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## TERMS:

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

## SPIRITUAL LESSONS.

Home Talk by J. H. Noyes, W. C., Jan. 21, 1868.

I LEARN more and more to admire the variety of the edifying influences that come from the Spirit of Truth—the versatility of the instructive power of that Spirit—its facility, accuracy, and ingenuity, in teaching us by all sorts of circumstances, experiences and illustrations, turning all into good, using every thing, whether life or death, sorrow or joy, as material for instruction. Sometimes it comes upon us in the way of criticism and judgment, making us see clearly a great many things that are trying and disagreeable. Then again it comes in the mood of pleasant talk, putting an air of cheerfulness and joyfulness on all around us. I recognize the goodness and kindness of the Spirit of Truth in carrying us through suffering and criticism, as much as in presenting pleasant truth to us. I notice from time to time it proceeds with me in this way: I have a season of severe experience and suffering, which for the time being does not seem to be profitable; I see no good end to it, and it is discouraging; but I find at last that the Spirit has taken me through that course to prepare me to pursue some particular truth, which will bring me into new affinity with itself. It would seem that my teacher had got along with me to a place where he was ready to give me a new lesson, some new light about Christ and the kingdom of heaven, and was watching for a spirit of receptivity in me. Now he has nice, delicate and occult methods of working on the mind and heart, like the operations of a chemist. He knows what to put in and what to extract, and how to make chemical combinations for any process whatever. So when he has brought me to where I am to take a new lesson, he goes about an ingenious course of reactions, consisting of suffering and trials, which make me receptive, so that his instruction will enter into my mind naturally, and take full effect.

Sometimes when my experience comes around to a special state of adaptation or affinity for some particular lesson, some old passage of Scripture will come into my mind with an entirely new sense, as though it were fresh from God, and I never heard of it before. No matter how familiar it may have been to me, I am able to see an entirely

new meaning in it, and discover that I never got below the letter of it before. That passage of Paul's, about having "fellowship with Christ's sufferings, being made conformable unto his death," came fresh to my mind to-day, and though it has been an old standard doctrine and subject of study with me, I got a new view of it. I saw that there is a certain moral state that was produced in Christ in the first place, and afterward in Paul, by their sufferings, which is communicated to believers by the Spirit of Truth; and in order that the communications should be appreciated in their perfect power, there must first be in the believer a state of receptivity, or an affinity for them. That state is to be brought about, at least for the present, by suffering—not carried to the same extent that it was in Christ and Paul, but carried far enough to produce receptivity toward Christ and Paul. It is not necessary that we should suffer just as they did, but enough to prepare an affinity, so that an electric influence from their sufferings will take effect upon us. The plate must be prepared for the photographic image. God knows how to prepare our minds, as the plate is prepared in the process of photographing. By our own sufferings, we are prepared to take the image of Christ's sufferings—the imprint of his death upon our hearts. There is a wonderful ingenuity, dexterity, and nicety in this operation of the Spirit of Truth. It will help us to rejoice in suffering, if we understand what is going on—that the Spirit is preparing a plate for Christ's image, by bringing us into affinity with his sufferings.

## SYNOPSIS OF JEWISH HISTORY

FROM THE CRUCIFIXION TO THE FALL OF JERUSALEM.

*Fate of the Scribes and Pharisees.—How Christ's Words Concerning them and their City were Fulfilled.*

THE following dates and facts were taken from a chapter of Mr. W. Hepworth Dixon's book (unpublished, we believe, in this country) on the Holy Land. We have condensed the narrative somewhat, by omitting details. The authorities consulted by Mr. Dixon are not given, and the account, at best, must be but a bald and imperfect one. Yet, if we may rely on the accuracy of its main features, we have here a glimpse offered of the troubled times during which some of the apostles lived, and of the progress of that fatal error of the Jews which, in rejecting Christ, foredoomed them to destruction.

## SYNOPSIS.

In A. D. 29, Jesus was crucified.

A. D. 30., Simeon, son of Hillel died, and his son Gamaliel, chief of the moderate party among the Pharisees, became rector of the great college at Jerusalem.

33. Caiphas, the High-priest, Annas, his father-in-law, and their partizans, alarmed by the increasing numbers of the new Church, seized Peter and John, called a meeting of the Sanhedrim and charged the two apostles with disturbing the peace. They were cast into prison, but were released by the intervention of angels who opened their prison doors in the night. Next day in the Sanhedrim, Gamaliel spoke in their defense, advising toleration.

36. Pilate, after ten years of service, was disgraced and called to Rome, in consequence of an unwarrantable collision between his troops and certain innocent Samaritans. Tradition says he ended by suicide.

38. Antipas Herod, the ruler of Galilee, who beheaded John, was deposed and banished by the Roman Emperor.

41. Agrippa was made King of Judea, Samaria and Galilee, and reigned three years.

44. He died, and Caspius Fadus came out from Rome as Procurator in his place.

45. Theudas, one of the many false Christs, led a multitude of men from all parts of Judea, into the wilderness, saying he would take them beyond the Jordan into a free country, where they should feel the stranger's yoke no more. Fadus, with an army, attacked the seceding host, broke through their ranks and seizing Theudas in their midst, struck off his head.

46. Tiberius Alexander, an Egyptian Jew, succeeded Fadus as Procurator of Judea. More false Christs appeared. As the people grew in turbulence, the Roman rule became more savage; but it was never so ferocious as when administered by this Alexandrian Jew. Thousands were slaughtered in a single day, and the false prophets were either put to the sword or nailed to the cross.

48. Ventidius Cumanas replaced Tiberius Alexander. A riot took place between the Roman soldiers and the populace in the temple-court, on which occasion, ten thousand men were trodden to death.

50. Felix, a slave and an empress's lover, succeeded Cumanus. About this time, Gamaliel died; and with him passed away all moderation from the Jewish factions which divided the city. The war between the Sadducees and the Galileans—the nobles and the people—became a war to the death. Jonathan, the High-priest, was assassinated before the al-

tar. During the rule of Felix, an Egyptian impostor announced himself as Christ, and drew into the wilderness a vast multitude of dupes, who were dispersed by the Roman soldiery.

60. Portius Festus came out as Procurator, on the accession of Nero. The Galileans or Zealots, were dominant in the country. In the city the High-priesthood passed rapidly through several hands, and the rival claimants of this office, taking arms against each other, filled the streets of Jerusalem with daily broils. Every house was becoming a fortress; every servant a soldier. Festus, the Roman Governor, thinking he had no concern with these pious bickerings, left the rabble to fight it out.

62. Albinus, a new Governor, arrived in Syria.

66. He was succeeded by Gessius Florus, a base, incompetent man, who, in less than a year of mismanagement drove the Sadducees to revolt, and moderate men to despair. Now broke out the final war. The Emperor Nero having sent his usual offering to the Temple altar, the officiating priests were persuaded by certain fanatics to reject it, and with this signal the insurrection began. The Jews were at first every-where successful. In Galilee, Idumea and Perea, they made themselves masters of the open country; and even in the capitals, Tiberias and Jerusalem, they could carry every thing before them which depended on audacity and vigor. Cestius, the Roman President of Syria, now brought up the twelfth legion, and encamping in a suburb of the City of Jerusalem, threatened Mount Zion itself with assault. Failing in an attack, however, he retired and withdrew his army to the sea-coast. The Jews were emboldened and sacked Tiberias.

67. Vespasian, the Roman general, was appointed President of Syria. The Christians quitted Jerusalem, retiring with their pastors to Pella, the Greek city beyond Jordan. The Romans re-advancing, conquered Galilee and Perea. Now broke out more fiercely than ever the internal discord between the Sadducean or noble party, headed by Annas, and the Galileans or Zealots, who were looking for a temporal Messiah and a visible kingdom. A change in the Priesthood, by which the old princely houses were deposed, and a rustic, named Phannias was elevated over them, brought matters to a crisis. A night-conflict raged in the city in which the aristocrats appear to have been worsted. Day dawned upon a city of corpses. Eight thousand five hundred dead were carried from the Temple court. Every noble house was pillaged. Every man caught in a palace perished by the sword. Annas, the aged High-priest, the official crucifier of Christ, was found and murdered, and his body, reviled and spurned, was cast over the city wall to become the prey of dogs and wolves.

70. Titus, the son of Vespasian, captured and destroyed Jerusalem.

Thus Christ's words concerning the city, were fulfilled.

He said it should be destroyed within a generation, and the world witnessed its terrible fall.

But with equal emphasis and the same oath, he associated his Second Coming with that fall. "Immediately after the tribulation of those days" the Son of man was to come and gather his disciples to a spiritual home.

Who can doubt that as one of these predicted events was fulfilled, the other was also? a.

#### MORE MILK.

**I**n my work of laying the truth to heart I have found, as I have said before, that God "is endorsing the Bible to me, line by line and text by text." He seems especially desirous of having me honor the words of Scripture as the vehicles of life and power, for the truth generally comes home to me through some passage of the New Testament. On discovering this intent of God, I was, indeed, amazed. He was not very partial to novelty; he did not care to make me a channel of any thing particularly original: yet my heart was strengthened—I was satisfied. And this reminds me that I once stipulated for an inspiration that would not quote Scripture. And I got it. You can have such an inspiration. You can have one that will not indorse the Bible nor any thing else. But that experience was not entirely pleasant; it was not wholly profitable; it was doubtless in some way necessary for me.

My later experiences have convinced me that God has other agencies than the Bible which he is trying to indorse. And that conviction came on this wise: I had been trying one day, to make myself very still in order to hear if God should speak to me. I did not seem to get any special message, but at last the word came that God was dealing with every member of the church as well as with myself, and that he might be waiting to communicate with me through some of his people. Thus I was put off, but with that putting-off, there came a blessing. I had, as it were, gone to my General with my own private affairs, and he had very kindly referred me to one of his subordinates. That night the word of God came to me through the church, and it was all I could stand. I will not speak of it here, farther than to say, it seemed to break up the foundations of my natural life and leave them standing on edge, to be worn down by the slow abrasion of the elements.

My efforts to keep still and let God pierce my heart, have not only taught me to honor the Bible and the church, but they have shown me that I must honor the truth when it comes to me. I must put out a hand for those below me, as well as lay hold of those above me. The lesson came to me in this way: I had gone on for some time without hearing from God, and being nearly famished, I made a pause, right in

the rush and hurry of work, when, quick as lightning, the word came to me, "Ye ask, and receive not, because ye ask amiss that ye may consume it upon your lusts." I was built up, and torn down, in that minute. I felt the terrors of judgment. I knew those words were taken from an awful criticism given to some one in the Primitive Church. But how could they be applicable to me? I was not a user of strong drink; I was a frugal liver; I was chaste in my relations to women. Think what I might, I was fairly under criticism; I had come near the fire of judgment, and could see how it might burn every thing before it. God, however, was dealing gently with me; I was under censure, and yet comforted. But I must know how that old criticism came to be applied to me. After some days, it was made plain that I was using the grace of God for my own comfort, and making no returns. I was spending it on my lust for business, and on the lust of my eyes. I must not use it to season my meat alone, nor to strengthen me in the field. I must magnify it and honor it among men, and use it to comfort somebody in the church. A. B.

#### PRINCIPIA.—NO. 11.

PERFECTIONISM THE ANTECEDENT OF COMMUNISM.  
ARTICLES FROM OUR EARLY PUBLICATIONS,  
SHOWING THE SPIRIT AND PRINCIPLES IN WHICH  
THE O. C. ORIGINATED.

**T**HE following article touches again upon the question of leadership:

[From the Perfectionist, Sept. 21, 1844.]

#### JUDAH AND EPHRAIM.

The birthright of Reuben was given to Judah. The royal line of David and Christ sprang from Judah. The tribe of Judah, as Jacob predicted, was like a lion. Its words were "fiercer than the words of the men of Israel." It was stronger than the other tribes, and prevailed against them after the division of the nation. It maintained its national existence after the kingdom of Israel was destroyed, and its name marks the descendants of Abraham at this day.

Ephraim is the name commonly used by the prophets to designate the ten tribes after their separation from Judah. This usage was occasioned by the fact that their seat of government was in the territory of Ephraim.

The relative positions of Judah and Ephraim were those of a strong aristocracy on the one hand, and of a weak but numerous commonalty on the other. Judah was the masculine power. Ephraim was feminine. The natural consequence of this relation was oppressive arrogance on the part of Judah, and envious resistance on the part of Ephraim.

Isaiah, in one of his clearest and most interesting predictions of the establishment of Messiah's kingdom, holds forth as the most prominent blessing attending that event, the reconciliation of the hostile tribes. "The envy of Ephraim (says he) shall depart, and the adversaries of Judah [more properly the adversaries in Judah, or the oppressing spirit of Judah] shall be cut off. *Ephraim shall not envy Judah, and Judah shall not vex Ephraim.*"

There is a Judah and an Ephraim in every human commonwealth. Men are not "created equal." The distinction between the strong and the weak is at least as universal as the distinction of the sexes. In every nation, state, town, village, community, and family, there is a class that is conscious of superior strength, and fond of using it; and another class that is conscious of dependence, and yet fond of liberty. Under

the reign of selfishness, or (which is the same thing) of the devil, these classes are in a perpetual struggle with each other. The political history of all nations is the history of arrogant oppressions on one side, and of envious seditious on the other.

All attempts to terminate the contention between Judah and Ephraim, by establishing "free institutions," are deceits of quackery. The disease lies beyond the reach of external regulations. Inequalities of strength exist by nature, and by nature the strong love to exercise their strength, while the weak love to keep their liberty. This is right. God meant it should be so: and all forms of government that attempt to suppress these great natural facts, are Procrustean bedsteads, mutilators of human nature, that can last only so long as it is permitted to the creature to contend with the arrangements of the Creator. And yet directly out of these insuppressible facts, grow inevitably and continually, so long as the world lies in the wicked one, cruelty and oppression, envy and sedition. Institutions can do nothing in the case, because they can neither change the course of nature nor cast out devils.

Leave off institution-mending, and produce GOOD MEN, and the evil will be cured at once. When Judah is holy, he will not vex Ephraim. He will still be the stronger, and he will still love to exercise his strength; but love instead of selfishness—God instead of the devil—will give direction to it. He will be strong to serve Ephraim, not to oppress him. So when Ephraim is holy, he will not envy Judah. His weakness and love of liberty, instead of exciting him to sedition, will increase his attachment to the protecting strength of his brother. Holiness is the only and the sufficient guaranty against oppression, and the wrath and strifes which attend it. We need no institutions to protect us against God, though he is omnipotent. No more should we need institutions to protect us against each other, if we were all holy.

From these principles we infer that the time will come when all far-seeing statesmen will turn to the gospel of salvation from sin, as the only hope of terminating political strife, and establishing justice and liberty in the world.

With these principles, we can calculate, with a good degree of certainty, the course through which all the associations of Fourierists and others, which have not holiness for their foundation, will run. There will be two classes—a Judah and an Ephraim—in each of them. In spite of all institutional preventives, Judah will vex Ephraim, and Ephraim will envy Judah. The struggle will continue and increase, until one or the other acquires a decisive preponderance. If Judah has the advantage of numbers and circumstances, he will establish a stringent system of subordination and servitude. In this case the Association may prolong its existence and grow rich. We have examples of long-lived and such successful communities—such as those of the Shakers. But all of them, so far as we know, are strong-handed despotisms. On the other hand, if Ephraim has the advantage of numbers and circumstances, the Association will soon come to an end by centrifugal explosion.

Any one who will take pains to study the history of the mushroom growth of Fourier Associations in 1843—4, will see that the cause of failure, in nearly every instance, was precisely the one indicated in the closing sentence of the above article. The Oneida Community does not belong to their category, for it certainly has not exploded by centrifugal force; and the question at issue, between its friends and enemies, must be, whether Judah has established a strong-handed despotism in it, or whether the prophecy, "Ephraim shall not envy Judah, and Judah shall not vex Ephraim," has been fulfilled by the working of a good Spirit among us.

The jealousy with which the Associative move-

ment was regarded by Mr. Noyes and his Putney school, was increased by the fact, that, conspicuous among the projectors of Fourier Associations, were several apostates from the body of believers in perfect holiness. The following editorial review of a pamphlet, put forth by a former intimate associate of Mr. Noyes, who was in 1844 engaged in a popular Association in one of the New England States, is instructive as giving a clear view of the point at issue between scientific Association and Bible Communism. The position assumed by B— is essentially the same as that taken by almost every non-religious socialist before and since. Scarcely a year passes, but some windy schemer seduces a number of simple people into a disastrous attempt at Communism, by representing, in B—'s fashion, external association, as the sure panacea of all human evils, and repudiating the necessity of saving religion:

1. B—'s most radical error is that of the Fourierists, Physiologists, Phrenologists, and hobby-riding reformers generally, and was the error of those who, in the apostolic age, seduced the Galatians from the truth, viz., the substitution of "another gospel," for the gospel of Christ. We hold these truths to be self-evident to all spiritual minds: that the great want of the world is good men; that good men are wanted as the essential antecedents of "true association," and of all other good institutions; that external institutions can not make good men; that good men can be made only by the power and the wisdom of God revealed in the gospel of salvation from sin by the blood of Christ; and that to give free course and victory to that gospel is therefore the only hopeful movement for improving the world. In the face of these truths, which B— once professed to know and teach, he is now pointing the world not to the Cross of Christ, but to "true Association" as the beacon of hope.

We find in this pamphlet just that kind of secondary place allowed to religion which every decent worldly man feels bound to allow to it in the midst of his schemes of self-aggrandizement. Gluttons often say grace before dinner; and so B— says a few words about Christianity occasionally, between his commendations of Association. What he says of this kind, however, is generally of a negative character, something in reply to the objections of those who think that Christianity ought to take precedence of Association. His real estimate of the importance of a true religious faith, as the basis of morals and of social worth, is revealed in the following paragraph:

"True Association will not institute any new religious sect or creed, nor interfere with the freedom of religious, or other opinions; it will maintain a true sentiment of universal tolerance, while it will require of all high moral character, and will afford to all ample opportunities for the fullest expression of all honest and conscientious convictions in free social meetings, designed for mutual instruction and moral culture: it will not establish a Procrustean bedstead, or proscribe any one for mere opinion's sake."

The plain meaning of this is—"TRUE ASSOCIATION REGARDS TRUE RELIGION AS A NON-ESSENTIAL." Now if the objects proposed for attainment by "true Association" were only such secondary benefits as the building of a railroad, or even the abolition of slavery, there would be less glaring impropriety in this "liberal" contempt of true religious faith. But the following extract from the Appeal will convince every intelligent reader that B— professes to regard Association as that generic reform, which is to supersede all the partial benevolent efforts of the times, to reach and exterminate the root of all the evils which curse the world, and to provide for the whole welfare of man, for time and for eternity!

"If we look to the different reformatory societies, we shall still be disappointed, as they do not, either

separately or collectively, seek such a radical re-organization of society as will remove the primary evils from which those secondary ones arise, against which they are so humanely contending. The Temperance man labors to banish the use of alcohol as a drink, but his efforts do not reach the causes which impel men to its use as a substitute for rest from long continued and fatiguing toil, as a stimulant to aid in performing over-work, and for relief when in despondency, and oppressed with cares and wrongs which have no end, and for which they find no redress, nor hope of any. The Abolitionist seeks to abolish slavery, with its whips and chains, and cruel separations, and intellectual and moral debasement, by substituting hired labor in its stead, with all the advantages which personal freedom can give to those who are still denied ALL RIGHT to any portion of the soil, or to its cultivation. And would injustice be done them if they were re-enslaved, so long as they have no right to live? The Moral Reformer seeks to abolish licentiousness, yet leaves society still based upon the same system of robbery and duplicity, and fraud and universal selfishness, which originate, or occasion and sustain nearly all the sexual pollution and vice which exist. The peace man or non-resistant, labors to abolish war and violence, and to bring about the reign of universal love, but does not lay the ax at the root of the tree—a state of society which is radically inherent, and necessarily antagonistic, wrathful, merciless and inhuman. The Physiologist seeks to reform men in respect to diet, and labor, and rest, and cleanliness, &c., without furnishing them with the means of obtaining any of these. Now respecting none of these reforms would we speak disparagingly. We honor those who are engaged in them, and in heart and practically we wish them God-speed. They have already effected marvelous changes for the better, and will undoubtedly effect still greater. They are, moreover, most effectively developing, indirectly, the necessity of a universal, radical re-organization of society; they are preparing the way of the Lord, and making straight in the desert a highway for our God. Every benevolent Associationist must be truly and really interested in all these reforms, and will comprehend them all in his own universal one, which takes in all the real interests of the whole human race, whether in this world or the next."

It is not said here in a straightforward way, but it is plainly implied, that Association is to lay the ax at the root of the whole tree of evil, that it is even that very "Lord God" for which Temperance, Abolitionism, &c., are preparing the way! Let the reader now compare this last extract with the former, and see what they amount to united. We can make nothing of them more or less than this: "True Association regards true religious faith as a non-essential; but the world is to be redeemed from all its curses by true Association; therefore true religious faith is not essential to the redemption of the world!" Was there ever a more bare-faced substitution of a man-made gospel for the gospel of the blood of Christ? Did the man of sin ever more impudently exalt himself above all that is called God?

We can hardly help believing that B— himself knows that this is all—humbug. If he has not forgotten the very alphabet of Bible truth, he must know that Association is no more competent to exterminate the causes of human wretchedness, than Temperance or Abolition. His scheme is palpably chargeable with the same quackery that he charges on the various popular reforms. He adopts the favorite dogma of the Fourierites that "the evils which afflict society are SOCIAL, NOT POLITICAL;" while he knows in his heart, if he knows any thing of the gospel of God, that the evils which afflict society are neither SOCIAL nor POLITICAL, but SPIRITUAL, and can be encountered successfully only by the spiritual power of Christ's resurrection.

2. Let Association be brought down from the high place which its advocates have usurped for it, to its true position, as a non-essential but desirable sequel and external manifestation of true religious faith and spiritual life, and we shall cease to oppose it on general principles. Indeed we hopefully anticipate the time when Perfectionists will embody their spiritual unity in some form of family association, which shall give them the physical and educational advantages anticipated from Fourierism. But B—'s scheme, even if it were restricted to its proper sphere as a secondary enterprise, would still be utterly objectionable. Association may be compared to marriage. Indeed it is a marriage

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## JEWISH WHEAT.

of large companies instead of couples. In this view of it we may apply to it some of the principles laid down by Paul, in 1 Cor. 7. And, first, the apostle teaches us to say, as we have said, that this kind of matrimony is not essential—not the chief end of life nor the cure of all evil. Whether we shall enter into Association or not is a question of expediency, open to free individual choice. Several things may be said for, and several against the proposal. "If any man think that [his interest will be best secured in Association], let him do what he will, he sinneth not; let them marry. Nevertheless he that standeth steadfast in his heart, having no necessity, but hath power over his own will, and hath so decreed in his heart to keep [himself aloof from Association, at least for the present], doeth well." The second principle of the apostle to which we call attention, is quite as important as the first, and one which brings to view our present objection to B—'s scheme of Association. The woman whose husband is dead, "is at liberty to be married to whom she will, ONLY IN THE LORD." The restriction which we have here emphasized is utterly set at nought in the principles and practice of B—'s Socialism. The principle of indiscriminate fellowship is avowed in the first of the foregoing extracts from the Appeal. The practice of the Community may be understood by the fact that its members are a collection of Unitarians, Universalists, Transcendentalists, semi-Perfectionists, and probably Infidels; and its special corporate fellowship is with the Hopedale Community, which is Universalist, and with the Roxbury Community, which is Unitarian.

3. Another objection which we have to B—'s project of Association is, that its leading objects are not spiritual, but worldly, to wit, money-making and intellectual education. These are to be cared for in their season. But there is a time for all things, and the present is not the time for Perfectionists as a body, to spend their energies on any secondary external objects. The testimony of salvation from sin has hardly gained a foot-hold in the world yet, and if it is ever to conquer the strong-holds of its enemies, it must have more persevering witnesses than B— has proved himself to be. Our answer to those who seek to entice us away from our labor as the advocates of holiness, into any of the thousand-and-one schemes of superficial reform, should be the answer of Nehemiah to Sanballat—"We are doing a great work; therefore we can not come down: why should the work cease while we leave it, and come down to you?" Our first business is to prepare a foundation of spiritual life on which all enterprises of improvement may have a firm standing. For this purpose we must yield ourselves to the education of the Spirit of Truth, investigate the Scriptures, acquaint ourselves with the height and depth of the love of God and the doctrines of the gospel, and make known to the world the riches of the grace which we find in Christ Jesus. A vast amount of labor in this line remains to be done; and until it is done, the object of our Association, if we have any, should be to increase the knowledge of God in ourselves and in the world. To turn aside in the present stage of our enterprise, into financial and educational Associations, would be as if a boy should push himself forward into matrimony and the cares of mature life, before he had obtained an education, or learned his trade, or settled his principles. Let every true Perfectionist say in his heart—"For the physical, social, and intellectual comforts, which are to be the final fruit of spiritual holiness, I can wait. But for 'Zion's sake' I will not hold my peace, and for Jerusalem's sake will I not rest, until the righteousness thereof go forth as brightness, and the salvation thereof as a lamp that burneth."

B—'s Community failed with the rest in the course of a year or two. Causes, religious dissensions, increasing debt, and general infirmity, owing to the sinful state of the members.

WHILE Christ declared in plain terms that the generation of his time was ripe in wickedness, and should be the receiver of the wrath due to all previous generations, it is also certain that there was at that time another breed inferior to the wicked mass, who were the ripe fruit of all God's labors with the Jewish nation from the beginning. The good and the evil reached maturity together. Christ's mother, and Christ himself, and his disciples, and Paul, and Timothy and his mother and grandmother, were specimens of human nobility which the Jewish dispensation had produced. It may be that we have not sufficiently studied this side of the Jewish character of Christ's time. Perhaps we attribute the good in the Primitive Church too much to the immediate influence of Christianity, and not enough to previous cultivation. Perhaps it will be found that the highest type of human perfection was reached at that time in the life of nations and the world, as well as in Jesus Christ. The Greeks and the Romans of those ages were greater than any that have succeeded them. So I am persuaded that the Jews of the generation in which Christ was born, not only were the kernel of all that had gone before them, but surpassed the Greeks and Romans and all generations since in true greatness of soul. The fact that the Jewish nation had been quiescent and under the yoke of the Gentiles, so that little was seen of its greatness for centuries before the outburst of Christianity, is no objection, but rather in favor of this view. Christ saw the truth, and a wonderful and important truth, which we ought to study and appreciate, when he said, "Behold the fields are white unto the harvest—other men labored and ye are entered into their labors." Let us not think that was a harvest only or chiefly of tares. There was glorious wheat and plenty of it in the fields that Christ saw. J. H. N.

## ONEIDA JOURNAL.

July 25.—A busy week at the Preserving House. Fifty-two bushels of huckleberries and seventy-five bushels of raspberries, red, black and white, have been canned and bottled since Monday morning. One romantic feature in this department is the daily coming of the squaws with baskets of wild, red raspberries on their arms. This fruit, gathered in the swamps and ravines, makes a delicious jam and during this week and last, we have purchased of the squaws between six and seven hundred quarts of these berries, which have been converted into jelly and jam.

There are many honey-bearing flowers and many honey-loving insects to match, but the adaptation between the trumpet honeysuckle and the humming-bird is truly peculiar. No one can see them together without thinking they were made for each other. It is an exclusive affection on one side at least. A vine of this species of woodbine is trained up by one of our windows. It has been in flower these two months, and the partiality it shows for the humming-bird is a perpetual romance to behold. Bees covet her honey, but she offers them a chalice that mocks all their efforts to sip, while the happy green-jacket regales himself every hour of the day with nectar distilled on purpose for him. Be still a moment, one is coming. Hum-m-m! There it is! How it seems to hang on the lips of the flower! Now it kisses another and another. The trumpet-shaped corollas are just large enough and deep enough to sheath the beak of the bird, and grow in a whorl at the end of a stem which is firmly horizontal, while they droop slightly themselves, and so accommodate most perfectly the little sprite on the wing. If the cup were upright or dipped more, he could hardly stop to drink without a footing. As it is, his satisfaction is complete and he returns and returns always to find his cup replenished, and so he may till frost-time. What doting!

A well-dressed lady in the garden was overheard

to say to her party, "I wonder what they do with the money when it comes in. Do they divide it round, do you think?" Madam, I could have said, I have lived in the O. C. these twenty years, and do not possess a *port-monnaie* or purse or any thing that ever held money. I do not see the currency of the nation from year to year enough to know it from Spanish or French; and this is true of all but the few among us whose business or function relates them to the world where money circulates. What do the rest of us want of money? Between ourselves it is so much rubbish. If one should offer it to another, it would be scorned as the trade of Simon Magus. We live as children of a provident father, have all we need, without seeing the money.

## FAMILY JARS.

Raspberry vinegar is much affected by certain of the O. C. Whether it is original with the Community or not we can not say, but having always lived in the O. C. we naturally never heard it mentioned any-where else. Some think it unsurpassed as a cooling drink. If it does not cheer, it certainly does not inebriate. Here is the receipt:

Press your berries gently with the hand, just cover them with vinegar, empty the mass into a bag and let it drain for twenty-four hours. Add fresh berries to the same vinegar for three days. Afterwards boil the juice thus obtained, in sugar, pound for pound, to the consistency of a light syrup.

The other day the kitchen company having about forty quarts of raspberries which were too soft for table use, sent word to M. E. N. that she could have them for raspberry vinegar. She soon came, and two or three of the boys who were fond of the vinegar stood by to assist her. "Bring forth jars," was the first order to the kitchen folks. Two large stone jars were brought, and one of them filled with the fruit. This having been gently mashed down, M. E. N. proceeded deliberately to ladle on the vinegar, while a small but interested crowd looked on. With the first dipperful of vinegar loud lamentations were heard, while all pointed to a dark stream that was trickling down the side of the jar. It leaked! What should be done? Another jar must be had. The kitchen folks, with some laughter and many apologies, went for another jar, when jar number two was filled and again the vinegar was poured on. The instant it began to settle upon the fruit, there was a greater outcry than before. A large dark stream was issuing from the bottom of the jar and running down the table. The kitchen folks were again loudly summoned, and from their stores two tight jars were at length procured. In the confusion resulting from the foregoing, one of the leaking jars being hastily snatched from one side of the rather rickety table, it came very near capsizing, with one jar filled with berries and all the apparatus. This disaster was happily averted by C. M. T., who caught it at the critical moment. There were no further mishaps, and E. S. N. having gained the consent of the kitchen corp, smashed the two leaky jars on a stone, which appeased every body. M. E. N. reports having secured about thirty-five quarts of very fair vinegar.

A Russian fresh from his country called one day this week, and the next day we received a letter from another Russian but nine months in the United States. Both had read Dixon's new book in their own language, and were interested in the "Social Sciences." They appeared to be scholars, and had made great proficiency in English for the time, though our irregular verbs were evidently some bother. "I leaved my native country, &c.," says the letter-writer. He learned about us from "new Dixon's book."

We received to-day, from a friend in Texas, a contribution to our incipient museum of a fine specimen of petrification, a piece of wood, as polished and as heavy as marble.

We take the following from the Wallingford Journal:

Monday.—Last night Mr. Seymour made some remarks at the close of the meeting about weeds, when G. W. N. proposed he should have more time, and deliver a lecture on the subject. So to-night, he gave a lecture in his most eloquent style. After the

lecture, the best method of ridding our farm of weeds was discussed. Mr. Seymour's idea was, to keep them down by cultivating the ground, and hoeing them up when they were quite small. Mr. Thacker thought in addition to that, we should get our hay early, before the weeds matured, so that they need not get into the manure, and be put on the ground. Another expedient was, to let the manure stand a year, and have the weed-seeds decay. G. W. N. spoke of beginning with a small piece of ground, and extirpating the weeds from that, and then enlarge as we had opportunity. T. L. P. said the difficulty seemed to be in having so much more land than we could take care of well. How did we know but it would please the Lord to let part of it stand still and take care of itself? His expedient for getting rid of weeds was, to enrich the ground by ploughing under green crops—select a piece of ground for strawberries several years before we wish to use it, and till it in that way. He said that in New Jersey the way they got rid of the Dutch cress (White Daisy), was to introduce Timothy in its place. C. S. J. said he was not sure but we could make money by giving away part of our land, and paying more attention to what we have left. To illustrate, Mr. Seymour's lecture we had on exhibition a pig-weed, *alias*, lamb's-quarter, *alias*, *Chenopodium Album*, as tall as one of our tallest girls.

*Tuesday*.—G. W. N. and J. L. S. attended Mr. Moses Y. Beach's funeral. The collection was numerous. No services except the reading of the fifteenth chapter of first Corinthians, and a prayer. The flag in the village was placed at half-mast, and the Catholic school marched in procession.

This morning while we were picking berries, several of our company saw a toad swallow a humble bee; the bee was wet and made no resistance, and quick as lightning the toad caught it, and with two or three swallows he was seen no more. The by-standers speculated upon the safety of the toad in this operation, but concluded toads were not dainty in their choice of food.

S. R. L. has indulged himself in going barefoot upon occasions lately, and yesterday he found one of his feet swollen with poison, so that he was forced to take to crutches. This morning he is trying the earth-cure—has been sitting these two hours with his foot buried in Sophronia's hollyhock-bed. He has his book, and little Harry plays around delighted with his strange position. He says he has had "one foot in the grave" for some time.

We are having splendid weather for haying. Mr. Allen and the farmers say that so large a crop of hay was never known here before.

Our bee this morning was a protracted one. We were called at the usual hour of half-past four, and picked raspberries until half-past six, when we adjourned to the dining-room. After eating our breakfast, we returned, by special invitation, to the field and picked until nearly nine o'clock. Just as we were finishing our rows, Frederic remarked that it was very necessary that the white currants should be picked; so we picked currants for another hour; "and now," thought we, "the bee is surely over," and were about starting for the house, when Frederic said that the red and white raspberries very much needed picking. With a sigh and a laugh we resigned ourselves to the necessity; and then, when our rows were finished, there were the currants to be stemmed for preserving; but when the bee was fairly over we all said we had enjoyed it, and were not very tired.

GOD'S VERACITY.

THE Seventeen Reasons in the last CIRCULAR for believing that the Second Coming of Christ took place at the time he appointed, could hardly be stronger. Every article confirms the truth of the proposition, and it would seem that nothing need be added. Indeed, is it not a strange and sorrowful thing that we should have to labor to believe and prove God's veracity? The confidence that men accord to the words of an utter stranger, they deny to the God of the universe! Christ said, with all the impressiveness of an oath, that he would come the

second time within the generation living at the time he spoke. Did he come? Is God a keeper of his word? is the question that has haunted mankind ever since. True faith would answer, "Christ said he would come, and he came; whether there is any record of it or not." Men may lie, and history may lie, but God can not lie.

There is no one with any reverence for God, however meager, that would not revolt at calling him a liar. Yet unbelieving generations from the time Christ spoke till the present day, have heaped upon him all the odium which attaches to that epithet. All that men with tender consciences suffer when their truthfulness has been questioned, has been inflicted on him for ages. Surely the terrible enmity that men feel toward their traducers, will sometime be turned against those who refuse to believe the word of God. Sometime the faithful throughout the world will arise to vindicate God's truthfulness, and all the earth shall be made to feel that he is a keeper of his word.

The disciples of Pythagoras had the most unquestioning faith in his teachings and followed them even to servility. If any question arose among them concerning the truth of a certain doctrine, the announcement "*Ipse dixit*" (*Himself said it*), put away all their doubts, and they believed it implicitly. Such a faith in Christ's promises we believe to be pleasing to God, and we say in regard to the Second Coming, We know Christ came, because he said he would. G. N. M.

CONNECTICUT NOTES.

A FEW weeks since, the cars whirled me into Connecticut for a short residence, and as this is my first sojourn in New England, I make the following notes:

As a person comes in from the direction of New York city, one of the first peculiarities to be noticed, is the innumerable and interminable stone walls or fences which bound and subdivide the pocket-editions of farms, which, as we go dancing along in the rail-car, seem to be clambering on the hill-sides or sprawling in the valleys. For nearly a dozen years past I have been quite familiar with the prairies of the west and north-west where, on account of the scarcity of stone and timber, the farmers are obliged to dispense almost entirely with fences of any kind. The contrast to be found throughout this state is therefore quite a novelty. Many of the stone fences look as if they had held their present positions for at least a century, being almost literally covered with lichens, mosses, and parasites of various kinds. The brown old bowlders and rocks have grown gray in the service, and at first sight suggest to the beholder that they are in a state of decay; but on examination he will find they are still good for more than another century.

It is interesting to note some of the compensating advantages which Providence has given to New England, where the lack of fertility in the soil and ease of cultivation is in striking contrast with the western country.

Here, almost every little valley winding around among the hills has in its bed a water course, clear as crystal, which furnishes power to one or more manufacturing establishments. A short time since I counted five manufactories of various kinds in going the distance of half a mile up a little stream. Business has lately led me to visit many of these establishments, and the novelty of the different articles manufactured is quite striking. Thousands and millions of persons throughout the Middle and Western States, who are in the daily use of scores of little convenient articles which are really almost indispensable to them, have scarcely any idea of how or where they are manufactured. They always find them for sale in their towns and villages, but as to where they originate they have hardly any conception. A short residence in Connecticut has shown me that this State is the workshop of the country. One of the first signs that caught my eye in coming into the State read, "Connecticut Button Factory." Among the various establishments which I have visited, is the "Northford Manufacturing Co.," which is exclusively engaged in the manufacture of

hooks and eyes. Very ingenious machinery is used, into which the wire is fed, and myriads of the perfect little articles are produced. They are weighed out in packages of two or three pounds, and sent to the surrounding farmers, whose children put them on cards in shape to be offered for sale.

A neighboring establishment is engaged in the manufacture of cocoanut-shell dippers, and in putting up the cocoanut meat, finely ground, for pies, puddings, &c. Large quantities of the last article are sent to Chicago and the north-west.

The Merriam Manufacturing Co., in Durham, employ some forty persons in making children's toys of tin, together with painted and Japaned tin-ware. One of the novel articles among their manufactories is a toy railroad train, consisting of an engine, tender, baggage and passenger-cars.

Tidgewell's Manufactory in Middletown, is the grand depot from whence issue printer's brass galleys and composing-sticks. His establishment is by no means an imposing affair, but his customers are scattered throughout the Western States, and even California, and the Sandwich Islands have sent him orders.

The various manufactures of this state are most clearly brought to view by stepping into a job-printing office, and noticing samples of the different orders which have been filled. Immense quantities of small printed labels are used by manufacturers in putting up small packages of their goods, as for instance, "gimlets," "tea-spoons," "ax-wedges," "soup-ladles," "butter-knives," &c., &c. But enough; I think I have given sufficient to show, as I have said before, that Connecticut is the workshop of the country.

Yours, H. R. F.  
W. U., July 10, 1868.

A VENTURE.

III.

ON the New Jersey coast, where the peninsula of Sandy Hook joins the main-land, placed on the most elevated soil that could there be found, stand two light-houses from which all vessels outward-bound from New York harbor, take their departure. Passing between the Hook and Coney Island, they keep a straight course out to sea, until they get these two towers or light-houses in exact range with one another so that one of them only is discernible; then commences the reckoning for the voyage, and thenceforth the ship is steered according to the points laid down in her chart. When daylight once more appeared, with a fair wind and a sea scarcely yet subsided with the abated storm, our little schooner was not long in coming to her bearings. The two towers once in line, we immediately put her on a course south-west by south, to make Cape Hatteras, the most stormy and dangerous point on the coast.

Nothing of importance transpired that day. A low blue line on the horizon, scarcely discernible, marked the New Jersey coast. The mother Carey's chickens followed closely at our stern, the feeding of which was the only amusement we found to break the monotony of sailing. Van continued under influences decidedly stimulating, while G. (my partner's son) soon began to give evidence of discomfort at the motion of the water. After reeling and lying about the deck for a few hours, he took to his berth, bemoaning his hard lot, and ceased not during the remainder of the voyage to pine for his wife and child. As night drew on, finding the cabin too hot for comfort, I threw myself once more on deck in the stern of the ship, and chatted with the captain who was steering. He amused me for a long time, pointing out, in the shapes assumed by the heavy clouds, forms of all sorts of fantastic figures such as I never should have dreamed of; but with the help of his lively imagination they seemed perfectly clear and wondrously ludicrous. The apparition of a witch riding on a broom-stick, gradually changing as the cloud varied its shape, into an old man with a lurch-back, then into a cow chasing a dog—the dog gradually turning legs uppermost as if the cow had tossed it—such fantastic images as these kept me laughing half the night. As I watched

the clouds, sleep overtook me, and I dreamed of the funny things I had seen.

The next day passed as the former had done, except that I tied a piece of white rag to a hook and throwing it over the stern secured a fine blue-fish, which proved an acceptable addition to our bill of fare, which consisted chiefly of very salt beef, applesauce and ship-biscuit. Toward evening the wind freshened again. We expected that night to make Cape Hatteras. The captain prophesied another storm, and began to clear the deck and make every thing taut, providing against the worst. His foresight and caution gave me confidence in him. As the wind increased he shortened sail, until at night we found ourselves driving before a furious gale with only a jib set, and that close reefed. I soon found that the captain, like most coasters, kept no reckoning and took no solar observations, depending solely upon his recognition of certain land-marks and light-houses along the coast, so that now, with a wholesome dread of being driven upon a lee-shore in such a storm, we put right before the wind and let it drive us where it listed. Sailors always like to get away from the coast in stormy weather, for the greatest danger is that of being dashed to pieces on a beach or sand bank; so we put out to sea.

A time of suspense, was that terrible night. The mate and cook had served their watch and gone below; G. was sick; Van was drunk; the captain steered, while I, lashing myself to the rigging, kept the forward watch. The wind whistled wildly through the rigging, each strained rope lending another string to swell the weird refrain. Sea after sea broke over us, washing overboard every thing that was not made secure. Looking toward the stern, as we rose upon the crest of a wave, the captain appeared to be under my feet; and as we plunged violently down on the other steep side, he seemed in such a perpendicular line above me, that if he had not been lashed on, he would have fallen right upon me. Peering anxiously into the darkness before us, I had an instinct, rather than vision, of a dark hull rising like a little mountain in front of me. With my heart in my mouth, I yelled out,

"Sail, Ho!"

"Where away?" returned the captain.

"Dead ahead. We are right on her."

"Aye, aye, sir," and at a fearful speed we were driven close by a large transport steamer. Her paddle-boxes had been beaten in, her smoke-stack was gone, her bulwarks and boats had been washed away, and one spar only remained, on which was hoisted a signal of distress. A helpless wreck, she labored in the trough of the sea; but what could we do to help her? We were entirely at the mercy of the wind, and with the speed of a railway train we dashed by the wreck, on which could be discerned human beings, evidently hailing us, but whose voices were drowned by the raging of the hurricane. It is a peculiar feature of such a situation that one feels so little afraid of danger. The excitement of the storm is so great, especially, if sharing any of the responsibility, as to divert the mind from any contemplation of disaster; but when that large black hull loomed up so close to me, the danger of collision appeared so imminent, that after calling to the captain, I shut my eyes tightly, and took a nervous grasp of the wet hawser upon which I was leaning, surely expecting a crash and a wet grave. It was only for a moment, but during that instant I thought of the wife and children I had left behind, and the trouble they would be in; and offering up a short prayer in my heart to God, I opened my eyes just as we were passing clear of the wreck. A thankful thought passed through me, as I breathed freely once more, and with straining eyes peered again into the darkness.

"Light, Ho!" I cried.

"Where away?"

"Larboard quarter."

"Aye, aye, sir," coolly replied the imperturbable captain, and soon we passed another steamer in distress, but at a greater distance, and carrying lights. During the night we passed four large steamers, all of them disabled by the storm. After midnight the mate and cook relieved us, and we went to bed. The captain was scarcely in his berth before he gave

loud tokens of a sound sleep. As for me, though tired, I could not rest, so excited had I become in the storm. As daylight broke, the storm abated. The feeling of relief with which I greeted that morning's dawn, is indescribable. But where were we? By the deep blue water, the warm humid atmosphere, and the floating weeds, we knew that we were in the Gulf-stream, but could form no idea of our longitude or latitude. The sun was clouded so that we could not get an observation, but we "guessed" pretty freely, that as we had been driven for a certain time, in a given direction at a certain speed, we must be in such and such bearings; but as both the time and the speed happened to be uncertain, we were, notwithstanding the guessing, completely at "sea" in every sense of the word. We headed toward the south and crowded on all sail, expecting we should find ourselves, in course of time. But, "after a storm comes a calm," nor did the old adage belie itself in the present instance. All the sail we could make, barely counteracted the current of the stream. The ship seemed like an old horse working a saw. We crowded on all sail, yet remained in the same position.

As I walked the deck wondering where we could be and what would be the end of my crazy venture, a familiar "chip, chip, chip," greeted my ears and there hopping on the deck, and picking up the crumbs left from our late breakfast was a veritable little sparrow. I called to the captain, thinking this visit to be an indication of our approach toward land, but he said that the bird had been caught in the wind and carried off to sea, that it often happened so, and that birds thus borne away from land, would fly about, until, getting thirsty, they drank of the salt water, which soon killed them. You may be sure the little wanderer was plentifully provided with fresh water and other necessaries of life. He remained with us until we were in sight of land near Beaufort.

#### HOW I CAME TO BE HERE.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY BY R. S. DE LATRE.

NO. XXV.

GLAD am I (after dismissing the case of an unruly child) to revert once more to our eldest son. We had lost his heart though, so to speak. Naughty Oneida had bewitched him, and the only way to get him back was by allying ourselves with that people. Well, that was no hard matter with me. Indeed, was I not pretty much in the same predicament myself? But his mother did not relax in the least. Herbert's fortunes, however, were now made, happy fellow. As an engraver, he would have earned his living in the world, but it was to be otherwise. He had an ear for the truth, and the truth found him. His choice was made, and at the age of seventeen, he bid us a final adieu for Brooklyn, in June 1853. His mother parted with him mournfully, that is, on her own account; but not so his father, who not only felt that the very best thing in the world had been done for him, but that he and his child could never be really separated. More than once in later years, while pacing the streets of New York, have I contrasted, with a thrilling sense of God's goodness, my errand there in the runaway year of 1848, with that of the year 1851.

Now (to go back a little) it happened that in the fall of 1852, not long after Herbert had left us, his brother Francis, on his return from England, in the course of his roamings, called at Brooklyn, having kept track of his brother's movements. The Community there received him with abundant compassion, considering the plight he was in, covered with vermin, after a passage in the steerage of some filthy craft. They gave him a good scouring, renewed his clothing, criticised his course, and then sent him home to us, accompanied by one of their leading members. This gave my wife a special opportunity of judging for herself of the spirit of that people with whom she was now brought into personal contact for the first time, through a member of theirs on such an errand. Not only this, but an overture was made us on the occasion, to the effect that, as our younger boys had confessed Christ, they would give them a schooling at Oneida the coming

winter. My wife hardly knew what to make of such liberality. She flattered herself, I suppose, that we should some day cancel the obligation incurred by acceptance of the offer, and therefore consented to it, although it went cruelly against her feelings to part with her darlings. Still, she could not see beyond the family interest, which I believe had blinded her all along, so that nothing further came of this errand than the disposing of the boys, Reginald and Ernest, at Oneida, November, 1852. All seemed to be going on well with the boys there, judging from the correspondence.

In September, 1853, the Exhibition at New York gave me an opportunity of visiting the brethren at Brooklyn, and I called at Oneida on my way. I spent five or six weeks at Brooklyn, going through what might be called a disciplinary course, something rather different from what I had looked for. On taking my leave of them, Mr. Noyes proposed that I should take the boys to see their mother on my way back, as I meant to return by Oneida. They had been separated from her nearly a year. The boys were rejoiced at the idea, and we were soon all three on our way to the old homestead, with the intention, on my part at least, of returning with them when the visit was over. But judge of my utter astonishment, when told by their mother that they did not wish to return. The reason given was, that they had been severely dealt with at the children's house at Oneida, where a woman had got into place, who was unfit for it. They had received their impression, however, and were too glad of their liberty to risk another trial, though not disposed to quarrel with the Community as a whole. Indeed, they always after spoke of that member as distinct from the rest of the family. And their instincts were true, it would seem, for she has left us, after having given us a great deal of trouble. Their mother was glad enough to get them back and to credit their story; but their father waited to hear the other side. After some correspondence and criticism of both school-teacher and boys, the matter was dropped, and the school resumed at home again.

Communication was kept up with Oneida, through the CIRCULAR, through correspondence with our son Herbert, and an occasional visit on my part. This went on for about three years, during which, the few believers in our vicinity continued to hold their meetings at Mr. C. Ellis's, receiving visits from the traveling agents of the Community, who were always most heartily welcomed. In truth, those visits still cling to our memories as seasons of great refreshment.

I have not stated that my younger brother, who came out with me to this country in 1832, left for Ceylon in 1844. My mother died in 1845, my father followed in 1848, and with the extinction of that household, ceased those weekly gatherings at my father's, which had been for years so great a source of enjoyment to our little ones. It was a blank which contributed perhaps, in a measure, to the unfolding of that dark passage in our experience with the older boys, already recorded as having taken place in 1848. But these last three years of our domestic life waned peaceably. Was it not somewhat due to the bond which existed between us and Oneida, although imperfect? The youths were contented at home, while waiting and preparing for some opening in the way of employment abroad.

In the year 1856, Reginald being eighteen and Ernest seventeen, it was thought that the time had come for them to launch out into the world. As a preparatory step, I proposed that they should go through a course of instruction the following winter at the Buffalo Commercial College. To facilitate the project, we thought of removing bodily to that city, after engaging a house for that purpose. But my wife's health was giving way so fast, that the physician advised that she should remain where she was. For the moment, all our attention was directed to the invalid. Her condition soon became alarming. In September and October she failed so fast that we had no longer any hope of her recovery. Her disorder was the lung complaint. She lingered until the 30th of October, when she finally left us, at

the age of fifty-five. Her last testimony was that God had been very good to her.

Then succeeded five or six weeks of busy preparation for the final act of a long drama of twenty-two years—the breaking up of the family hearth! *Sic transit gloria mundi*. But how were we to dispose of ourselves, thus disbanded? My own way had already been prepared, as you may suppose, by a long and rather searching acquaintance with the people of my choice. My eldest son was there already, and what more natural than that I should apply for admission to their ranks? My application was favorably received, thanks to their generous hearts. In a few days after the sale of our household effects, the boys were suitably provided for in Buffalo, within reach of the Commercial College, and I left them early in December, 1856, for my new home.

This narrative would hardly be complete without a sketch of the course pursued by the young lads left at Buffalo. After they got through there, they maintained themselves for a year or two, with some assistance from me, by trying one place and then another, when on hearing that a regiment was forming in Canada for special service in Europe, they resolved to enlist together. The younger was rejected on account of a slight blemish, most unexpectedly separating him from his brother, who followed his regiment to England and then to Gibraltar, whence he got his discharge after two years service, through an uncle who sent him out to his coffee estate in Ceylon. Meanwhile, his brother, after knocking about from place to place in this country for a year or two more, embarked as one of the crew on board a whaler at New London, Connecticut, bound for the Sandwich Islands. There he left the ship for San Francisco. Thence he crossed the Pacific to Australia, in a clipper bound for this country, serving before the mast. After a long and tough experience, he hired out to a market-gardener at Melbourne in Australia. Thence again, as soon as he heard that his brother Reginald was in Ceylon, and with some pecuniary help from him, he started for the land of spices. It was not long however, before they both left that island for the continent of India, thinking to mend their fortunes. They met with steady employment on the railroads, the younger trying his hand occasionally at speculation, but without success. At length that most subtle parasite the scrofula, which had been lurking in the apparently fine constitution of the elder brother, assisted perhaps by the heat of the climate, broke out in the form of an abscess in the groin. For more than a year he struggled against it, but was advised at last by the faculty to quit the country for England without delay. He embarked in March, 1867, so much reduced that he did not survive the passage, but died at sea, and in peace, I am happy to say, at the end of July. He was twenty-nine years old. His brother who remained behind to settle their money matters, is now probably in London, on his way back to the land of his birth. I am pleased to say that he is in friendly communication with us at the present moment, as indeed his brother had been. He is the only surviving child, our eldest son Herbert also having fallen a victim to the same complaint at Wallingford, in April, 1858, at the age of twenty-three.

Thus, by means of our refractory but most accommodating Curate, who threw aside as it were, the bolts and bars of the Church of England, I found access to the Jew from Poland, who induced familiar relations between me and Mr. C—, who in his turn, introduced among us a notice of the Onecida Community. How often are the foolish things of this world chosen of God, to confound the wisdom of the wise!

And now, my friends, since I have shown you *how* I came to be here, it is only fair that I should tell you *why* I came to be here, and that is, that I might learn to be a good man. Farewell!

#### OBSERVATIONS BY THE WAY-SIDE.

TRAVELING recently through a portion of country bordering on Long Island Sound, I made certain observations. I saw the farmers

engaged in manuring their corn with fish, in the following manner: The fish are caught in seines, and sold to the farmers, who haul them home by the cart-load and dump them in heaps on their corn-fields, usually after the first hoeing of their corn. The fish are then scattered among the corn where they lay exposed or half buried by the cultivator, festering in the sun and filling the air with the most horrible stench. Indeed, so disgusting is the odor that a person traveling the highway, is obliged to hold his nose, and sometimes even his breath, and hurry on in order to get clear of the nuisance and inhale a breath of fresh air. But that coveted luxury I soon discovered was not to be had in this neighborhood. In seeking to escape suffocation in one direction, I only became strangled in another by the pestilential effluvia emanating from these putrefying heaps. A very shiftless and wasteful manner of manuring, I thought. Why not open a furrow, and at once bury the fish out of sight? How the people in the vicinity endure for weeks together such a state of things, I can not imagine. Frequently these rotting piles are dumped and spread within a few rods of the dwellings, tainting the air for the distance of half a mile or more, to a degree quite unendurable to the unaccustomed traveler. Well, it is said there is nothing like getting used to a thing, and perhaps that saying is applicable in this instance. The people are used to it, and don't seem to mind it.

Turning to the right, and taking a road running northward, I soon got clear of the disagreeable nuisance; again changing my course westward, and going across-lots, my olfactories were greeted with odors of an entirely different character. Instead of noxious gasses arising from putrefying fish, the perfumes of wild roses and other native flowers—which here abound in great profusion, lining the road-side and pasture-fields—filled the air with their delightful fragrance.

I met with some features in the landscape in my course across-lots which seriously obstructed my passage. The country was somewhat cut up into sharp ridges alternating with ravines or valleys running north and south. The ridges were covered with a thick undergrowth of shrubbery, intertwined with brambles cropping out of the rocks, through which I found it difficult to make my way. Then the landscape rolled abruptly into valleys nearly impassable with mire and water, which obliged me in some instances to make a circuit in order to continue my course. These valleys, although cleared up, are nearly worthless to the land-owner for the want of drainage. Made up of rich deposit washed from the steep hill-sides, they are capable, by a thorough system of draining, of making the most productive portion of the land in the country.

This certainly may be called the land of wild flowers, for in crossing one of these ridges I suddenly found myself up to my shoulders in a copse of about an acre of wild laurel in the height of its glory, its white and pink colored buds just bursting into bloom. A more lovely sight in a wild region like this, among rocks and trees, could scarcely be pictured to the imagination. How is it, I wondered, as I gazed on the field of flowers before me, that the nabob in his country-seat, or the amateur of the floral world who are so fond of display, have not conceived the idea of thickly planting their groves

and parks with this beautiful shrub? Not only are the flowers beautiful and admired by all classes, but being an evergreen shrub, it would contrast beautifully with deciduous trees and plants in autumn and winter.

Presently I was startled from my reverie by the thundering of a train, which from this romantic spot is seen to suddenly shoot forth into a clear space, and as suddenly disappear again behind an intervening ridge. I was not aware of my proximity to the railroad. The knowledge however was none the less welcome, as I had become somewhat tired of my rambling, and emerging from the thicket, on the track, I perceived that I was within fifteen minutes' walk of Fair Haven, when taking a seat in a street-car I was in fifteen minutes more landed at the New Haven depot; from whence a ride of twelve miles brought me again to the Wallingford station, in full view of my home at the foot of Mt. Tom.

H. T.

Wallingford, July 20, 1868.

#### HOW TO MANUFACTURE GOOD MEN.

A POINTED and spirited paragraph copied into the CIRCULAR from the *Toledo Blade*, stated the fact apparent to all, that the great want of the age, is men who are not for sale; who are honest, conscientious, &c., the meaning of all which, is simply this: Good men are wanted every-where—not those who are comparatively good, but superlatively good, according to the model which the Creator sent into the world eighteen hundred years ago. No other standard of a genuine good man is admissible. For the want of good men, the Greek and Roman Republics proved a failure. For the want of good men, the French Revolution of 1798 was worse than a failure. For the want of good men, the fascinating theory of Fourier utterly failed in its attempt at incarnation. And for the want of good men, almost innumerable enterprises of profit and beneficence are yet unborn.

Seeing, therefore, as every one must see, that the real want of the age, and the world, is good men, and women, too, the essential question arises, How are they to be manufactured? Twenty-four years ago the *Perfectionist*, the organ of J. H. Noyes and those associated with him, answered this important question in an editorial on Fourierism, from which we extract the following paragraph. After stating that sinabolishing Christianity must go before association, the writer says:

"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."

x.

### QUACK.

QUACK is a species of grass with which many of the readers of the CIRCULAR are doubtless acquainted to their sorrow. It is very hardy and prolific; and when it has once gained a foothold its extermination is exceedingly difficult. It roots very deep, and spreads all through the ground, forming a firm sod. Cutting it off with a hoe above the surface of the ground, does no good, but rather harm, because checking the growth above ground, gives new strength to the roots, and causes them to send forth a multiplied number of shoots. The only way to exterminate the pest, is to dig out every root and rootlet. It will not do to break off the main root and leave the branches in the ground, for they will surely spring forth again.

In preparing the land for strawberry-plants which we set out in the spring, the quack was not eradicated from one corner of the field; and it soon threatened to over-run and entirely choke the strawberry-plants, in spite of thorough hoeing. So I was directed the other day, to take a spading-fork, and dig out every root and branch, and carry them off the field.

While busily engaged in this work, it was suggested to my mind, that mankind, including the majority of professing Christians, are quack beds. Each human being is a field in which the devil sows quack, that being the crop in which he deals. A great many persons do not see much harm in a little quack, or think that some future time will do to set about killing it. Others think that all that grows in the field is good, and that at the harvest, the husbandman will gather every thing into the garner. Still others see the vileness of the plant, and that if not killed, it will destroy the whole field; but not knowing its nature they keep hacking away at the top of it, vainly hoping thus to destroy it. But this treatment does no good; it rather strengthens the root, and up it comes again, until those who are seeking to rid themselves of it, almost in despair cry out, "Who shall deliver us from this vile weed?"

Such was my experience for years. But I finally got hold of a work called the *Berean*, which treated this subject in a masterly way, and gave full instructions for the entire eradication of the plant; which were, to dig out the roots, thus leaving the ground entirely free to be occupied by good seed. Nothing short of this will save the field. The tools to work with, are repentance, confession, and faith. Repentance is genuine only when it results in the forsaking of sin. That periodical repentance, which implies continuance in the sins repented of, is merely cutting off the tops of the plant, and is most horrible hypocrisy. "Godly sorrow worketh repentance which needs not to be repented of."

There are things which, though it is very necessary that they should be done once, ought not to be done the second time. In order to raise a field of strawberries, it is necessary to dig out the quack so thoroughly that the work need

not be done a second time, lest you destroy the plants too. So, thorough repentance is essential, to entirely eradicate sin from the heart, else, in oft-repeated attempts, the seeds of grace will be unable to take root, and you will be obliged to say at last, "The harvest is passed the summer is ended, and we are not saved."

Perfect holiness is just as consistent with growth in grace, as perfect freedom from quack in a strawberry bed, is consistent with the growth in size and good flavor of the fruit. A bed of plants may be entirely free from all weeds, and yet be small and weak. So man may have a clean heart, and a good conscience, and yet be very imperfect in regard to his understanding, experience, corporeal faculties and affections; a person may be free from sin and condemnation before God, and yet be at the entrance of the discipline necessary to complete sanctification. Between perfection of the heart, and that glorified perfection which Christ attained by the Cross, and which Paul set before himself as the hope of his calling, the way is long and difficult enough to make occasion for all the diligence and energy which the most laborious legalist can desire.

D. E. S.

"They never fall who die

In a great cause. The block may soak their gore;  
Their heads may sodden in the sun; their limbs  
Be strung to city gates and castle walls;  
But still their spirits walk abroad. Though years  
Elapse, and others share as dark a doom,  
They but augment the deep and sweeping thoughts,  
Which overpower all others, and conduct  
The world at last to FREEDOM."

"WHEN I goes a shopping," said an old lady, "I allers ask for what I wants, and if they have it, and it is suitable, and I feel inclined to buy it, and it is cheap, and can't be got for less, I most allers take it without clapping all day about it as some people do."

### NEWS ITEMS.

THE Senators and Representatives from the re-admitted States are nearly all sworn in and have taken their seats.

ADMIRAL FARRAGUT having been invited by the Prince of Wales to visit the Queen, did so, July 18th, and was most cordially recieved.

MOSES Y. BEACH died of paralysis at his residence in Wallingford, Conn., Sunday, July 19th. He was for a number of years sole proprietor of the *New York Sun*, and has been somewhat prominent as a banker and financier. During the Mexican War he was sent to Mexico by President Polk to arrange a treaty of peace.

ANDREW D. WHITE, President of the Cornell University, has just returned from Europe. He has visited the leading Agricultural, Scientific and Polytechnic institutions of England, France, and Germany, and has made purchases of books, apparatus and models for the University, amounting to \$50,000.

"In every case the purchases were made with the best scientific advice, and it is claimed that with this outfit, added to the purchases which had already been made, the Cornell University will commence with means of instruction second to none in this country.

"In making good provisions for Science and the Practical Arts, other departments have not been forgotten. It is believed that there is among the Colleges of the United States no better collection of works on History, Architecture, and Art than that of the University, when supplemented by the libraries already purchased and by the private library of the President. Care has been taken to buy the best books, and to eschew the rubbish which encumber so many institutions."

—Tribune.

## Announcements:

### THE ONEIDA COMMUNITY

Is an association living in Lenox, Madison Co., N. Y., four miles from Oneida Depot. Number of members, 202. Land, 539 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, 85. 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, 85 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. 260 pp. Svo. 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.]

MESSRS. 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.