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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.

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SPECIAL NOTICE.

The O. C. and Branches are not "Free Lovers," in the popular sense of the term. They call their social system **BIBLICAL 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 at 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 their full share of labor in criticising and working over raw recruits, and intend hereafter to devote themselves to other jobs (a part of which they have on hand), receiving only such members as are 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 positions right where they are.

THE CHRISTIAN'S FATHERLAND.

An Adaptation of Arnud's Poem, "Was ist das Deutschen Vaterland?"

BY DEAN STANLEY.

Where is the Christian's Fatherland?
Is it the Holy Hebrew Land?
In Nazareth's vale, on Zion's steep,
Or by the Galilean deep?
Where pilgrim hosts have rushed to lave
Their stains of sin in Jordan's wave,
Or sought to win by brand and blade
The tomb wherein their Lord was laid?

Where is the Christian's Fatherland?
Is it the haunted Grecian strand,
Where Apostolic wanderers first
The yoke of Jewish bondage burst?
Or where, on many a mystic page,
Byzantine prelate, Coptic sage,
Fondly essayed to interwine
Earth's shadows with the light divine?

Or is the Christian's Fatherland
Where, with crowned head and crozier hand,
The Ghost of Empire proudly sits
And on the grave of Cæsar sits?
Oh! by those world-embracing walls,
Oh! in those vast and pictured halls,
Oh! underneath that soaring dome,
Shall this not be the Christian's home?

Where is the Christian's Fatherland?
He still looks on from land to land—
Is it where German conscience woke
When Luther's lips of thunder spoke?
Or where by Zurich's shore was heard
The calm Helvetian's earnest word?
Or where, beside the rushing Rhone,
Stern Calvin reared his unseen throne?
Or where from Sweden's snows came forth
The stainless hero of the North?

Or is there yet a closer band—
Our own, our native Fatherland?
Where Law and Freedom side by side
In Heaven's behalf have gladly vied?
Where prayer and praise for years have rung
In Shakespeare's accents, Milton's tongue,
Blessing with cadence sweet and grave
The fireside nook, the ocean wave,
And o'er the broad Atlantic hurled,
Wakening to life another world?

No, Christian!—not even here,
By Christmas hearth or churchyard dear;
Nor yet on distant shores, brought nigh
By martyr's blood or prophet's cry—
Nor Western pontiff's lordly name,
Nor Eastern patriarch's hoary fame—
Nor e'en where shone sweet Bethlehem's star:
Thy Fatherland is wider far.

Thy native home is wheresoe'er
Christ's Spirit breathes a holier air;
Where Christ-like Faith is keen to seek
What Truth or Conscience freely speak;
Where Christ-like love delights to span
The rents that sever man from man;
Where round God's throne His just ones stand—
There, Christian, is thy FATHERLAND.

[The Independent.]

THE PRESENT-FUTURE.

Home-Talk by J. H. N.

A PUBLIC teacher of some note is quoted as saying, with special reference to the Oneida Community, that he thinks it is not worth while for people to look into the "future state" for ideas of practical life, any more than it would be to look back into the past. I do not know that we have talked about looking into a future state. I do not consider heaven a future state in the sense of not now existing, or even of being excluded from this world. It is a present, existing state, and

one that ought to be admitted into this world; for Christ taught us to pray that the will of God may be done in this world as it is done in heaven. If that prayer means anything, our first business is to find out how things are done in heaven, and put ourselves into a willing, waiting attitude to have that prayer fulfilled. That is the very first requisite in order to set about reforms, or to enter into any kind of social life or business that is to be profitable or satisfactory. First of all, find out how things are done in heaven, and as fast as possible come up to the heavenly standard. The world will never begin to make radical improvement until it faces that music. Things are not done right anywhere but in heaven; and to accept the standard there set up is really the only common-sense, practical way of bringing about reform.

The idea that heavenly institutions are as yet actually excluded from this world is not true. Whoever will study the writings of the apostles and the history of the Primitive Church will find that eighteen hundred years ago considerable advance had been made toward doing things in this world as they do in heaven. In the first place, Communism of property had broken loose in this world eighteen hundred years ago. Great multitudes had sold out all, and without fear committed themselves to Communism with God and with one another, holding nothing as their own, but "having all things common; and parting them to all men as every man had need." There is no evidence of any bad results from this movement; on the contrary, it certainly produced the very best results. The whole church became a mutual insurance society, precluding the possibility of any body's being poor. Wherever there was need, funds were sent from one part of the church to the other by Paul and his men. They took care that nobody suffered want, and that on a very large scale—larger than the O. C. a great deal, and for a long time. That is one respect in which they began to do things as they are done in heaven.

Then, again, there is evidence that some in the church, and toward the latter period of the apostolic age a great many, had realized *salvation from sin*. That experience came out as clear as daylight in the history of the apostle John and the mass of the church at the time he wrote his epistle. In realizing salvation from sin, they attained one of the conditions of heaven.

They were also undermining at that time the laws and ordinances and institutions of this world, and actually broke up Judaism (which had more divine authority than any other part of this world's system) by realizing the state of things in heaven. They worked along cautiously, and did not realize the whole heavenly

state in this world at once; but they made considerable advance toward it. Christ's direct responsibility for the church organization in this world extended only to the destruction of Jerusalem; so that the time was limited and the experiment closed, so far as Christ was concerned, at that time. Then followed antichrists and false prophets. Instead of seeking salvation from sin, and attempting to realize heaven on earth, they gave license to sin; they allowed people to commute, and set up this doctrine of our critic, that we must not look into the other world for our standard, but live under the laws of this world and the dictates of the priesthood.

The experiment that Christ undertook, and successfully carried out for one generation, was closed at the destruction of Jerusalem. But it was a very encouraging experiment; and it should be very suggestive and stimulating for us to consider, that with all our novelties and efforts at reform we are yet far behind what the men and women of the Primitive church attained eighteen hundred years ago. In some externals we have advanced further than they did, as in the formal gathering together in Communistic families, but it is only on a small scale and in opposition to far less difficulties. The advance of mankind in general civilization and intelligence makes it comparatively easy for us to do what we have done; and it seems very small business for us to be lingering and hesitating about Communism, when we have such examples before us.

The wonderful age of progress is not the present—it was that in which Christ and Paul lived. That was the most progressive age of all. The Spiritualists think they have received a most amazing influx from heaven, and are much elated about it, and yet they cannot begin to start a Community. They have not the least symptom of anything like the day of Pentecost among them, but are as full of selfishness as the rest of the world. They think they have the gift of tongues and the gift of miracles and perhaps every other gift that came on the day of Pentecost, except *Communism*, and that was the greatest gift of all, without which Pentecost would have been a mere windy sham.

BACKWARD GLANCINGS.

XI.

IN the first week of August J. returned to New Haven. On his way thither he stopped at Hartford and Meriden, and from the latter place directed the following letter to his brother:

"Meriden, July 29, 1834.

"DEAR H——: I arrived here yesterday after spending the Sabbath at Hartford; and finding a goodly number of good brethren and sisters here rejoicing to receive me, and desiring that I should remain with them, I have thought it expedient to spend a few days, perhaps a week, in this place. We held a meeting last night at a school-house in the factory village, and propose to hold one this evening in the center school-house. Much interest still exists here on the subject of holiness. Satan trembles with fear and anger. The Lord has taken as usual a sturdy set of young men for his witnesses, and they testify boldly.

"When I left home Harriet had just returned.

Her mind was evidently greatly exercised on the subject of holiness, and she proposed to devote the day after I left to a solemn and earnest search for the truth. The rest of the family without exception are, I think, theoretical believers, and I trust will soon believe with the heart.

"Give my best love to B——, and ask him to let me know his plans and wishes, whether he can find a place for the sole of his foot in New Haven, and whether I can do anything there—whether the waters of the flood have abated at all since the apostasies broke up the foundations of the great deep, etc., etc. J. H. N."

The number of avowed believers in New Haven had been reduced by apostasy, and many half-way friends had been frightened by the turn things had taken into silence or opposition; but J. joined himself fearlessly to the faithful that remained, and commenced preparing material for the forthcoming paper. After some discussion as to a suitable name for it, *The Perfectionist* was decided upon as most expressive and sincere. J. wrote the Introduction. The first number was issued August 20, 1834. This number and the second, which came out a month later, contained the outlines of the new theology. The leading articles—the Introduction included—were, "The Mystery of Godliness," "Grace Better than Law in Securing Holiness," "Spiritual Adultery," and "The Second Coming of Christ Eighteen Hundred Years Ago;" also an eloquent letter from Chauncey E. Dutton to Theodore D. Weld. Each article was full of spirit and power, and as these first papers were widely scattered, the truth went broadcast and lodged in many hearts. The great revival of 1831-2 had sounded abroad the near approach of the Millennium, and had raised high the standard of personal holiness. In nearly every church could be found a select few, more sincere and earnest than their fellows, who waited and prayed like Simeon of old for the dawn of this great salvation. Such persons were found in Cambridge, Fletcher and adjacent towns in Northern Vermont, and in Westminster and Putney of Southern Vermont. They were scattered more or less through all the New England States, and were found in considerable numbers in Newark, New Jersey, and in Central and Western New York. *The Perfectionist* was sure to fall into the hands of these persons. Often it seemed that a Providence more certain and subtle than any device of man directed the papers to them. They were passed from hand to hand and from neighborhood to neighborhood. Everywhere they awakened earnest thought and discussion. The more spiritual and sincere of their readers said, as did a lovely and cultivated lady of Putney, Mrs. T. Crawford, "This is what I want; this is such a Christian as I should like to be."

As the views advanced in *The Perfectionist* were very startling and quite subversive of the old theology, and yet were upheld and fortified by very ample quotations from the Bible, every one who took any interest in them, for or against, was set to studying "the Scriptures daily to see if these things were so." I remember reading that summer the New Testament through with my eye upon the proofs of "The Second Coming of Christ Eighteen

Hundred Years Ago." I noted each text which spoke of the "coming of the Son of man," "the coming of the day of the Lord," "the appearing of our Lord," etc., and in what a blaze of light that doctrine shown out on every page almost of the Testament when I got through! In the same manner the doctrine of Salvation from Sin seemed written as with a sunbeam in every chapter. In short, under the powerful illumination shed by the testimony of the New Haven believers the whole Bible became a new and unsealed book. *

"THOSE EARLY DAYS."

VII.

BY W. H. W.

FREEDOM from condemnation was one of the first and greatest blessings I experienced after removing to Putney, and that was a blessing indeed; for I can never tell how much I suffered under the whip of the accuser. My education and training under the system of legality in the churches, together with a somewhat morbid conscientiousness, gave the devil an advantage over me which he did not fail to make the most of, and the result was that I had a lawsuit on my hands (with the devil for plaintiff) a good share of the time. The imperfections of my external character and conduct were arrayed before me in magnified form again and again, and I was as often arraigned before the bar to answer to the charges, and if possible exculpate myself from the sin, of hypocrisy—of professing a righteousness which my external life belied. When hard pressed by the adversary and seemingly unable to make good my defense against the arch accuser, how often have I recalled and reiterated the text, "It is God that justifieth, who is he that condemneth?" This passage offered me a shield and buckler, and helped me to parry the fiery darts that were hurled at me so often in my single-handed warfare. I recall the intervals of peace and justification which I enjoyed after one of these sharp contests with my old foe condemnation, and remember gratefully how angels seemed to minister unto me, pouring into my wounded spirit the oil of love and reconciliation. At such times I would sit in heavenly places, and verily think that the storms and battles of life were o'er, and that my peace, which was like a river, would flow on uninterruptedly through the eternal ages. But those blessed respites were only breathing-spell seasons of comfort and refreshment, which strengthened me to renew the struggle in which I found each time that the odds against me grew less and less. How true is the saying that justification is the soil and the only proper condition of spiritual growth; and how miserably unprofitable it is to waste one's time and strength in petty lawsuits, where God alone can justify and save us.

Going to Putney was an event to me very much like that which happens to the pioneer when he exchanges his life on the frontier—where he is exposed to the incursions of Indians and marauders, and subject to all the vicissitudes of isolation in an enemy's country, at best obtaining only a precarious subsistence—for the security of a fortified city. My life, which at home was full of fears without and

fightings within, harassed with doubt and uncertainty, became completely changed on arriving at Putney. That stronghold offered a tower of strength, with salvation for bulwarks, and I fled to it with exceeding gladness. If my motives in going to Putney seem ignoble, I can only say, as I believe, that "there is a divinity which shapes our ends," and that my destiny was determined for me. Freedom from accusation is one of the first conditions of growth and progress, and this condition had been secured by the Putney school as the result of trying experience and of organization. This blessing I found at the threshold, as I entered the school, and it prepared me for the course of discipline and improvement that was before me. No such theory of present perfection obtained in this school as to preclude progress in every direction, and the thirst for improvement was stimulated by every proper means. Perfection was predicated on the basis of a pure heart and a conscience void of offense, by union with Christ; and this was the starting-point of the perfection of the whole man in wisdom and understanding, till the full stature should be attained. If they barred out the accuser of the brethren, and maintained unwaveringly their innocence and freedom from sin through the blood of Christ, they did not exclude criticism, but on the contrary made systematic provision for it and exalted it into an institution. It became in fact an established ordinance and weekly exercise soon after I entered the Putney school.

EFFECTS OF CRITICISM.

WONDERFUL effects on both body and mind are produced by mutual criticism. It has the power of the strongest tonics; it has been known to throw persons into a violent perspiration much sooner than a wet-sheet pack; and it can, in fact, be so applied as to produce startling changes in the human body. But the most striking of all its effects is seen in its operations on the spiritual nature of man. Here it is indeed miraculous. It has wrought in my own spiritual nature, during the five years I have been in the Community, changes as great as were effected in all my previous life, although I was brought up in the bosom of a church and for many years earnestly desired spiritual improvement.

I am now convinced that the great hindering cause to growth in spirituality is egotism; and for its removal, or destruction, criticism is one of the best agencies ever put in practice. It brings to the light even the most secret faults, leaving no hiding-place for egotism to shelter itself, and yet does this in a way to make us love those who criticise us. Criticism given in love, for the sole purpose of helping one to improve, cannot but cause good feelings in the heart of the criticised, and promote the growth of earnestness and love, and all the fruits of the Spirit.

D. E. S.

The philanthropist too often surrounds mankind with the remembrance of his own cast-off griefs as an atmosphere, and calls it sympathy. We should impart our courage, and not our despair, our health and ease, and not our disease, and take care that this does not spread by contagion.—*Thoreau*.

THE CHARM OF DISTANCE.

WHY is it said that "distance lends enchantment to the view?" An example of it has been noticed in our valley for sometime. I have long been fascinated by the graceful curl of the steam, as it issues from the locomotives while threading their way up the valley in the distance, and I have noticed that the greater the distance the more pleasing the effect upon the imagination. It occurred to me at length, that the reason probably is, that I have to draw upon my imagination in proportion to the distance, to supply the accompaniments to that curling little cloud of steam—the ponderous engine, puffing away—the rumbling cars—the frequent whistle, etc. This may account, too, for the peculiar effect of the stars upon the mind when we think of their distance, there is so much left to the imagination. It may also be the reason why a drawing in perspective is always pleasing to the eye. It represents distance, and the more marked the perspective the better the effect. Artists, we know, resort to the principle of *insinuation* to produce the same effect, half revealing an object, for instance—leaving the rest to tickle the fancy. The principle, I think, is of very extensive application—reaching even to our intercourse with one another. In worldly society, you hear people talk about "making themselves scarce"—of "familiarity breeding contempt," etc. It is related of Frederic the Great, that "he admired French literature, and conceived such a veneration for Voltaire that he addressed the most flattering letters to him, and at a later period summoned him to his presence. They were both, however, soon convinced that no personal intercourse could long endure between men of such similarly sarcastic natures, and separated from each other in anger; but they still kept up a correspondence in writing." They resumed a respectful distance toward each other. In the case of the ascending fellowship, the superior, in point of fact, keeps at a certain distance from his inferior, because he does not always think it expedient to disclose his whole mind to him, however well affected toward him. These passages may give us some light: "I have yet many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now;" "I have fed you with milk, and not with meat; for hitherto ye were not able to bear it; neither yet now are ye able; for ye are carnal," etc. In some sense, it would have been like throwing "pearls before swine," for Christ and Paul to have communicated their deepest thoughts even to believers without reference to their ability to appreciate them. However this may be, we find by experience that it is decidedly better to be satisfied with a little at a time, so as to leave off with an appetite. Why should not all this come under the same principle as the one involved in the saying, "Distance lends enchantment to the view?" There is certainly very little left to the eye or ear of the train of cars, when you behold afar off that little thread of steam, and yet so charming is the effect of distance, that you are abundantly satisfied even with that little.

R. S. D.

"WAS ST. PETER EVER AT ROME?"

IT will be remembered as a significant event of the year 1872 that it witnessed a public discussion in Rome of this question, which lies at the very foundation of all Papal claims. To those who wish to read an epitome of the arguments which have been used on both sides in discussions of this subject we commend an article under the above caption in the August No. of the *Galaxy*. The following extracts, clearly showing that the Scriptures contain no evidence that the Apostle Peter was ever at Rome, are of general interest:

"In attempting to settle a question of this nature,

which is purely dependent upon the weight of testimony, one naturally asks first, who were the most competent and credible witnesses? Obviously Peter himself and his contemporaries, and especially his fellow apostles, for they must have known everything about it, and they had the greatest interest or concern to have the facts correctly understood by the whole church. And what do we learn from these sources?

"And first as to St. Peter. Though this apostle made two important communications to the church, which are still extant, he nowhere gives any intimation of having ever been at Rome, still less of having been clothed with any special ecclesiastical authority there or elsewhere. If he had resided at Rome and had been invested with the power which it is pretended that he transmitted to the infallible pontiffs of modern times—power to issue bulls, to summon councils, to judge controversies, to wield the sword of the flesh as well as the sword of the spirit, to dissolve oaths and contracts, etc.—the absence of any evidence, of any document from him disclosing or implying the possession of such authority, is very remarkable.

"The other apostles are equally reticent. In the sixteenth chapter of Matthew we find words which are regarded as the corner-stone of Papacy, but they do not touch the question of Peter's being at Rome.

"St. Luke, who wrote the Acts of the Apostles, who was with Paul at Rome and witnessed his martyrdom, which the Papal historians claim that Peter shared, does not seem to have been aware of it. If, as they insist, Peter founded the church in 42, if he quit Rome in 43, when all the Jews were banished by the Emperor Claudius; if he assisted at the council of Jerusalem in 50, would it be too much to expect that the apostolical historian should have made some reference to him and to his rank in the Church of the West? Yet he did nothing of the kind.

"Peter's residence at Rome seems to have equally escaped the attention of James, of Jude, and even of Paul.

"In all the fourteen epistles that Paul has left to the church he never hints at Peter's being in Rome, nor does he utter a word which could be construed into a recognition of any ecclesiastical superior but Christ. In the long and most important letter which he addressed to the Romans from Corinth, he sends greetings to twenty-six different persons and families in Rome, whom he carefully enumerates. The name of Peter, their common head, does not appear in the list. He mentions the Emperor, he does not forget the civil governor, but the Roman Pontiff is strangely ignored.

"When Paul was sent a prisoner to Rome, Luke tells us that the brethren from thence came to meet his party as far as the Appii-forum and the Three-Taverns. This was in 61, and in the nineteenth year of Peter's alleged pontificate; but it does not appear that Peter was represented among those who welcomed Paul, or took any interest whatever in his fate or in his teachings in Rome, which commenced immediately and of which we have full details.

"In Paul's letters from Rome written to the Galatians, to the Ephesians, to the Philippians, to the Colossians, to Philemon, and to Timothy, during the alleged pontificate of Peter, he mentions Onesimus, Tychicus, Marcus, Justus, Luke, Demas, and many others; but he has nothing whatever to say about the Peter upon whom it is claimed that the church he was addressing was erected. In his second letter to Timothy, written just before his presumed martyrdom, when he speaks of the desertion of all his friends and disciples and asks Timothy to hurry to him, is it credible that Peter could have deserved to be included in the apostle's rebuke?

"How shall Peter's absence, both at Paul's trials and his martyrdom, be explained if he was at Rome when these events took place, which, upon the theory of the Papal historians, he must have been, and in the full exercise of his pontifical functions?"

To a redeemed man, or woman, martial music, used for military purposes, is as the howlings of demons; such music is simply *infernal*.

And when believers, in their eager study of music, as an art, sing Babylon songs from the world's books, they will find, by diligent searching, that the influence proceeding from them is effectual to awaken the latent generative elements; just as martial music will arouse the dormant war

spirit in an old soldier, however much he may have been religiously converted by war-practicing Methodists.—*The Shaker.*

ONEIDA CIRCULAR.

WM. A. HINDS, EDITOR.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1872.

A COMMUNITY EPITAPH.

Omitted from Macdonald's Collection.

MACDONALD was a true antiquary, and his collection of MSS. was invaluable in the preparation of that standard work, "American Socialisms." It gives some account of all the Communities that have flourished for any considerable time in the United States, and of some which only existed on paper—at least sixty in all. Still it was incomplete. There were doubtless many small Communities in this country which passed through the three stages of birth, life and death, unnoticed in his now famous collection. There lies before us a copy of the second edition of the "Constitution of the Community of United Christians," published in 1837, of which Community Macdonald makes no mention, and whose name we never heard before. It was located at Berea, Cuyahoga County, Ohio. Its originators were James Gilruth, Henry O. Sheldon and John Baldwin. Its objects are thus given in the Constitution, Art. 11—

"The objects of this Community, are to glorify God in our bodies and spirits; to cleanse ourselves from all filthiness of flesh and spirit, perfecting holiness in the fear of God; to keep the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace; to bring up our children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord; by mutual aid provide things honest in the sight of all men; to bear one another's burdens through life; and grow in useful knowledge to the highest possible degree: but not to lay up for ourselves treasures upon earth. To all others, the promotion of Christianity; the relief of the oppressed and afflicted of the human family; and the diffusion of useful knowledge to the extent of our ability."

Mr. Sheldon, in a letter accompanying the printed Constitution, says: "We had 4,000 acres of land, 2 grist-mills, 4 saw-mills, 100 acres in vineyards, a small lake; and grindstone quarries out of which more than a million dollars has been made clear. Twenty or thirty families, the salt of the church, came to join us. We had every dollar, either in cash or good endorsed notes, payable at bank, to pay for every part of it."

The preparations, financial and moral, appear to have been the best. We do not recall another Community that apparently had at the outset a better promise of permanent success. Now read the sad sequel: "But when we came to inventory and put in our property, the first and richest man, the author of the Constitution, backed out; he proved unsound. He had provided that no resolution or vote should pass without consent of every one, thus keeping a veto power."

The only additional particulars given are that one of the originators of the Community is now eighty years old and worth \$250,000; another made his children rich; while the third has been less fortunate in making money, but was long a faithful Methodist preacher, and is now an editor.

The Constitution of the Community at Berea is noteworthy on account of its Biblical character. The twenty-five articles are as far as possible based on Scriptural exhortations. Indeed the Constitution, we are told in the introduction, "is an attempt to copy the primitive Christian system of having all things common, as near as may be to that expressed or implied in the Scriptures. What-

ever additional matter there is, it has been aimed carefully to draw it from the Scriptures and the reason and fitness of things." And it is added: "We take the Holy Scriptures in their plain, grammatical sense for the laws of this Association, as the only rule and the sufficient rule both of faith and practice." Article XII says: "The disciplinary rules of the New Testament and the moral precepts of the Holy Scriptures (all of which shall be collected under their proper heads) shall be the unalterable laws of this Community; and any member disregarding, or refusing to be governed thereby, shall be expelled from the Community." Section 1 of Article VIII is curiously interesting as showing how literally the United Christians proposed to follow the Scriptures:

"In case of withdrawing from the Community, removal from office, resignation, expulsion or death of any of THE TWELVE, THE SEVEN, or TREASURER, the senior of *The Twelve* shall call the attention of the Community to the matter (Acts i. 5), who shall proceed to appoint two men (v. 23), and after prayer (v. 24), the senior of *The Twelve* shall, in behalf of the whole, and in the presence of the assembly, cast lots between them; and he on whom the lot falls shall be the elected person, (v. 26)."

"The Twelve," mentioned in this section, were to have chief charge of the temporal affairs of the Community. "The Seven" were to have subordinate charge of the temporal business of the Community.

No one could become a member unless he could answer yes to the question, "Art thou 'born of water and of the Spirit'—'created in Christ Jesus unto good works?'"

But with all their land and vineyards, mills and quarries, cash and approved notes, salt of the church and Scriptural Constitution, the United Christians were so unfortunate in Community experiment that perhaps but for this brief record they would never have been heard of more. Their failure shows how important it is that sound men should lead in such experiments. With all other essentials, if these are lacking success is impossible. But there may have been other causes for the failure of the Bereans. Their Constitution smacks of Methodism, and one of their leaders has since officiated as a Methodist preacher and elder; and so we conclude that Methodism was the cement that was mainly used in building the new social structure at Berea in 1837. That kind of cement has one constituent which renders it unsuitable for that kind of work, however well it may answer for other purposes; viz., unbelief in the security and permanency of spiritual changes in character. We don't believe any Community could long stand whose members came together with the expectation of "falling from grace."

We suspect that the story going the round of the newspapers, that Shakerdom in shaking as never before on account of the approaching marriage of a dozen Shaker swains to as many fair Shakeresses, is greatly exaggerated. It may be that there is some difficulty of the kind described in a single Community, and even that there is much discussion of the sexual question at the present time among Shakers generally; but it is quite safe to await further developments before believing all the sensational stories that are published about them.

A correspondent who was present at the Friday evening prayer-meeting at Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, on the 15th inst., relates the following incident, which is also reported in the *New York World* of the succeeding day:

"Mr. Beecher having said the meeting was open for any one to speak freely, a plain-looking man arose and said he had great comfort in his faith in Christ; that he hated the doctrine of Universalism; and that he believed in Christ as a Savior

from sin. Rev. Mr. Beecher here interrupted the speaker, making some remark tending to disfavor his views. But the man continued, waxing bolder in his utterances, when Mr. Beecher, in a decided and somewhat excited manner, asked the speaker if he believed a person could live here without sin. The speaker replied, 'Yes.' Then Mr. Beecher, in an almost ironical spirit, asked if he (the speaker) believed *he* could live without sin. 'Yes,' emphatically spoke the respondent. 'Well,' said Mr. Beecher, 'Do you live without sin?' 'Yes, I do,' he firmly answered."

Our correspondent appears to think that in the discussion which followed the man who had had the temerity to speak of salvation from sin was treated rather discourteously, and he is almost indignant that this pivotal doctrine of the New Testament should fare no better in a church making such claims to high Christian experience. We would rather rejoice that one who had discovered and experienced that truth was earnest enough to confess it in such circumstances.

A subscriber urges us to send out preachers of Communism, and discourses at length from the following text:

"Jesus Christ ordained that the gospel should be proclaimed by living men going about as he did. He did not forbid printing, but the living messenger was to be the main reliance."

It does not seem to occur to some who take this view that the invention of Gutenberg has made oral preaching a secondary means of disseminating the truth, and that if Christ had made his first appearance sixteen centuries later he would have taken the utmost advantage of the printing-press. His chief apostle perhaps accomplished as much good by his letters as by his preaching during his lifetime, and they still live and act upon men; and even the results accomplished by the preaching of Christ and his first disciples were small in comparison with the results still effected by the printed New Testament. Printing renders truth continuously potent. Still it cannot be denied that the spoken word has in some respects temporary advantages; and we expect sometime to give favorable responses to the appeals that come to us from our outside friends and co-laborers for evangelists of Communism; but we must remember that Christ while commissioning his disciples as his witnesses said, "Tarry ye in the city of Jerusalem until ye be endued with power from on high." The Community, in respect to starting branch societies, sending out preachers, and other proselyting measures, will "tarry" yet a while, until they are persuaded to action by a power higher and stronger than the wish to increase their numbers.

COMMUNITY JOURNAL.

ONEIDA.

—The gravel-and-asphaltum-roofs do not succeed with us. We have given them a fair and full trial, and are gradually displacing them with tin.

—The horses are getting better of their epidemic; a span of them were lively enough to run away the other day and smash a wagon they were drawing.

—Sick horses—winter on us—fall-plowing not done.

Sunday, Nov. 17.—We were a little surprised this morning to find the earth covered with snow—the first we have had.

—Finished the reading of "Words and their Uses" on Monday evening. This is a pleasant and instructive book, and though you may not accept all it says you cannot get away from the fact that its influence is decidedly good and wholesome, and brings you back to a new appreciation of the simple, beautiful language of the Bible and "Pilgrim's Progress," and of our English classics.

generally. God speed the critic; we shall need one as long as men continue to write.

—Books lately added to the library: Percy's "Reliques of Ancient English Poetry"—restored and corrected from the old manuscripts, many of which were collected in Charles the Second's time by the industrious and gossipy Samuel Pepys; Taine's "History of English Literature," a large new work which we are now reading; and "Sense and Sensibility," and "Persuasion," by Jane Austen. Sir Walter Scott, who read her stories again and again, says she "had a talent for describing the involvements, feelings and characters of ordinary life, which is to me the most wonderful I have ever met with. The big bow-wow I can do myself like any going; but the exquisite touch, which renders commonplace things and characters interesting from the truth of the description, is denied me."

—The journalist was in the dining-room the other day and found some women scouring a pile of white earthen plates with soap and ashes. On inquiry he learned that our earthen ware gets coated after awhile with a solid dark-colored deposit from the hard water in which it is washed. The plates had been boiled in a strong soda-lye, and were then polishing off, much to their improvement.

Monday, Nov. 18.—A party of our men went back to Oneida Lake, where they have been engaged a week or more in fishing a little, trapping a little, hunting a little, and getting ready to put up a hygienic lodge at the mouth of Fish Creek. This house is to be twenty-four feet long, sixteen wide, and two stories high, and will be furnished with all the conveniences of "a lodge in some vast wilderness." It stands on a tongue of sand amid oaks and pines, and in hearing of the Lake when its waters come rushing on before the rough west wind. The region thereabout is almost as interesting as the sandy flats of Long Island, and the gaunt old hemlocks, which stand on the horizon in place of hills, have a new interest. The Creek itself is an old war-path. In times gone the Indians, on their way from the Great Lakes to the sea-board, used to paddle up the Oswego, across Oneida Lake, then up Fish Creek, up Wood Creek to a short "carry," which brought them into the Mohawk at Rome, and then down the Hudson to the sea. The place is lonely enough for those who think it lonely, and populous enough for those who know how to re-people it with those old French and Indian war parties. We can take the cars at our back door and be set down a little way from our lodge; it is, you see, only an extension of our home. We expect it will add to our pleasure and progress.

WALLINGFORD.

Sunday, Nov. 17.—The following telegram was received yesterday noon:

CABLE MESSAGES.

To Circular Office, Wallingford, Connecticut:

"Send per first mail two Hand-books of Oneida Community, published 1867. Telegraph immediately that they will be dispatched and when. Reply—20 words prepaid.

"Smith, Elder & Co.,

"12 Waterloo Place, London."

—Last Friday afternoon every one was surprised to find in his post-office box the following "complimentary ticket":

"The Pleasure of Your Company is requested at a

Grand Ox Excursion,

BY MOONLIGHT.

Six Yoke of Oxen will be in waiting at the door at 8 1-2 this evening.

[Good for one Trip only.]

At the barn meantime John and Martin were making great preparation, hunting up ox-chains

and the like. "Won't our oxen go faster than the Oneida oxen, Martin?" asks a feminine voice. "Faster," says Martin, "I think so; they will go two miles an hour." After a short meeting Mr. Hamilton, seeing Wilfred's eyes looking very big and very shining, asks him what he is waiting for?—"To go to ride." "A boat ride?" "No," says Wilfred, "the Ox excursion"—and quite breaks down with the delight that is in him. "Meeting's out," says Mr. H.; but before the words are fairly spoken Wilfred has, like Mr. Toodles, "cut away" in a flash, and the lower hall-door has slammed behind him. In a few minutes the whole family, with the exception of the students and three or four others, are warmly arrayed and ready to start; Miss Minerva with an umbrella to keep her from getting moon-struck. Soon a clanking of chains is heard, and yoke after yoke of oxen come marching round the corner of the wood-shed, until the whole six yoke stand majestically before the door, attached to a great wagon and hay-rack. Thirty-six of us are soon packed in the great vehicle, and off we start. We go by the "old Rubbage" quarry, by Mr. Fairfax's, then by Mr. Bingo's, whence the inmates look amazedly out upon the strange procession, and catching the idea as we are almost by, laugh and clap their hands. We pass the "Sugar Loaf," and finally come to the turn into the river road below the hill. The oxen begin the turn bravely, but the big load does not turn so readily. We come to a halt. Five yoke of oxen are taken off and one left; another yoke is attached to the rear, and after some backing and pulling the forward yoke take us safely around the turn, and the long line moves on again. Some one suggests that this be called the "Pullman train." As we pass the Bingo residence again, mother and daughter come running from the back-door to the gate; the mother, a woman in size like Parepa Rosa, standing with arms akimbo and head thrown back, laughed and wished we might "take lots of comfort." The evening was beautiful. The moon nearly at its full, shone out through fleecy clouds, and all was still save our laughter. The oxen appeared to be managing themselves. They seemed to feel the dignity of their situation, and showed that they had had a very good "bringing up." As we passed Mrs. Strauny's old Mr. Strauny's night-capped head peered out from the window. We went round the road by the dam, making the two short turns from that road into the main one, and from that again into our own yard, in handsome style. We got home at twenty minutes past nine, having made the trip of a mile and a half in thirty-seven minutes and a half. George Allen said that the forward oxen arrived in thirty-seven minutes, but the folks came round half a minute later. The ride was thoroughly enjoyed, and not one bit too long.

MY HOLOCAUST.

III.

"WHEN I was young" (as the saying is) I passed many a pleasant hour playing "Consequences." It was a favorite game with the boys and girls of my age. Nearly everybody, I suppose, knows how it is played. The players sit in a semicircle facing one of their number, who is prepared with writing materials and might be called "the Scribe." The Scribe calls on each one in turn to give an adjective in the superlative degree, then the names of two persons, the name of a place, what one said, what the other said, what they both did, and what the world said. When the game is played right, no one but the Scribe knows how the phrases or words each player gives in are strung together, so that when the whole is finished the reading of it causes great merriment.

Amongst my papers are many notes of games of "Consequences" played years ago. Here are a

few extracts, though with the names of the players left out:

"The most prosy Will Shakespeare met — in a well; he said, 'Terrific!' she said, 'I don't care;' they both grew fleshy, and the world cried, 'How shiftless!'"

"The most homely Gen. Washington met — in a jug; he said, 'Well, yes!' she said, 'The dragon!' They both had a fit, and the world said, 'How bright!'"

"The most charming — met Adelina Patti in a jail; he said, 'Hurrah!' she replied, 'Yes, I will.' Their hair turned white, and the world cried, 'How pretty!'"

Amongst my papers, I find one in the handwriting of a person I have never seen but only know by hearsay—an Englishwoman, one of the perfect ladies of the last generation. The paper is thick, parchment-like, and unlined; the handwriting is elegant Italian; the matter is curious. Her son is about to leave her for a sojourn in the United States. She must have already given him, preparatory to his journey, nearly all the warning and advice suggested by the tenderness of a mother and the solicitude of a proud and elegant Englishwoman, who shrinks from exposing aught of hers to the influence of the crudeness and rudeness of American manners. The *personnelle*, if not the character, of many a Yankee boy, would hardly fail to be improved by observing this mother's precepts to her son. Here they are.

"A FEW RULES FOR ———."

"Make your opinions agree with things, and not things with your opinions.

"Avoid the hyperbolical tone so prevalent in the States.

"Endeavor to keep your judgment unbiased.

"Follow out principles to their legitimate issues.

"SMALLER MATTERS."

"Remember to change your linen at the proper times.

"Place the clothes from the wash underneath the others.

"Do not wear your locks overlong.

"Keep your shoes well blacked, because it preserves the leather.

"Do not neglect personal cleanliness.

"Attend to your nails and hair.

"Keep your hair-brush clean.

"Clean your teeth twice a day.

"Do not contract dirty and slovenly habits, although those about you may be addicted to them.

"Cloth clothes should be beaten and brushed once a week; more frequently, of course, if needful.

"Regulate the quantity of your bed-covering yourself.

"Turn down your bed when you leave it.

"Open the window of your bedroom by day and your door by night: both in very hot weather.

"Keep your basin free from soap soil.

"Observe when repairs begin to be wanted—such as the loosening of buttons, thin places in socks, etc.—have them done at once; it saves time.

"Keep nothing in your drawers or boxes which can give them a disagreeable smell. A little camphor will make them pleasant and keep away moths. It should be renewed every spring.

"Whenever you travel make an inventory of everything you take with you, small as well as great, and read it when you move from one place to another.

"Remember to put your person in order before meals; it is a respect you owe to those who sit at the table with you."

But what have we here! A little box containing a bunch of withered dandelions that crumble to dust as I touch them. Amongst the faded blos-

soms is a slip of paper. As I read I call to mind one sunny day, the spring of 1867, when Q. and I took a walk, bent each on finding the first dandelion of the season. We searched over the hills and through the river meadows, and had made us each a bouquet of Rue Anemones, Hepaticas, Adder's-tongues, Blood-roots, Bluets, Saxifrages, Wind-flowers, Columbines, etc., when a cry from Q. apprised me that I had lost my wager. Her prize of three large, beautiful dandelions, which she triumphantly waved before my face, was afterwards left in my room with these lines attached:

TO A DANDELION (*Taraxacum dens-leonis*.)

April 21.

Thou pretty, yellow dandelion,
The child of budding spring,
How early thou dost bring
Where gently slope the banks we lie on,
Thy glowing face
With smiling grace!

I love thee well, thou charming flower;
Thou seemest to steal Sol's flame,
And with thy brightness shame
The shades that hide in nook and bower;
Shine on sweet face
With radiant grace.

A HIGHER LAW.

MR. WALLACE elucidates this theory of Natural Selection with charming candor and enthusiasm. Few can read his book* without profiting in many ways. Even if you do not become an unqualified supporter of the theory, thinking, perhaps, it does not explain all the facts or allow for all the laws of change, you are certainly convinced that important deviations and improvements have been brought about in long periods of time through the agency of natural selection.

The inquiry has arisen in my mind whether Mr. Wallace gives due weight to the effect on offspring, through the parents, of their surroundings previous to birth. He may not have considered the full discussion of this point as falling properly under his theme, and I may be in error from not having sufficient knowledge of the subject; still the impression produced by the environment, seems to me to be so fertile a cause, particularly of that great variety of color that is so beautiful a feature of the animal world, as to be worthy of a prominent place in settling the claims of this theory.

We are all familiar with the Old Testament story of Jacob. His skill in propagating animals was surprising. A very long time indeed, *ages*, would be required for natural selection alone to show such results as he accomplished in the short period of his curious experiments. The law that he brought into play—one of the supreme laws of parentage, it appears to me—is this: the tendency of progeny is to harmonize with whatever strongly engages the attention of the parents while breeding. Jacob, by fixing the gaze of his cattle upon pilled saplings during the act of coition, caused them to bring forth offspring that were striped and spotted.

Can anybody tell why this process is not continually going on? Are there not traces of its operation on all sides? There are many varieties of insects, for example, that have a wonderful resemblance to the flower, the leaf, the bark of the tree or shrub, to whatever, in truth, is their dwelling-place.

Now I do not understand that this resemblance has been brought about entirely by natural selection. I am not able to conceive how it could have taken place by such means alone. It appears to me that these insects have been dazed, *hypnotized*, as it were, by their environment, or by that upon which their gaze has been fixed, to such a degree that in the course of time generations have

been produced that match it in color and in form. Insects less susceptible to this fascination are, of course, less affected by it.

As we ascend the scale of intelligence, the more marked appear to be the workings of this law. We see that man is strongly influenced by it. There are numberless examples of extraordinary endowments of body and mind that can be directly traced to it. Napoleon is one. For some months previous to his birth "his mother was sharing the fortunes of war with her husband in constant peril and exposure, much of her time on horseback." Consider the effect of such a mode of life on a woman strong enough to withstand the unavoidable hardships. How favorable to the highest activity of the mind, how favorable to the perfect health of the body. Borne on the back of a powerful animal that she directed at will, made familiar with danger, energetic and indomitable, the terrible fascinations of "the mighty game," spiritualized and glorified by her excited imagination, were imparted in their full force to her unborn babe. The world knows the result. Compare, or perhaps I should say contrast, Bonaparte with his brothers, born in times of quiet, and you get some idea of the sway of this law. The law of ancestral transmission gives way before it, sometimes indeed utterly disappears. Recall instances in character directly opposite to the above resulting in good instead of evil. How much do you suppose was derived by inheritance of the transcendent genius of Newton or Shakspeare? There are instances similar in kind, though less illustrious, within the circle of our acquaintance, in which the law of inheritance was completely overborne.

Thus, it is seen, the riches of a superior life pour themselves into the longing soul. Oh, how clear it seems to me that the rapt attention of the parents, especially during the pregnancy of the mother, upon some object so exalted as to lift them, as it were, out of themselves and their families, has the effect to transform their unborn into the likeness of that upon which their hearts are then centered!

This law is not a new discovery. Paul, beyond a doubt, understood it perfectly. Listen to his words, the notes that give the key of the harmony, faith and progress of the believers to whom he ministered: "But we all, with open face beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the spirit of the Lord." C. W. U.

AHEAD AND YET BEHIND.

Germany claims to lead the world in science. Her schools and universities, the most complete in Europe, are thronged with students from every part of the civilized world, eager to listen to the famous professors who represent the highest development of human intellect and scientific attainment. The opportunities for study and investigation in the departments of pathological anatomy and general medicine are the finest in the world. These German scientists belong to the so-called class of "all knowers." In military as well as civil affairs all that pertains to the welfare of man is studied and examined with a patience and thoroughness that defies competition. And yet, in the practical affairs of every-day life Germany is to-day, if we can credit the reports of travelers, "fifty years behind the age." Her military system may be perfect, but the sanitary condition of her dwelling-houses, rich as well as poor, is shocking to the common-sense ideas of cleanliness of English and American tourists. Charles L. Brace, now contributing to the *Christian Union* a series of articles on "Germany Revisited after Twenty Years," says:

"In some respects the Germans seem to have continued their simplicity, where it is not at all de-

sirable. In house conveniences, they are 'fifty years behind the age.' In fact, they may be said to be two thousand years behind the age, for the old Romans understood the value of the introduction of water to their cities, and carried out the system far beyond anything that the Germans have accomplished. Many of the larger cities have now no suitable supply of water in private houses; and we doubt if there is a decent water-closet in all Germany. A common arrangement of apartments is for the servants' room, with perhaps small boxes for sleeping-places, to open into the hall in which the stranger is received; then come the closets, and through another door is an opening into elegant *salons*, with parquette-floors. The result is, that the first odor which salutes the entering guest is from the sleeping-berths, and then from the water-closet. This is simply a semi-civilized condition. I have sat in the superb eating-hall of a grand hotel, where every now and then the sudden opening of a particular door would fill the room with a blast of ammonia.

"A gentleman told me that in Vienna he was at an evening party, at the house of the former English ambassador—a nobleman—and of course in a suite of grand apartments, where all the guests, as they entered, were welcomed by sickening odors coming from a waterless closet in the adjoining suite of rooms.

"Certain well known peculiarities in the habits of many Germans, arising, perhaps, from an inferior sense of personal delicacy, add to this disgusting and unsanitary condition of the cities. The large towns are, besides, often not thoroughly drained, so that in summer, what with dust, heat, and smells, they are anything but agreeable residences. And for odors and nuisances, even New York, under the bloom of the Tweed régime, never approached Cologne, Berlin, or Vienna. The fatal effects of this most culpable neglect are beginning to be felt and seen by the Germans. During this summer, the death-rate of Berlin has surpassed that of any other civilized city, and has exceeded even the mortality of Bombay, reaching the terrible average of forty per 1,000; while New York, I believe, has only averaged thirty-five, with all her municipal disadvantages. Typhus, typhoid, and all kinds of 'foul air' diseases rage in Berlin."

G. E. C.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Lockport, N. Y., Nov. 10, 1872.

KIND FRIENDS:—The CIRCULAR is a help to us in every way. We could hardly get along without it; it is not only like a letter from home, but like a letter from the heart of a home. I have studied the papers of late a great deal, and I for one wish to thank you most sincerely for never giving the names of your correspondents to those who apply for them. No one who has the cause at heart, earnestly and deeply, can for a moment wish it otherwise. I should have to change very much to make it possible for me to join a new Community unless there were enough O. C. people in it to guide and control. I am sorry there are so few among so many outside friends that are prepared for Communism: but I am more than surprised at any one's asking, "What's the use of our understanding and believing Community doctrines, if we are not to have a chance to practice them?" The *use!* if there is one thing more than all others that I thank the all-wise and merciful God for, it is the blessing of your paper, coming as it does from the hearts of pure and, more than that, inspired people. How it, with your occasional letters, has helped me to an understanding and a nearness to God and Christ, so that I have been able to bear trials and distress, and at the same time grow to a point of health and strength which no one dreamed was ever possible; how it has refreshed me and cheered me at all times, no one but God can ever know. I should like to be the "voice" which would "wander the wide world through" and tell it to all who have been thirsting and longing for the good way. It is through suffering, as Mr. N. says, that we make spiritual progress. Years ago when I prayed so earnestly to be brought to Christ, had I dreamed what was necessary to bring my willful, hardened heart as far up the heights as it is

*Contributions to the Theory of Natural Selection. A series of Essays by Alfred Russell Wallace. Macmillan and Co., N. Y., 1870.

now, I should have shrunk from it in terror and despair; but now my heart rises up, thanks God, and takes courage. I would not have a jot less of suffering, and with my present faith I am better able than I was then to bear it all and as much more. Not very long ago it was hard to speak of these depths of my soul even to you; but now they overflow. I cannot write a letter without speaking of them; I cannot converse without speaking of them. They must come up, and if I cannot tell them to appreciative ears, why I must to unappreciative ones. I believe, too, that a few words of real experience sometimes do more good than whole sermons.

The article, "The Art of Inspiration," came just when I needed it most. My mind has been constantly upon that subject for the last few weeks. To do what, and to go where God wills, with an obedient, trustful heart, has been and is my heart's desire. I pray God to help me bear in a Christian-like manner either adversity or prosperity.

Wishing every blessing to attend you through time and eternity, I am your friend in Christ,

K. S. P.

Oneida, Nov. 17, 1872.

DEAR EDITOR:

When I read the experiences of "Brotherly Love" in the 46th No. of the CIRCULAR, I could not help saying to myself, "These will be read with pleasure by friends outside." Why? Because the heart of the believer needs just such food. The overflowing of hearts from the fountain of love, is (if I may be allowed the expression) passing the cake around so that others may partake with you. Many souls are now hungering for such food. The Bible says, "Speak often one to another," "teaching and admonishing one another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord." How can friends far away hear this best of all "singing with grace in our hearts," unless the individual experiences of such hearts are published? I believe that God designed our life in this world to be a school to fit us to inherit eternal life. How often do we see a scholar in the higher rooms of our "Union Schools" assisting a brother or sister of the lower rooms during intermission or at home! And shall not those occupying the high rooms of the great spiritual union school give their experience freely to stimulate and encourage those just entering the lowest room of that school, and who are surrounded by temptations and trials almost overwhelming? Yes, I believe the revival spirit, which is single-eyed in its devotion to the truth, will call for expression; and if that expression is made through the CIRCULAR, it will, like seed sown broadcast, spring up and bear much fruit to the glory of God.

L. B. S.

Rowayton, Conn., Nov. 18, 1872.

EDITOR CIRCULAR:—I have been a constant reader of the CIRCULAR for seven years. It has taught me to regard marriage and fashionable society in their true light. That I have not already been caught in the matrimonial net, and that I am a champion of temperance and an enemy of tobacco, is due to the influence which it has wielded over me. The CIRCULAR has also been the means of turning my attention to the glorious teachings of Christ and his disciples, and of pointing out to me the only hope of salvation. Please continue it to my address for another year. I have complete files of the CIRCULAR from the time I first subscribed, and have made arrangements to have them bound. Heartily assuring you of my sincerity. I remain,

Yours truly, C. R.

Professor A. B. Crosby, in his address to the Medical Graduates at the University of Michigan, told the following good story:—

"There was formerly a quaint old physician in New Hampshire, who was largely interested in breeding mules. One of these animals was so uncommonly perverse and obstinate, that he determined to

ride the animal until he killed him. He rode him ninety miles in a single day, rode him in fact as long as he could sit up. The exhausted pair at length pulled up at a wayside tavern. The Doctor, utterly worn out, was carried up to bed, while the mule was led away, as his owner fondly hoped, to die. At dawn the Doctor was aroused by a frightful commotion in the stable yard. Crawling on his hands and knees to the window, as well as his stiffened limbs would permit, he said the first thing that greeted his eyes was 'that cussed mule kicking up at the hostler's head.'"

Here is Virgil's description of the Epizootic, as given in the third book of the Georgics, Dryden's translation:

"The Victor Horse, forgetful of his Food,
The palm renounces, and abhors the Flood;
He paws the Ground, and on his hanging Ears
A doubtful sweat in clammy drops appears;
Parch'd is his Hide, and rugged are his hairs.
Such are the Symptoms of the young Disease,
But in Time's process, when his pains increase,
He rolls his mournful Eyes, he deeply groans,
With patient sobbings, and with manly Moans,
He heaves for Breath; which, from his lungs supply'd,
And fetch'd from far, distends his lab'ring side.
To his rough Palate his dry Tongue succeeds,
And roapy Gore he from his Nostrils bleeds."

THE LARGEST BEE-HIVE IN THE WORLD.

In Los Angeles county, on the eastern slope of the San Fernando range of mountains, and in the immediate vicinity of the Leaming Petroleum Company's oil region, there is the most wonderful collection of wild honey in existence.

The hive is located in a rift, which penetrates the rock to the depth of probably 160 feet. The orifice is 30 feet long and 17 feet wide; four passages. This rift was discovered to be the abiding place of a swarm of bees that is represented as coming out in a nearly solid column one foot in diameter.

Certain parties have endeavored to descend to the immense store of honey collected by these bees, but were invariably driven back, and one man lost his life in the effort. Others have, at the expense of much labor and money, built a scaffold one hundred and twenty-five feet high, in the hope of reaching a place whence they could run a drift into the rock, and extract its well-hoarded sweets, but finally ceased their work.

Within four years the bees have added not less than fifteen feet of depth to their treasure, as ascertained by actual measurement, and it is thought that at the present time there can not be less than eight or ten tons of honey in the rock. A man named B. Brophy lives in a cabin not far from the spot, and obtained, from the melting of the honey by the sun's heat, more than enough for the family requirement.

All through that region immense stores of wild honey are found in the trees, in the rocks, in nearly every place where its industrious manufacturers think—for bees seem to think—that it will be secure. They consume a very small porportion, as the climate enables them to keep up operations nearly every day in the year, and flowers of some sort are always in bloom. It must be a severe season indeed when the little fellows are not seen abroad in vast numbers, busily engaged in their mellifluous work.—*San Francisco Commercial Herald.*

OLIVE RISLEY SEWARD.—A correspondent of the New York *World* tells who Miss Risley, the adopted daughter of the late Mr. Seward, is. Her father was, during the administration of Lincoln and Johnson, solicitor of the Treasury. His eldest daughter, Olive, was the school-mate and chosen friend of Mr. Seward's only daughter, Fannie, while Mr. Risley was a personal friend of Mr. Seward. The friendship between the families was of long standing. The assassin Payne was in reality the murderer of the gentle and loving Fannie Seward. It was she who struggled with the assassin when he first attacked her father, and it was she who afterwards identified Payne. But she never recovered from the shock of that fearful night, and slowly but surely her health failed, until she died after several months' confinement to her room. I always grieve to think of that young girl, whom I never met but once or twice, but who produced on all who met her, even casually, a lasting impression, so pure was her character and so innocent and winning her face, voice and manner. Adopting her friend as his daughter, was a beautiful tribute of the father to the memory of his child. Certainly Mr. Seward showed his wisdom as well as his affection, for his adopted daughter has been not only a comfort but a help to him, and

the life of study they have led has suited the young girl as well as the old statesman. It has been the habit of the two since their return from their trip around the world to discuss at the breakfast table each day their plans for the day's work, then to separate, Mr. Seward going to his, and Miss Risley to her study. At a certain hour they met, compared their work and talked it over.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

ON INSTINCT.

Some scientific writers of high repute have taken the ground that animals act mainly from imitation; that it is not even proved that birds are guided by instinct in building their nests or in choosing their songs. Mr. A. D. Spalding read a paper before the British Scientific Association at its recent session, full of facts sustaining the other side of the question. We condense from it the following paragraphs:

"Chickens, kept in a state of blindness by various devices from one to three days, when placed in the light under a set of carefully prepared conditions, gave conclusive evidence against the theory that the perceptions of distance and direction by the eye are the results of associations formed in the experience of each individual life. Often, at the end of two minutes, they followed with their eyes the movements of crawling insects, turning their heads with all the precision of an old fowl. In from two to fifteen minutes they pecked at some object, showing, not merely an instinctive perception of distance, but an original ability to measure distance with something like infallible accuracy. If beyond the reach of their necks, they walked or ran to the object of their pursuit, and may be said to have invariably struck it, never missing by more than a hair's breadth; this, too, when the specks at which they struck were no bigger than the smallest visible dot of an *i*.

"A chicken, at the end of six minutes, after having its eyes unveiled, followed with its head the movements of a fly twelve inches distant; at ten minutes, the fly coming within reach of its neck, was seized and swallowed at the first stroke; at the end of twenty minutes it had not attempted to walk a step. It was then placed on rough ground within sight and call of a hen, with chickens of its own age. After standing chirping for about a minute, it went straight toward the hen, displaying as keen a perception of the qualities of the outer world as it was ever likely to possess in after life. It never required to knock its head against a stone to discover that there was 'no road that way.' It leaped over the smaller obstacles that lay in its path, and ran around the larger, reaching the mother in as nearly a straight line as the nature of the ground would permit. Thus it would seem that, prior to experience, the eye—at least the eye of the chicken—perceives the primary qualities of the external world, all arguments of the purely analytical school of psychology to the contrary notwithstanding.

"Not less decisive were experiments on hearing. Chickens hatched and kept in the dark for a day or two, on being placed in the light nine or ten feet from a box in which a brooding hen was concealed, after standing chirping for a minute or two, uniformly set off straight to the box in answer to the call of the hen which they had never seen and never before heard. This they did struggling through grass and over rough ground, when not able to stand steadily on their legs. Another experiment consisted in rendering chickens deaf for a time by sealing their ears with several folds of gum paper before they had escaped from the shell. These, on having their ears opened when two or three days old, and being placed within call of the mother, concealed in a box on the other side of a door, after turning round a few times, ran straight to the spot whence came the first sound they had ever heard. Clearly, of these chickens it cannot be said that sounds were to them at first but meaningless sensations.

"Out of a vast number of experiments with chickens and bees, though the results were not uniform, yet in the great majority of instances the chickens gave evidence of instinctive fear of these sting-bearing insects. Another incontestable case of instinct may be seen in the art of scratching in search of food. Without any opportunities of imitation, chickens begin to scratch when from two to six days old. Remarkable instances are also given of the unacquired dexterity shown in the capture of insects by ducklings and young turkeys. But a chicken being made from the first and for several months the sole companion of a young turkey, never showed the slightest tendency to adopt the admirable art of catching flies which it saw practiced before its eyes every hour of the day.

"The only theory in explanation of the phenomena

of instinct that has an air of science about it, is the doctrine of Inherited Association. Instinct in the present generation of animals is the product of the accumulated experience of past generations. Great difficulty, however, is felt by many in conceiving how anything so impalpable as fear at the sight of a bee should be transmitted from parent to offspring. It should be remembered, however, that the permanence of such associations in the history of an individual life depends on the corresponding impress given to the nervous organization. We cannot, strictly speaking, experience any individual act of consciousness twice over; but as, by pulling the bell-cord to-day we can, in the language of ordinary discourse, produce the same sound we heard yesterday, so, while the established connections among the nerves and nerve-centers hold, we are enabled to live our experiences over again. Now why should not those modifications of brain-matter, that enduring from hour to hour and from day to day, render acquisition possible, be, like any other physical peculiarity, transmitted from parent to offspring? That they are so transmitted is all but proved by the facts of instinct, while these, in their turn, receive their only rational explanation in this theory of Inherited Association."

THE NEWS.

AMERICAN.

Two feet of snow in Buffalo on the 18th.
 The horse disease is rapidly spreading to all parts of the United States.
 Contributions for Harvard College on account of loss occasioned by the Boston fire up to the 21st amounted to \$60,745.
 A severe earthquake shock was felt in New Hampshire on Nov. 18th. It began with a sort of explosion, followed by trembling of the ground.
 The Metropolitan Board of Police, of New York city, is trying to break up the concert saloons and gambling houses on Broadway and other prominent thoroughfares.
 The epizootic is likely to seriously affect the winter's supply of coal. The canal horses have been so affected that the stock of Cumberland coal will be 100,000 tons short.
 Susan B. Anthony and fifteen other women, who voted in Rochester at the late election, have been arrested on the charge of illegal voting. Warrants have also been issued for the Inspectors of Election who received the votes of Miss Anthony and her companions.
 Coats, the celebrated English thread manufacturer, after spending large sums of money in attempts to break down all competition, has moved his establishment to this country. He has lately built a large thread factory at Pawtucket, R. I., in which he employs 300 hands.
 Commodore Vanderbilt has lost his famous twenty-thousand dollar horse—Mountain Boy. The animal was recovering from the prevailing disease, and was so well that the Commodore drove him out. On returning he was seized with pneumonia, and died in a few hours.
 The New York city Fire Department has been testing the power of its steam fire-engines to throw a stream of water up to the Mansard roofs on Broadway. The attempt was a failure. A full stream could only be thrown to the fourth story, and the high Mansard roof was barely touched with the spray.
 The St Paul and Pacific branch of the Northern Pacific Railroad has stopped work from want of funds. The road run some forty thousand dollars behind its expenses between January and July, and the capitalists of Amsterdam have refused any further advances on the bonds of the company.
 To meet the rapidly increasing demand for water in New York city the Board of Public Works is building two large reservoirs below Croton Dam, to catch the surplus water which is now allowed to run to waste. The first one is building at Boyd's Corners, on a branch of the Croton river, and is nearly completed. The dam is 600 feet long, 60 feet wide at the base, 10 feet at the top, and 90 feet high. The other, two miles east, near the Harlem Railroad, has a dam 400 feet long. The two reservoirs will have an aggregate capacity of 6,700,000 gallons. The present daily consumption of water in the city is 88,000,000 gallons.
 A force of track-layers, numbering over eight hundred men, at work on the Winona and St. Peter's Railroad, near the western boundary of Minnesota, were overtaken by the tremendous snow-storm of Thursday, the 14th inst. Owing to the continued fine weather no preparations had been made to meet the calamity which, it

is feared, has befallen them. When last heard from they were 100 miles beyond the telegraph construction-trains, and had but a limited supply of provisions. On hearing of the disaster, a strong force started immediately for their relief, but after six days' persistent efforts had penetrated but 25 miles through the immense drifts which now block the track.

Later.—A dispatch from Winona says the track men are out of danger.

FOREIGN.

The *British Medical Journal* says that 300 young Russian women have claimed admission as students at the new Medical school of St. Petersburg.

Prince Napoleon is about to take legal proceedings against the Paris Police Commissioners who served him with the order of banishment. He claims damages to the amount of \$40,000.

Spurgeon's sister is preaching at Willingham, England, with such success that the police authorities have expressed their thanks to her for effecting a decrease in the number of criminal cases.

There are some signs of trouble in the French Assembly. M. Thiers demanded a vote of confidence, and received so small a majority that he threatens to resign unless there is a change in his favor. The members of the Right in caucus declared in favor of making Thiers President for life, if he would boldly take conservative ground and abstain from parliamentary debate.

The terrible storm which visited the north of Europe on the 13th and 14th inst. raged with almost unparalleled violence over Denmark and on the coasts of the Baltic and North seas. More than 80 vessels were reported wrecked, with great loss of life. Many towns were partially destroyed by the violence of the wind, and the small island of Botoc was entirely submerged and every inhabitant drowned.

On Saturday, the 12th inst., a frightful accident happened in the Mont Cenis Tunnel. An express train loaded with passengers when part way through ran into a freight train. Three cars were smashed to splinters, killing and wounding many of the passengers. To add to the horrors of the scene, the boiler of one of the engines exploded, filling the tunnel with smoke and steam. The railroad officials seemed utterly bewildered for a time, and it was only after waiting five long hours in this horrid *inferno* that the frantic mass of human beings was moved to a place of safety.

Heaven doth with us as we with torches do;
 Not light them for themselves: for if our virtues
 Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
 As if we had them not.

Measure for Measure.

Our doubts are traitors,
 And make us lose the good we oft might win,
 By fearing to attempt.

Ibid.

Virtue is bold, and goodness never fearful.

Ibid.

Which is the villain? Let me see his eyes:
 'That when I note another man like him
 I may avoid him.

Ibid.

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