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## TERMS:

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

## SPIRITUAL GALVANISM.

Home-Talk by J. H. Noyes, W. C. Oct., 29, 1867.

ONCE or twice under a strong provocation to be angry at the exhibition of a wicked spirit in a person, I have been wonderfully quieted by a clear discovery of the distinction between the human and diabolical in the manifestations which disturbed me. What I saw may be brought to view by some familiar illustrations.

Every body is subject more or less to involuntary motion of the muscles. Experiments in galvanism show that an influence may be thrown upon the muscles of an animal, that will produce motions exactly similar to motions made by the action of the will. Involuntary motions are characteristic of all diseases of the brain and nervous system. In epilepsy spasms accompany the fits. St. Vitus's dance is a form of involuntary motion. Indeed I apprehend that wherever there is local disease, there is involuntary twitching or spasms of the nerves and muscles.

We know also that there have been manifestations of spasmodic action in connection with spiritual diseases. The Shakers have twitchings and jerks. At the west some years ago there were extensive revivals which were attended by these phenomena. In the camp meetings which were held, persons were seized with an irrepressible tendency to kick and jerk; and not only those who had faith were taken in this way, but those who came to ridicule and scoff. When a man was seized, he had nothing to do but take hold of a sapling and jerk it out. Scoffers would have to kick till they had torn up the turf around the trees like horses in fly-time, all the while cursing and swearing and "damning the jerks."

These illustrations show that a person's faculties can be operated upon by some influence outside of himself, so as to act as if moved by his own volition. The jerks must certainly have been produced by a kind of galvanism. If I receive a shock from a galvanic battery I jerk, and cannot help it; my muscular faculties are set in motion involuntarily. But the phenomena of the revival jerks are just the same. Why not then conclude that spasmodic action of every kind in connection with nervous disease, is produced by

an extraneous cause, operating upon the voluntary powers of the subject, usurping the place of his will; and still further that spasmodic action is not confined to the muscular system, but that the mind and spirit may be galvanized, and twitch and jerk under extraneous excitement.

It was a conception of this kind that tranquilized my feelings on the occasions I mentioned. I saw that the brain and nervous system, all our sensitive nature, clear into the sources of thought, feeling and affection, the whole province of spiritual and moral volition, may be operated upon by an outside galvanism, and a person may think and feel and speak and act under an influence that is entirely extraneous to his own will. We may suppose the devil, for instance, can let a stream of magnetic influence from himself on to the thoughts and propensities of a person, so as to make him feel and talk and be just as wicked as possible, his feelings and actions being no more his own than in the case of the jerks, or of the frog's leg. A person, may get into connection with evil spirits so that he will become a "dancing-jack," doing just what these tyrants please, while his better nature is all the while protesting against his own pranks.

I do not know how this view of things will affect our method of dealing with cases; but certainly we must see and feel and understand this great truth, that there is such a thing as having the voluntary power, not only of our bodies, but of our minds and souls taken possession of by an extraneous influence, and set working in perverse and miserable ways in spite of ourselves. People must take this doctrine with all its liabilities and responsibilities. They must take care that they do not make it a shelter for self-justification that is wrong and ruinous; but after all, the truth must be known. I am satisfied that in a great many cases of morbid evil thinking, thoughts go off of themselves, just as any spasmodic action takes place in the body. They are excited and controlled by an extraneous power. The persons are in one sense not responsible, and there is reason for justification and charity toward them on the part of those who are tempted to criticize them. We must learn to discriminate in such cases between what is really voluntary and what is spasmodic or automatic, and keep an eye clear to the distinction.

This view does not release a person from the responsibility of being in earnest to control his own actions and thoughts; because it is for him to break connection with the extraneous influence, and he must be held in some sense re-

sponsible for admitting the influence at the outset. Criticism and self-examination will have to go back to the beginning, and find out when and how the spirit was let in.

This is a great subject and one that ought to be studied. It includes not only all forms of insanity, but all forms of sin, all condemnation, all bondage to the flesh, love of stimulants, &c. We must study the subject medically, and understand the causes of spasmodic action and how to treat it. Sin, from beginning to end, is the galvanism of the devil. That is the scripture doctrine. Paul describes sin thus: "The good that I would, I do not; but the evil which I would not, that I do." What is that but spasmodic action? There is a man who has got the jerks, and is cursing and swearing at them. "The truth shall make you free," that is, free from spasmodic action—free to do what you like. Men of science recognize the galvanism that sets the frog's leg going, but if they see a human being jerking about morally in an abnormal way, they see no galvanism in that.

When our powers are set in motion by good spirits, the sensation is one of freedom. Instead of having the jerks and kicking in an involuntary way, a man under a good influence finds that the muscles of his legs do their work easier, and he can walk farther, than he otherwise could. The good spirit flows into the normal operations of our faculties and helps them. It works in an orderly manner from within outward, in harmony with our best judgment, and with the sympathy of our other members. But a bad spirit comes upon us from without, and takes possession of a finger, an arm or a passion, separate from the other faculties, and works it in an isolated way.

## PRINCIPIA.—NO. 14.

PERFECTIONISM THE ANTECEDENT OF COMMUNISM.

ARTICLES FROM OUR EARLY PUBLICATIONS,

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

IN the *Perfectionist* of Sept. 27, 1845, we find an extract from the *Harbinger* defining the religion of Associationists, followed by an apt rejoinder by the editor of the *Perfectionist*. We reproduce them as a condensed summary of the points at issue:

"As a body, the Associative School holds no special religious doctrines. It embraces persons of all kinds and degrees of faith, from members of the Roman Catholic church, down to ultra Rationalists. It offers to all men of whatever belief, a common point on which they can rally in behalf of humanity. Proclaiming that true tolerance of all religious opinions, which is dictated alike by the gospel of Christ, (!) and by complete worldly prudence, it invites to its banner the generous and sincere, of every denomination. Never doubting, that in the course

of time the Divine Providence will open to the world the means of harmonizing in order, the present chaos of belief, it would be worse than folly for us meanwhile, dogmatically to set up the opinions of any number of persons as standards of the truth. Undoubtedly, in the true order of proceeding, the spiritual or religious is first, and the material last; that is to say, life is developed from within outwards: but in the present inverted state of humanity, the material is before the spiritual, or life is unfolded, so to say, from without inwards. (!) Thus we stand, as a school, upon domestic association, attractive industry, and political unity, which are but the material basis and external form of human life. That which is higher, viz., religious unity, must come after these are established; and will consist not in identity or monotony of belief or ritual, but will be variety harmonized in unity. This whole matter is postponed until its own time, and meanwhile every man can labor for Association, in the fullest conviction that he is thereby hastening the birth of the Holy Church Universal, the crowning glory of humanity, the spiritual destiny of the race.<sup>5</sup>

The *inverse parallelism* between the sentiments of the *Harbinger* and our own, is so complete, that we are disposed to use the language of part of the above paragraph, *mutatis mutandis*, to define our opposite position, thus:

Never doubting that in the course of time the Divine Providence will open to the world the means of harmonizing in order, the present chaos of social and material interests; it would be worse than folly for us meanwhile, to neglect or postpone the interior and prerequisite enterprise of ministering spiritual regeneration, by the doctrine and spirit of the New Covenant. Undoubtedly, in the true order of proceeding, the spiritual or religious is first, and the material last; that is to say, life is developed from within outwards; and accordingly, in the present dead state of humanity, the first business of the reformer is, to proclaim the Word of Life, and start a resurrection-energy at the center, which may ultimately unfold itself in the true order, from seed to fruit—from holiness of heart, to external righteousness and beauty. Thus we stand, as a school, upon the quickening Word of God, assimilating faith, inward holiness, and vital union of man with God and with his brother, which are the spiritual basis and germ of true human life. That which is less radical, viz., scientific external order, must come after these are established; and will not consist in arrangements fitted to the measure of fallen, selfish humanity, but will be the embodiment of perfect love. This whole matter is postponed until its own time: and meanwhile, every man can labor for the victory of the gospel of spiritual life, in the fullest conviction that he is thereby hastening the advent of that external harmony which will ultimately make this world the Paradise of God.

Here we have the two schemes—that of the Fourierists, and that of the Bible, or if you please, that of Perfectionists—alongside of each other, heads to points. One thing is certain, viz., either the *Harbinger* brethren have got the cart before the horse, or we have. Time will show. We are trying experiments as well as they, and we await the issue with cheerfulness. The scheme that is of man will come to naught; and that which is of God, cannot fail.

[From the Perfectionist, Oct. 11. 1845.]

#### THE DOCTRINE OF DISUNITY.

Unity can not be *forced* but it may be *favoured* by correct views; and on the other hand it may be hindered by false notions. In spiritual things men do not attain what they do not expect. Hence the importance of correct theories. The doctrine that men may be saved from sin in this world is important, because, without it, salvation from sin is not expected; and if it is not expected, it is not sought; and if it is not sought, it is not attained. So a true idea of the possibility and value of unity is important, because, without it, unity will not be expected or sought, and of course will not be attained. A man who makes it "the post in the middle" of his religion—the cream of his creed—that every one is to stand by himself, and that unity is not to be expected or desired, is in no condition to enter into unity. His theory is a wall round about him, repulsing the overtures of brotherly love as an invasion of his individuality. On these grounds we shall take the liberty to enter our protest against the doctrine of disunity, and to show that it is not a vital part or natural accompaniment of Perfectionism, but an incongruous and hostile parasite, attached to it

by the enemy of all righteousness for the purpose of drawing off its life.

We aver that every branch of the doctrine of holiness tends to unity.

I. *Faith*, which is the root of holiness, is an act of union. It joins the life of the believer to the life of Christ. It draws a man out of his individuality and merges self in fellowship with another. It is directly opposed to insulation. That which draws man out of self into partnership with God necessarily establishes in his spirit a social principle which draws him toward unity with his brother. It may safely be affirmed that a solitary, self-absorbed spirit has not and can not have true faith.

II. *Holiness* itself is essentially a uniting principle. Men may indeed profess holiness and talk and argue for the doctrine of holiness, and yet be Ishmaelites. But such persons either attach no definite idea to the word holiness, using it only as a party shibboleth, or mean by it merely the negation of sin. A true definition of the word exposes their emptiness. Holiness is not a mere watchword, or negation. It is LOVE. If it were nothing but the negation of sin, a stone might be called holy. It is conformity to the law, and the law requires positive love. And the love-principle of holiness looks, not merely toward God, but toward men. It is the love of God shed abroad in the heart; and, as God loves men, so whoever has God's love in his heart, loves men. Holiness, then, is an attracting, harmonizing principle. Its tendency is to make all who possess it, one in heart; and unity of heart is the earnest of unity of mind and action. Persons who are in love with each other, easily learn to think alike. Love makes them modest in regard to themselves, respectful toward one another, patient in discussion, ready to appreciate each other's truths, anxious for agreement. Thus the heart draws the head after it; and if the heart is in the truth, the closer the head follows it the better.

III. The New Covenant privilege of being *taught and led by the Spirit*, though it has been perverted, perhaps more than any other principle of Perfectionism, into subservience to the doctrine of disunity, is really the strongest bond of agreement. Self-willed talkers about holiness seize upon the doctrine of divine illumination and make great account of it, merely for the sake of the license which they suppose it gives them, to reject all fraternal teachings and influences, and fortify themselves in jealous individuality of thought and will. Thus it is made to nourish a spirit of insulation which is utterly incompatible with even the loosest forms of associate life, to say nothing of the unity of the body of Christ. But let us look at the teachings of the Spirit from another point of view. Instead of expecting, and thus allowing antagonism of sentiments among those who profess to be led by the Spirit, we should assume, from the unity of their guiding influence, that their minds will converge to a common center, and that they, above all others, will think alike and act alike. Men of the world, who walk in the light of "sparks which they themselves have kindled," may be expected to scatter and cross each other in every direction. But how is it possible that minds under the same divine influence, having each the one "mind of Christ," should disagree? The unity of their light, the clearness of vision which it gives them, and the love which goes with it, all tend to make them of one heart, one mind, and one voice. The instinct of animals is undoubtedly an influx from the spiritual world, and may illustrate the influences of the Spirit of God. Bees, for instance, are governed in their wonderful operations, not chiefly by the influences of education, or mutual consultation and direction, or individual self-motion, but by a common spiritual impulse. Is this a reason why we should expect anarchy and cross-purposes among them? Does an individual bee ever bristle up in a spirit of independence, and say, "I am taught

by the Spirit, and I must therefore act by myself; I will not build comb and store honey in concert with a swarm!" The truth is, the one spirit that guides the swarm, is the very element of unity, subordination, and combined labor. So it must necessarily be with those who are taught and led by the Spirit of God. Insulation and opposition of thought and will, instead of being the appropriate results of divine illumination, are the surest proofs that the society in which they appear, as a whole or in part, is guided by self and the devil. If the Spirit of God is one, all who are led by it, and in proportion as they are led by it, will think and act as one; and if two individuals professing to be led by the Spirit, cross each other, it is certain that one or the other of them is a false pretender.

IV. The doctrine that believers are *not under law*, has been made the excuse for anarchy. But it should be borne in mind that the gospel holds forth no such doctrine *by itself*. The form of sound words is this—"Ye are not under law, but under grace;" and the first half of this declaration, without the last, is nothing. Men are free from law only so far as they are subject to grace. And what is it to be "under grace?" It is a *submission* of one's own spirit, to the Spirit of Christ. It is a subjection of the flesh to the spirit, and of the spirit to the will of God. Is there any thing like insulation, insubordination and high-headed independence in this? Is a spirit a less controlling power than a law? or submission to a spirit, a less self-subduing act than submission to a law? Nay, the "touch-me-not" spirit belongs to the law dispensation, if anywhere. Submission to grace merges self-will in the will of another. A believer, above all others, is not "a wild ass's colt" that spurns dominion. Christ has a yoke for his followers, and it binds them to subordination and co-operation, not less stringently than the yoke of the law. It is easy, not because it is weak and uncontrolling, but because it carries a good disposition with it.

V. *Crucifixion with Christ* is a participation in the spirit which was in Christ when he was crucified. What kind of a spirit was that? Hear its utterance: "Then said he, Lo I come to do thy will, O God." "Not my will but thine be done." The spirit of the cross, is preëminently the spirit of meekness and subordination. It is death to self-will. From the flesh proceed, "hatred, variance, emulations, wrath, strife, seditions, heresies, envyings, and such like:" and in the cross of Christ, the flesh is given to the nails and to the spear. Self-will is the same thing, whether it turns toward God or toward men. It refuses subordination, and without subordination there can be no union with God or man. The cross of Christ, therefore, by destroying self-will, takes away the principal—we might almost say the only—obstacle to the union of believers. A man who has heartily submitted to God by the cross, will never refuse submission to any secondary agencies which exist by the will of God, and are necessary to the execution of his plans. The uncircumcised spirit of independence which says, "I submit to God in person, but not to any subordinate agency," has not a semblance of the spirit of the cross. If Christ had thus submitted by halves, he would have said on Calvary, "I submit to God; he may do as he pleases with me; but as to allowing Pilate and Herod and the Roman soldiers to have charge of me, I will let loose twelve legions of angels on them first." This would have been quite a moderate and excusable exhibition of self-will, in comparison with that of one who says—"I submit to God in heaven, but not to God in human beings, under any circumstances." A crucified church, instead of being distinguished for its proud spirit of individuality, is the very society above all others, in which the exhortation, "Submit yourselves one to another," will find place.

VI. The doctrine that *Christ is in believers*, and that *the church is the body of Christ*, calls

aloud for the unity of the saints. This doctrine was Paul's favorite theme. See what he says in 1 Cor. 12: 12-30, Eph. 4: 16, and Col. 2: 19, about the intimate union, mutual assistance and subordination of the members of Christ. They are "knit together by joints and bands" "fitly joined together and compacted by that which every joint supplieth," and no member can say to its fellow, "I have no need of thee." They who pride themselves on having a religion which forbids us to lean on one another, will do well to study Paul's theory of anatomy. Who ever heard of a living body in which the members were insulated from each other, and acted without concert and mutual help; in which the brain did not use the service of the eye, and the eye direct the hand, and the hand minister food to the mouth, and the mouth to the stomach, and the stomach to the trunk, and the trunk to the limbs; in which the nerves were not subject to the brain, and the muscles to the nerves, and the tendons to the muscles, and the bones to the tendons? Unity, concert, and subordination, are the elements of all natural organization, and were preëminently the elements of spiritual organization in Paul's time. There is no reason to believe that the body of Christ, has essentially changed its mode of existence or the laws of its growth and action. Certainly it has not become a mass of severed fragments and particles, acting each one by itself, for that would be a dead carcass. If the true church is the body of Christ, there is no true church where there is not compact junction, mutual ministration, and organic subordination.

Thus the central doctrines of Perfectionism, one and all, draw with their whole force toward unity. Men may talk about them without seeing their tendency or feeling their attraction. But such men are mere letter-Perfectionists. No man has received the spirit of those doctrines, who does not feel in the yearnings of his heart and manifest in the travail of his life, the spirit of Christ's prayer "that all who believe may be one; as thou Father art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us. . . . I in them and thou in me, that they may be made perfect in one; and that the world may know that thou hast sent me, and hast loved them as thou hast loved me." (John 16: 20-23.) It ought to be assumed among us, and it will be assumed, when experience has developed wisdom, that a man who is jealous for self-will and self-teaching, and talks largely about his independence of his brethren, and evidently values the liberty of insulation more than love, is no Perfectionist. The spirit of such a man is utterly incompatible with that *faith* which merges self in another, that *holiness* which is love, that *guidance of the Spirit* which makes all who receive it one, that *freedom from law* which is submission to the yoke of grace, that *crucifixion with Christ* which consigns the will of the flesh to death, and that mutual dependence which is essential to the organization of the body of Christ.

In the name of all the doctrines of Perfectionism, and of all true lovers of them, we protest against the assumption which has been admitted among us, that we are always to stand aloof from each other, without organization, without concert, expecting without regret and allowing without resistance, differences and dissensions, as if an Ishmaelitish state were our natural and peculiar privilege. This assumption is a vile libel on the gospel of holiness.

When we make out a schedule of the "doctrines of devils" that have crept into the creed of Perfectionists, we shall place high on the list, THE DOCTRINE OF DISUNITY.

NOTES ON THE CULTIVATION OF THE RASPBERRY.

THE benefit of mulching for the raspberry, though often spoken of, is little heeded, and still less is known of its value to the growing crop. This season I tried the experiment

of mulching a row of the Franconia, and also one of the Philadelphia, side by side. The effect was very marked. Whilst the Franconias which were not mulched, were literally scorched, and the leaves crumpled in the sun, the row which received mulching, carried through nearly double the crop of fruit. The yield of the Philadelphia also was very much increased in quantity, and in the size of the berries. Indeed this variety has produced wonderfully, notwithstanding the hot dry weather of the season. Although the fruit of the Philadelphia is not as palatable as some others, still it sells well, bringing forty cents a quart in market. The berries are also excellent for canning, and for jams and jellies. We shall plant more of this variety, as this and the Clarke are the only two berries of this class with which we are acquainted, that are hardy, and whose foliage withstands the hot dry weather of summer.

One other benefit in mulching, is the saving in labor. The work of spreading it on, is not very great, and further cultivation for the season is dispensed with. In my experiment, I used old, half decayed buckwheat straw. Some buckwheat came up, but this was quickly disposed of by the use of the lawn-hook. After stirring and cultivating the ground in the spring, the first of June is soon enough to apply the mulching. By that time the ground will have become warm, and the new cane will have made a good start. In case straw or other material is scarce, coarse grass, brakes and flags, that grow in swales and swamps, will have grown sufficiently for the purpose. The material used may also, as it decays, be counted on as of considerable value to the land, in keeping it in good heart.

Beginners in the cultivation of this class of raspberries, should not be discouraged if they do not get much fruit the first season of bearing, as these varieties require to become well established, say until the second or third year, before they will do their best. Those who have a piece of land and wish to make the most of it, would do well to plant a part to raspberries. The demand for all varieties is still on the increase. The Wallingford Community sold this season, their entire crop of between two and three acres of Doolittle's Black Caps, for thirty cents a quart.

H. T.  
Wallingford, Aug. 6, 1868.

THE OPENING OF CHINA.

THIS event, inaugurated under the auspices of the American Government, is justly regarded as marking an important epoch in the history of the Chinese Empire and of the world. It indicates that the old principles of national exclusiveness, which have so long held sway over the eastern nations, are giving place to the more enlightened principles of national amity and general progress. It indicates that the socializing and Christianizing influences of the western nations, as well as their material improvements, are to be exhibited to the four hundred millions of people, whom we have formerly regarded as barbarous or only half-civilized. It indicates, in short, that modern civilization is destined to compete with the customs, manners and religions of a nation hoary with antiquity. It seems miraculous that the Chinese should be prompted to invite this intercourse and competition: the people who have, almost to the present time, boasted of their superiority to all other peoples. It is not the result of war; not induced by humiliation before foreign powers,

nor by a sense of their own weakness and ignorance; but it is a voluntary and sincere recognition of the advantages which may be derived from the free intercourse of nations. If this result had been achieved by force of arms, how universal would have been the rejoicing, and how long and loud would have been the praises given to the bloody heroes whose valor had compelled the haughty celestials to open their doors to the commerce of the world! How much more glorious is this result as it comes to us! Since we have no bloody heroes to praise, let us carry our praises up to Him who is the great primary cause of all human progress.

It is a matter of rejoicing too, that this movement on the part of the Chinese is properly met by the more advanced western nations, and that treaties are likely to be negotiated which will insure great benefits to China and to the nations of the west. The United States has the honor of first receiving the Chinese Embassy, and manifests her readiness to facilitate free intercourse with her far-off neighbors.

It is probable that, on account of our lack of general acquaintance with the Chinese people and their institutions, we have not truly appreciated them. It has been common to think and speak of them as ignorant and superstitious, and of their government as very despotic. But if we may credit the statements of Mr. Burlingame and of travelers who have had the best facilities for acquainting themselves with Chinese life, we shall find many things in China to admire, and some things to imitate.

For instance, the Chinese hate war, and never engage in it when it can be avoided; and they do not consider great military achievements as any indication of superior civilization. They admire physical courage, but more the prudence which avoids strife; and ascribe their prosperity as a nation to the peaceable policy of their government.

In China, life is said to be every-where comparatively secure. Murders are much less rare than in our own country.

Industry is with the Chinese a natural virtue. That they excel in the cultivation of the soil is sufficiently evinced by the crowded population of China.

Education is said to be almost universal; and books are cheaper and more abundant than in our own country. One traveler writes: "The rules and regulations for the education of children, and for the prosecution of studies, laid down in Chinese books are excellent. Education is general. Even the lowest grade of mechanics know how to keep their own accounts. Literary attainments are considered creditable to women, and there are a considerable number of female authors."

Public offices are open in China to all competitors without distinction of birth or creed; and the competition is always based on educational attainments. Office can, as a rule, be attained only as the result of high scholarship. The chief men are hence very learned as well shrewd in matters of public policy.

Concerning the despotic character of the Chinese government, the New York *Evening Post* states: "The government in China is less centralized in most respects than it has lately become among us, and far less than in any European country, even England; municipal and local self-government are as well understood and better practiced in China than in the United States; the officers of the people are held accountable, both by the government and by the people, and are not corrupt as a rule, or likely to escape ingenious punishment if they are so. It sounds oddly to be assured that the town-meeting is as well understood in China as here. The road to honor and high station is absolutely more open to the meritorious poor and obscure man in China than in this country. Life and prosperity are made safe in the great Chinese cities by a system of municipal government, some of whose features are admirable and worthy of our attentive study."

Many inventions claimed here as of modern origin were anticipated by the Chinese, such as porcelain, gun-powder, printing, &c., and some assert that, with the exception of the steam-engine and electric telegraph, it would be difficult to name any

great modern inventions at the west which have not been in use for centuries among the Chinese.

With such indications of the intelligence of the Chinese it is safe to conclude, that the advantages resulting from free intercourse between China and the western nations will be in many respects mutual. w.

## THE CIRCULAR.

O. C., MONDAY, AUGUST 17, 1868.

### THE CALIFORNIA RAID!

P. P. VERSUS O. C.

#### ATTACK OF THE PAJARONIAN

ON THE

#### Community Women and Children!

OUR attention has been called to an article that is going the rounds of the country papers under the caption, "The Perfectionists of Oneida N. Y.," purporting to come from California, and giving a most lugubrious, not to say malignant, account of the state of things in the Community. As many of our readers have probably seen the article, and as we shall quote the most important parts of it in the course of our remarks, it would be a waste of time and space to present it *in extenso*. We shall give enough of it to enable any one to judge of the whole.

It is often said if you wish to get the strangest news about things right around you, you must look into some far-off newspaper. Americans always find the most ludicrous and dreadful accounts of their condition, in English books and periodicals. The principle in these cases seems to be in part that of the counterfeiter, who manages to put his bills in circulation at some point as far as possible from the bank whose notes he imitates, because by that trick he impedes and delays detection. So here we have a venomous attack on the Oneida Community, starting from "Watsonville, Cal." (does any body know where that is?) in a newspaper called "The Pajaronian" (does any body know what that means?), with the blind signature "P. P.," and the air of a cosmopolite corrector of the universal press.

We do not believe "P. P." ever saw California; though he may have had a convenient friend in the office of "The Pajaronian," and was shrewd enough to start his bill where it would have the best chance of a long run of mischief. Some signs lead us to suspect that he lives in the State of New York, and is a religious rum-seller and tippler. We may be mistaken; but we confidently expect to identify him sooner or later, for heaven's detectives are surely after him, and the day of judgment is coming sometime.

The man professes to give an account of a visit which he made to the Community; but it is perfectly evident from the whole air of his article, and from the gross blunders which we shall by and by show in it, that he either never saw the Community, or if he did spend twenty-four hours there, as he pretends, that he did not write his account of the visit *at the time*, or anywhere near it, but neglected it till his memory of what he saw was so decayed and mixed up with the suggestions of his malice, that he could only make a patchwork of guesses, fiction, and plagiarisms from other newspaper articles. We are sure that he did not write as a reporter of realities seen and remembered, but as an enemy, having a deliberate, and malignant purpose, and using the style of a reporter to give plausibility to his slanders.

We say that he wrote for a purpose; and he him-

self shows what that purpose was, in the following passage of his introduction:

"From time to time articles have appeared in the Eastern papers describing with more or less circumstantiality the religious belief [of the O. C.], the regulations by which they are held together, and their increasing worldly prosperity. Great prominence is given to the latter item. We are assured that their well-made traps for bears and smaller creatures are in demand from Sitka to Florida, and their morocco satchels and canned fruit are equally above criticism. These accounts are written with such evident fairness and there is such a manifest desire to see the bright side of the picture, and to do no injustice to a body of fanatics who are living a theory, that the public can hardly arrive at the truth in the case—a case further removed from nature than either Mormonism or Shakerism;" [and this last indictment is the text of all the rest of the discourse.]

Here it appears that "P. P." had seen the reports of the *Tribune*, the *World*, the *Herald*, and a host of other first class papers that have taken pains to send their men to the Community for observation, but he did not like their representations; they were one-sided; too cheerful and charitable; he would work up a report of his twenty-four hours' visit (which he had nearly forgotten, if he ever made it), so as to counteract the favorable impressions made by these Eastern scribblers; they were disposed to treat the Community fairly; he would see what could be said against it, hit or miss; they put on the bright colors; he would furnish the soot. In short and in plain words, his purpose, clearly disclosed if not avowed, was to abuse us to the extent of his ability.

In carrying out this purpose, he adopted a characteristic expedient, viz., that of sparing the men, and tomahawking the women and children! His attack from beginning to end, is directed against the "bad looks" of our people. He knew there would be the weak point, where he could hit the women most cruelly. Seeing that our general enterprise and success could not be denied, and that the Community must have some smart leaders to keep the rest at work, he thought it good policy to admit that he saw several "good-looking men;" but the women and children he pictures as ghastly frights without exception! Thus he says:

"Nowhere had I seen such a collection of ugly (homely) old women. They must have been gathered from the most ignorant class of laborers, on a level with the Mormon women, and who, like them, being on the animal plane, were led by their men. I observed the want of individuality—of spirit and spiritual beauty—in the faces of the young women. They had had possibilities, it was evident, but the violation of the most sacred instincts of the soul had divested the countenance of every charm." \* \* \*

"I was shown the children, and here were still more vacant faces, and the same monotonous dress. It was a sad sight indeed. The children are held to belong to the Community, and no more to their mothers than any other woman in it. With so little brightness in their faces, I did not see how any woman could be particularly moved to claim one as specially her own."

How chivalrous and honorable to accept the hospitalities of these very women, and allow himself to be "kindly entertained" by them, as he acknowledges he was at the Community, and then go out and bespatter them in this foul way! And how probable it is that "good-looking men" from New England and New York, who brought families into the Community, should be found, after twenty years of prosperity, with none but the very ugliest of women and children around them! Would not a bad life change the looks of the men quite as fast as those of their wives and offspring?

The reader will not fail to notice in the above remarks on the women, a lurking sneer at the "class of laborers" or, as "P. P." has it in another passage, "the drudge class." Elsewhere he contrasts the "nobler specimens of humanity," and the "splendid organizations" of the genteel world, with our poor working Communists. Who does not know that Southern nabobs talked in this very strain not long ago, about the whole people of the North, calling farmers "mudsills," and manufacturers "greasy mechanics;" and themselves "the superior race," because they lived in laziness. This chivalrous abuser of women and children has the true slang of a slave-holder, against the marks of a life of labor.

There is no "spiritual beauty," forsooth, in such a life! If there is nothing worse than this to be said about the Mormons, they will get ahead of "P. P." and all his descendants. Let him laugh who wins! Laborers are coming up!

But let us see who the women are that "P. P." smirches in this wholesale way. The largest class of our women are wives and daughters of New England and New York farmers, men who belonged to the magistracy, and were deacons in the churches, and the staff of every public interest, in the towns where they belonged. Twenty of our leading men parted with valuable farms and homesteads, to join the Community. Their names are not mean. Almost every one of them can be found in Savage's Genealogical Dictionary of the first settlers of New England—Abbott, Ackley, Hawley, Kingsley, Kellogg, Underwood, &c. Another class are wives and daughters of architects and mechanics, men high in their profession, with such names as Hamilton, Hatch, Sears, Woolworth, &c. Among the rest are two wives and four daughters and four granddaughters of ministers; two wives of lawyers; the widow, daughter, and two granddaughters of a doctor; a granddaughter of an ex-Lieut. Governor; two daughters and three granddaughters of an ex-member of Congress; a wife of an ex-member of a State Legislature; a daughter of a wealthy city banker; two that have been principals of young ladies' seminaries; eighteen that have been school-teachers.

As to the life of these women since they came to the Community, it may be said at least that some of their employments are not of the sort that are generally thought to make people stupid and ugly. They have worn out three or four pianos. They took leading parts and a full share of responsibility, a few years ago, in a winter series of theatricals and concerts, which drew crowded houses from the surrounding country, and were complimented for their music and tableaux, as exceeding anything of the kind even in the neighboring cities. They indulge freely in such studies as rhetoric, botany, astronomy, algebra, foreign and dead languages. Printing-offices are generally thought to be places of discipline and intelligence; and not less than fifty of our women and girls are experts at type-setting, and have had the education of the editorial room. The entire book-keeping of the Community (which is not a small business, or one that can be carried on without some intelligence), is in the hands of the young women; and the daughter of the New Jersey banker in that position actually held the helm of our finances last year, and steered us through some of the roughest seas that we have ever encountered.

Does any body believe that these women are the ugly spiritless drudges that "P. P." represents? Or to make the question broader, does any body believe that such women, or the men connected with them, could be held in ignorance and spiritual slavery for twenty years by any man or set of men? Does any body believe that such a set of stupid as "P. P." pictures, could achieve or be made to achieve the material and financial results which every body can see at the Oneida Community? Finally does any body believe that the offspring of men and women with such antecedents and consequents, are puny creatures, with "vacant faces," verging on idiocy?

"P. P." says the young women of the Community have "had possibilities!" A dainty phrase that! What can it mean? Does he refer to the "possibility" of being put through the marriage-mill, and ground up into eight or nine unwished-for children; if not prevented by two or three fashionable abortions? Our women thank God every day of their lives that they have escaped such "possibilities."

It is "P. P.'s" cue to show up the Community as a society under the most awful system of spiritual despotism; and his method of doing this is, to picture the women as dismal heartless things, without a sign of beauty or expression of any kind in their faces or ways. Thus he says:

"Nothing could be imagined more dreary. The eye longs for color, for graceful curves, for variety of every kind, the heart for winsome ways and hearty mirth as well as gravity. In the twenty-four hours was heard not the shadow (!) of a laugh. People walked into their meals in a staid, mechanical way, and

walked out again. No young girl nodded or smiled at another, or hurried in girlish earnestness to relate some little circumstance or question of some girlish interest, as they would have done in their own father's house."

You see that he judges every thing by the eye. Indeed, he says in so many words that he went to the Community because he "was curious to see the faces of those who had lived [the Community theory] for twenty years." He had made up his mind about the theory, that it was "further removed from nature than Mormonism or Shakerism;" and he went to look for the proof of this conclusion. He wanted to see the ugliness which a horrid system will produce—and he saw it, but it was "all in his eye."

Women are not likely to be merry or in any way demonstrative under the surveillance of such evil-eyed spies as "P. P." They know by instinct when a hobgoblin is around. But he would be convinced that our women have not lost all their liveliness, if he had seen and heard them laugh at his article.

Whether they are more staid and sober than the rest of the world, must be partly a matter of opinion, and certainly cannot be judged in twenty-four hours by a chilly, chilling stranger. "P. P." saw nothing but starch and apathy. We who live from year to year among these women, are sure that they laugh and gossip more freely and heartily than the generality of their sex in society around them; and that they show their freedom and liveliness in their countenances, and in all their ways.

But the dreadful offence of the Community women in "P. P.'s" eyes evidently was, their short dress and short hair. He says:

"Imagine eighty or a hundred women, most of them of the drudge class, a few rising to the external intellectual, none to the spiritual—every one, young and old, with the hair shingled (or cut short at the neck), every one with the ugliest of bloomer dresses, viz: the straight man's pants, below a dingy colored calico dress to match, with collars and breastpins so similar that they must have been bought by the gross, with faces out of which every vestige of individuality had been religiously eradicated, and you see the feminine side of the millenium."

Now we will confess that our women cut short their dress and their hair for *comfort*, and not for beauty: to please themselves and the men they love, and not to please "P. P." and the world; (though, by the way, many even outside the Community think that beauty and comfort go together in this case as in others). It is not surprising that taste, cultivated into servile conformity to prevailing fashions, should revolt a little, or even a good deal, at the strangeness of the costume and hair-dress which our women prefer—especially as their personal appearance is not aided at all by corsets, or breast-padding, or hair-dye, or rouge, or lily-white. But is it not something in their favor that they find health and convenience in thus curtailing impediments and consenting to pass for what they really are? They do not annoy the rest of the world by their peculiarities, unless the world chooses to annoy itself by coming to see them. They always put on the long dress when they go abroad; (but, truth to tell, they always get out of it as soon as they can after they get home; for they say it is "tiresome"). Does any body believe they would really be any better, or handsomer, or more attractive, if they carried about the usual amount of dry goods and hair, and corded their waists into fourteen inches?

One of the young women, who still feels occasionally the monitions of the world's nimbus in matters of fashion, returns, about once a year, to the notion that she will raise a long head of hair. She has a vigorous growth of handsome black hair, and is at perfect liberty to make the most of it; but every time she tries to let it grow, as soon as it begins to dangle round her ears and face, she gets sick of it, because it is "hot and heavy and takes up so much time;" and so she goes back to short hair and freedom. Now which is in the cramp of stupidity and despotism, she or the slaves of the "waterfall?"

The fact is, that our women, having lost their reputation in the world of fashion, feel at liberty to consult reason in matters of dress; and such folks as "P. P." are mad at their presumption, and in their madness see nothing but ugliness in every

thing about them. This alone accounts for nearly all the dismal sights that "P. P." saw.

We will now attend to some of the minor errors of fact in "P. P.'s" story. He gives the following account of an evening meeting which he says he attended:

"It was a singular proof of how the ignorant can be managed by earnest but fanatical leaders, to see the two hundred, apparently in a state of utter apathy, file into the large meeting hall the evening I was there. They carried in their hands medium sized lamps, which they placed on the tables assigned them, and sitting down, the women took each out of her pocket a gray woolen sock, and proceeded to knit monotonously, and the men were seated back from the lamps. No one nodded or smiled, or looked around with interest, on the gathering throng. At once a young man arose, and moving to the end of the hall, read from a daily paper the telegraphic news—news of Garibaldi and matters of equal importance. They never moved a muscle, or took the least notice. No eye lifted at news of the hero's success, or became moist from sadder cause. Then a brother, 'Homer,' it was, I believe, was up for criticism; a very good looking young man rose and declared in measured phrase that 'he felt to love Homer, and he thought, yes, he believed Homer felt more love toward the brothers and sisters than himself. His great fault had been his *set ways*. He would work his own way, and could not be made to merge his ways in the ways of others. He did think, however, that he was coming into more harmony with the Kingdom of God. Homer might improve his voice, though. His voice was disagreeable. It might be improved. He might take some vocal exercise,' etc. A very masculine woman, whose voice I barely endured in a scriptural discussion in the afternoon, here chimed in that 'she too thought that Homer might take some vocal exercises, and improve his voice.' After this criticism, which occupied something over half an hour, was finished, a spiritless hymn was sung—the women took up their lamps and without one backward good-night glance to man or woman, marched listlessly out to their rooms.

Now as the marks of a bad bill are often very trivial and yet very decisive, so in this account there are some small items that make it certain to every member of the Community, that "P. P." either never attended one of our meetings, or that he patched up this account so long after he attended it, that he had to help his memory by fabrication. 1. The file of two hundred, each carrying a lamp, is a fiction done on purpose. None of the men, and not a half-dozen of the women, ever carry lamps into the Hall, which is abundantly lighted by large public burners and lamps that are kept on the tables. 2. The statement that "each of the women took from her pocket a gray woolen sock," &c., has but the smallest foundation in fact. Two or three may have done so, but not more. 3. "P. P." says the young man that criticised Homer, "rose" and said so and so. Our people never rise in giving criticism. 4. The young man is represented as saying "he *felt* to love Homer." That expression was never heard in our meetings, and was manifestly lugged in for the purpose of creating the impression that we deal in cant and religious vulgarisms. 5. The whole scene bears marks not merely of fabrication, but of plagiarism. Many of our readers will remember that a reporter for the *Tribune*, sometime last year, gave an account of a meeting which he attended at the O. C. In that meeting there was a criticism, and the person criticised was "Homer." And the *Tribune* man tried to make the affair ludicrous in precisely the same way as "P. P." does, by telling how one and another said that he "loved Homer." The resemblance of the two accounts, and the fact that "P. P." refers to the articles about the O. C. in the "Eastern papers," showing that he had read them, indicates that he stole the main idea of his picture; and so we are left in doubt whether his whole story is not a patchwork made up by borrowing and fabrication.

Thus we have exposed the purpose and method and spirit of "P. P.'s" misrepresentations, and given specimens enough of his lying to show that no part of his story is reliable. There are thousands all over the country who have seen the same things that he saw, but with different eyes. Let them say whether we have done him any injustice.

He concludes with the following devout reflection: "I never before felt so certain that the desire to obtain for one's self, property, was a God-given and legitimate desire. These people had silenced this part of their nature, and their faces told it."

We will conclude by taking issue with the logic

and application of this elevated moral. We would like to know in the first place how it appears that the Community, as a whole, has got rid of the "God-given and legitimate desire to obtain property," and so spoiled their countenances? We clear from fifteen to fifty thousand dollars a year, and it is likely that some of us enjoy the operation. And secondly, as "P. P.'s" special point is that our women and children have spoiled their countenances, we would like to know wherein they are worse off than other people's women and children, in respect to obtaining and enjoying property? Wives and minors every-where work for their lords. In this respect, the Community really is the freest place in the world. "The God-given and legitimate desire of property" has full play among all classes, women and children included, just in proportion as Communism is the law of family life. The secret of our success (let us tell the world), is that all hands have a real enthusiasm for money-making, because all feel that it is a common benefit. A New England deacon lately said to his neighbor after a pleasanter visit to the O. C. than "P. P.'s," "They work LIKE BEES; all in harmony and peaceable; and it is a miracle how they can live so."

ONEIDA JOURNAL.

Aug. 15.—A son of Erin called to-day who asked if there was any one to "show him to the top of the castle," and after dinner, if we had any "refreshments in the way of liquors."

An associate furnishes the following mouse-story:

The other day as several of us, returning from a look at the work on the Midland Railroad, were crossing the bridge, some one exclaimed, "There is a mouse swimming across the creek," and on looking into the water sure enough there was a mouse swimming as hard as he could for a crooked stick, five or six feet long, with both ends in the water. He did not stop, as we expected, but ran along the stick and plunged into the water again where the current was quite swift and must have seemed like a terrible flood to him. Yet by working hard the little fellow kept nearly a straight course and safely reaching the shore hopped off into the grass as though nothing had happened to him except a slight wetting. I have seen rats swim before, but never thought of a little mouse making such a venture as that.

Every body knows that rats are epicures, but who ever heard of their being tipplers? About the first of July, Mrs. Thayer made five bottles of sweet strawberry wine and set them away uncorked, in a box in a dark cellar. She had been told that during the process of fermentation, the wine would rise and run over the top of the bottles, and so reserved a part of the juice with which to replenish them. After a day or two she discovered that the bottles needed refilling to be sure, but it was evident that they had not overflowed at the top; they didn't leak either. Here was a mystery. One morning while visiting her charge, she encountered an enormous rat, who, with sudden obsequiousness, left her the whole right of way. His behavior was certainly strange, but Mrs. Thayer did not heed him particularly. However the wine continued gradually to lower, and she finally put in some corks, not so tight as to burst the bottles, and yet sufficiently so to endure considerable pressure. The next time she went to the cellar she found the bottles corkless; three of the corks had disappeared entirely, and the other two were thrown into the box. Her suspicions now thoroughly aroused became fixed upon the burly vagrant she met in the way. She got five new corks and then tied two thicknesses of coarse sacking firmly over the box. Mr. Rat could not forego his accustomed revel, and during the night he gnawed through the sacking and two of the corks so that he could get his nose in and take a draught. Upon measuring the liquid, it was found that about three pints had been thus feloniously abstracted.

Propos to the above stories, we will say that a conversation in a late meeting revealed the fact that our cellars are sadly overrun with the genus *Mus*. Shoemakers' children are always out at the toe or heel, you will say, and wonder how we, who make traps by the thousand a day and send them from

Canada to the Rocky Mountains, should ever have a mouse in the house. It would be perfectly ridiculous if, as some people suppose, our manufacture was of the rat and mouse-trap. "Why," exclaimed a lady visitor the other day, seeing an "order" bulletined, "I can't see how you can sell such quantities of mouse-traps!" The smallest traps we make are for muskrats and are so large and spring with such a fearful grip, that we are afraid to set them in our house to any great extent, for fear the children will be getting their fingers or toes nipped. But as we don't like cats, not having, in fact, the least affinity for them, some method must be devised of using our traps with safety—setting them late at night and taking them up early in the morning, perhaps. The subject was dismissed by the appointment of an efficient committee who are to see that the nuisance is abated by the best means their wisdom can discover.

EXTRACTS FROM THE WALLINGFORD JOURNAL.

After supper Mr. Seymour called out a bee for pulling up a weed, called wild carrot. There was a full and enthusiastic bee, and we cleared the south part of the lawn and a small part of Mount Tom. Mr. Seymour's idea is, that by pulling up the weeds this year and next, before they go to seed, we shall be entirely rid of them.

It is a fine time for mushrooms. Mr. Leonard who has been out in the pastures and gathered some several times, discovered them to-night very thick under two of the evergreen trees on the lawn in front of the house. He counted one hundred and eighty mushrooms. He accounts for it in this way: This portion of the lawn is new ground filled up from the chip-yard, where there probably were seeds of mushrooms, from our flinging out the roots and parings, and this rainy season is favorable for the growth of all vegetation.

The following is a report of our raspberry harvest:

Used in the family.....	273 qts.
Preserved.....	200 "
Cash sales.....	300 "
Shipped.....	2217 "

Total picked..... 2990 "  
Average net proceeds per qt., 27 cts. 56-100.  
Value at that rate \$834.14.

These berries were raised on two acres. Three-fourths of an acre were old canes which have since been cut down and ploughed in.

We have had so much rain and cloudy weather this summer that every thing made of leather molds in almost every room in our house. If you let your shoes stand a day or two, you will find them covered with mold, and Frederick even says his that he wears every day are moldy. The books in the library in the Hall begin to show a slight covering.

MORE TESTIMONIALS.

The doctrine of the Second Coming of Christ was the first of Mr. Noyes's writings I ever read. Desiring to know what truth the Community possessed that I had not, I was recommended to read that section in the Berean which relates to this subject. I did so with Bible in hand, carefully looking out all the references. The mass of evidence thus found placed the truth of that doctrine beyond doubt in my mind. Surely, I thought, it is a supernatural blindness that prevents the Bible-reading and Bible-loving church from comprehending a truth so clearly and frequently expressed. As one principle thoroughly understood is a stepping-stone to others, so I find that one truth thoroughly believed helps me to receive higher truth.

JOHN S. FREEMAN.

I was born and educated during the powerful revival times, when Sabbath schools had so great an influence in turning the attention of the young to studying the Bible. I was converted, and joined the Baptist church, when about sixteen, and was in full sympathy with their belief about the Second Coming, Sabbath, and close communion. A few years later, a flood of isms swept over the land. Mormonism, Millerism, Spiritualism, Swedenborgianism, Phrenology, Moral Reform, Anti-slavery, and I don't know how many more. I should doubtless have been led astray by some of them, had I not obtained a Berean by the special providence of

God. I was converted to the truth of the doctrine of Salvation from Sin, but my belief in the Second Coming remained the same, for I had read Miller's books and the Advent papers, besides going to the meetings of that sect. At one time I staid three days and nights, really believing that Christ would come while I was there. Salvation from Sin was such a precious gift to me, and I was so joyful in it, that the Second Coming seemed at first of small consequence. But when I had read the Berean through, it changed my entire belief in regard to that matter. I dropped the church with its ordinances at once, and have never attended them since. I gave up my worldly friends without a regret, and chose the friends of Christ for ever. Mr. Boyle and wife came to our house with unfavorable reports of Mr. Noyes, but they did not affect me in the least, for I was sure my faith was on a firm foundation. While reading the two articles in the Berean, "The Throne of David," and "Our Relations to the Primitive Church;" I was enveloped in the heavenly spirit, and if others could be benefited as I have been by reading the Berean, I would gladly give away all we possess. From that time to this, I have taken more satisfaction in reading the Bible and Berean, than all other reading we have. It is a great comfort to me while reading the Bible to believe that those very characters there described, are in the resurrection, and that their accumulated strength is accessible to us. My strongest desire in joining the Community was to get away from the distractions of the world, and if possible attain unto the resurrection of the dead. It is by faith in the Second Coming and resurrection of Christ and the church of the first-born, that I have any hope of overcoming disease and death, and that faith is growing stronger every day.

DELIGHT J. BRISTOL.

We who were children in the first days of the settlement of the Community at Oneida grew up in familiar acquaintance with the Bible. The Bible was our primer—our school-book. The beautiful stories of the Old Testament fascinated us far more than modern story-books. Noah, Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Samson, Elijah, Elisha, David, and Daniel, Ruth, Rachel, and Esther were more the heroes and heroines of our play-ground dramas than ever were Robinson Crusoe or Sinbad the Sailor or the princes and princesses in Arabian Nights' Entertainment. The great charm about the book was that all the wonderful things it related were true: we believed every word we read. I well remember when what was called the "Bible Game" was started among the grown folks, how diligently we children conned the chapters given out for study, and with what zeal we endeavored to call out the right verse when it came our turn to guess.

Growing up thus with implicit belief in the Bible as the sacred word of God, I believed that Christ came the second time immediately after the destruction of Jerusalem, before I comprehended the importance of the truth or knew how contrary such a belief was to the doctrines of the churches. Yet when reason asserted her sway that belief became only the stronger. The difficulty was not, to believe it, but to doubt it. I could see plenty of reasons for taking Christ at his word and none of any importance for refusing to do so. I said to myself, "If Christ was unable or failed in some way to keep a promise which he made over and over again to his disciples, giving minute explanations as to the time of its fulfillment, then I have little encouragement to look to him with much assurance to do other things he has promised or to hope in him as a Savior."

As for suddenly twisting Christ's language relating to the subject of the Second Coming into a figurative sense, and caviling at the word "generation," the idea was too absurd. What if there is no record in history that Christ *did* come? Who was there left to write about it that we could have any confidence in? We should have been worse off than we are now if some of those untruthful popes and priests of the succeeding church had undertaken to guarantee Christ's faithfulness. If external signs are worth anything, belief is made easier for us than it was for the Primitive Church; for many of the disciples died

in the faith, without seeing the signs of Christ's Coming foretold by him; and we have the destruction of Jerusalem as an incontestible fact to rely upon. They had to believe that Christ *would* come at the time he indicated, and why shouldn't we believe as blindly that he *did* come then? I do believe it a great deal more than I believe that a telegraphic cable is lain across the Atlantic ocean, or that another will be stretched next year from New York to Brest. I am not afraid to take Christ at his word; but I am afraid *not* to do it, for what becomes then of the innate hope of immortality of which we can not help being conscious?

TIRZAH C. MILLER.

Born and brought up in the Community, it never required any effort to accept the Community doctrine in regard to the Second Coming. The plain teaching of the Bible, especially the emphatic announcement in Matt. 24: 34, 35, seemed so clear to me, that, having no preconceived theories to be overturned, I felt irresistibly compelled to believe. The whole army of doubters and disbelievers, from the "learned Grotius" with his "pious fraud," down to Joe Miller with his "time, time, and half a time," seem only like a set of idle dreamers, never like men really seeking the truth, so difficult is it to realize that any one could misconstrue Christ's words concerning an event in which he was to play so important a part.

As I grew older and began to appreciate how utterly the whole status of the world was changed by that event, what a vital bearing it has on the world of to-day, I came to understand why it is that Satan is working so desperately to keep the world in the dark upon the subject.

When careless inquirers ask me, "Where do you get your warrant for your strange doctrines and practices, your 'Salvation from Sin,' your social practices, etc.," I sometimes answer, "Our warrant is from a King crowned eighteen hundred years ago: we are only helping establish his kingdom on the earth."

CHARLES A. CRAGIN.

THE LAST GASP.

LABORATORY NO. VII.

IT'S of no use. I am going to resign. Laboratory building is played out. The business has, as far as I am concerned, finally and totally "bust up." It's all very well for folks to come along and remark—

"Why, George, who knew that you had such a time in building laboratories? What an inexhaustible stock of patience you must have!"

I may have had a small stock of patience in the past, but it ran out last week. I consider laboratories a delusion, and myself a victim, that's all. And what makes it particularly gratifying to think of is, the blissful realization of the fact that I, myself, was partially instrumental in bringing on the last demolition. For demolition I have suffered, as complete and thorough as that which swept the Bastille into oblivion. It happened thus:

The O. O. silk department suddenly discovered that it would be a good thing to have the spooling done over here at O. C., where help was plenty and other conditions favorable. The only possible room was on the first floor at the north end of the Tontine. I say possible, for at first sight all probabilities were out of the question, as the dairy had just spread itself over the entire room, and was jolly in the acquisition of a new lot of tin and a fresh coat of yellow paint. About this same time T. R. N. was hunting up a place for a dye-room. The best place he could find was in the basement of the Tontine, directly beneath the dairy. Of course a dairy and dye-house were incompatible. What next? We three—T. R. N., myself, and the ubiquitous head of the silk department (brother Charles, of bureau notoriety), then laid our heads together and deliberately planned a curtailment of the unfortunate dairy. The greater part of the milk, we decreed, should be sent to the cheese factory, thus reducing the department to a minimum, which could be accommodated in a corner of its present spacious apartments. Bringing the matter before the family was to be done simultaneously at O. C. and W. P., and I was delegated as special advocate at O. C. Little thinking then that

the move would affect the "Lab," I entered enthusiastically into the plan, and made a touching appeal in behalf of the silk department. The proposition was accepted and the necessary changes made immediately. In rearranging the line shafting the foreman of the machine-shop intimated that possibly it might be found necessary to run the shaft through into the first room of the "Lab," so as to connect with the printing-press above.

The next day I went out to make some inquiries as to the amount of room that would be required by the proposed changes in the machinery, when I found the whole thing adjusted ready for operation, shafting, pulleys and all, and a large belt rattling and tumbling the loose plastering about my ears. The assurance with which these machinists smashed into things was actually fascinating. Charles, who was near by, setting up silk-machinery, smiled and wanted to know if I could not spare a small portion of the outer room for a bed, as it was necessary to have some one sleep near the silk. I suppose I must have given consent, although I haven't the slightest recollection of so doing. Anyhow the bed was set up, and all my well-arranged fixtures shoved into the sanctum. The next thing was a monstrous box of spools, which filled up all the remaining room, leaving barely a passage-way into the inner "Lab."

I now determined to fall back on simple inertia; the room was pretty well filled with tables, closets loaded with bottles, jars &c., and nobody would think of moving all that stuff without they did it on purpose. But I miscalculated the strength of the enemy. Taking advantage of my absence attending to other matters, the silk department made a grand attack; tore down the partition, and tore up the pump, packed every thing into barrels and boxes and moved them down stairs. Little dreaming of what had happened, I was entering the "Lab" one day when one of the silk hands stopped me and said I couldn't be allowed in there as the floor was just painted. Just think of it, turned out neck and heels and hardly allowed so much as a peep! A compromise was finally effected, and I was allowed to go in and rescue a few articles left from the general wreck.

I now wish it distinctly understood that I have withdrawn from the business of building Laboratories. It don't pay.

Thine la-bor-a-toriously,  
G. E. C.

A VENTURE.

VI.

ANOTHER delay was unavoidable. Only one boat a day went to Norfolk, and she had already left. We could not go up in the schooner, for nothing was allowed to pass beyond the Fortress and we were permitted to land with our boat, only at one spot, and under surveillance. The entrance to the river was amply guarded by the Fortress on one side, and a Fort called the "Rip-Raps," built in shallow water on the other side of the channel. I had no alternative but to wait. The following day I went to the marshal's office at the Fortress, and with little trouble obtained a permit. Norfolk looked like some old English town, but was sadly dilapidated, and half deserted. Stringent military rule was in force there, and the inhabitants seemed to consist for the most part of negroes and union soldiers. Houses which had been torn down or set on fire by shot and shell, remained unbuilt, and grass was growing in the streets. An air of melancholy hung over the place, which was so oppressive that I wanted to get out of it without delay. I called at the house of a firm, of whom I had heard Van speak, and found he had been there a few days previous; had borrowed fifty dollars, giving a draft on me for the amount, and had gone directly to New York. There was no possibility of getting out of Norfolk till next morning, so I had to endure the luxury of eating and sleeping on shore for the first time in several weeks. It was with a sense of relief that I returned on board the schooner. I now knew the worst phases of my speculation, and could make my arrangements accordingly. Van had proved himself an irretrievable inebriate. I had paid dearly for my fanaticism

in attempting his reform, and determined to give him up.

No sooner did I begin to see my way through the darkness of this enterprise, than another started up. The captain with whom I had become on very intimate terms, proposed to sell me one-half interest in his schooner; and also the half of another schooner which he owned exactly like her, then lying at Philadelphia. He showed me her papers, and every thing appearing regular, the bargain was closed. The captain was to go to Philadelphia and freight his schooner there, with a cargo for the West Indies. Having seen her safely insured and started, he was to return to New York, and take in a cargo also for the West Indies, in the schooner in which we were then sailing, and return with both schooners laden with sugar. He agreed to furnish the cargoes, if I would purchase from him half the interests in the two ships, and said he would secure me, by clearing the New York cargo in my name. All this looked very well, and having unlimited confidence in the captain, who neither drank, smoked, chewed nor swore, and looked a perfect marvel of honesty, I began to think that some good might yet turn out of my venture.

These matters were discussed and settled, as we sailed up the Virginia coast, on as fine a day as ever graced the ocean. But while I pondered over this new feature of my trip, the wind freshened, and freshened so fast, that we had to shorten sail with all the haste we could make. With a sudden "squall," the wind shifted right in our teeth. We once more felt the violence of a storm, and began to drift back south. This was discouraging, for all were tired of the trip, and I was exceedingly anxious to get back to my family. Besides we were getting short of water and other provisions, and our only chance was to run in for Cape Henlopen, where we hoped to take refuge from the storm, behind the Delaware breakwater. It was now two o'clock in the afternoon, with no sign of land, and we had to sail so close to the wind, that at the best, we could not expect to reach the breakwater before dark; and probably should make so much "lee-way" before then, that we should not make the breakwater at all, but get far to the south of it. Moreover, the entrance to the breakwater was dangerous, and no one on board had ever been there. But the captain was not a man to be daunted by trifles.

"Any port in a storm!" he cried, and put the helm up for Henlopen.

Before dusk, we sighted the floating light-boat and being thus assured of the right track, we held our course with wet skins and light hearts. But the light-boat is stationed on a shoal of sand several miles out at sea, so that it was quite dark when we sighted the lights on the pier-heads of the Delaware breakwater. The breakwater is built across a large bay in which is good anchorage and ample room for as many ships as have hitherto taken refuge in it, although three hundred have been counted there at one time. Two breaks in the masonry, afford abundance of room for ships of any size to enter, in fine weather; but in a storm, a very large entrance appears quite inadequate, for if you make the slightest miscalculation, or one wrong movement of the rudder, you may be dashed by a wave against the massive pier-heads. Many people have been wrecked in that way, and drowned without any possibility of escape.

As we neared the northern entrance, the nerves of all on board were wrought up to the highest pitch of tension. The lights which beamed as brightly as they could through the turmoil of wind and spray and driven sleet, seemed but to make more black the hideous darkness. All were on deck, anxious as those whose lives hang on the turning of a die. With every nerve and sinew strained, firm as a bolt, the captain stood at the wheel, catching with eager ear, each warning call. Nearer and nearer still, we approached the lights. Now we could dimly discern the dark pier-heads; now, hear them break the furious waves. Silence was unbroken, save by the rioting of the elements, and the call of the mate, who kept the look-out in the bows. The suspense grew more intense as we neared the nar-

row entrance. The wind, which moaned through the rigging, now rose with a heavy blast to the shrillest scream, while a huge wave catching the ship in the stern, drove us with fearful rapidity towards the object, of at once, our hope and our dread.

"Hard a-port!" yelled the watch, "hard! hard a-port!!"

Each held his breath. The lives of all depended upon that turn of the wheel, and the wheel was yet turning, when we shot behind the pier-heads into water, as smooth as a mill-pond. I thanked God as we let go the anchor. I never heard sweeter music, than the running out of that chain cable. In a few minutes we were all sound asleep. I was still more thankful, when next day the hull of a wreck was seen bottom-side-up on the slope of the breakwater; and I was told that it had been driven there during the previous storm while seeking refuge, and all hands had perished.

When daylight came the question was, how to get ashore? For I was homeward bound by the shortest route. We were lying in smooth water, but beyond us, where the breakwater afforded less protection, the water was rough, and all along the sandy beach, the breakers dashed with considerable force and foam, but it was only a "tempest in a tea-pot" compared with what we had experienced outside, so we lowered the boat and started in search of a place to land. About a mile and a half of rowing brought us among the breakers, and after trying unsuccessfully two or three times to run upon the beach, an extra large breaker upset our boat and sent us all into the surf. Happening to remember that I was not expert in swimming and seeing that the captain was a tall man and strong withal, I made a leap for his broad shoulders and got ashore without any further exertion than that of holding on. The rest got ashore with some scrambling, and after righting the boat we hauled her on the beach and started across half a mile of swamp to the town of Henlopen. There was neither railroad nor stage within fifteen miles, so partaking of the best breakfast the place could afford, the captain and crew returned to the schooner while G. and I hired a team to Milford, where we took the cars and reached home at noon on Sunday.

Van had reached New York several days before me in a state of intoxication, in which condition he still continued. He had reported our expedition a signal success, and in proof thereof had spent much of his time riding about the city in coaches which he sent to my office for payment. I could not but be amused when I heard of his calling on certain merchants, sending for them to come out to the carriage to him, and then with a dignified air and a drunken hiccough imparting to them some silly twaddle about my expected return, and in the midst of his speech calling to the driver to "jrive to the Cus'm House." As soon as I could manage it, I ended my connection with Van and his family. My reform movement was as unsuccessful as possible, and Van still walks the streets of New York, ready to drink with any man on the slightest provocation.

E.

THE FLOWER TRAP.

OUR flower garden is getting to be so large and the variety of plants so numerous, that one needs to be something of a botanist, or at least a good memorizer, to keep up with the times. When such unambitious flowers as sweet peas and pinks and old fashioned roses were content to waft us their sweet fragrance in graceful unobtrusiveness, one could enjoy the garden walks with a confident feeling of being able to call each fair plant by name. But now so many new fangled shrubs and gorgeous blossoms with pretentious appellations have been introduced that one is in constant danger of having a trap sprung on him in the shape of an interested visitor who wishes very much to know the names of certain flowers.

In going from the house to the printing-office, our path lies close to the garden, and visitors are always thereabout viewing and admiring. Now they all seem to think that every member of the O. C. is

thoroughly posted in the minutest details of every department—as can be proved, for instance, by the incident of a man's asking one of our young ladies about the breed and number of our stock, &c.—and if you are obliged to pass that way very often, you will expect to be frequently arrested with, "Can you tell me the name of this flower?" or some other dreadful inquiry relating to floriculture. The other day while making the transit from the house to the office, I noticed a short distance ahead a knot of guests who looked as though they wanted to ask something, and well-knowing my lamentable incompetence in the botanical line, I tried to appear oblivious and slip by unobserved; but just as I got opposite a bed of cone-like, peerless lilies, a gentleman stepped up to me and said,

"Please tell me, Miss, the name of this beautiful flower?"

"Caught again," thought I to myself with a pang of self-commiseration, and then aloud, as blandly as possible,

"I don't know, sir."

I knew its name last year, but how under the sun is one to remember? If it had been "poppy," or "holyhock," or even "hyacinth," I might have done myself more credit: but "Tritoma Uvaria"—good heavens! what a tax on the memory of an ordinary mind! This affair stirred me up to escape its recurrence, so Carrie and I ran into the garden one evening and learned of Mrs. Sears the names of all the plants conspicuous for beauty or any unique quality and we got so we could roll from our tongues with considerable ease, "Amaranthus melancholicus ruber," "Maurandya Barclayana," &c. The next day a lady seated herself near me who had a large bouquet in her hands fresh from H. H. S.'s careful fingers. Commenting on its beauties, she turned the lovely pyramid round and round, I meanwhile hoping that my newly-acquired nomenclatural knowledge would stand me in good stead. But alas! I observed with increasing horror that she passed by the flowers whose names had become indelibly stamped on my memory, fixed her eyes upon one which looked as strange to me as it did to her, and pointing at it with her slender finger, asked,

"What name can belong to this curious plant?"

It is needless to say that my ignorance was again exposed, and that I left my questioner a sadder if not a wiser woman. But I know the name now. I carry a slip of paper in my pocket on which it is written. Lest my memory fail me, I will take it out while I transcribe it. Just read: Mesembryanthemum Crystallinum!

T. C. M.

M. Nobel the well-known manufacturer of nitro-glycerine, has invented an explosive compound formed of nitro-glycerine and silicious grit, which promises to be a great improvement. The results of some experiments lately performed by M. Nobel in England, showed that the "dynamite" could not be exploded by fire or concussion when unconfined, but in every case burned quietly away. When, however, the material is enclosed in a tight cartridge and exploded by a fuse and percussion cap, the force developed is terrible. A half-ounce cartridge exploded on the surface of a two-inch oak plank, made a hole completely through the wood. A block of granite about two feet square was shattered by the explosion of a quarter of a pound of dynamite on its surface, the substance being covered only by a little clay and sand. A wrought iron block about ten inches in diameter and twelve inches long, with an inch hole bored through it lengthwise, was charged with dynamite and completely split in two, one-half being thrown to a considerable distance. It is calculated to be ten times stronger than gunpowder, and no more dangerous for transportation.

**THE GREAT ECLIPSE.**—To-morrow, the savans who have congregated in India will be gazing at the most remarkable eclipse of the sun which has ever been observed by scientific men, the like of which is not to be seen by many succeeding generations. The remarkable duration of the eclipse, over six minutes, is owing to the fact that it occurs at a time when the

moon is approximately at her nearest point to us, which causes her disc to appear its largest, while the earth is at its greatest distance from the sun, causing a diminution of the apparent diameter of his disc. The shadow of the moon is nearly two thousand miles in breadth. The conjunction of the times of the sun's greatest and the moon's nearest distance is so close, that, if it were exact, the duration of the eclipse would be only slightly lengthened. A similar occurrence is not likely to take place for several hundred years. The scientific world has made great preparation, and expeditions have been dispatched from all parts of Europe.

We received this week, "Transactions of the New York State Agricultural Society for 1866," and find it has given several pages to a description of the Oneida Community, its buildings, manufactures, agriculture, barns, orchards, hedges, stock &c. The paper was furnished by T. L. Pitt, at the request of the Secretary of the County society with whose report it is embodied.

Mrs. TWEEDLEBUG, who was born down east, has the queerest way of mixing her vowels. During the hurry of breakfast-getting she was once heard to say, "Here, child, you put them aggs in that berrel till after brackfust!"

A VENERABLE lady in the hundredth year lost her daughter, who had attained the good old age of eighty. The mother's grief was great; and to a friend who came to condole with her she remarked,

"Oh dear! oh dear! I knew I never should be able to raise that child!"

#### NEWS ITEMS.

GOLD has been discovered in Central Africa.

THE Supreme Court of Massachusetts refuses to recognize the validity of Indiana divorces.

THE peach orchards on the eastern shore of Lake Michigan are said to be loaded with fine fruit.

THE orange crop in Florida is unusually promising and has been engaged for twenty dollars a thousand.

THE Chinese Embassy, through Mr. Burlingame, declined a public reception at Buffalo last week. They may visit that city in a private capacity.

NINE Christian churches of the primitive Byzantine style of architecture have been discovered at Lalibala in Abyssinia. The holy city has not been visited until recently by Europeans for more than three hundred years.

ON Thursday, the 16th ultimo, the last remnants of the Paris Exhibition of 1867 were carried away, and in the course of the day the ground was given up to the authorities. Not a trace now remains of the vast building or its surroundings which attracted so much attention one year ago. —*Utica Herald*

AN attempt is being made by European diplomats to induce the Chinese Government to open the Hoangho river to foreign commerce. The stream in its adaptation to navigation and wealth of country through which it flows, is thought to be inferior to none in the world except the Mississippi and the Amazon. The opening of this river would largely increase the foreign influence in China.

THE drouth in England the present season has been unequalled in that country for many years. The crop of hay has been cut very short and its exportation from the United States to England has already commenced. The drouth is also very severe on the Continent, especially in France and Spain. The entire provinces of the latter country are suffering severely and are threatened with famine.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

E. B. B., Mass.—Never mind about the whips.

S. W., Vt.—You did not notify us when you changed your residence, so we continued mailing the CIRCULAR to Jamaica. Could you not send there and get the back numbers?

## 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, 225 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, 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. NOYCE. 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. 280 pp. 8vo. Price, bound in cloth, \$1.50.

MALE CONTINENCE; or *Self-Control in Sexual Intercourse*. A Letter of Inquiry answered by J. H. NOYCE. 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.