

The Circular.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY

BY THE ONEIDA AND WALLINGFORD COMMUNITIES.

VOL. V.

ONEIDA COMMUNITY, JULY 20, 1868.

NO. 18.

POST-OFFICE ADDRESS.

THE CIRCULAR, ONEIDA, NEW YORK.

TERMS:

Free to all. Those who choose to pay may send one dollar a year.

GOD'S CONTENTMENT.

Home-Talk by J. H. Noyes, W. C., Jan. 11, 1868.

IF we want to be contented, there are two things with which we must be thoroughly reconciled. First, with the original constitution of the universe, whatever that is. If it is a combination of good and evil, if there is a God on one side and a devil on the other, and chaos between, no matter what, the original constitution of the universe is as it is, and can not be helped, and we must be contented with it. If we are discontented with that, there is no contentment for us. We must cease to wish that things were otherwise. We must not long for a universe that is free from evil. It can not be. It is not so, and, we may say, God can not make it so.

The next thing is to become reconciled to God—to recognize him as the supreme personality in the universe, one whose purposes cover every thing, and be contented and satisfied that he should manage the destinies of men, believing that he manages all things well. If you become contented with the universe as a whole, including good and evil, and with God as the representative of good and the supreme controller, you will have a sure foundation for comfort and happiness; but life will be dark and gloomy in any other state of feeling.

Reconciliation with God is the sum of the whole. Be reconciled to God and you will be reconciled to the universe. All you have to do in order to be reconciled to him is to open your heart to his Spirit, and feel as he does. There is no doubt but that God is contented with himself and with the universe around him. He is happy. I can surely see and feel that. Every body can who knows anything about him. But he would not be happy if he were not contented. And with all that he knows, if he is contented, he has reason to be contented, and we need not trouble ourselves to find out why he is so. It is enough that he knows why he is happy and serene. He is the God of peace, he is the blessed God, the God of all consolation, and of hope, the God of glory. All that could not be in any sense true of him, if he were not thoroughly satisfied with himself and the universe around him. With all the wisdom and knowledge that he has, he would not be contented if evil were predominant. So then if we can come into union with him,

and take in his feelings and faith, we can be perfectly and eternally contented—happy at the bottom of our hearts, and I may say, happy at the bottom of our hearts in the midst of all manner of tribulations.

It is on this basis that we can carry out Paul's exhortation, "Rejoice evermore, pray without ceasing, and in every thing give thanks." Paul evidently did that. No man in this world ever went through such persecutions and tribulations as he did; but he was cheerful and exultant through them all. It was because he was contented with the eternal conditions, and had touched the heart of God, and found him happy.

SEVENTEEN REASONS

FOR BELIEVING THAT THE SECOND COMING OF CHRIST IS PAST.

1. Christ said it should take place before the generation then existing should pass away.
2. He said it should take place before the disciples, in their mission as preachers, should have "gone over the cities of Israel."
3. He said that it should be witnessed by some then standing with him, before they should "taste of death."
4. He plainly intimated that the apostle John should be one of those who should thus "tarry" till that event.
5. He said it should take place immediately after the destruction of Jerusalem, A. D. 70.
6. His proclamation always was, "The Kingdom of Heaven is at hand"—a limitation of time agreeing with the above predictions and with no other theory.
7. He said to his disciples that he was going to prepare a place, not for the mass of mankind, but for *them*, and would come again and receive them to himself.
8. Christ's coming, as thus foretold, was universally expected by the primitive believers to take place within their age. Proof texts showing this occur on almost every page of the epistles, and profane history confirms the fact.
9. The apostles and Primitive Church not only expected it, but in many ways they shaped their practical life with reference to this anticipation—postponing marriage, abiding in their several callings, and holding property loosely on account of their conviction that "the time was short."
10. All the signs that Christ foretold as precursors of this event are recorded to have taken place within the apostolic age. Josephus speaks of wars and famines, Paul of the universal spread of the gospel, John of a "fall-

ing away and the revelation of antichrist."

11. In view of the fulfillment of these signs at a late period of the apostolic age, John distinctly proclaimed the arrival of the "last hour."

12. The Apocalypse, written by him at the same late period, is introduced by the assertion that it refers to "things which must shortly come to pass." In it Christ reiterates again and again, to the expectant churches, the word of warning and of hope, "Behold I come QUICKLY."

13. The destruction of Jerusalem, given as the last and greatest sign of the approaching advent, was literally fulfilled, and in its terrific character was a fit token of the Jewish judgment day which was then ushered in.

14. The Second Coming was to have a privacy like that of a midnight wedding party—a secrecy like the movements of a thief in the night. It was to be a revelation only to those in the flesh who heeded Christ's repeated injunction to "watch." Hence the silence of profane history on the event, instead of being an objection, strictly harmonizes with its predicted character.

15. The acknowledged doubt and mystery which surround the last days of the last of the apostles can be explained by the fact of the Second Coming, and in no other way. If Paul was publicly martyred, as tradition vaguely asserts, where are the witnesses of it? What were his last words? Whom did he appoint as his successor? What were some of the particulars of the great apostle's end? Not even tradition, much less history, gives a word of response to these questions. The same is true substantially of the apostle John. These two great lights of the Church go out, and leave no sign. The most that can be said of them authentically is, that they were aged, and in the midst of a wide-spread declension and apostasy they disappeared. Such an unexplained disappearance would be precisely in accordance with the parable of the virgins, with Christ's prediction, "Thou shalt two be in the field; the one shall be taken and the other left;" and with Paul's anticipation, "We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed."

16. A crisis then took place, as shown by profane history itself, which was without precedent in human progress. A break—a distinct chasm—separates the Primitive Church from what followed it. With the apostolic age miracles ceased, the Bible closed, apostolic inspiration came to an end, salvation, even, became but a name in the Church. History

leaps at once from the high holiness and power of the first century, embodied in the glorious testimony of Paul and John, down to the maudering martyr-worship of Ignatius and Polycarp, which formed the very *nidus* of the monkery and superstition of the dark ages. Such a chasm could only have been produced by the sudden withdrawal of the vital element of the Primitive Church, in accordance with the programme of the Second Coming.

17. Christ's character for simplicity forbids the idea that he would intentionally have misled his disciples on such a momentous subject as the time of his Second Coming, and his character for punctuality renders it impossible that he should have made an appointment and broken it.

TWELVE PRACTICAL CONSEQUENCES

flowing from the above conclusion about the Second Coming.

1. It corrects the biggest error that could exist concerning the greatest fact in history.

2. It makes the New Testament consistent and intelligible, explaining many things which on any other theory must always remain dark.

3. By indorsing the truthfulness of Christ it makes a sound basis of faith in him.

4. It establishes the fact that he founded the Kingdom of Heaven according to his plan, and ~~FINISHED~~ salvation, if not for all, at least for *some*. The popular theory, by putting the Second Coming in the future, shows *no* completed result, in individuals, or in society, of Christ's work. Every thing is still transitional, uncertain, imperfect, ranging even far below the original standard and with no assured prospect of a change in the future. On the other hand the truth about the Second Coming shows that Christ thoroughly did what he attempted to do, viz., carried a select section of humanity, in one generation, straight through to complete victory and resurrection. This fact is worth every thing to faith. What has been done can be done again. The nucleus formed in heaven at the Second Coming becomes, the moment it is recognized, a lifting power, drawing all by an irresistible charm of improvement up to its own level.

5. It places men in a new attitude toward disease, death and the devil. Without the truth about the Second Coming, death is King, and the only heaven we can look into is Hades. We are slaves whose only hope of freedom is by a final emigration to some far distant shore where

"Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green."

The truth about the Second Coming faces us right about. It does what "Linkum's gunboats" did to the negroes. It tells us we are free, and instead of directing us to expect to escape from the world by death into what is only another part of the devil's plantation, it puts arms into our hands, and tells us to stand and "occupy the land."

6. It cuts up the pretensions of Popery and all sects who claim authority by virtue of pretended succession or commission from the

Primitive Church. The apostles being alive, need no successors.

7. It discharges Christianity from the stigma which would otherwise be fastened upon it by the shortcomings of its earthly professors. Christ can be held responsible only for the character of that generation which he engaged to save, and which he took with him into the resurrection. All subsequent pretensions must be judged apart from him, and stand or fall by their own merits.

8. It makes an end of the periodical scare which enthusiasts, practicing on the common belief, are able to get up by proclaiming the Second Coming as an impending event.

9. It makes an end of the claims of all those impostors who represent that the predictions relating to the Second Coming have been fulfilled in some private manner in their personal experience.

10. It reveals the resurrection sphere as a body composed, not of one alone, but of a host of our fellow men, through whom Christ has an intensified and multiplied power of transmitting grace to the world.

11. It shows who are the true (though invisible) Kings and Presidents of human affairs, and from whence comes the scientific illumination that is transforming the world.

12. It challenges men to acquaint themselves with the faith of the Primitive Church, as a means of understanding them as they are; and it invites all to a course of improvement such as will raise society to the present heavenly standard. G.

PRINCIPIA.—NO. 10.

PERFECTIONISM THE ANTECEDENT OF COMMUNISM.

ARTICLES FROM OUR EARLY PUBLICATIONS,

SHOWING THE SPIRIT AND PRINCIPLES IN WHICH
THE O. C. ORIGINATED.

[From the Perfectionist, Sept. 4, 1844.]

FOURIERISM.

We have quite as much interest and confidence in the projects of the Fourierites, as in any of the popular reforming enterprises. There is a comprehensiveness of view, and a conservative moderation manifest in their writings, which is refreshing in these days of hobby-riding and destructiveness. We find the *Phalanx* one of the most interesting among our exchange papers. The enthusiasm of its editor is amiable, if it is excessive; and his ability is worthy of much praise. He claims for the system to which he dedicates his powers, the authority not merely of earthly wisdom, but of at least semi-inspiration. Such claims when they come in decent form, always take a strong hold of our veneration. We pray that we may be kept from opposing or despising any of God's manifestations; and we have a comfortable assurance that our prayer is regarded. We are conscious of no unreasonable enmity or contempt toward Fourierism. Yet we are not converted to its principles, and we propose to state candidly some of our reasons for standing aloof from it.

In our view the great want of the world is *good men*. *Good institutions*, of all kinds, are in themselves quite desirable, but experience proves that they avail little or nothing without good men to administer them. Good laws are impotent without good judges. Governments, however free in form, and however wisely provided with all the checks and balances which the jealousy of liberty can devise, are engines of oppression without good officers. The doctrines

and forms of Christianity are almost as much a curse as a blessing without good professors. Even the Bible is worse than a sealed book without good interpreters. The results of all human arrangements depend so much more on the character of men than of institutions, that we can not conceive of a social, political, or religious system so good that it may not be made a nuisance by corrupt administrators, nor of one so bad that it would not be tolerable and even valuable in the hands of men fearing God and eschewing evil.

Even the Fourierites admit, incidentally at least, that good men are wanted as the antecedents of good institutions. They say in one of the resolutions of their New York Convention:

"Foreseeing as we do, that success in these enterprises requires disinterestedness, sagacity, and perseverance, we appeal to the friends of our race with the request, that they do not attempt to establish Association, until they have secured the coöperation of a sufficient number of men and women of congenial tempers, devoted from generous impulse and conviction to this cause of God and Man."

The persons who made this appeal evidently assume that the great prerequisite of association already exists—that the necessary "disinterestedness, sagacity and perseverance" is to be found in the world—that "a sufficient number of men and women of congenial tempers, devoted from generous impulse to the cause of God and man" may be secured. The editor of the *Phalanx* in a late number more expressly avows this assumption. He says:

"The only remedy [for the disease of society] is to be found in universal benevolence, not regarded as the *sentiment* of individuals, but as the *principle* of organization. There is enough of the *sentiment* already, blessed be God, in the heart of humanity—all it wants is means for its complete outward manifestation and embodiment."

Now if it is true that good men are the life without which good institutions are dead—the stock on which true association must grow; and if it is true that good men, in sufficient number for the purposes of association already exist, then it is evident that by some agency, a good, as much more important than Fourierism as the stock of a tree is more important than its after-growth, has already been produced in this world, without the help of Fourierism. The agency of Fourierism is not essential to the production of good men. Something else has already to a great extent accomplished this great enterprise, which is the root of all other hopeful enterprises. What is this something? We doubt not that the editor of the *Phalanx* would readily answer—Christianity. Fourierism and Christianity then are distinct from each other. The latter has prepared the essential prerequisites of the former. To the latter, then, *distinct from and independent of the former*, the principal devotion is due. A mind rightly directed, distributing its attention to the various interests of the world in proportion to their respective values, will account that Christianity which (according to the assumption of Associationists) has already produced good men, as more valuable and more worthy of service by heart and hand, than Fourierism. Intelligent, radical reformers will say, "Let us water the root of human welfare; let us labor to give free course to that agency which produces good men, the parents of all good institutions, Fourierism among the rest, and we shall do more good than we can do by bestowing our efforts on the improvement of institutions."

This reasoning would not preclude a subordinate, duly proportioned degree of attention to the external improvements proposed by Fourierism and other theories of reform. But it forbids the exaltation of Fourierism into the rank of a primary enterprise, and the confounding of it with Christianity. If Christianity without Fourierism has produced and shall continue to produce good men, the world will get along tolerably well and may hope for all substantial good, even with very bad institutions. We are bound to give our best efforts to the parent-enterprise, and not suffer its importance

to be obscured by any of its secondaries. It seems to us that the above reasoning condemns the natural import of the following declaration by the editor of the *Phalanx*:

"After several years of patient, impartial, and severe study of Fourier's writings, and that too under circumstances that would try the 'stuff' even of a Puritan we have the profoundest conviction that Fourier's system is Christianity."

But we have serious doubts whether it can be safely assumed that the world, at present, contains in any considerable numbers, "men and women who are disinterested, of congenial tempers, devoted from generous impulse to the cause of God and man." If the editor of the *Phalanx* and his associates have any evidence for this assumption which is not accessible to us, we shall be glad to learn from them; but our own observations have been unfavorable to it. The entire history of mankind without the influence of Christianity, seems to us to be a commentary on the text—"The world lieth in the wicked one;" and even under the partial influence which Christianity has been allowed to exert since the apostolic age, the soil of humanity can not be said to have produced many good men, unless those who confessedly *sin* almost constantly their life long, are to be called good. The Bible says that "*he that committeth sin is of the devil*," and we can not but believe that this is strictly and philosophically true. If it is, then one of these three things must be believed, viz., either the mass of those who are exposed to the influences of Christianity are saved from sin, while they know it not, and believe it impossible, and hate or despise the doctrine which proffers it to them; or, though they commit sin and of course are "of the devil," they are nevertheless disinterested, generous, heaven-devoted men; or, there are but very few disinterested, generous, heaven-devoted men in the world. We find it easier to believe the last of these propositions than either of the others; and we frankly say that if a dominant number of such men are an essential prerequisite of association, we are sure that Fourierism will have to wait for its success till it can find a company of the "sons of God," men who have been baptized and born again in the sinless spirit of heaven. In other words, Christianity, not Christian-Judiasm, but sin-abolishing Christianity, must go before Association.

The great want of the world is good men. The first requisite for the manufacture of good men is the power of God. A bad world, however it may be arranged, can not produce good men. A holy and mighty spiritual energy from above must begin the reformation of mankind. The first attainment, then, to be sought by radical reformers, is that faith which opens free communication with God and gives access to his righteousness and power. It is metaphysically impossible that this faith should co-exist with continued sin, or with unbelief in regard to the accessibility of the primitive baptism of the Holy Ghost. We must first seek out for ourselves, and then communicate to others, the gospel—that spiritual, divine word, which in the days of Christ and the apostles brought those who believed into open intercourse with God, and saved them from all sin. And this attainment must be independent of all physical conditions. It must be able, as it was eighteen hundred years ago, to maintain itself, not merely in prosperous circumstances, and good society, but against tribulation, distress, persecution, famine, nakedness, peril, sword, death, life, angels, principalities, powers, things present, things to come, height, depth, and every other creature. Life indestructible, hell-proof, is the first indispensable element of a good man.

When this is attained we may turn our attention to the next requisite. And here we approach the Fourierists. Eternal life in the heart is the foundation; but a superstructure remains to be built. The external character is to be moulded into the beauty of perfect morality, before a good man can be considered a finished article. What, then, is the second thing

needed for the manufacture of good men? We answer—a good social machinery. The external character of the mass of mankind is and must be to a great extent moulded by the society in which they live. The propensity to imitation, the contagious influence of dispositions and manners, and the constancy of the action of society upon the individual, are agencies of character-manufacture, more powerful than abstract laws, moral precepts, and private resolutions. Next to the good influences of God, the good influences of men are needed to perfect holiness. Good society surrounding individuals, and receiving into an atmosphere of wisdom and love the rising generation, is the second blessing to be sought by true reformers.

This is the legitimate intent of church-organization. They who have obtained eternal life, the root of heart-righteousness, separate themselves more or less from the world, and form a community for the purpose of establishing good society, as the nurse of external character. This is a church; and this completes the machinery for the formation of good men.

Now so far as the arrangements proposed by Fourier are adapted to this object of perfecting social machinery, we have no objections to them. Indeed, we are inclined to hope that they will be found worthy of all reception, and that he will be honored as one commissioned of God to investigate and open an important department of science. We are not sufficiently acquainted with the details of Fourierism to pass judgment upon them, and we may have occasion as we learn and reflect further, to criticise them. A surmise thrusts itself upon us sometimes, that a system prepared for all sorts of men, without reference to their spiritual states, can not be adapted even in its subordinate details, to the relations of the sons of God. But we hope for the best, and confidently believe that Fourierism is better than the old social systems. At all events, we are sure that it will have a valuable influence on the world, as an aperient. Men will be induced by it to open their minds to new ideas about social architecture, and human destiny. It will increase their yearning for a better state of things.

Our objection is not so much against Fourierism itself, as against the place which it seeks to occupy. We think it is going too far to say that "Fourierism is Christianity." We are aware that its advocates claim for it religious, as well as social and industrial character. More or less spiritualism gleams out from their writings. They undoubtedly intend and endeavor to make their system cover the four departments of human nature, Spiritual, Intellectual, Moral, and Physical. But this does not satisfy us. Admitting that it does cover the whole, the questions still come up, What proportion of attention does it give to the several departments? What is the order of precedence among them? Which is head and which is tail? Now if we are to judge from the sayings and doings of Fourierites which are afloat around us in newspapers and other vehicles, we can not but conclude that the Physical department takes the lead. Our impression of the character of the system would express itself in phrenological language thus: Spiritual, moderate; Intellectual, large; Moral, large; Physical, very large. The developments taper the wrong way. The Physical is the head and the Spiritual is the tail. We get the same impression of the system from the avowals of the editor of the *Phalanx*. Witness the following, from his paper:

"The disciples of Fourier, although they dwell particularly upon industry and science, are by no means indifferent to religious doctrine—they long sincerely for the reconciliation of the severed church of Christ; for the union of spiritual freedom with Catholic authority: for one Lord, one baptism, one faith—for the gathering of the scattered tribes of Israel in the Universal Church of Christ, formed of living and precious stones, in both temporal and spiritual unity. But we think that material association must first be brought about, according to the plans of God, who forms the infant body before it takes fully either mind or soul. There must be in-

dustrial unity before there can be political and religious unity; and for this reason, we stand on the negative ground of religious tolerance, now, in the hope of preparing the way, in the Providence of God, for religious reconciliation—unity and universality—hereafter, which must come."

"There must be industrial unity before there can be religious unity!" Is this Christianity? Where is there a hint of such a principle by word or deed recorded in the New Testament? If this is Christianity, then the system developed in the apostolic age was not Christianity, but the reverse of it. If there is any one truth in the New Testament which seems to us clear, it is that Christ's plan was to establish spiritual unity between God and man and between man and his brother (which is religious unity), first of all, and then leave this principle to work out naturally its external embodiment. If we get a right idea of Fourierism from the above extract, we must regard it as an animal of the genus Physical, though it has an intellectual and moral body and a spiritual tail. Considered as a mere development of the science of social organization, it may be very valuable; but considered as a system of universal truth, it places the wrong end of human nature foremost, and must be regarded as an anti-Christian system. If the premises of our conclusion are not correct, we shall be glad of information that may lead to a more favorable judgment.

We may illustrate our view of the relative positions of Fourierism and Christianity by a single example. Fourierites abound in the praises of *Attractive Industry*. They seem to think if they can make manual labor sport instead of drudgery, they shall convert the world into Paradise. The idea of substituting attraction for legality and necessity is excellent—it is gospel. But Christianity applies it to a higher work than manual labor. Men have a work to do with their hearts—the work of believing and loving God, which under ordinary and legal influences is worse drudgery, more hated and slighted, than hand-labor. Religion comes to the world usually with such a forbidding aspect, and loads down those who entertain it with such a pilgrim's pack of sins and long-faced responsibilities, that many keep clear of it as long as they can, and those who receive it for fear of something worse in a future world, generally treat it as a Sunday drudgery, and a death-bed reserve. Now while Fourierism labors to improve physical labor, Christianity labors to improve spiritual labor. Instead of "Attractive Industry," Christ proposes to man, first of all, attractive Religion, attractive Holiness, an ATTRACTIVE GOD.

HOW I GOT AN EDUCATION.

BY the term education, I do not wish to be understood as meaning literary proficiency, for in that respect I can make no pretension. Neither do I make any claim to professorship in the arts and sciences. My narrative has to do only with the plainer walks of knowledge, telling how I learned to do many things in a simple, practical manner. Although never cut out for a genius, I was conscious from boyhood of an innate desire or passion for studying natural causes. I was eager to look into the practical working of every thing that came under my observation, and to learn to do any thing that my hands found to do in gaining a common livelihood. Had I in my youth fallen into the hands of some master-workman, the result might have been different, and I might have had a different story to tell. But as Providence has shaped my course otherwise, I must take it for granted that I am, and have been operating in my true line of destiny, whatever its end may be.

My first experience at hard labor occurred on the farm. My father having died when I was a lad of four or five years, I was placed by my mother when eight years of age to live among strangers. The people with whom I lived were of the sturdy Dutch sort, and I assure you I was not allowed to idle away the time. Work was the main thing thought of, and during the two years that I dwelt with them, I was

made pretty well acquainted with practical business life.

My work in the summer season was planting, hoeing, driving oxen to the barrow, and choring generally. I well remember the old oxen I used to drive. As I was rather small in comparison with my team, and unable to give them very heavy blows, the old bullocks soon learned to disregard my commands, and when they became a little heated, would go pretty much where they had a mind, plunging into every water-course and mud-puddle to which they came. When the case looked desperate, the master would come and give the old fellows a good thrashing, after which they would perform better for a time. Spreading and raking hay was also a business at which I was kept quite constantly during its season; also raking wheat and oats into sheaves for others to bind. I soon became quite expert at this kind of labor, and, although I was undoubtedly over-worked, I endured it all with a good degree of cheerfulness, with the exception of turning the grindstone for sharpening the scythes. This was an intolerable bore to me, and I used to wonder that such a thing should ever have been invented. The task of grinding a scythe made at the present day, can not be compared with the labor necessarily performed on those made forty-five years ago, which had an edge like a plowshare to be ground away by a hand-stone, and that, too, often turned by a little boy eight or nine years old. When there was a new scythe or ax to be ground, I remember that the first thing I did was to examine the edge to see how thick it was, wondering why it could not have been hammered thinner. Then too, the neighbors patronized our "excellent grindstone," as they styled it, especially whenever they had a new scythe or ax to grind; and after obtaining permission to use the stone they would politely suggest that it would be convenient to have the boy turn a while. This I used to think a little too much. If they got the use of the grindstone for nothing, they might afford, I thought, to bring along their own boy to turn, and I would firmly resolve in my own mind, that if ever I attained to manhood and got my freedom, I would never turn grindstone for a living; and to this day I am often reminded at the sight of a grindstone, of my early experience.

Besides my regular labors in the field, I had a daily round of choring to perform, such as driving the cows to and from the pasture, of which I milked two, night and morning; feeding the calves, pigs and chickens; backing old rails and splitting them up for oven-wood, &c. The first two months of winter I was sent one mile to school, though I staid at home every Saturday to chop wood at the wood-pile. At the end of my two months' schooling, the business of threshing wheat commenced, which was performed by treading out the grain with horses, or beating it by hand with flails. I took an active part in this business, and when threshing alone my stint was sixty sheaves a day by hand. Turning the fanning-mill usually fell to my lot, and as I frequently had to tug at the miserable lumbering thing nearly all day, I came to consider the work but little better than that of turning grindstone. H. T.

THE CIRCULAR.

O. C., MONDAY, JULY 20, 1868.

WHO ARE SPIRITUALISTS?

THE modern system of rappings and Hæcean revelations has no special right to the words *Spiritualism* and *Spiritualist*. Those are generic terms, and belong to all who believe in the sensible operations of spirits, and the possibility of intercourse with the spiritual world. The Shakers are Spiritualists. Swedenborg was a Spiritualist, and in fact was the father of the modern system of necromancy in all its essential features. On the other hand Paul and the Primitive Church were Spiritualists. The Puritans were Spiritualists, else they would not have burned witches. All revivalists from Edwards to Elder Knapp have been Spiritualists; that is, they have believed

in the sensible operations of spirits, good and bad. The Perfectionists that came out of the revival-churches in 1833-4 were Spiritualists of the most lively type, believing themselves to be 'wrought upon by spirits in many wonderful ways.

We receive letters occasionally urging us to confess ourselves Spiritualists. We do confess it, and did long ago. J. H. N. in his correspondence with Warren Chase professed to be a Spiritualist and a medium of Jesus Christ. And now we will go farther, and put in a claim to a special interest in the terms which the necromancers have monopolized. As we started the term *free love*, which was afterwards appropriated by persons with whom we had no fellowship, so we have reason to believe that we commenced the modern use of the term *Spiritualist*, and that the rappers caught it from us. See if we do not make out the case.

"Modern Spiritualism" so called, was developed in 1846 or thereabouts, and did not get its title till some years afterward. But we had been in the habit of using the terms *Spiritualism* and *Spiritualist*, certainly as early as 1843, as any one may see by consulting the files of the *Perfectionist* of that year and afterward. We will give a few specimens. Here is an article first printed in the *Perfectionist*, Feb. 15, 1843, and reprinted in the *Berean* in 1846:

THE AGE OF SPIRITUALISM.

"The whole world seems to be looking for a Revolution. Some expect an orthodox Millennium; others, a golden age of phrenology; others still, a physiological regeneration of the human race; and not a few are awaiting, in anxious or hopeful suspense, the trump of the Second Advent, and the day of judgment. We also are looking for a Revolution; and we will endeavor to set forth our idea of the form in which we expect it will appear.

Dividing human nature into four departments, viz., the PHYSICAL, MORAL, INTELLECTUAL, and SPIRITUAL, we hold that man can be truly regenerated only by the paramount development of his *spiritual* nature. Accordingly we believe that the great change which is coming, will be an outburst of spiritual knowledge and power—a conversion of the world from sensuality, from carnal morality, and from brain-philosophy, to spiritual wisdom and life. It has been said that the Bible was not designed to teach any of the natural sciences. But the time will come when that book will be acknowledged as the great repository of the facts and principles of a science which rightfully takes precedence of all others, viz., SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY—the science which treats of the nature, power, attraction, repulsion, and fellowship, of spirits, which refers health, wisdom and righteousness, to the energy of God; and disease, fatuity, and sin, to the power of the devil; which thus points out, as the only means of radical reformation, the expulsion of the spirit of evil on the one hand, and spiritual union with God on the other. This is the science which in the phenomena of its practical application, gleamed out from time to time along the whole course of the Jewish dispensation; which blazed up and for a little space lighted the whole earth in the time of Christ and the apostles; and which is destined, notwithstanding all the attempts of unbelief to quench it, by covering it with the infamy of mysticism, to break forth again, consume the partition between heaven and earth, and become the judgment-fire of the world.

"The signs of the times indicate that God is making ready for a great spiritual manifestation. In the midst of the idolatrous enthusiasm of the day for physical improvement, legal morality, and scientific discovery, there is a visible movement of the public mind toward spiritual truth. Germany, the pioneer-land of the Reformation, the emporium of human wisdom, notwithstanding its 'rationalism,' is teeming with psychological theories, which our phlegmatic intellectualists call 'mysticism;' but which in fact are approximations to the Spiritual Philosophy of the Bible. From Germany the leaven has gone forth into England and this country. Men of note in the learned and religious world, are not ashamed to indulge in speculations, which once would have been classed with the hallucinations of Swedenborg and Ann Lee. Nor is the spiritualizing leaven confined to those upper classes, whose leisure and cultivation allow them to philosophize. 'Mysticism' has assumed a visible and popular form in the phenomena of Mesmerism, and has gone out into the 'highways and hedges,' compelling men, high and low, to believe that spirits are actual and potent substances; that life can dwell in life, and will actuate will. We know, that both these movements—the philosophical and popular—are only *approximations* to the development of true Spiritual Philosophy, and that they are associated more or less with unbelief and worldly motives in their advocates. Yet we regard them as influences, sent and directed by heaven, to turn the minds of men toward the

invisible world—*premonitory symptoms* of the approaching spiritual Revolution."

It will be seen that this article was in fact a prediction of all that has come under the name of "Modern Spiritualism," and a great deal more.

In the *Perfectionist*, July 27, 1844, there is a long article under the title, "*The Two Follies of Spiritualists*," the first paragraph of which is as follows:

"The Spiritual department of religion is yet for the most part a wild, unknown region. The Physical, Moral, and Intellectual have long been settled, cultivated, and reduced to something like order. The civilized part of mankind have laid out their strength in these departments. But the Spiritual, like the western part of this continent, is either a vast solitude, or a place of wandering for the Indian and the 'squatter.' The sects which have penetrated farthest into this region such as the Shakers, Mormons, Millerites, &c., are certainly little better than religious barbarians. And yet the lands on which they have settled, like the rich plains of the west, are altogether the most valuable part of the religious continent, and are destined to be the seat of empire in the kingdom of God."

The *Perfectionist* of May 17, 1845, has the following article, which we copy entire:

TENDENCY TOWARD SPIRITUALISM.

"Among the many signs of the times, indicating that the world is entering on its fourth and last period of education, viz., *the age of Spiritualism*, we notice particularly the four following:

"1. *Mesmerism* has overcome materialistic scepticism, and is opening a passage from the highest point of physical science into spiritual philosophy. It is the connecting link between the sciences which treat of those subtle powers of nature, called electricity, galvanism, magnetism, &c., and the science of life, animal and eternal.

"2. In connection with the movement of the public mind which Mesmerism has produced, the writings of Swedenborg have emerged from contempt and neglect, and are now spoken of with respect and admiration in many quarters, where, ten years ago, they would have been scoffed at as insane mysticisms. Lectures on Swedenborgianism have been received with favor in the city of New York. Prof. Bush has avowed his high regard for some of Swedenborg's theories. A respectable English Review confesses itself compelled to do him homage as a great and good man. These are but specimens of the turn which the public mind is taking with reference to this great spiritualist.

"3. *Fourierism*, though it puts physical interests foremost, has a spiritual department. Fourier's mind resembled Swedenborg's. He was a universal thinker: and universal thinkers are always mystics. He traveled far into the spiritual regions, and his disciples are zealously following him in that direction.

"4. *Puseyism*, on the one hand, is itself a species of spiritualism; and on the other, its effect in rousing the Puritan churches to a fierce reaction against formalism, is impelling them forward to new investigations and new appreciation of that part of their religion which borders on the spiritual region.

"We believe that these and many other kindred influences are the effects and the agents of a great internal movement, directed by God, to the end of inducting the world into the spiritual philosophy of the Bible, and thus bringing to light the meaning and power of the atonement, and reconciling effectually the human and divine natures."

Let the reader consider that this language and these predictions were common discourse in our paper long before the Fox girls and A. J. Davis were heard of. And now, forsooth, they are the *Spiritualists!* Out upon the usurpation! They are one subdivision of Spiritualists, properly called *necromancers*, and not original at that; for Swedenborg and multitudes in all ages, from the witch of Endor downwards, have gone before them in dealing with the dead. The name which they monopolize belongs to all who deal with spirits, and most properly to those who deal with the Holy Spirit, for they only are really *spiritual* Spiritualists.

AN ONEIDA JOURNAL.

July 18.—The Midlanders are at work this week on our land, preparing to turn the course of the creek, and are in full view from the mill. If we were in the way of picnics as we used to be, we should look with regret upon the mutilation which the "Island" is undergoing. The Island is a pleasant, wooded tract of land, almost surrounded by the winding creek, which used to be our pet resort for all sorts of out-door festivities—picnics, butternut-cracks, and

bon-fires burning to the music of the brass band. But we were so well weaned, first by the attractions of Willow Place, and then by the gradual discontinuance of distracting excursions of all kinds, that the prospect of noisy trains where the stillness of nature was broken only by the merry voices of some strolling party, gives us no unpleasant emotions.

The display of flowers in our gardens this summer is lavish, and the grouping is remarkably effective. Some of the girls were looking the other day at a small pink-root, on which there was a profusion of blossoms. "How many do you guess there are?" asked one. "A hundred." "No, two hundred." "Three hundred, I guess." Hereupon Mrs. S., who is the floral priestess, counted the pinks upon one-half of the root, and found there were five hundred. Just think, a thousand blossoms from a plant which you could encircle with your fingers! We have had a wonderful exhibition of white lillies. When in their prime last week some one counted them, and found there were five hundred and twenty stalks, and three thousand six hundred and forty blossoms. Monday evening that strange plant, the Night Blooming Cereus, was brought into the Hall that we might behold the opening of the flower. For several hours it beamed like a planet, with a white, soft radiance, and then passed on for another year in its orbit.

For years after the Community had made their home in this predestined valley, the old "butternut-tree" in front of the mansion house was the only shade we had very near. A few self-sown apple-trees were seen in the pastures, and palm-like elms in the meadow, but there was no wide-spreading shade upon the lawn where one could lie down and ponder, no cool thicket near by where one could go with a book. The children used to wear off the turf and tread down the ground under the butternut, until its roots suffered, and there was great danger it would die. When we found it in its glory its branches almost touched the ground, and it would shelter hundreds under its heavy foliage; but after awhile it became necessary to shorten it in, till it grew quite a tame-looking tree. Now the grass is thick under it again, and it begins to put on some of its old majesty. It is not our only shade. It was our first care to plant a yard for the children, and now they play under elms and maples higher than the house; and besides the children's grove, there are a great many most inviting retreats, grottos of ever-greens, and shades of growing trees quite near the house. We appreciate exceedingly this hot season, the improvements which twenty years have made, especially as visitors embarrass us much less than usual. Now the strawberry bees are over, the sunset finds our folks on the grounds, the pensive and the playful, the book-in-hand, and the arm-in-arm. One evening when many were out, one broached the idea of holding the meeting on the grass. It ran from one to another and was carried by acclamation. Notice was given in the Hall, and when the bell rang, those who were in the house came out, and we all seated ourselves upon the grass—two hundred, young and old. We had time for the newspaper report and the correspondence before twilight deepened. After that we sung, "While shepherds watched their flocks by night," to the old tune of Sherburne, and filled up the hour with thanksgivings.

The favorite reading among us seems to be history and biography relating to the revival period. We notice the books in hand are Life of Dr. Beecher, Elder Knapp, Whitefield, Nettleton, History of the Great Awakening, &c., &c.

Among our visitors recently was an aged man from a neighboring village, who said he came to this State from Connecticut when four years old, and had resided in one place for seventy years. He remembers passing through Utica, which then consisted of but three buildings, and one of them a blacksmith-shop. All this region was a vast forest, and the Indians roamed at will. His folks, he said, used to exchange bread and pork for little hard apples which the Indians raised, and considered them a great treat. We were interested in observing how well his account of the state of the country about here seventy

years ago, agreed with Dixon's pictures of this region only twenty years ago.

The following items are from Wallingford :

We have had several wood bees after supper and the result is that our mammoth pile of wood, which has presented an extremely chaotic appearance, is now all neatly piled up in the form of a hollow square.

It was discovered that a family of wood-chucks living near our field of marrowfat peas, were most ruthlessly and voraciously devouring that which was intended by our faithful gardener for the family table. His ire was aroused, and no wonder. He called to his aid Nimrod with his rifle, and together they strode toward the subterraneous residence of the fated ones. What next? *Bang!* The sound came from beyond the orchard through which the wrathful ones passed, and we thought the deed was done. Coming back, they brought with them a young wood-chuck, alive and well; its dam when fired at, retreated into her hole. The next morning, however, they dug out the old wood-chuck and another young one, killing both.

Among letters lately received was the following :

"DEAR FRIENDS:—Can you tell us any thing about the barren, sandy plain near you? Is any part of it tilled or tillable? Is it for sale at a low price? How long is it? We would like to buy and improve it, and establish a Community there. What do you think of it? Respectfully and sincerely your friend, D. H."

When read in noon-meeting, this letter was the occasion of much fun and laughter, and several told stories which gave one any thing but a flattering idea of the fertility of the sandy plain in question. One wondered how any body could think of establishing a Community in a place where there is no chance for a *saw-mill*.

O. C. STRAWBERRY CULTURE.

THE CROP OF 1868.—STATEMENT OF ITS COST AND VALUE.

FROM four and six-tenths acres of land, the O. C. harvested the present season, 23,667 quarts or 739 bushels and 19 quarts of Strawberries, an average of 160 bushels and 25 quarts to the acre.

The soil on which the crop was grown, was mostly a clay-loam mixed with gravel. Three-fifths of the ground were planted to Wilsons (the best market berry we know of), and the remaining two-fifths to French's Seedling, Triomphe De Gand and the Agriculturist.

The cost of cultivation and harvesting was as follows :

Labor, manures, and mulching, ..	\$768.18
Paid for picking,	306.09
Picked by O. C. family (estimated) ..	76.52
Freight, traveling, and telegrams, ..	302.99

Total cost of crop,

The fruit was disposed of as follows :

Sold, 11,831 qts.	\$1,520.21
Preserved, 7,696 qts., at 13 cts., ..	1,000.48
Eaten by O. C. family, 2,958 qts.,	
at 10 cts.,	295.80
Eaten by visitors, 995 qts., at 10 cts. ..	99.50
Given away, 187 qts., at 10 cts., ..	18.70

Total value of crop,

Balance,

That part of the crop sold, 11,831 quarts, consisting of Wilson's and Triomphe De Gand's (mostly the former), brought us an average of 13 cts. per quart. The berries preserved, being good marketable fruit of the Wilson variety, we valued at the average price received for those sold. The fruit eaten by the O. C. family, by its visitors, and that given away, being French's Seedling (a berry that will not bear transportation), we estimated as worth 10 cts. per quart. This makes the total value of the crop as given above, \$2,934.69, and deducting cost of cultiva-

tion and harvesting, \$1,453.78, leaves a balance of \$1,480.91.

That this showing is not so favorable as those of past years may be accounted for in the increased cultivation of the strawberry. When we commenced raising this fruit at O. C., there was not a berry raised for market in our neighborhood. This year the product of not less than thirty acres of strawberries raised within a few miles of us, has been shipped with ours from Oneida. Many of the growers in our vicinity this season were new in the business, and as a consequence there was something of a panic among them, caused by a fear that they would not be able to sell their fruit. Prices at Oneida and the nearest markets were quite low, selling on one day at eight cents per quart. After the season had fairly set in, the fruit-growers began to gain confidence, and we should think all disposed of their berries at a reasonable profit. The competition among those engaged in shipping strawberries from Oneida seemed to be purely good natured.

WHAT MR. PHOTOCYN THINKS OF POLITE LITERATURE.

IT was a quiet, shady nook by the river-side. The elms drooped their long pendulous branches over the stream, and through the overhanging foliage the sun dropped upon the water warm flecks of light. I was seated on a rude bench gazing at the soft flowing current, and thinking those thoughts which are so often felt but so seldom expressed. Mr. Photocyn sat near me, his eyes closed, and his countenance denoting a deep reverie. The silence had been unbroken for a full half hour. At length my friend rose, and drawing himself to his full height exclaimed, with a good deal of emphasis :

"The world is in a bad way, and I can tell you the cause of it."

"What is it?" I asked quietly, a little surprised at the sudden energy displayed by a personage so ordinarily undemonstrative in his habits.

"We are dying of slow poison," he replied, in the same tone. "Not from what we eat, but from what we read. It is not that which goes into the mouth that destroys a man; it is rather that which goes into his mind and heart and spirit, and becomes a part of his consciousness forevermore. I had rather diet on corrosive sublimate or prussic acid, than fill myself with such stuff as passes current among us for polite literature. The world may wag as it will, but for one I have done with it. There is no such thing as a healthy literature extant. The devil has got possession of the art of printing, and has well nigh perverted it to his own use. I am sometimes tempted to wish I had lived in an age when types were unknown; I should at least have been spared the mortification of seeing the world flooded with the ineffable trash which those bits of metal have poured upon us."

"I think such wholesale generalizations are, at least, hasty," said I in return. "Such a sweeping sentence of condemnation as you seem inclined to pass upon the typographic art, would destroy much that is invaluable along with the 'ineffable trash,' as you term it. There can be no doubt that the art of printing has on the whole been a great blessing to mankind, although, it must be confessed, it has often been sadly perverted. The single fact that the Bible is being so largely multiplied and distributed by means of the printing-press, would, I think, cause the balance to incline in its favor, in spite of the multi-fold evils which you so justly deplore. And to a certain extent the same may be said of the sciences and arts."

"You speak truly," was the reply, "and I confess that my zeal was hot and over hasty. And yet, with regard to what is called polite literature, I will not bate one jot or tittle of my severity. Let us confine ourselves for the present to this branch of the subject. From whence do the youth of our nation receive the

bias which forms their characters in after life? From the schools, academies and colleges? From the newspapers, or the pulpits, or the lecture-rooms? I tell you no; but from the novels. These form the school in which the rising generation is being educated; and these to-day have more influence in the formation of character than all the colleges and academies in the land. And what do they teach? Do they teach the love of righteousness and the hatred of iniquity? Do they teach the fear of the Lord, and the denial of self? Nothing of the sort. Young men and young women are taught in this school, that mutual idolatry, that impassioned selfishness and lust for possession which the world calls love, and which leads to jealousy, murder and suicide, is a very interesting and desirable thing, to be eagerly sought for by all well-regulated youth, and tenderly cherished when found. Even the so-called religious novels, which profess to subserve the interests of morality, and to rebuke all the lower vices, are clamorous in praise of this form of selfishness. And yet I solemnly believe that in the day when the judgment is set, and the books are opened, it will be found that the idolatry which led the Israelites to worship the golden calf in the wilderness, and which drew upon them such terrible punishment from the Almighty, was not a whit worse in the sight of God, than that which seduces men and women into the worship of one another. The essential sin in both cases, is the diversion of the heart from God: and this is all the more serious when the object of our worship is not an inanimate thing, but has life and an attractive power of its own."

Here a pause ensued, Mr. Photocyn resumed his seat, and sank into an attitude of thought. At length I broke the silence.

"But you must allow that there has been much fine genius expended upon these works which you reprobate so severely. If the works of such men as Scott, Dickens, Hugo, Bulwer, Sue or Hawthorne were lost to the world, it would leave a gap in our literature not easily filled."

"Then let it remain forever unfilled," replied my friend. This genius you so highly appreciate—those graces of style which captivate your imagination, are often the bait with which the arch enemy covers the hook, by which he hopes to drag you to destruction. A falsehood is ten times more dangerous when bedecked with the ornaments which the great masters of language know so well how to bestow, than when it stands forth in all its naked deformity. I heard a young man remark a few days since, that he knew the spirit of a certain well-known work to be bad, but that the style was beautiful, and he read it to cultivate his taste. He had no faith in the subject matter of the book, but it gratified his imagination and pleased his fancy, and he flattered himself that he was imbibing nothing hurtful. But I told him he was drinking poison: and whether he were conscious of it or not, it was slowly infiltrating his veins. 'Touch not the unclean thing, and I will be to you a God,' is the promise to the children of men.

"For the sake of analysis, let us look at a few of the leading novels of our time. Take Victor Hugo's last, 'Les Travailleurs du Mer,' and what is the essence of it all? A poor, soft-hearted fellow, after doing a herculean task for his lady-love, finds that she has chosen another object for her affections; whereupon he seats himself in a cleft of the rock, the incoming tide rolls over him, and he is forever lost to this world. Now, setting aside all other considerations, can any thing be more wretchedly unphilosophical than this? A young man, strong, vigorous, and in the prime of life, throws himself into eternity, because the woman upon whom he has set his heart disdains to smile upon him. I have no doubt there were a thousand others within his reach equally capable of making him happy, but he must, forsooth, have this one or none. If a horse or a cow had been the object of his desires, how foolish such an act would seem; and yet we are told to admire it, and shed tears of pity over the sad fate of the forlorn hero. I wonder if they wrote any such romances in King David's time."

"What do you say to Hawthorne?" I asked.

"My charge against Hawthorne is of a more serious nature. No one ever used his pen with a more subtle grace, or knew better how to weave a dainty fabric of imagination; and yet the spirit, or essence of Hawthorne's writings is simply devilish. I will speak of but one of his works, and that in many respects the highest in point of artistic excellence. The Marble Faun. Read this book, and then ask yourself what is its moral. It is exactly this: In order to attain to the highest degree of intelligence, a man must commit some deadly sin; through iniquity lies the road to the highest human development. I will not waste time in attempting to show the enormity of this proposition; stripped of the fine clothing with which the author has so artfully invested it, it needs little comment. If any thing can be more fundamentally antagonistic to the gospel of Jesus Christ, I have yet to know where to find it.

"And so if you analyze all the novels, from Fielding to Dickens, you will find them full of this sentimental worship of man by woman, and woman by man. It is the same oft-told tale, with a thousand variations. Before the time of Jane Eyre, the hero was always young and handsome, and the heroine ditto. Then arose a new school of novels which allowed the hero to be advanced in years, and the heroine to be plain; but the idolatry was just as senseless, and if possible a little more frantic and unreasonable. I can hardly think of an exception; the main difference being in the varying shades of intensity, from the white heat of Sue and Dumas, to the more moderate warmth of Scott and Dickens. Such is the school in which our sons and daughters are forming their characters for after life; and I think you will agree with me that a great change is needed."

I rose, and moved away, for the truth is, I was somewhat uneasy under this merciless logic. I had always been a warm admirer of genius, and had been much in the habit of reading whatever commended itself to my artistic sensibilities, without scrutinizing too closely the innate character of the work—often, in fact, when I knew it to be positively bad. The question which suggested itself to me was this: Had I not imbibed a large amount of poison in this way? and if so, had not the time arrived for a change of literary diet, or perhaps, a fast?

"Stop," said Mr. P., "I have much more to say upon this subject."

"At another time, then," I replied, a little impatiently. "First let me have time to digest what I have already received."

"Let the dead bury their dead," returned he gravely, and relapsed into reverie. What he meant by this I am sure I do not know, but the colloquy was broken, and we talked no more that day. U. V.

CORRESPONDENCE.

FROM ONE OF OUR AGENTS.

N. Y., July 16, 1868.

DEAR T.:—It being so very warm I thought I would take a trip to Coney Island and have a bath, so at ten A. M. I started, taking the horse-car at Fulton Ferry, *vi.* Greenwood, at which place we had to change cars, a dummy performing the duty of horses the remaining distance. While hurrying to the other car, a gentleman handed me a ticket to Bath (a place two miles this side of Coney Island) and return. I thanked him and passed on, taking a seat in one of the four cars standing on a side track. After waiting forty minutes, the dummy returned with one car attached, and the conductor called out that the cars we were in would not go, whereupon ensued a general rush of men, women, and children, for seats in the dummy and the car attached, which was an open one, with a railing around the outside to stand upon. In a minute's time they were crowded to their utmost capacity, one-fourth or more having to wait until the next trip (forty minutes).

We soon came to a steep grade, the ascending of which was quite too much for the dummy, and there was no alternative but to get out and lend a helping hand in the way of pushing. This operation being repeated once or twice, brought us safely to Bath, a

quiet little place on the bay. I proceeded to the bath-room and procured a bathing suit, which consisted of a pair of overalls and a towel, the former being badly torn, and the latter giving evidence of faithful service. I was soon immersed in the cool salt water, a luxury which those who have enjoyed the same on such a day as this, can easily imagine.

In about an hour I returned to the station, where a good-natured German kept a lager beer saloon, but would not sell any thing but soda water while I stood by, he having taken me, a by-stander said, to be a detective. After enjoying his hospitality for a short time, I stepped up and took a glass of soda water. Just then the dummy came along, and I, in one of my fits of absent-mindedness, went out to take the car; but as I was getting aboard, the German tapped me on the shoulder and said, "Two cents, sir." I had no small money, so I handed him out a bill; but before he could make the change the car was off, and I had to wait another forty minutes, which circumstance I think, somewhat reduced the German's sales, for I saw a number of people come to get their pitchers filled with lager; but not a drop would the German sell while I was there. I am of the opinion though, that they are just as well off to-night as they would have been if they had had their pitchers filled with lager. Truly yours, J. R. L.

A VENTURE.

II.

NOTWITHSTANDING figures spoke in my favor I was by no means gratified at the prospects of my venture. One sometimes gets an instinctive apprehension of bad luck beyond the power of figures to allay—a sense of rottenness in an undertaking, which prevents his throwing his heart into it in a way to insure success: such was the feeling with which I stepped on board the schooner. I have since been taught to stop and carefully examine such premonitions, and to refuse to move in any matter until my heart as well as my mind is satisfied as to its wisdom. Many have been the instances in my own experience and in that of others within my knowledge, where instinct or inspiration has foreseen, and, if not ignored, would have avoided calamitous contingencies, for which wiser heads and closer calculations had entirely failed to provide. In the present instance, had I followed my heart instead of my head, I should at once have compromised with the ship-owner for the release of the charter party, and let the matter drop at all risks; but at that time I had neither the wisdom to investigate, nor the moral courage to act upon, such internal convictions. So we threw aside all evil forebodings and spread our broad canvas to the breeze that should bear us "away down South to Dixie!"

Scarcely were we fairly under way, than all thoughts of the possibility of failure vanished from my mind. With the first merry bound of our trim little craft I ceased to think of the mercantile speculation, and lived only in the pleasure of the moment. As the dusty, heated, dirty city of New York, with all its noise and oppressive influences, seemed so gently to glide away from us, the sea-gulls hovered at our stern, gracefully dipping after the morsels which we threw to them; the water, lapping at our bows, provided a music which chorded to a charm with the magnificent landscape stretching out on either side, while the glorious rays of a summer sun were tempered to the exact degree of delicious comfort, by a refreshing breeze which swept us along in its course toward the ocean.

For a time I gave myself up completely to the thorough enjoyment of this banquet of nature by which I was surrounded, and then I turned to see who were to be the companions with whom I was to be so closely associated during at least the next two weeks. I first examined the eating and sleeping accommodations. All the forward part of the schooner was devoted to cargo, leaving only a small cabin in the stern about twelve feet long by six feet broad at one end, tapering off to four feet at the other end. In this cabin were eight berths and hosts of bed-bugs. There we all had to sleep and eat, inhaling only so much oxygen as could find its way down a "companion" or "hatchway" through which there was

but just room enough for a man to pass comfortably. This was being "cabin'd, crib'd, confin'd" indeed, nor did I see my way exactly clear to live and move and have my being in so small a compass and with so much company. But it was an adventure; so with true Mark Tapley philosophy I determined if possible to be "jolly under creditable circumstances."

The company, beside myself, consisted of Van Eister (who had assumed a kind of commander-in-chief's position) and my partner's son, who was to act as Van's clerk. The ship's crew rather puzzled me, for where I had expected to find rough, uncouth sailors, I was agreeably disappointed in meeting smart, enterprising New England men. The captain was a young man not more than twenty-two or three years of age, who owned that schooner and another one of the same size. He was a splendid looking fellow, considerably over six feet in height, with a well proportioned frame to match. His face, which was handsome, though bronzed by sun and storm, looked as if it might belong to a man of temperate habits, and was lighted up by a pair of large black eyes, which had an expression of simple honesty and self-possession. His father was a ship-builder in Maine, and had built the schooner which the son owned and sailed, and of which he boasted that he had seen the laying of every plank, the driving of every nail, and would not be afraid to cross the Atlantic, to round Cape Horn, or to brave any storm in his stanch little home. The mate was a steady sort of man, about thirty years of age, who seemed to thoroughly understand his trade, and set about every thing in a business-like way, sometimes relieving the captain at the wheel, and occasionally exchanging offices with the cook, who was a dark-complexioned, handsome little fellow about the same age of the captain. These, with a boy whom the captain had picked up in some new England village, completed the crew. I soon found that they were all Free-Masons and Temperance men, using neither strong drink nor tobacco in any shape, and I do not remember to have heard any swearing or improper language used by any of them while I was on board.

In a few hours we were at Sandy Hook. The wind had changed since we started so that we could not put to sea, so strong a wind was now blowing in from the Atlantic. The weather looked "squally." The autumnal equinox was near at hand, and its accompanying storms might be upon us at any moment. I consulted with the captain, who said that if he had two or three tons more ballast in the bottom of his hold, he would face any storm. So we landed at the Hook, hoping to buy some stone; but none was to be had. Sand was the only available material there, and that would shift with the rolling of the ship. What was to be done? The storm was increasing, and as we walked across the point and watched the fierce breakers dash in on the Atlantic shore, we became the more convinced that extra ballast was an indispensable necessity to us. After considerable plotting and planning, we determined to sew up the necessary quantity of sand in an old sail, so that it could not shift, and, clearing away some of the freight, stow it in the bottom of the hold. But how to get the sand on board was the next question.

Sandy Hook is a narrow peninsula of sand, running from the New Jersey coast across toward Coney Island. On the extreme point of the peninsula the Government was building a large massive Fort of stone brought from Maine. A railway to Long Branch was also in course of construction. The operatives engaged in these works, and a few soldiers appeared to be the sole occupants of this dreary sand bank, and the only buildings besides those belonging to the Government were the most primitive kind of shanties. Mosquitoes there were in great abundance. This bank (or Hook as it is called) of sand affords good protection for vessels to wait in, until a fair wind allows them to proceed on their voyage; so while the Atlantic was lashing itself into foam and fury on one side the bank, on the other side we were lying in perfectly smooth water, scarcely heeding the distant roar and crash of the opening storm. But we must have ballast! Notwithstanding the superabundance of sand, we tried till dark without avail, for permission to take some on board.

When night set in, tired with the worry and fatigue of the day, I laid down on the hard deck in a drizzling rain, and slept as soundly as if I had been in a palace. Early next morning, sailing four or five miles up the coast inside the Hook, we ran on the beach soon after high tide, and when the water receded leaving us high and dry, we found little difficulty in shoveling what sand we wanted, and stowing it away in the old mainsail. But when the tide came back to us, our increased weight made it difficult to float off, and after three hours hard work in attempting to do so, we not only had to wait another tide, but were obliged to hire some fishermen to help us, who, coming alongside with their boats, relieved us of some of our cargo until we floated out into deep water.

All this work and delay was very annoying, but we had seen only the beginning of sorrows. We had not long enjoyed the relief of being once more afloat, when, with all sail set, we were upon a shoal of sand and again stuck fast. We tried for awhile to get off, but the tide was running out, and there was no help for it only to wait for the next tide. Slowly and tediously the schooner keeled over, thumping the bottom with her broadside as the tide gradually receded, leaving us in about a foot of water with a deep channel on either side. The crew amused themselves with performing gymnastic feats in the rigging. I killed time with as good a grace as I could under the anxious circumstances in which I found myself; while Van, much to my chagrin, fell from grace and got drunk. Night was upon us, but no one slept; all looked out for the high water. We put an anchor into the boat, and rowing off into the channel dropped it in deep water, those on board "paying out" the chain as we rowed. Thus by dint of working the windlass, and frequently repeating the operation of rowing off and dropping the anchor, we at length dragged off into deep water and waited for day light.

E.

HOW I CAME TO BE HERE.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY BY R. S. DE LATRE.

NO. XXIV.

A PLUNGE in the brine at Liverpool set us up for the return voyage. The Asia, sitting the waters like a duck, bore us away on the 24th of May, to the land of the Pilgrims (the younger Mr. Alder waving to us in the distance). What news of this my fifth and last parley with the stately Atlantic? For one thing, we came near running into an iceberg that was big enough to sink a thousand ships. We were going at the rate of twelve knots an hour in a fog, but with a sharp lookout on the paddle-box in the person of the Captain just then, when all at once came a terrific blast from his trumpet: "Hard a-starboard." There was the great pile of ice, a hundred feet in the air, dead ahead, apparently only a quarter of a mile off. Three minutes more, and we should have gone to shatters. Swinging round, we left this mass on our right, then another still larger on our left, and still beyond these, several others, one of them of enormous dimensions towering above the horizon some hundreds of feet. These crystal rocks addressed us with peculiar emphasis; they were utterly unlike any thing else in existence and seemed fit emblems of isolation. The spectacle of that day was worth a long journey to witness. The mass on our left, while opposite to us, parted with a great perpendicular slice, which plunged into the water magnificently, throwing up a cloud of spray level with the top. These icebergs kept within sight nearly all day, and all day they maintained their interest. How barely, though, we escaped a similar fate with that of the Arctic!

Smoothly at length we neared the Hook, where raged the tempest as we set out. Eleven days of paddling had restored us to the Western skies. No bark need attempt to vie with the noble ship Asia for security of build. Of two thousand tons' burden she combined compactness with convenience, and could at any moment be converted into one of the finest sail-boats afloat.

Previous to my departure for the Falls, I spent a few days with the brethren at Brooklyn, availing

myself of the occasion to make terms with some engraver in New York, for our eldest son to go through a course of instruction with him during the fall. Having succeeded in this, and having received a good washing up by my Community friends in the way of criticism, I left for home with a buoyant heart, arriving there by the shortest route. All had gone on well at home during my absence, excepting in the case of our second son, who had been a source of trouble and anxiety to his mother. Indeed, such were our prospects in regard to this child, that his mother was driven at last to appeal to Mr. Noyes himself, in such a way as to elicit from him the following reply, which will speak for itself:

Brooklyn, July 5, 1851.

"DEAR MADAM:—It is a hard trial for me to order up the artillery of sober reason, and command it to play upon your artless and eloquent appeal. But I must do a soldier's duty.

"The first and most obvious objection to your proposal is, that it does not and can not really place the boy in my hands. However sincere and complete may be your surrender of him, it is still necessary that he should surrender himself before I can get control of him; and if he is as wild and turbulent as you represent, there is no reason to think that he will heartily join in a scheme which is to separate him from his mother and his brothers, and turn him over to strangers for discipline. In the novelties and severities of our school, he would surely be homesick, and then what should hinder him from leaving us? I understand he has already tried the experiment of absconding. The truth is, the hold which a mother has on a turbulent boy is the strongest in nature, and without the help of that, either direct or coöperative, I dare not undertake the charge you offer me. If your boy is to be saved from perdition, I still think you must yourself lead him to the fear of God.

"Another objection, which my duty to the Association requires me to consider, is that the influence of a bad boy would be as injurious to our large family as to your small one. We have all along had more trouble from the class of boys between twelve and thirteen years of age, than from all other classes in the Association. I have no right to ask the family at Oneida to undertake the care of a boy who can not be subdued at home, and who will be sure to rekindle the fires of insubordination which they have now, by strenuous effort, almost extinguished.

"It is further to be considered, especially by you, that your proposal, even if carried into effect, would not effectually relieve you. For your other children need the enlargements which I suggested in my former letter, viz., a religious basis for their education and a wider sphere of wholesome society, and without these, they will never cease to trouble you, even if the ringleader should be removed.

"The plain truth is that a general reform in your household, and not the removal of particular offenders, is what you want. Home is the very best place for the reform of the unruly one, and if I were to undertake the charge of him, I should wish at least to begin my labors with him at your fireside, in the midst of the family to which he is most attached, and which has most power over him. And I should account it the very best thing I could do for him, to turn his mother and brothers to the fear of the Lord, and bring about a union of his parents.

"Allow me to say a word to your excuse for declining the overture I made you in my other letter. You say you are not qualified to judge and choose among the various religious systems which offer themselves, and therefore take refuge in the judgment of others, and trust that system which has precedence in your heart by habit and association. But if you rely on other judgment than your own, why should you not accept that of your husband? Is he not as honest as your brothers? Is he not more free from entanglements of self-interest, and therefore a more trusty guide? And again, if you are not qualified to judge theological systems, you are qualified to look into the meaning of facts in your own history, and to read God's providences which are distinctly calling to you. You asked in

your letter to your brother, with evident intuition of providence, "What is the meaning" of the conjunction of circumstance which attended our visit to England? I put that question back again to you. What is the meaning of that whole course of events which has placed you far away from England and your religious friends, in the seclusion of an exile, and has kept you separate from society around you, and has connected your husband with an Association, and has brought you to extremities in your family, for which you look in vain for help, except toward us?

"All these things point one way, as I read them. And now the result of our visit to England gives a final emphasis to the call which, it seems to me, is sounding in your ears. The Spirit of God has convinced your judgment, I am persuaded, and given you confidence in me; otherwise you could not have written that letter to your brother, nor could you have appealed to me, as you have done, in behalf of your son. And the providence of God has brought you into a strait, from which there is no outlook, but in the direction which your husband is taking. Your vessel is going ashore, your brothers are far away over the Atlantic, literally and spiritually, and you see me coming with a life-boat? On these facts you can judge and act soberly. Praying that you may be wise, I remain,

"Yours sincerely, J. H. NOYES."

Herbert, our eldest, left us at the end of August for Brooklyn and New York, to learn the art of engraving, our friends there, having most kindly offered to shelter him during his term. He must have done pretty well while there, for he had so ingratiated himself with his Community friends, that for his sake, I believe, in a great measure, they were led to entertain the idea of helping his father to remodel that troublesome son of his, by proffering the means and appliances of their school at Oneida, and expressing themselves willing to do their very best, notwithstanding the position assumed by Mr. Noyes in his reply to my wife's appeal. Thus is it evident that my wife, though not in sympathy with the Social Theory of the Community, thought well enough of the people to entrust to them the morals of her child.

I took Francis to O. C. in November of the same year (1851). Herbert returned to us at Christmas (having called at Oneida on his way back), reporting Francis to be getting on well, and bringing with him a testimonial in regard to himself, from his friends at Brooklyn, rarely earned by youths of his age. Still it was not very long before letters came from Oneida, reporting unfavorably of Francis. After some correspondence, displaying no little patience on the part of the Community, I started in March, to dispose of our child the best I could. I went as far as Watertown, with letters from my O. C. friends, and succeeded in getting him a place with a carpenter and builder. In a day or two he was seen again at the Oneida depot, having already been dismissed. I had not returned home, so I took him with me very reluctantly, for he was bad company for his brothers. He was then sixteen, and home, although improved, was too narrow a sphere for his roaming propensity. I took him to Buffalo and procured him a place with a printer, as he seemed to prefer that business; but he was back again in a week. By this process he was fast becoming less and less fit to be with his brothers, and I determined at last to make an example of him by refusing to admit him into the house. His mother supported me, but sadly belied the feelings of her heart, and yet she was thankful that there was some one firm enough to deal with him. Thenceforth he wandered as a journeyman printer, from place to place (taking a voyage meantime to England, before the mast), until he was finally hauled up at New Orleans, with a bad knee, which led to amputation, from which he did not recover. He died and was buried there in August, 1856. His last letters gave tokens of repentance. How sincere, God only knows.

It has been found that a stream of electricity derived from a powerful electro-magnetic machine,

driven through a solution of brown unrefined sugar, will bleach it, electricity being thus made to perform the function of charcoal. An electro-magnetic machine, driven by a fifteen horse-power engine, has been set up for this object in a sugar refinery in Whitechapel. —*Sci. American.*

THE project of tunneling the Channel to France has been revived in England. Evidence has been obtained that the soil over which the sea flows is white chalk, gray chalk and green sand further below: this fact was ascertained by borings on the English and French coasts, the two points on each side of the channel being not more than twenty miles apart. It is but reasonable to suppose that the same material forms the submarine soil from coast to coast. The chalk can be easily worked, and the expense of the undertaking is placed at fifty million dollars in gold—twice the cost of the Abyssinian war. —*Sci. American.*

MICROSCOPISTS have, for many years, observed that small particles of various substances, viewed under certain conditions always exhibit a peculiar vibration which has been styled molecular activity. They were long supposed to be animated. J. B. Dancer in a late work says: "It is now well known that all kinds of matter, if reduced to sufficiently small particles, and placed in a medium in which they will not readily sink, will exhibit these movements. Now, as this phenomenon occurs in the cells of plants, the yolk of the egg, and in decomposing animal and vegetable matter, it is not surprising that the early microscopists, and, indeed, modern ones, should have mistaken them for animalculæ. The particles which exhibit the greatest activity, are exceedingly minute, ranging from 10,000th to 30,000th of an inch in diameter; they remain active a considerable time if they are nearly of the same specific gravity as the solution in which they are immersed. One simple mode of producing them is to rub a little gamboge in water, on a glass slide, and place a thin glass cover on it, using a power of from 800 to 1,200 diameters. They can easily be distinguished with less magnifying power, but are not so effectually shown. If they are required for prolonged examination, Dr. Brown recommends that the solution of gamboge be mixed with a little almond oil. The minute globules of water are thus surrounded by oil, and rapid evaporation is prevented."

NEWS ITEMS.

W. M. EVARTS has been confirmed by the Senate as Attorney General.

THE son of King Theodorus has arrived in England and paid a visit to the Queen.

REPORTS of injury from the effects of heat have been numerous during the present season.

A STRIKE among the laborers at the Pottsville, Pa. mines is causing much excitement in Pennsylvania.

PROFESSOR PETERS, of Hamilton College, discovered on the night of July 14th the one hundredth asteroid.

FIVE hundred Mormons in charge of Elder Perry, recently arrived in New York from Liverpool, on their way to Utah.

ALFRED NOBEL'S nitro-glycerine manufactory at Stockholm, Sweden, was recently blown up. Fifteen persons were killed and several others seriously injured.

THE British ship, *Scioto*, has arrived at Honolulu, Sandwich Islands, with one hundred and forty-eight Japanese immigrants. Their arrival was welcomed with much interest, and the whole company were immediately hired.

THE appropriation of money for the Alaska purchase passed the House of Representatives by a large majority. The *Tribune* says that the necessary money would never have been voted if the occupation of the territory had not already cost several hundred thousand dollars.

THE Cornell University recently engaged two Professors from abroad, one from England and one from Ireland. Its English Professor is Goldwin Smith, from Oxford University, who is to have the department of constitutional law. Its Irish Professor is James Lan, from Belfast, Ireland, who is to have the department of Veterinary medicine and surgery.

Announcements:

THE ONEIDA COMMUNITY

Is an association living in Lenox, Madison Co., N. Y., four miles from Oneida Depot. Number of members, 202. Land, 589 acres. Business, Horticulture, Manufactures, and Printing the CIRCULAR. Theology, Perfectionism. Sociology, Bible Communism.

WILLOW-PLACE COMMUNITY.

Branch of O. C., on a detached portion of the domain, about one mile from O. C. Number of members, 35. Business, Manufactures.

WALLINGFORD COMMUNITY.

Branch of O. C., at Wallingford, Conn., one mile west of depot. Number of members, 40. Land, 223 acres. Business, Horticulture, Publishing, and Job Printing.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

The O. C. and branches are not "Free Lovers" in the popular sense of the term. They call their social system **COMPLEX MARRIAGE**, and hold to freedom of love only within their own families, subject to free criticism and the rule of Male Continence.

ADMISSIONS.

Members are admitted to the O. C. and branches after sufficient acquaintance; but not on mere application or profession of sympathy. Whoever wishes to join must first secure confidence by deeds. The present accommodations of the Communities are crowded, and large accessions will be impossible till new Communities are formed.

STEEL TRAPS.

Eight sizes and descriptions, suitable for catching House Rats, Muskrats, Mink, Fox, Otter, Beaver, the Black and Grizzly Bear, are made by the Oneida Community, Oneida, N. Y., of whom they may be purchased. Descriptive-list and price-list sent on application.

PRESERVED FRUITS AND VEGETABLES.

Strawberries, Black, Red, and Orange Raspberries, Cherries, Huckleberries, Plums, Peaches, Pears, Quinces, Lawton Blackberries, in quart bottles and quart cans, with syrup—Tomatoes, Sweet Corn, Peas, Lima Beans and String Beans, in cans—are put up in quantities for sale by the Oneida Community. Also, Jellies of the Barberry, Currant, Blackberry, Quince, Crab-Apple, Peach, Raspberry, and Black Currant.

N. B.—As we are unable to keep up with the demand for these goods, persons desiring a full assortment should order a year in advance. First come first served. Descriptive price-list sent on application.

MACHINE TWIST AND SEWING-SILK.

Machine Twist, of our own manufacture, (Willow-Place Works): also, various brands and descriptions of Sewing-Silk, in wholesale quantities, for sale by the Oneida Community, Oneida, New York.

MOUNT TOM PRINTING-OFFICE,

(WALLINGFORD COMMUNITY), WALLINGFORD, CONN.

Being refitted with new type and press, our establishment is now ready to receive orders for Cards, Circulars, Price-lists, Pamphlets, and the lighter kinds of Job Printing. Particular attention paid to Bronze work and Color Printing for Labels. Orders from abroad should be addressed to

WALLINGFORD COMMUNITY,
Wallingford, Conn.

PICTURES.

The following Photographic Views of the Oneida Community can be furnished on application: the Community Buildings, Buildings and Grounds, Rustic Summer-House and Group, and Bag-Bee on the Lawn. Size of pictures, 8 inches by 10. Price, 75 cents. Various Stereoscopic Views of the Buildings and Groups and Grounds can be furnished for 40 cents each. Views, *carte de visite* size, 25 cents each. Any of the above will be sent by mail, post paid, on receipt of the price named. Address, Oneida Community, Oneida, N. Y.

PUBLICATIONS.

HAND-BOOK OF THE ONEIDA COMMUNITY; with a Sketch of its Founder, and an Outline of its Constitution and Doctrines. 72 pp. octavo. Price, 35 cents for single copy; \$3.50 per dozen.

SALVATION FROM SIN, THE END OF CHRISTIAN FAITH; an octavo pamphlet of 48 pages; by J. H. Noyes. Price, 25 cents for single copy, or \$2.00 per dozen.

THE TRAPPER'S GUIDE; a Manual of Instructions for Capturing Fur-bearing Animals; by S. Newhouse. Second edition; with new Narratives and Illustrations. 230 pp. 8vo. Price, bound in cloth, \$1.50.

MALE CONTINENCE; or *Self-Control in Sexual Intercourse*. A Letter of Inquiry answered by J. H. NOYES. Price, 50 cents per dozen.

BACK VOLUMES OF THE "CIRCULAR," unbound. Price, \$1.50 per volume, or sent (post paid) by mail, at \$1.75.

[The above works are for sale at this office.]

MESSES. TRUBNER & COMPANY, Book-sellers, Paternoster Row, London, have our HAND-BOOK OF THE ONEIDA COMMUNITY, and the TRAPPER'S GUIDE for sale. They will receive subscriptions for the CIRCULAR, and orders for our other publications.