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LOOK TO YOUR BALANCE-SHEET.

Home-Talk by J. H. Noyes, W. C., Oct. 28, 1867.

IN the financial affairs of the Community, somebody has to look pretty sharp to see that our expenses do not exceed our income. Now in the eternal line of things the ascending fellowship is income, and the descending fellowship is expense; and every one of us is going to succeed in this line, or fail and become bankrupt, according as we regulate those two things. Every thing depends on the balance of the ascending fellowship over the descending. Precisely this idea is signified where Paul says, "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap. For he that soweth to the flesh, shall of the flesh reap corruption: but he that soweth to the Spirit, shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting." Sowing to the Spirit is sending our life in the ascending direction, and sowing to the flesh, is sending it in the descending direction.

There must be a certain amount of sowing in the descending direction, as in the case of Christ when he came in the flesh. But he was not acting independently of the ascending fellowship; he came in obedience to it, so that his descending fellowship, when strictly construed, was ascending. It was a prudent transaction, which terminated in profit to the ascending fellowship. But even here the principle holds true, that they that sow to the descending fellowship shall reap trouble; as far as we go in that direction we shall have to suffer. Christ had to suffer to the full extent of his descent.

They who sow to the flesh in the sense the apostle means, by squandering their life without any calculation of return, not knowing what they are doing, not under the inspiration of the ascending fellowship, but following their appetites like the brutes, will inevitably reap corruption. There is no getting around or silencing these eternal principles. Our success and our eternal happiness depend on our understanding these principles, and knowing whether we are sowing to the Spirit or to the flesh, just as our financial success depends on our taking care to have good balances. Every individual stands on these principles in reference to his fellowships. If we mean to be saved, we must see to it that our income exceeds our expenses, and in fact, that our ex-

penses become feeders to our income. That is the way good healthy business is done. It is only when you have things so arranged that all your expenses come around at last so as to bring you a profit, that your business is on a sound basis.

As I have said before, the legitimate descending fellowship is that which is subservient to the ascending fellowship, and is inspired by it. This is an easily understood principle, and one which every one of us will have to abide the result of; there is no escape from it. You will have to look out well and see that you are not deceived about these things, imagining that your traffic is in an ascending direction when it is not. You are always safe in your traffic with God, but you are not with men and women. If you want to grow rich, you must talk more with God than with any body else, and more than with all other persons. You will have trouble and worrying, and wriggling and twisting to pay your debts, and by and by the sheriff will be after you, unless you do this.

In this matter every one will have to act for himself. In property matters we have our financiers, and others may have but little care as to the question of income and expense; but not so in the matter of salvation. We can not work through into spiritual wealth or spiritual poverty, by Communities. There is enough individualism about this matter of salvation, to make every one responsible for the state of his balance-sheet, though he be in the Community. I can not carry any body into salvation who does not seek the ascending fellowship. Such persons may hang on to my coat-tail; but I will slip off my coat to get away from them, rather than try to carry them through. The Community can not carry any of its members into heaven, or into freedom from the pursuit of devils; each one must look out for himself, and seek the ascending fellowship, and get a true balance between that and the descending. I hope we shall all have wit and Yankee thriftiness enough, and good, wholesome ambition enough, and above all, grace of God enough, to do this thing, and not let the devil cheat us out of our souls.

PRINCIPIA.—NO. 17.

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

IN the first number of the new paper (*The Spiritual Magazine*) are a few editorial remarks on the title and motto. The latter is the scripture text: "Godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life which now is,

and of that which is to come." We extract the following:

Our motto is rather old-fashioned; but after considerable search, we find that it fits the character which we intend to give our paper better than any thing that occurs to us, in or out of the Bible. Paul calls it "A FAITHFUL SAYING, AND WORTHY OF ALL ACCEPTATION," and we have a great respect for his judgment. A little explanation may help it to commend itself.

"Godliness," i. e. religion or the worship of God, is a spiritual work, because God is a spirit. (John 4:24.) It involves faith, love, and vital union with God. All other works are external to this and without this are "dead works," to be classed with "bodily exercise" which the apostle says, "profiteth little." (1 Tim. 4:8.)

"But godliness is profitable unto ALL things."
1. It is profitable because it is the fountain of all good in man. Faith, love, and vital union with God, give pure quickening aliment to the heart, and out of the heart are the issues of intellectual, moral and physical life. From pure, loving, God-like hearts, we may look for true education, morality, health, and social improvement.
2. Godliness is profitable because it secures the protection and co-operation of God. It has "promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come." Thus Christ says—"Take no thought, saying, What shall we eat? or what shall we drink? or wherewithal shall we be clothed? (for after all these things do the Gentiles [i. e. the heathen] seek;) for your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of these things. But seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." And again—"There is no man that hath left house, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for my sake, and the gospel's, but he shall receive an hundred fold now in this time, houses, and brethren, and sisters, and mothers, and children, and lands, with persecutions; and in the world to come eternal life." The sentiment, then, which is to be the frontlet of our sheet, and the index of our principles, is this:—TRUE SPIRITUAL LIFE IS THE BASIS AND HARBINGER OF ALL GOOD FOR THIS WORLD AND FOR ETERNITY.

The three following articles, although developing no new theories, will be found to contain many seed-thoughts. The one on Universal Education touches a topic which has gathered fresh interest in the experience of the Oneida Community. It is indeed, true, that education never stands still with us. None of our young men spend a few years in feverish activity, to acquire a polish which is to be dimmed by long years of toil for a competency. No young women strain every resource of mind and body to secure a good marriage, only to become spiritless household drudges. Every winter sees the whole Community a great school for every one, up to the grandsire. Every summer brings a tide of industry, which tempers the minds and bodies of the young to habits of healthy growth, and brings fresh appetites to the autumn and winter studies:

[From the *Spiritual Magazine*, March 15, 1846.]

THOUGHTS ON REFORM.

The multifarious efforts that are being made in every quarter, to improve the external rela-

tions of men, form an exceedingly interesting feature of the present time. The increasing demands of reformers—the growing restlessness of society under the operation of evils, not recent in their origin, but of immemorial standing—the existence of a great, earnest, but unorganized struggle for the attainment of some ideal point of excellence and happiness—are facts so remarkable that they must excite attention and inquiry. Some will doubtless look upon these aspirations and endeavors as the offspring of human perverseness or fanaticism—as a repetition of the infidel dreams of the French Revolution, deserving unmingled malediction. Without denying the plausibility of such a view and dissenting entirely from the policy which governs most of the modern reforms (for reasons which I shall presently state), I nevertheless consider the ascendancy of this discontented craving after prospective good, as one of the most encouraging signs of the times. Everything indicates that we are on the borders of a Heaven-directed crisis—that elements of power unknown since the Primitive Church, are appearing in the field against evil; and I believe it is the world's obscure consciousness of this fact that stimulates the bold theories of improvement, and the attempts at strange, unthought-of reforms which mark the present time.

An inspection of the nature of the necessary prerequisites of the objects which are now pressed by reformers, confirms me in the hopeful view which I take of the case.

The past History of Man is properly divided into three periods, distinguished severally by physical, moral and intellectual development: and, excepting in the case of God's chosen witnesses, at no past time have the hopes and demands of men exceeded the scope and capabilities of those three dispensations. But now "the whole creation groaneth" for blessings which can only be obtained through SPIRITUAL REGENERATION—for results which can only be realized by the introduction of a spiritual age. Some call for the establishment of everlasting peace between the nations; others strive after social unity and happiness; others for universal temperance, health, wealth, and education. Every man who is in a looking posture has a vision of some gloriously improved state of things. Many find themselves

"Dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before:" and so vivid are their visions and dreams that multitudes arise with the belief that they may be reduced to practice; and hurrying off to the front, join with ardent zeal the ranks of the reformers. The one significant and luminous fact for us to notice, is that all the golden objects which lately fill men's minds, are the fruits, exclusively of spiritual good—absolutely unattainable singly, or by human industry. This fact properly considered, throws light on the present and on the future. We shall lay aside all anticipations of success from specific artificial efforts at reform. But we may account for the mania which prevails, and at the same time give full play to hope in our hearts, by supposing that these new dazzling visions of external good are the aurora or reflection of an advancing spiritual æon which already illumines the horizon, projecting into men's minds impressions and pictures of happiness which they would fain copy in actual experience.

A failure to recognize the principle that every valuable form of outward amelioration holds a secondary and dependent relation to Spiritual Life, appears to be a common but hopeless mistake of reformers;—hopeless because it is a failure to notice the only door of success—a neglect of the only means adapted to the end they seek. If an ardent, ingenious man were ignorant of the fact that apples grow, we may suppose, on being shown a "Pearmain" that he would hasten to a turning-lathe and paint-shop for the purpose of making one. Similar, at least, is the case with the many enthusiasts who toil in the different departments of reform. With equal inconsiderateness, they are trying to manufacture fruits

which grow; and which severally ripen on the stock. The time has again come, apparently, when "the kingdom of heaven suffereth violence and the violent take it by force." We freely concede to these friends, rather than to the conservatives, the credit of a keen and elevated vision which catches some of the outlines of the coming dispensation; but our confidence in their operations goes no farther. Excellent as their objects and intentions doubtless are, we can yet see no advantage to be gained by introducing a righteousness of constitutions, organizations, pledges, petitions, &c. &c., which at best can be but a miserable imitation of God's righteousness and no better than that which men have always contrived to fabricate.

But to patient and devoted inquirers of Revelation a more excellent way discovers itself. The philosophy of the New Testament which covers this whole subject, is condensed with matchless simplicity into the prayer of Christ: "Sanctify them through thy truth; thy word is truth." The doctrine here developed, viz., that the living word of God in the heart is the only effectual agency of reform, was demonstrated by the legal dispensation, and forever confirmed by the gospel: the lapse of time, and the consummated results of modern experiments will not diminish the proofs of its truth. But the New Testament theory involves in practice two qualities which are extremely rare—*faith* and *patience*; and this circumstance is alone sufficient to account for the world's neglect of it since the days of its original advocates. Although it proposes to bring the power of God to grapple with evil at the very root of human character, yet for a time the strife and its results are too deep for human observation. There is a space after seed is sown, when our assurance of its life and progress is chiefly that of faith. Again, life in exact proportion to its value and refinement, is slow of growth; so that patience of the highest kind is requisite to the laborer in spiritual husbandry. Such principles of course have little attraction for men of undisciplined hearts and gross perceptions. Seized by the current impulse of reform, they naturally plunge into the strife for tangible, visible objects, which at once offers a field for their working and fighting propensities, and gains them excitement if not success. Meantime, underneath the tumult, the true seed is sown in many hearts. The race between inward life and outward effort for universal amendment has commenced. All our hopes depend on the former, and we willingly wait the result.

[From the Spiritual Magazine, May 15, 1846.]

SOCIAL REFORM.

The *Harbinger* of May 2d says:

It is contended that the only way to reform society is to reform individuals; let them be regenerated and set right, and society will come right as a necessary consequence. That is the same as if a surgeon when called to treat a man most of whose joints were dislocated, should attempt to cure him by merely rubbing and bandaging his limbs, with the notion that if he could only bring them into a healthy state, they would fall back into their places. Society is like such an injured man; the first thing to be done is to get its members into their proper places; to set its joints, to bring its relations into the true order, and not suppose that men and women can be made good while they live in a state of universal dislocation.

While we fully admit that existing civilized society is very much "out of joint," it strikes us that the *Harbinger's* illustration in this case is in some respects inaccurate and defective. The evils of society consist not merely in the dislocation of its members; many of them are *vitality diseased*—so much so indeed, that they are incapable of performing their appropriate functions. They must be healed by an internal process; otherwise, though they were reduced to their proper relative position in the body they would be unfit to minister to its weal, and would only obstruct the free circulation of the vital fluid through the other members. There is needed therefore the skill, not only of the surgeon to reduce dislocations, but also of the phys-

ician to heal internal maladies. And indeed we may say, even respecting the *dislocations* that appear in society, that they are more internal than external; that they consist not so much in the derangement of external relations, as in the separation of hearts; or rather that the external derangement is the result of the internal. What is wanted then, to cure these evils, is a central power of attraction—a power that will purify and unite hearts. And this work we believe can be accomplished only by the spiritual power of God, revealed by his Son in the atonement.

Varying a little the illustration employed by the *Harbinger*, and comparing present society to an edifice, we should say that not only many parts of the building are strangely out of place, but there is also much bad material in it. Now if an architect fits the parts of his building together with ever so much accuracy and order, yet if some of his timbers are rotten, the stability of the whole edifice will be endangered. We venture to say that the conductors of the Brook Farm Phalanx would not be willing to construct their social fabric of materials taken at random from the mass of society; that they would not consent to receive as members of their Association the most depraved individuals as well as the most virtuous. In fact one of their lecturers stated explicitly in an address in this place last winter, that in the acquisition of new members they were very desirous to obtain the best men and women that could be found. We did not wonder at, nor blame them for wishing to do so. It is certain, at any rate, that the true Christian church, the spiritual temple of God, must be composed of sound and good materials—or, as the apostle Peter expresses it, of "living stones;" and being pervaded by one common life, and drawn by one power of spiritual attraction, they will all be "fitly joined together" in external, as well as internal unity.

[From the Spiritual Magazine, Aug. 15, 1846.]

UNIVERSAL EDUCATION.

In the gospel God has provided a means of education—a school, which is not adapted to any particular class or any particular age, but to every condition of character and circumstance, and to every age, from the child to the man of ripe years. There is not only none too poor to obtain a scholarship, but none too old to enter its class. The grand-parent and the grand-child, have one interest in its advantages. For this reason, as well as for others, it was said, "Except ye be converted and become as little children, ye shall in no wise enter the kingdom of God." We must all return back into a position where we are in the process of education, of advancement. If we watch an infant, we notice constant progress and improvement. First it shows intelligence in its eye; and then it finds the use of its arm; and next it creeps; and every day it achieves some new exploit. At each advance we exult; and the development of its faculties affords us great delight. Through all the stages of childhood we see the same constant growth and enlargement of ideas, and extension of power. Eras of advance mark all the way. But this is not the state of men and women. According to the spirit and theory of life prevailing in the world, the process of growth and improvement stops at some indefinite period between ten and twenty-five years of age. It is considered that the education is then finished; that all the powers of life, of heart and mind, as well as of body, have attained their growth and are fixed: and after that, such means of cultivation as have before been thought useful are dropped. But except we be converted from this idea, and become like little children subjects of education, and like them improvable, we can not be saved by the gospel.

We hear much said about universal education. It is one of the attempted accomplishments of this age. But the thing meant is not really universal education, because it is applied to a single class—to only one tier of society—the young. It is universal education in a superfi-

cial sense, if we consider the whole mass of humanity. We think that a great advance has been made in the institution of common schools; but after all, not more than a third part of the whole race, in the most civilized countries, is in the process of education. The other two parts stand still, fixed in their ignorance—their education is finished. But the gospel proposes a truly universal education; it puts every body to school, young and old, and proposes to educate not a surface, but the whole thickness of humanity. The Primitive Church were the pioneers in the education reform; and in respect to its extension they went far beyond the best attempts of this day. They organized a system which included all classes and all ages in one school of improvement.

By common consent the period of youth is devoted to education, but the rest of life to business and execution. This theory of the distribution of a man's time corresponds to the common theory of existence, which takes into view only the ordinary term of life. Men proceed on the calculation that they shall live only about seventy years; and twenty-one seems to be a fair proportion to devote to education and preparation. At that age they enter upon the business and executive affairs of life. The business which almost universally occupies the maturity and prime of life, is making money and acquiring the goods that money buys, and providing haply for an old age of competence. This theory of existence, and this idea that money is the greatest good of life, have together the most pervading influence, and they create a corresponding theory of education. They limit its period, and confine it to youthful and immature years. But let us shift our theory of existence, and throw open the gates of eternity, and enter the arena of eternal life, and then adopt for the chief good of this eternal existence, love and the things which surround love; and we shall have a new theory of education, corresponding to the enlarged scope of our idea of existence. Our whole life is but a short period of education and preparation for the employment and happiness of eternity. All of us are babes, in consideration of the whole scope of our existence. The gospel places us on these principles, and turns us all back into school for thorough education.

The agencies which the gospel employs correspond to its proposition of a universal education. We perceive in the education of the Primitive Church, and in the necessity of the case, that Christ's plan is not to build seminaries and found colleges, and institute those specialties of education which separate the scholars from the ordinary business of the world. A large part of the most efficient class are necessarily engaged in material occupations; and Christ will educate men not by calling them out of this sphere, but by crowding educational influences into the midst of the business of the world. The gospel, and that alone, supplies the necessary pressure. A taste for education and improvement has to be forced and stimulated. If we should leave children to themselves, how many of them would ever go to school? They would choose their sports, and ramble for berries, and grow up as the wild children of the forest: and the old have no more self-control. The moment they get loose, and out from under father and mother, they quit school and run after money, which is not a more worthy pursuit for our immortal minds than are the fancies of children. But the gospel puts us under a father and mother again—under the same paramount influence which a little child is under; and this paramount influence keeps us at school, and excites an enthusiasm, and awakens a taste for improvement. Reliance may be safely put on *enthusiasm*, to crowd any amount of education into the business of life. Give men an eager thirst for improvement, and then let all their temporal affairs go on; they will find opportunities enough to store their minds with truth, and cultivate and adorn their characters,

and educate themselves for a better sphere. There are substances, truly porous, which under common circumstances are still impenetrable to water; but when subjected to a powerful pressure all their pores will fill with the fluid. So human life as it exists, is porous enough to admit any amount of education if there is a sufficient pressure of enthusiasm. Every one has observed a great difference between different persons in the same circumstances: and some persons in the most disadvantageous circumstances will find more time for the cultivation of their intellects and tastes, than others who have no heart for it, whose condition is extremely favorable. The motives of the gospel, and the living spirit of God, can kindle the most burning enthusiasm, and impart exhaustless energy.

The Holy Spirit is the schoolmaster: but the example of the Primitive Church shows that the schoolmaster employs subordinate assistants. Christ's system of education is on the Lancasterian principle of employing the scholars in the management and instruction of the school. Pupils who are older and have made distinguished attainments, are set over the less advanced. All is conducted in the presence of the schoolmaster: he has a general supervision and makes particular interference as he pleases; but he avails himself of the help of monitors as much as possible. The Primitive Church had, together with the Holy Ghost, apostles, prophets, evangelists, and a series of subordinate teachers, who were more or less in charge of the interests of the church. Those who say the Holy Ghost is the only teacher, are despisers of the school of Christ. Some say they will be taught by the Holy Ghost, but they will not be taught by a monitor. They will allow no distinction in school; and they say to another, "I have no need of thee." All the members of Christ have need of each other; and especially each one has need of those in advance of him in a spiritual education. Those who are the most indifferent to the opportunities of improvement which the association of brethren affords, are generally the very ones who most need help and instruction; and though they say that God is their teacher, it is certain that the same spirit which makes them despise those whom God has taught, will make them inaccessible to Him.

The idea that childhood and youth is the special season of education, when care and cultivation are repaid by the fruits of improvement, but that at a certain age we attain the maturity of our powers and then the profits of culture diminish, is not sustained by analogy. It is found that it does an old tree as much good to dig about it and prune it, and bestow care upon it, as it does a young one. Its increased fruitfulness will reward the pains of the laborer as much as any thing he can do in his nurseries. The farmer, when he has cleared up his land and manured it and got it well to bearing, does not say he has done; that all the powers of his farm are developed, and he shall discontinue the process of cultivation; that he shall plant it without manuring, and raise crop after crop on its unreplenished resources. No; his labor never was worth more; the grateful harvest will more than ever reward the hand of good husbandry; and he renews again and again the agricultural process. The same principle applies to humanity. At a mature age there is more life to work upon, and the benefits of culture may be expected to be greater, even in proportion to the pains, than in youth. There is no reason why the old should not be every day making new acquisitions of knowledge and power, learning some new motion, or taking a new step in spiritual science, adding to the value of their life, and bearing fruit unto God. Dispel the imaginary boundary of time, and every point thus gained is as valuable to them as the successive attainments of childhood. It is the continuation of their education for immortality. In speaking of this process perhaps improvement is a better word than education,

as it applies to the heart as well as the mind. Improvement, then, is the business of young and old.

When a universal education of this kind, which includes all humanity, is introduced, civilization will accumulate its results threefold at least and the face of society will undergo more rapid revolutions than have ever been witnessed.

PAUL'S MISTAKEN PREMISE.

THE following interesting allusions to the Second Coming of Christ occur in "The Life and Epistles of St. Paul," by Conybeare and Howson. In speaking of the occasion of Paul's second epistle to the Thessalonians, Mr. Howson says:

"The excitement which he (Paul) had endeavored to allay by his first epistle had increased, and the fanatical portion of the church had availed themselves of the impression produced by St. Paul's personal teaching to increase it. It will be remembered that a subject on which he had especially dwelt while he was at Thessalonica, and to which he had also alluded in his first epistle, was the second advent of our Lord. We know that our Savior himself had warned his disciples that "of that day and that hour knoweth no man, no, not the angels of heaven, but the Father only;" and we find these words remarkably fulfilled by the fact that the early church, and even the apostles themselves, expected their Lord to come again in that very generation. St. Paul himself shared in that expectation, but being under the guidance of the Spirit of Truth, he did not deduce any erroneous conclusions from this mistaken premise."

It might be noticed here, that one conclusion Paul derived from this "mistaken premise" was, that in view of the shortness of the time, it was not advisable for persons to marry. "Art thou loosed from a wife? seek not a wife;" "He that giveth his virgin in marriage doeth well; but he that giveth her not in marriage doeth better." Paul evidently deduced his doctrine and practice relative to marriage, from the confident expectation that Christ would come within that generation.

Every chapter of his first epistle closes with some reference to the expected Advent. In the fourth and fifth, he charges the believers to watch for that day and be sober, describes with great minuteness the mode and transactions of the Second Coming, exhorts them to comfort and edify one another with these words—and this too, with an emphasis and authority as strong as is given to any other portion of his writings: "This we say unto you by the word of the Lord." If the apostle was mistaken, deluded, on this point, what ground have we for believing any of his writings? Some in the church, instead of being established by this doctrine, in every good word and work as Paul intended, took advantage of it to become disorderly, and give themselves up to idleness. The second epistle was written to remove this error. He bids them wait patiently for Christ, working quietly with their own hands. "Be not," he says, "soon shaken in mind, or be troubled. . . . as that the day of Christ is at hand," i. e. immediately impending. . . . "For that day shall not come, except there come a falling away first." This had not yet taken place, but he assured them that "the mystery of iniquity doth already work," intimating that after his departure it should be fully developed, and the Lord would consume "that wicked one" with the spirit of his mouth and "destroy him with the brightness of his coming."

Here is another interesting allusion. In the chapter relating to the Spiritual Gifts, Constitution, &c., of the Primitive Church, Mr. Conybeare says:

"The feature which most immediately forces itself upon our notice, as distinctive of the church in the apostolic age, is its possession of supernatural gifts. Concerning these, our whole information must be derived from Scripture, because they appear to have vanished with the disappearance of the apostles themselves, and there is no authentic account of their existence in the church, in any writings of a later date than the books of the New Testament. This fact gives a more remarkable and impressive

character to the frequent mention of them in the writings of the apostles, where the exercise of such gifts is spoken of as a matter of ordinary occurrence."

How easy it is for us to account for such a fact, who believe that Christ came, in that generation like a thief in the night, and caught the Primitive Church from the world, and with them their spiritual gifts!

J. S. F.

THE CIRCULAR.

O. C., MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1868.

LIFE-POWER.

A MOST remarkable case of persistent recovery from seemingly mortal affections, was that of the late President Jeremiah Day, of Yale College. A paper read by Prof. S. G. Hubbard, before the Annual Convention of the Connecticut Medical Society, contains the following interesting facts. Pres. Day was born in 1773, and died of old age in 1867, being almost a centenarian. Contrary to the usual experience of long-lived people, his early years were those of a confirmed invalid. Dr. Hubbard says:

His infancy and boyhood were marked by indications of feeble vitality; and the prospect of his arriving at the maturity of manhood, never very flattering, sensibly diminished as he approached that period. He entered the Freshman class in Yale College in 1789, but was soon obliged to leave College on account of a "pulmonary difficulty," which was, doubtless, the incipient stage of the organic disease of the lungs which subsequently developed itself.

These symptoms were so far alleviated that for two years he taught a school in Kent and Winchester, when he found his health so much improved that he returned to College and was graduated in the Class of 1795.

The succeeding six years, a period of great feebleness, were spent partly in teaching at Greenfield for a year, as tutor in William's College for two years, and as tutor in Yale College for three years, during which last period he studied Theology, and preached occasionally in vacant churches in the vicinity, until 1801, when he was elected Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy in the College.

He was prevented, however, from entering upon his professorial duties by the occurrence of an alarming pulmonary hæmorrhage, which happened after a Sabbath service at West Haven where he had preached for Rev. Dr. Williston. Other hæmorrhages followed, by which he was greatly prostrated, losing large quantities of blood. According to the prevailing practice of that time, he was freely bled from the arm—"the doctors taking," as he remarked to me, "nearly all of the little remaining blood in his body."

In this condition of extreme exhaustion, at the age of twenty-eight, he abandoned temporarily the purpose of entering upon the duties of his professorship, and in September of that year, he made a voyage to Bermuda to try the effect upon his health of a warm climate. While there, he was treated with Tincture Digitalis to the extent of producing its cumulative effects, which were so profoundly sedative that for a time his life was despaired of. Indeed so reduced and attenuated was he on leaving home, that none of his friends expected to see him again alive, and the published letters of Professor Kingsley and others, of that period, lament him as already lost to science and the world. He returned, however, in the following April, but without having experienced any material benefit; so that he now gave up entirely all idea of fulfilling his College appointment; and bidding farewell to his associates, he retired to his home among the hills of Washington to die.

The hæmorrhages continued, and were followed by venesections, until a Dr. Sheldon of Litchfield, who enjoyed a wide reputation for "curing consumption," chanced to see him, and casually remarked "that he needed iron"—"and he believed he could help him."

Although the patient was evidently in a hopeless decline, he was placed under the care of Dr. Sheldon, who would seem to have been an acute observer, and in his knowledge of pathology and therapeutics, far in advance of his time. Under the use of preparations of iron with bark, and nutritious food, Mr. Day soon began to exhibit signs of returning strength and health; and in 1803, although he seemed to his friends literally like one raised from the dead, he was so far restored to health, as to be inaugurated as professor. From this time all symptoms of pulmonary disease disappeared, and did not return.

From 1803, Mr. Day continued uninterruptedly to discharge his professorial duties, until he was elected to succeed Dr. Dwight as President of Yale College in 1817; and he performed the arduous duties of

the office without serious disturbance of his health, until 1836, when at the age of sixty-three, he first became aware that he had some affection of the heart, as indicated by its irregular and intermitting action.

This affection of the heart obliged him to resign the Presidency of the College in 1846, but although he had several alarming attacks of fainting, his system, which Dr. Hubbard says resembled in its susceptibility to tonics and stimulants that of a child, reacted with surprising quickness, and he died finally of that gradual diminution of the natural powers which is found in extreme old age. An autopsy revealed the existence of cicatrices or scars of former ulcers in the upper part of both lungs, showing that extensive consumptive disease had existed more than sixty years before, the recovery from which had been complete. "Here, then," says the doctor, "was all that remained to mark the beginning, progress and cure of a case of tubercular consumption, occupying twelve years in its period of activity, and with its incipient stage dating back more than three-quarters of a century. A legible record, surpassing in interest and importance to the human race, those of the slabs of Nineveh, or the Runic inscriptions."

The autopsy also revealed a most remarkable collection of stones enveloped in a sac in the upper part of the bladder, where they had remained harmless for an indefinite time. The sacculating of such foreign bodies in the bladder is an operation of the *vis medicatrix nature* rarely observed.

Many reflections aside from those of interest to the medical profession, arise in contemplating this case. This life-long battle with disease, this conquering of an almost incurable malady; the constant recoil from every depressing influence, suggest the working of an unconquerable vital force or tendency toward health, which may become the inheritance of every one. Predisposition to consumption is nothing before the resistless current of this influence of life. Who can say where its full tide would place us? Its drift is not towards disease or death. Let it prevail, and old age would become a different scene. In the language of one who has felt its quickening power, "I look forward cheerfully; I hope to die, not into hades, but into the resurrection." Jesus Christ said, "I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly."

COMMUNITY JOURNAL.

ONEIDA.

Sept. 5.—Business is more active than ever at the packing-house. Those in charge there are at their posts early and late, and bees for peeling tomatoes, paring peaches, sorting plums and husking corn, are in order all day long. The peaches usually come on the 5 P. M. train, and as they are sure to spoil by morning, we have delightful evening bees paring them, in which nearly all the family, including Willow Place, take part. One night there were one hundred and twenty-eight volunteers. Those who have not tried it can hardly imagine how much more easily work is dispatched in the enthusiasm of a great bee. You don't know how much more deftly your knife will remove the velvety skin when a hundred other knives are doing the same. These bees are our grand cure-all for aches and pains. Many an incipient disease has fled before the warmth kindled there. One man said that he was sick with a cold and thought of going to bed, but he "plucked up" and went to the bee and grew better all the time he was there, and his cold hasn't found him since.

But during this time of extra business pressure, we go to bed early and sleep soundly, so that a party of serenaders who sang under our windows at eleven o'clock a few evenings since, found the whole house slumbering. It was very delightful to be thus awakened, and we greatly enjoyed listening to the sweet voices of the singers, but we did not have time to make any adequate expression of our thanks and appreciation.

The pressure of ripening corn and over-blushing tomatoes and peaches that won't wait a minute, has broken in upon our evening meetings this week. One evening we had no meeting at all, another only

a half an hour, and through others there were many vacant seats. This makes us all a little disquiet; not the work—we enjoy that; it is like the rush of battle; but to curtail our meetings at all is distressing. The only consolation we can get from this interruption, is that we know better how precious they are. Said a visitor who had spent a week here, as he took his last look at our Assembly-room, "This Hall is a great institution; your evening meetings are the glory of the day; don't you think so?" Indeed we do. They are the consummation of the day's happiness. Blessed be the inspiration that commenced them, and which first conceived a chapel in the bosom of home.

Fifteen years ago the grass grew all along the center of the public road which runs through our domain. The grass was short and stubbed and fringed by irregular incisions of the horse's hoofs; but there it grew giving evidence of the infrequent travel in these parts. Indeed, so seldom did a team go past, that when one did it was an event worth noticing. Lumber-wagons on their way to the grist- or saw-mills, stone-boats, and wood-carts, were usually the vehicles which jolted by. A top-carriage was a remarkable sight, and all the children were sure to see the wonder. But fifteen years have very much changed the aspect of things. The Community has become a place of some renown, and carriages roll up to its doors at every hour of the day. Our businesses have so increased that our own teams are almost constantly on the road. An express-wagon plys between O. C. and W. P. all day, and the omnibus goes many a time to the packing-house. Just at this time loads of hop-pickers frequently ride by. But above all the Midland has very much increased the travel this year. Its heavily weighted wagons are on the go from morning till night, between the stone quarry and the railroad works. To-day a member who is fond of knowing exact quantities, counted the number of teams which passed, and there were three hundred and five; one hundred and thirty double, and one hundred and seventy-five single.

WILLOW PLACE.

Last spring the boys procured some ducks' eggs, and hatched them under a hen. Two large, snowy white creatures, looking almost as much like geese as ducks, were the result of this venture. Although the pond is within half-a-dozen rods of the place of their nativity, these ducks never have shown any desire to swim, but run with the hens and conduct themselves like well-educated chickens. Can the Darwinians tell us the reason of this conduct? Did the nature of the hen enter the hatching eggs and supplant the aquatic instinct of the duck? We are disposed to conclude that ducks are subject to fashion, like beings of a higher order; and as the chickens do not swim they think it is unbecoming in themselves to do so. Be the cause of this conduct what it may, it is a trial to the boys to have their ducks thus demean themselves, for they had lotted upon the pleasure of seeing them gracefully floating upon our beautiful little sheet of water. At first Alfred and Orrin thought that all they needed was a little encouragement, and so frequently took them down and put them in the water; but it was useless: they would swim directly to the shore, and, once on land, would not voluntarily enter the water again. This was provoking, wasn't it? As Community boys grow up in the wholesome belief that wrong propensities can be corrected and true instincts developed by a proper course of instruction, the idea occurred to them that even ducks might be educated. Acting upon this notion these youthful mechanics have constructed a coop on the shore of the pond, with a lattice-work extension running out into the water; and in this floating crate they are successfully teaching the ducks to swim.

WALLINGFORD.

Fall commences with the thermometer at 70 degrees during the night, and 80 or 90 at midday. Fine ripening weather; yet our Concord grapes, of which there is a very nice show in the vineyard at the foot of the hill, give no signs of turning their color. As frost will come by and by, we shall watch their match against

time when they do start, with considerable interest.

But on the whole, the country groans under its bountiful crops. Some enterprising firm has sent a cargo of hay to England, where it sold at auction for over thirty dollars a ton. If we had that Atlantic Railroad finished would't we pitch it into them? We are tempted to hurrah for Free Trade. Perhaps that is what is needed to build the road, after all.

The Hartford and New Haven R. R. Co., have recently put an additional train on their road for the accommodation of Wallingford people.

The walls of the two new Churches at the village are nearly finished. The Congregational edifice, with its two towers will be conspicuous from our place. The Catholic Society are building a school-house on the plain.

Manufacturing business is lively in this vicinity—which gives growing impetus to our job printing enterprise.

Where is the great "Pajaronian?" We hear it reported that he too has had "possibilities" and has improved them. Of course his face should now be all right. By the way we could mention some things said by late visitors here, rather different from the Pajaronian manifesto. But modesty forbids.

On the barberry hedge, within the space of a few rods, are spread the broad and fine-spun nets of five huge spiders, some black and yellow, others entirely black, and one of a beautiful velvety brown. Flung a grasshopper or cricket into the net and watch the result. For a minute or so, the spider is motionless. But soon the inanimate form quivers, the long legs extend, and like lightning, the spider darts on the unfortunate captive, and, grasping him firmly with his four front legs, holds him as it were "at arms length" opposite the center of his body, which is bent in the form of a crescent. Then a little valve opens at the back part of the abdomen, from whence proceeds what appears to be smoke, but is, in reality, countless numbers of inconceivably fine threads making a silken band the sixteenth of an inch wide; this the four hind legs of the spider spread out more than double its width, and twist around the grasshopper, as his four other legs turn it rapidly over and over. It is all done in the twinkling of an eye, and then the spider returns to the center of his web, and remains motionless as before. If the grasshopper should be a large one, and kick so as to keep breaking the web, the whirling and twisting stops for a moment, the head of the spider darts forward, and his strong mandibles make deep wounds in the soft body of the grasshopper. Should you give him more grasshoppers than he wants, he will refuse to wind up the captives, and, placing himself in the center of the web, will violently shake it, until they are free. Each night the web is cleared of everything, the breaks mended with nicest care, and in the morning you will find the spider in the center of his web, looking innocent and sleepy.

PERSONAL.

J. H. N. works several hours a day at the soft-silk winder.

E. H. H. is the "father" of the Willow Place family. He spends the middle of the day at O. C. either writing letters at the business-office, attending bees at the packing-house, or otherwise assisting by hand or council.

W. H. W., the "father" of the O. C. family, is foremost in the bees, and may be found at almost any hour of the day at the business-office or packing-house.

T. R. N., who has superintended the silk-dyeing all summer, suddenly turns his hand to can-scaling, and now may be seen at the packing-house adroitly manipulating the soldering-iron.

G. E. C., the author of "Chemistry under Difficulties," has his time fully occupied in overseeing the operations at his last and greatest laboratory, the fruit-packing-house.

G. W. N., the "father" of the Wallingford family, and well-known as the editor and able-supporter of the CIRCULAR, is at present engaged in the job-printing business at that Commune. His associates are C. S. J., T. L. P., and S. R. L.

H. T., our valued contributor on horticultural and

other matters, resides at W. C., but is now visiting O. C.

A. E., the author of "Old Country Sketches," may be dimly seen through the incense that arises from the boiling kettles at the fruit-house. He manages the "bathing."

G. C., author of "Story of a Life," drives the team which conveys the corn from the barn to the packing-house.

H. W. B., who "keeps store" when at home, has gone East on business.

"Foot Notes" is engaged in trap-packing at the W. P. factory.

"K.," who superintends the W. P. silk-works, allowing the girls he employs a fortnight's vacation for hop-picking, has immersed himself in the tide at the packing-house.

ANOTHER CRITIC.

IT seems that people will continue to come here, and some who come will see the bright side of the picture, and go away and write pleasantly about us, in spite of "P. P.'s" evil eye and fell endeavor to excite odium. We copy this week from the N. Y. World, a lady's impression of the O. C., which may be supposed to be the verdict of society more truly perhaps than notices from the other side, especially as the lady is one *par excellence*—the very cynosure of fashion and taste. "Jennie June," or Mrs. J. C. Croly, as she is described in the *Phrenological Journal*, and as she appeared to us, is genial and joyous, rich in affection and domestic sweetness, and at the same time spirited and independent, thinking for herself and her sex, and using the prestige of her taste and talent many times to favor the true liberty of woman. "She is," says the above oracle, "a great observer, a good thinker, quick to perceive, clear and correct in her inferences, and of good taste. Her moral character centers in conscientiousness, hope, benevolence and spirituality." Performing well all the duties of a wife and mother, she accomplishes at the same time an incredible amount of literary work in magazine articles, newspaper correspondence, art reviews, &c., &c. Her specialty is social and domestic topics and fashion. She is the fashion correspondent of influential journals all over the United States, and it is estimated that her gossip in this line alone must have a million readers every month.

This lady is a conspicuous officer in the club or association of women recently formed in New York City, enigmatically, called "Sorosis;" the object of which is, as expressed in their circular, "to establish an order among women that shall render them helpful to each other, and remove in some degree barriers which custom and etiquette place in the way of friendly intercourse and united action, and afford them an opportunity for the discussion of such facts and principles as promise to exert an important influence on the welfare of women and of society."

It is but natural that women who have borne so much reproach as we of the Community, should enjoy a little discriminating favor from such a source. Yet it is not a selfish enjoyment merely—we have devoted ourselves to a cause, and rejoice when it is honored. And after all, our gratification when we are praised is exceeded by the men's, as their indignation always exceeds ours when we are maligned. We agree with the lady's criticism of our dress, that it is not perfected in beauty; but the truth is we have not sacrificed beauty to convenience merely, but outward beauty to inward beauty. Such is woman's frailty at present that one seems to have to be foregone for the other. Peter must have thought so when he said, "Whose adorning let it not be that outward adorning of plaiting the hair and of wearing of gold, or of putting on of apparel, but let it be the hidden man of the heart in that which is not corruptible, even the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price." If we lean toward neglect of the beautiful in dress, it is because of woman's great tendency to err the other way. When the true balance is gained we shall doubtless have more freedom in that direction.

ONEIDA COMMUNITY.

["JENNIE JUNE" CORRESPONDENCE.]

From the New York World, Aug. 30, 1868.

All who go to Richfield Springs go to Cooperstown for the treble purpose of enjoying a most delightful ride, paying a visit to the grave of the great novelist, and eating one of Mr. J. D. Tunnecliff's good "lake" dinners.

"Tunnecliff" is an institution. His modest old-fashioned farm-house is situated in a charming nook on the banks of Lake Otsego, three or four miles this side of Cooperstown. Being only an occasional stopping place, a large establishment is not kept up, and parties who wish to test his famous culinary capabilities generally telegraph their order the night before. The business men of our party had neglected to do this, however, and we might have lost the first of our memorable dinners, and *The World* this record of it, only for the fortunate accident that made two persons each send a telegram for the same party, and thus provide for us who had neglected to telegraph at all.

It was a lovely day, and the ride of sixteen miles through a charming country was as pleasant as earth, air, sky, an easy carriage, a pair of handsome ponies, and agreeable society could make it. We started from our hotel, at Richfield Springs about 9 A. M., made the fortunate discovery that we could dine at Tunnecliff's at 3 P. M., and hastened to pay our respects to the lamented Cooper. We had not time to weep, or grow properly sentimental, before the summer sky changed, and the rain came down in a torrent. This will account for the fact that we arrived at Tunnecliff's at 4 instead of 3 P. M., savagely hungry and willing to make a dinner of broiled fish-skin, if he had nothing else in the house to eat.

But our dinner, or rather the dinner that had been originally intended for some other party, was waiting for us, and such a dinner! it would create an appetite in one of what was Barnum's wax figures. The first course was fish, such fish! bass and lake trout caught two hours before, and cooked to such perfection as even Francatelli only dreamed of. The second course was poultry, ducks, and chickens, prepared with equal nicety, freshest vegetables, and finally a dessert so rare in delicacy and flavor, that we concluded that the gods themselves must sometimes come down to partake of food so little mortal.

I should not like to tell how much we ate, without however, experiencing any overpowering sense of fullness, or repletion, only a wonderful completeness and satisfaction, as if the world contained nothing more that could possibly contribute to our enjoyment.

The next day we were to leave the Springs, take the back train at Herkimer for an hour, or so, and stop at Oneida for the purpose of paying a short visit to the Oneida Community, whose farms and factories are situated about four miles from the village.

This visit was not one of mere curiosity. Advancing civilization is developing new forms of social evil, to remedy which everybody has a theory. The Oneida Communists have in certain ways proved themselves a great success. They excel in the arts, and manufactures to which they have devoted themselves; they have established a high character for just dealing, probity and honor. They have lived down prejudice in their own neighborhood and enriched the surrounding country by utilizing labor, teaching the small farmers how to turn their land into fruit farms, cultivate them profitably, and supplying them with a market. We had furnished our table for two years with their canned fruit and vegetables, and wished to see with our own eyes if this was the only good to come out of this Nazareth.

We arrived at Oneida about noon—a party of five—and found, by the kindness of some of the brethren of the Community, two carriages waiting to convey us to their settlement. The ride is a pleasant one through the pretty village of Oneida, out upon a picturesque country road, until a turn brings us within sight of the Community buildings.

Reformers have not a reputation for much æsthetic taste, and with this impression, and the memory of a visit once paid to the North American Phalanx, brought vividly back to my mind, I confess I was astonished at the extent and beauty of the domain we saw spread out before us. The main building is a very spacious and imposing structure of brick, with white stone facings. The walls are, many of them, covered luxuriantly with the Maderia vine, with its brilliant blossoms, and the extensive grounds are laid out with the taste, and kept in the perfect order of the most admirable private residence.

I had left Richfield and the tempting *cuisine* we found at the Fuller House with great regret, and, with the memory of our "lake" dinner of the previous day fresh upon me, wondered how we should fare among the modern sociologists. I knew I had got to come down to the ordinary chapter of accident sort of living sometime, but wished to be let down easy, and not experience the total change and transformation all at once.

It was an hour after the usual dinner hour when we arrived, but we were kindly taken to a room where a meal had been prepared for us, and such a meal! I am sure it is not often vouchsafed to mortals to experience two such dinner sensations two days in

succession. The glory of the first was fish; the glory of the second was fruit.

The raspberry season, such as it is in New York, was over before we left the city, but there were great dishes of red and white raspberries, great dishes of ripe red apples, great dishes of white bough apples, great dishes of large red tomatoes sliced, great dishes stewed, and other great dishes of white mealy potatoes, smoking white corn, and sweet delicious corn stewed in thick cream!

Think of it epicures, ye who love the great American dish—think of the snowy kernels, succulent and tender, bursting their outer skin in thick boiling cream, untainted by grease, and unclogged by flour! Then there were great glass pitchers of thick cream for raspberries and bread and biscuit, and pie of fresh green apples, in light, flaky crust, that would make your mouth water.

There was a dish of meat, but we would none of it, it seemed to vulgarize the flavor and aroma of that exquisite fruit and vegetable repast; to darken the atmosphere of the snow-bread, and the rose-sweet butter, and taint the presence of the essences which lingered about the garden products.

That was the second of two dinners which we shall always remember, not because they were particularly costly, or elaborate in their preparation, for they were neither; but because the highest natural excellence of the constituent parts had been obtained and preserved, unspoiled by the accidents of time or cooking.

Our visit to the Oneida Community was brief, but very pleasant, and decidedly changed many of the ideas we had entertained concerning them. The afternoon was spent in visiting their factories, where they manufacture the famous steel traps, that the hunters use in the far West; sewing-silk, and twist, that has already obtained a high reputation; and the fruit farms from which they obtain the splendid berries and larger fruits that we saw afterwards ranged in thousands of cans and glass jars, upon the ventilated shelves of cool, shady, store-rooms.

The Oneida Communists call themselves Perfectionists, and the word is not a dead letter to them. They strive after perfection in every thing, whether they attain it or not, and the ambition is at least, a noble one. Whatever they do is well done; whatever they make is well made—there is nothing lacking, apparently, that can be compassed in the smallest detail of their household or business management; every modern labor-saving appliance has been utilized, adapted, brought into their midst, and made to perform the drudgery of mechanism and the household.

The general sitting-rooms of the family are light, airy and beautiful with flowers and other evidences of taste and refinement. The sleeping-rooms are generally ranged round the center of the building in two tiers, are sufficiently spacious, and very neat, and even elegant, in their appointments. But two great features are the library, which is well stocked with books, and is kept supplied with prominent newspapers and magazines, and the lecture-room, which is really a small, admirably-appointed private theater, with stage, auditorium, gallery, and every requisite for concerts or private theatricals. It is very well lighted by lamps suspended from the galleries, and furnished with every variety of cushioned arm-chairs and rocking-chairs, so that no one can fail of a seat to his liking.

I do not know that they indulge in private theatricals, they may be too religious, in fact a rather severe tone of piety seemed to me to be the only drawback to their sublimity enjoyment; but be this as it may, it does not alter the fact that their chapel, or lecture-room, is admirably adapted to dramatic entertainment.

It may seem strange; it certainly was so to me; so far from the moral tone of the Oneida Communists verging upon coarseness, grossness or sensuality, it seems to bend to the other extreme and be but one remove from asceticism. The individuality between the sexes is less marked; the men are generally more serious, kindly and gentle in their demeanor, the women more free and self-possessed, intelligent and independent. They stand, in fact, in the Community precisely upon the same footing as men. They are subject to the same general rules and regulations, but are under special bonds to no one, and have no restraint and no pressure put upon their own inclinations or sense of duty.

I asked a handsome and intelligent middle-aged woman, who has two daughters growing up in the Community, if she thought the evils under which women labored under the isolated system were remedied to any extent by the practical application of their principles.

She said: There is not a woman in the Community who does not look upon Mr. Noyes as her emancipator. I myself am a mother. I speak to you as a mother. My mother died here. I have brought up and educated my family here, and I declare to you that I could wish for them no better life. My hope is that they will rejoice in it, and find in it the happiness that I have found for myself.

Nearly all the correspondents who have written concerning the Oneida Community, have said some-

thing slighting of the appearance of the women. I do not think, for my part, that they have done them justice. The truth is, men abuse the accessories of the toilet, the paint, the whitewash, the false hair, the long trains, and the like, but they have become accustomed to them, and they do not think a woman handsome without them.

The women of the Oneida Community use no toilet arts: they do not even make the most of their natural advantages. They cut their hair short, which is a pity, for beautiful hair is a crown and glory to a woman, as a beard is to a man; and they wear the most trying of all dresses, a bloomer of medium length, with straight trowsers. This is a very convenient and very comfortable dress for work, but it is neither tasteful nor becoming. Moreover, they are out of doors a good deal, which, while it brightens their eyes, somewhat tans their complexions, a discoloration which they take no pains to conceal with powder. They are, however, cleanly, bright, active, intelligent and well-formed, and if dressed, and frizzed, and puffed, and painted, and trailed in approved style, would hold their own with the belles of any fashionable assemblage.

If I may be pardoned the criticism, however, I should venture the suggestion that in the dress of the women there may be room for improvement. It does not show the taste, the refinement, the advance in culture which is evident in every other department of their social economy. They sacrifice beauty too much to utility, when it seems to me they should carry out their theory of perfection in that, as well as in every thing else. The dress they wear is the perfection of convenience for work, but why do they not invent or construct one which would be the perfection of beauty for the hours of leisure and enjoyment?

We stayed a brief day at Oneida, and left with regret. Said a gentleman and a scholar of our party, "It seems like leaving Paradise to go back into the world again"—and it was true that the Community nestled peacefully among the hills, did seem like a very safe and secure harbor against the storms which wreck so many single barks in the waters beyond.

I would not advise a person to try Community life, however, simply because they are dissatisfied with the other. Their own hearts and souls must have reached a haven of peace and content before they can transport their bodies thither. Restless spirits would only trouble the waters.

J. J.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A TESTIMONIAL.

[The following letter was not written for publication, but the subject is one of general interest and will edify some of our readers.]

O. C., Aug. 16, 1868.

DEAR MR. NOYES:—I have lately been led to consider the relation which the men sustain towards the women of the Community, as contrasted with the position in which men are ordinarily placed by marriage; and it has greatly increased my appreciation of our social principles, and quickened my heart with love and gratitude toward you. We men often rejoice that the women here are redeemed from social oppression; but have we sufficiently appreciated the social salvation which is being wrought out for us? I for one have not. It has been truly said, that the worst result of southern slavery is seen in its effect, not upon the slaves, but upon the slaveholders, making them hard-hearted and despotic—destroying their finer sensibilities and nobler impulses. So it seems to me that marriage-slavery produces quite as bad effects upon men as upon women; that it, more than any other relation, more even than southern slavery, tends to cultivate in man selfishness and despotism. Man exercises the spirit of ownership toward goods and chattels, and is ready to resist any encroachments upon his property-rights in these things; but when his property-rights in wife and children are touched he is ready to curse and kill. Of course, Christianity and all civilizing influences come in to modify this relation of ownership, but the fact remains that ownership of persons, and especially the complete ownership which marriage gives, tends to cultivate the intensest kind of selfishness. I thank God that our social relations are such as do not give an opportunity for this wickedness to grow. If I have never been married I have sufficiently observed the operation of marriage slavery, besides I have had to meet the principle in myself that desires to have a wife—one whom I could call mine—who should be sacred to me and me alone. Of course, the same influences

which would tempt me to desire such possession would persuade me that I should not treat a woman despotically after she became mine; but even if this were so, the case is no better than can be made out for southern slavery. Many slave-holders were merciful toward their slaves, treating them with great kindness and generosity; yet the fact remains that the institution of slavery naturally tends to foster selfishness and despotism, and that for every merciful master there were hundreds who were cruel; so in marriage there are doubtless many husbands who "do unto their wives as they would be done by," but very many others, and probably the great majority, who are tempted by the relation of ownership to act quite otherwise. Again I thank God, and you as the medium of his truth, that I own no woman; that I am in no circumstances to command love; that I am entitled to and can receive, as I pass along, only such social privileges as my character and course properly win.

Truly yours, W. A. H.

OLD COUNTRY SKETCHES.

NO. IX.

FOX-HUNTING is considered by some as barbarous and cruel; but whoever has closely watched a fox during the chase, has been driven to the conclusion, that foxes participate in the enjoyment of the sport. All the peculiar instincts of the animal are called into play, and many are the tricks with which the sly creature attempts to throw its pursuers off the scent. Some foxes get extra cunning after having been hunted a few times, for it must be remembered that the object of an English fox-hunt, is not to kill, but simply to enjoy hunting; so a fox which runs into the ground after a hard run, or by an ingenious trick is enabled to laugh at his baffled pursuers, is presumed to have earned his life, and for the time is allowed to live; he is sure to show better sport on some future occasion.

On one occasion I rode after a fox with which every one in the hunt professed to be acquainted. They called him "old grizzle," and it was said that he had already been hunted eight times during that season. I saw him when he "broke cover," or jumped out into cleared ground. He started off with a lusty stretch and a good will, that left no doubt of his decided preference for being hunted. Away went "old grizzle" on the keenest kind of a run. Helter-skelter followed, hounds barking and horse-men hallooing, across fallow fields and pastures, jumping hedges, ditches and gates. Every thing is left behind as we make a bee line "over the hills and far away." Horses stumble and roll with their riders in the dirt, but they are up and off again: who, cares for a tumble or two? A man from the city was riding just ahead of me, exquisitely attired. His horse galloped up to a fence and stopping dead, instead of jumping, sent his rider over first, who, alighting with his head on a soft spot, was last seen trying to hook a plug of mud out of his ear, with the little finger of his right hand, the corner of his mouth turned up towards the same member, while his left hand rubbed another soiled spot on his buckskins. I hoped the man was not seriously injured, although I laughed heartily at the ludicrous figure, as I galloped hurriedly past him, seeking the society of "old grizzle." But where was he gone? No fox was to be found. The last seen of him, he leaped a hedge with a ditch on either side. The hounds, although they run only by scent, were running so fast that they had overrun and got half way across the next field before the huntsmen discovered that they had lost the scent. With the help of the whipper-in, he quickly got them back to the place where the fox was last seen crossing the fence; but the hounds persisted in running up and down the ditches and taking the back scent. Some minutes elapsed during which the huntsmen were engaged in calling his hounds off the old scent, when "old grizzle" was discovered making good time back over a hill, as far off as we could see him. He jumped the hedge under full headway, and running up the ditch, on one side, re-crossed the fence and returned in the ditch on the other side, till he

struck the scent on which we had followed him. Taking this, he returned on precisely the same track leaving but one scent. Having about ten minutes the start, he got home and safely earthed, before we could find him again. If the huntsman's expression can be relied on, that fox was gifted with an infra natural spirit.

Horses too, are by no means disinterested members of the hunt, and an old hunter may always be known, by the way he pricks his ears and gathers himself up at the sound of a pack of hounds. Old horses turned out to grass, have been known to follow the hounds all day, when they have passed near the spot where they were grazing; and a friend of mine, once driving a superannuated hunter in a gig, happened to meet with the hounds, and was surprised to find his steady old horse suddenly take the bit between his teeth, and gallop across-lots. 'Twas fun while it lasted, to see a man follow the hounds in a gig, but the second fence spoiled it.

In the vicinity of large commons, extending over several thousand acres of mountainous country, I saw a new phase of fox-hunting. The hounds and hunting-establishment were kept by a wealthy nobleman in first-rate style, but the hunt was attended principally by rough, though wealthy farmers, who gained their living by raising the far-famed Devon ox and South Down sheep. I was mounted by one of these farmers. The horse was a medium-sized, rough-looking pony, with plenty of metal; I thought him worth about fifty dollars. I was told to "feel perfectly safe, give him his lead and let him go where he had a mind to." I soon found that notwithstanding appearances, there were few in the field better mounted than myself. The manner in which my steed picked his way across bogs where few dared venture, was perfectly marvelous. These bogs are numerous in the uncultivated districts of England, and are quite dangerous. They are liberally supplied with clumps, formed by the roots of coarse grass; these are called hassocks: between them is only a crust of turf, which will scarcely bear the weight of a man, and breaking would let him into perhaps fifteen or twenty feet of soft mud.

We started a fox, which with appropriate cunning, put across the largest bog he could find. Nearly every one turned off and galloped round a long distance. I found myself sitting in the saddle with much difficulty, while my horse jumped from one hassock to another, with the precision and agility of a cat. The fox and hounds crossed easily enough. I crossed safely, but not so easily, and if not badly scared, I at least felt a sensation, that "a horse is a vain thing for safety." The excitement of the bog had scarcely subsided, when I found myself brought face to face with a stone fence, with a top not laid up flat, but surmounted with thin stones set up edge-ways so as to form a sort of picket. Now a stone fence was something new to me. A hedge, a sunken fence, a hurdle or a five barred gate, I was thoroughly posted in; but this stone fence somewhat dismayed me. I thought of the old hunting proverb, "neck or nothing," and finding my horse nothing daunted, I made up my mind not to balk, supposing in Solon Shingle's phraseology, that "any horse what ud cross a bog, wouldn't stick at no stone fence." So boldly galloping up to the wall, I was surprised to see the ingenious animal knock off the top stones with his fore-feet, and having made a gap big enough, easily jump through it.

It is customary after a day's hunt, to care for the horse with the greatest attention: he must be carefully groomed and rubbed till dry, have a warm bran mesh and be wrapped in blankets; but this poor beast, after the hardest day's hunt I ever had, was simply turned out to grass, and as his owner said, "would be ready if needed for another hunt on the morrow." E.

HOW I GOT AN EDUCATION.

BY HENRY THACKER.

IV.

THE second year of my apprenticeship, I commenced working more or less steadily at the trade. I had also stipulated for two months' school-

ing each year of my apprenticeship; but during the time I staid, my attendance was so irregular that it did me very little good, and was besides a source of annoyance to me. I was ambitious to keep up with my class, but I was unable to do it on account of being so frequently kept at home to run of errands, to assist on washing days, and do other sorts of choring. At this period of my life I was scarcely able to read, or write my name.

During the months of June, July, and a part of the month of August, the business of wool-carding for customers was pretty lively, and a part of the time the machines were run night and day. The work of the mill was for customers altogether, as at that time nearly every farmer in the country spun his own wool, and manufactured his own cloth. Before the business of carding had fairly ended, the wool usually began to come back again, in the shape of cloth to be fulled and dressed. During the season of dressing, my work was chiefly in the fulling-room and dyeing-house. This, although not the pleasantest, was nevertheless a very important part of the work, and one which a man must thoroughly understand in order to be a good workman.

There was one thing connected with the business, which to me, was decidedly disagreeable, and tended sometimes to cast a shade of sadness over my future prospects; and that was the amount of grumbling we were accustomed to hear from time to time, from customers. We had all sorts of wool to deal with, and that too put up in all manner of shapes. When we had a lot of wool of good quality, which had been well washed, and nicely handled, there was no difficulty in doing good work and giving satisfaction to our customers. But in undertaking a job for another party, with material perhaps of an opposite character, the result would be different. With the same machine, and the wool of bad quality, it was impossible to do the work equally well, and the next thing we would hear was the complaint from the spinster, "The rolls didn't run well," &c. In dressing the cloth, similar difficulties were met with. The wool being spun by hand, and by two or more different persons, some of the yarn would be slack, and others hard twisted, a part perhaps, of coarse wool, and a part of finer grade, and all woven in the same piece. The result would be that in fulling, the cloth would cockle badly, thus giving the operator a great deal of perplexity and extra labor without being able to remedy the evil. Then too in dressing and shearing the piece, it was scarcely possible to do the work without cutting the cloth, and for a mishap of this kind there was no remedy.

Unfortunately I also came in for a full share of the difficulty. On account of wrinkles in the cloth we could not run the shearing machine by power; consequently the business of turning the machine by hand usually fell to my lot, and as a single piece cost hours of labor of this kind, the work could only be regarded by me as a second edition of my grindstone experience. Happily for the good of all parties concerned and mankind generally, art and science have come to the rescue. The application of improved and modern machinery has pretty much superseded the slow and inaccurate process of spinning and weaving by hand labor, thus reconciling the two classes, and relieving the world of a vast amount of drudgery and a great deal of useless grumbling.

Although thus far things had worked well, and my future prospects looked bright, still I was doomed to speedy disappointment. I had scarcely finished my second year's apprenticeship, when the proprietor having become involved, failed in business; the works stopped, and I was thrown out of employment. Customers and others with whom my employer dealt, took advantage of his lenient disposition; he thus got the worst of it, and as there was no immediate prospect of his starting again in business, he advised me to seek employment elsewhere; so I left him with regret.

I had now arrived at the age of fourteen, and my two years' apprenticeship had served to open my eyes a little, and as I was from that time forth

allowed to take pretty much my own course in life, I at once decided I would never serve seven or eight years' apprenticeship to get that which I felt competent to secure in three, and as no opportunity offered to continue my trade, I immediately let myself to a farmer for two years, to work for my board and clothing, and for four months' schooling during the time, which was all the learning I got afterward in the regular way.

One little incident which was the occasion of a turning crisis in my life, I will here relate. I had fallen into the habit, common with most boys and young people in those days (it being pretty much all the opportunity I had for pastime), of staying out late at night, attending various bees, parties, and gatherings. Consequently morning often found me in rather a sleepy mood, which no doubt tended more or less to distract my attention from business. The good lady of the house had frequently labored with me on this point, but to little purpose. The temptation to congregate with youngsters was too great. No matter what resolutions I might have formed, I frequently transgressed, and the exhortation had to be repeated. The circumstance, though it happened more than forty years ago, is as fresh in my memory as though it were but yesterday, and I could at this date point out, within perhaps twenty feet, the spot where it occurred.

One day while plowing in the field I stopped the team to rest a few minutes; sitting down on the side of the furrow, and feeling rather drowsy, I suppose I almost instantly fell asleep, for when I awoke I found myself lying flat on my back in the sun. I was frightened on discovering myself in this situation, and springing to my feet I endeavored to rouse myself from the state of stupidity that had come over me. How long I had lain there (probably but a few minutes) or what time of day it was, I could not tell. I was completely bewildered. The team was standing just where I had stopped it. The sun was shining brightly, but whether it was morning, noon, or evening I was unable to make out. The prevailing idea was however, that it was nearly sundown. But at what time of day I had fallen asleep was unknown to me. My mind was so twisted that I could not tell in what direction the sun ought to set, nor in what direction I was from the house, whether north or south. A pretty spectacle I must have been, thought I, to people passing on the road, and my team standing all day in the sun without any thing to eat or drink. My imaginations were extremely wild, and I felt very strange. But as I could not get clear of the idea that it was nearly sundown, I unhitched my horses and drove them to the barn, and went to the house to see what time of day it really was, and found it eleven o'clock. The people remarked that I had turned out early for dinner. I made no reply, but thought the more, and as I gradually recovered my senses, my thoughts deepened until I came under conviction. This circumstance I afterward marked as the commencement of a change in my subsequent course of life. I suspected I was nearly made crazy from the loss of sleep.

The family with which I lived consisted of a widowed lady, a son and three daughters. The son, a man of twenty-five or thirty years of age, was in charge. He was also a student of medicine, which profession occupied the greater part of his time away from home, consequently the work on the farm mainly devolved on me. My early experience on the farm had tolerably fitted me for the work I was now called to perform, and I entered into it with feelings of delight. In place of a single old mare, I had at my command, a noble span of horses, and when hitched to the plow, and myself placed behind it as holder, my boyish ambition seemed nearly at its height. Although much of the work I had to perform was undoubtedly too heavy for a lad of my age, still the people were kind, and treated me well, which in turn stimulated my ambition to do my best, and as I was mainly thrown on my own resources in keeping things in working order, my two years' experience tended considerably to advance my education as a cultivator of the soil.

DUST.

THERE is an uncertain amount of dust on the surface of this pleasant globe, which has a tendency to distribute itself in its own fashion. It seems to have a sort of intelligence and seeks for out-of-the-way places in which to repose undisturbed. Having found such a place it settles down and makes up its mind to enjoy at least a century of quiet meditation. And so it might, had it not a vigilant and untiring enemy—woman—who has relentlessly persecuted it from the time of mother Eve, even until this present day.

Strange to say, although the battle has been so long, it has grown hotter with each succeeding generation, developing especial renown in particular localities. Mothers have transmitted to their daughters the accumulated hate of ages, intensified by a long personal experience in the fight. In our time, the pure essence of this hatred of dust is to be found in the women of New England. Though kindly disposed toward most things, they are stern and unforgiving in their encounters with dust. They seem bent on extermination. Not long ago I tried to beg an old, worn-out silk apron from a thorough-going Massachusetts girl, but I found that she valued it rather more highly than she did her new one, it was such a capital thing to dust the bureau and table with.

We men look at things in a more philosophical light. We say to ourselves, "As dust has quantity it must occupy space. Why not, then, let it occupy in peace some space in remote corners, and cease trying to exterminate it." Dust is unambitious. If prevented from occupying the table it is perfectly satisfied with a place under the bed.

Women sometimes wonder audibly, how men would get along if they had to live by themselves, with no one to "tidy up" and clean house. We had a chance to try it when we lived in the Moffat Building, and it worked nicely. We enjoyed it. The dust was obliging and got out of sight as much as possible. We recognised this and did not persecute it beyond the bounds of reason.

Our bliss was not, however, entirely perfect. One of our number was a zealous man born of Connecticut parents, and hatred of dust was in his blood. He insisted on our mopping the office once a week. His manner of enforcing this was peculiar. Regularly every Sunday morning, he would suggest that the office needed mopping. This remark never being greeted very enthusiastically, he would immediately pull off his coat, seize a mop and begin the operation without assistance: and to prevent his making a public martyr of himself, we had to strip for it and mop likewise.

Finding at length that it was inevitable, we formed ourselves into a Mopping Association, and another of our number who has a genius for organizing, drafted the following Constitution which was adopted after being discussed and voted on for the best part of one afternoon:

CONSTITUTION

OF THE ONEIDA COMMUNITY MOPPING ASSOCIATION OF MOFFAT BUILDING, 335 BROADWAY, CITY OF NEW YORK, N. Y., U. S. AMERICA. ADOPTED JANUARY 13, A. D., 1867.

ARTICLE I. The members of the Association shall be divided into the following sections, which sections shall perform the various duties annexed, to wit:

Section No. 1. To procure four pails and four mops, deliver them in room No. 9, Moffat Building; fill the four pails with clean water, replace this water with further clean water as often as the moppers desire; and when the moppers are done mopping return the four pails and four mops, in good condition, to their proper places for the week.

Sections No. 2 & 3. To mop the floor as designated in Article V of this Constitution; each one to continue mopping as long as there is any space left unmopped, to wring his own mop, and leave the floor after him well wiped and fitted for drying.

Section No. 4. To stack up the furniture and all movable articles which are on the floor, out of the way of the moppers, and return said furniture and articles to their proper places, after the mopping is done; to clean up the fire-places, to dust and wipe with a wet cloth the furniture and stove.

ARTICLE II. Sections No. 1 and 4 shall consist of two persons each. If agents or other transient per-

sons are present they shall be assigned to any section, at the option of the President.

ARTICLE III. Sections No. 2 and 3 shall consist of two persons each.

ARTICLE IV. At the second mopping, under this Constitution, the persons who composed Section No. 4 at the first mopping under this Constitution shall assume the duties of Section No. 1 and compose that Section. Those whom they replace shall assume the duties of Section No. 2 and compose that Section. Those replaced by No. 1 shall assume the duties of Section No. 3 and compose that Section. A like change shall take place at each succeeding mopping, each mopping bearing the relation to the one preceding it that mopping number two does to mopping number one above.

ARTICLE V. Room No. 9, the entry leading to the back office, and the back office shall be mopped every Sunday, at one-half past eight A. M. by the clock in the office. During that part of the year that the stove is used in the front office the mopping of the back office shall be omitted every other week.

ARTICLE VI. The President shall have the office of appointing the various members of the sections to perform the first mopping and shall possess the power of making changes, and ameliorating the condition of any member, if said member feels oppressed, and shall have the power to order any extra mopping which he may deem necessary.

ARTICLE VII. No amendments shall be made to this Constitution except by a three-fourth vote. If at any time three-fourths of the members shall vote to do so, this Constitution shall be deemed extinct.

ARTICLE VIII. The President shall appoint his successor after he has been in office four weeks.

After adopting this and allowing the man who invented the idea, to secure for himself the office of President, there was no escape. He had been rather conservative before, but he now grew enthusiastic on the subject of mopping for the sake of seeing the organization work. So fascinated did he become with it, that he neglected to appoint his successor at the expiration of four weeks, as provided in Article VIII of the Constitution.

But in the sleeping apartments it was different. I had charge of things there for a time, and it was while thus engaged, that I developed the calm and rational theory hinted at in this article. I discovered that we slept tranquilly in rooms swept fortnightly, and mopped quarterly.

Sometimes our women made us little visits in passing through New York, and of course the new theory and practice conflicted somewhat with old superstitions. Providentially, their visits were cut short before they had opportunity to institute house-cleaning.

Hostilities between women and dust having continued so long a time, their cessation will be something of an event. Shall we live to behold it?

F. W. S.

NEWS ITEMS.

VICTOR HUGO's wife died in Brussels, August 26th.

JOHN T. HOFFMAN is the Democratic candidate for Governor of New York.

ALL the French troops are at last to be withdrawn from Italy.

THE new British Parliament is to meet and organize Dec. 10th, and the Queen's speech is to be read on the 14th.

THE Vermont State elections which took place on Tuesday, Sept. 1st, resulted, as was expected, in favor of the Republican party, with an increased majority of 10,000 since last year.

A CURIOUS race against time is to commence today on the Erie canal. A man named Howe proposes to perform the journey from Buffalo to Albany in a common wash-tub without oars, rudder or sail, in eighteen working days.

THE Japanese war is still prosecuted with vigor. The Mikado's adherents had at last advices captured Jeddo and burned nearly one-third of it. Three armies in the Tycoon's interest are marching on the city from different points with the intention of retaking it.

THE Paraguayan stronghold, Humaita, has at last yielded to the allied armies of Brazil and the Argentine Republic, after much severe fighting. The Paraguayans claim to have carried away all the ammunition in the fortress, but left behind them 250 spiked cannon. Lopez has retreated to the interior, where he has another strong line of fortifications.

Announcements:

THE ONEIDA COMMUNITY

Is an association living in Lenox, Madison Co., N. Y., four miles from Oneida Depot. Number of members, 202. Land, 539 acres. Business, Horticulture, Manufactures, and Printing the CIRCULAR. Theology, Perfectionism. Sociology, Bible Communism.

WILLOW-PLACE COMMUNITY.

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

WALLINGFORD COMMUNITY.

Branch of O. C., at Wallingford, Conn., one mile west of depot. Number of members, 40. Land, 228 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 Grounds and can be furnished for 40 cents each. Views, *carte de visite* size, 25 cents each. Any of the above will be sent by mail, post paid, on receipt of the price named. Address, Oneida Community, Oneida, N. Y.

PUBLICATIONS.

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

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

THE TRAPPER'S GUIDE; a Manual of Instructions for Capturing Fur-bearing Animals; by S. NEWHOUSE. Second edition; with new Narratives and Illustrations. 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. NOYES. Price, 50 cents per dozen.

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

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

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