimore took place on the 13th inst.

Fanny Fern, otherwise Sarah Payson Willis Parton, died on the 10th inst. She was the sister of N. P. Willis and wife of James Parton.

Prof. Tyndall began his lecturing career in this country at the Lowell Institute, Boston, on Tuesday evening. His subject was, "Light and Heat."

The celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the installation of Henry Ward Beecher as pastor of Plymouth church, which began on Monday, the 7th inst., was continued through five days.

Miss Nellie Grant, daughter of President Grant, is now on her way home from Europe, where she has been traveling for several months. She was everywhere received with friendly welcome, Queen Victoria according her special attention.

A bricklayers' strike is going on at Chicago, and is seriously interfering with the work of rebuilding the city. About half of the contractors have acceded to the demands of the workmen; the remainder are trying the plan of holding out.

Gen. Francis A. Walker is to fill the professorship of History and Physical Geography at the Yale Scientific School made vacant by the call of Professor Gilman to the presidency of the California University. Gen. Walker has had charge of the collection and publication of the census statistics, and has temporarily filled the office of Commissioner of Indian affairs.

An epidemic of fires seems to be raging at the present time. Large fires have just occurred at Bangor, Fall River, Alleghany City, and at Johnstown, Pa. At the latter place the great rolling mills of the Cambria Iron Works were destroyed. The buildings covered five acres of ground, and only one wing and a portion of the main building were saved in a damaged condition. The Cambria Iron Works are the largest in America.

Mr. Froude began his course of lectures in New York, at Association Hall, on Wednesday evening last. The subject was, "The Norman Conquest of Ireland."

Mr. Froude is receiving cordial welcome and recognition from the literary men of this country. At a dinner given him by his publishers, Messrs. Scribner, Armstrong & Co., New York, there was a large gathering of Americans engaged in literary pursuits, such as Emerson, Beecher, Bryant, Woolsey, Chapin, Bellows, A. D. White, Higginson, Holland, Godkin, Guyot, Schaff, Stoddard, Edward Eggleston, C. D. Warner, and others, many of whom uttered warm words of greeting and welcome to the distinguished historian.

About five months ago, a little company of capitalists in Oakland, California, fitted out the bark Florence, Capt. Williams, with a double complement of men, and sent her to the Arctic seas to discover if possible the fleet of whaling vessels abandoned so hastily about a year ago, and bring away whatever of oil and ivory they might be lucky enough to recover. Nothing has been heard from Capt. Williams till last Friday week: when the schooner Urania, Capt. Ravens, arrived at San Francisco, bringing information concerning the expedition, and a letter from Capt. W. to his employers giving an account of his operations to Aug. 15th. Sailing North from the Golden Gate May 10th, he made a quick voyage to the Straits of Behring; passing through he hugged the Northern shore of Alaska Territory, and first sighted the natives off Cape Lisburn, about six miles from the beach. Further progress being stopped by the ice, a conference was held with the natives, and the locality of a part of the fleet learned.

Two whaleboats were fitted out with thirty days' provisions, and ordered to work along the narrow passage inside the ice belt. This was early in July and navigation was constantly improving. After two weeks the boats returned and reported finding the bark Minerva in good condition, but slightly on shore, the Reindeer badly wrecked, and a brig without name burned to the ice line, the cargo of oil in the hold being uninjured. The cause of the burning of this and many other vessels of the fleet was revenge. It seems that after the abandonment last fall, the natives plundered the medical stores, and not being able to discriminate swallowed liquors and poisons promiscuously. Many died from the effects, and to get rid of the cause of their sufferings they fired the fleet. The Minerva was finally floated off, with her valuable cargo intact. Capt. Williams was to set sail for home Sept. 10, with a probable cargo of twenty-five hundred barrels of oil, fifty thousand pounds of ivory and whalebone and other stores, in all estimated to be worth about two hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

FOREIGN.

The Russian Grand Duke Alexis is now in China.

Prince Napoleon and his wife have been ordered to quit France.

E. B. Washburne, American Minister to France, is about to visit this country.

Hassan, the son of the Khedive of Egypt, will soon start on a tour around the world.

The railway between Yokohama and Yedo has been formally opened by the Mikado.

Sir Roundell Palmer has been appointed Lord Chancellor of England, in place of Lord Hatherly.

The yacht Marguerite, a vessel of only five tons' burden, will soon sail from France for New York.

A very old Hebrew manuscript of parts of the Old Testament has been discovered in Egypt by Dr. Grant of the American Mission.

The famous gambling establishments in Europe at Spa, Hombourg, Wiesbaden, Baden, Ems, etc., are to be finally closed at the end of this month.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

To B. W., Liverpool, Eng.—We cannot comply with your request.

Rather than love, than money, than fame, give me truth. I sat at a table where were rich food and wine in abundance, and obsequious attendance, but sincerity and truth were not; and I went away hungry from the inhospitable board. The hospitality was as cold as the ices. I thought there was no need of ice to freeze them. They talked to me of the age of the wine and the fame of the vintage; but I thought of an older, a newer and purer wine, of a more glorious vintage, which they had not got, and could not buy. The style, the house and grounds and "entertainment" pass for nothing with me. I called on the king, but he made me wait in his hall, and conducted like a man incapacitated for hospitality. There was a man in my neighborhood who lived in a hollow tree. His manners were truly regal. I should have done better had I called on him.—Thoreau.

A simple and independent mind does not toil at the bidding of any prince. Genius is not a retainer to any emperor, nor is its material silver, or gold, or marble, except to a trifling extent. To what end, pray, is so much stone hammered? In Arcadia, when I was there, I did not see any hammering stone. Nations are possessed with an insane ambition to perpetuate the memory of themselves by the amount of hamimered stone they leave. What if equal pains were taken to smooth and polish their manners? One piece of good sense would be more memorable than a monument as high as the moon.—*Ibid.*

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