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

THE WAY TO VICTORY.

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

IN studying Paul's character, I see that he was a very fruitful, successful man. His life was brimful of effort and production. I want to get at the secret of what it was that made him so, because when I look deep into my own heart I see that there is nothing I like so well as to be producing. What is so pleasant as to be doing something that is profitable—something that is going to tell on all good interests, and be successful, victorious, glorious? Paul did that all the time. I want to know how he did it.

I see very plainly two things in him that were the source of his fruitfulness. In the first place he kept his face always toward God; he did not believe in dead works at all, but in inspired works; he was determined always to work for God, and not for himself or the devil. Another thing is, that he had his mental and spiritual machinery so arranged that he could keep down, and not be proud of what he did. He got beyond the liability to swell and be puffed up with self-complacency in view of his achievements. I learn from him to say in my heart always and every-where that I will not be proud, because I know if I am, God will not let me have anything to be proud of. If I want to be always doing something successful and victorious, I must learn not to be proud of it; so my very love of victory and success, will work humility. Then I learn from him also to say I am so fond of being fruitful, and victorious, that I am determined I will live by faith. I will not have any dead works about me. I will keep my heart toward God all the time, because I know that is the only way to be successful and victorious. God will not give me success and fruitfulness while my heart is turned the other way. If I have real, unfeigned, simple faith, he will give me success. He can fertilize me; the pollen of his spirit can make me fruitful; but he will not give it to me, except as I turn my face toward him and open myself to him in faith. I am determined to keep my heart open to the Lord and be humble for the sake of being fruitful, which is the joy of my life.

"I delight to do thy will, O God," said David. He had some good reason for delighting to do the will of God; there was something

sweet about it which he could appreciate; there was marrow and fatness in it which he could enjoy. In what did that fatness consist? I believe that in doing the will of God, he was always successful and always realizing the actual accomplishment of some good, useful thing. Paul says, "Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory." It would be glorious if a man could always live in the state of feeling a General is in when winning a battle. That is the eternal state of God, and that is the state he will put us into, if we will set our faces toward him and put down pride. Victory, *victory* VICTORY, every-where and in every thing, until death itself shall be swallowed up in victory!

There is a wonderful pleasure in being victoriously successful, even in small things. We were mightily pleased with "making a round" on the croquet ground. We can get into a state of partnership with God where we can have that kind of experience all the time, and every step of our course, in small things and great, will be successful.

For a specimen of success in great things, look at Christ's capture of Paul—what a splendid victorious thing was that! There can be no doubt that Christ's heart was filled with joy at the accomplishment of that feat—heading off a great persecution, by capturing the very man who was foremost in it, and making of him his greatest disciple!

TALK ABOUT THE SECOND COMING.

NO. III.

Inquirer.—If the spiritual believers who were the true witnesses of the Second Coming, were as you say, changed by the lightning of Christ's presence, and taken away, still the question remains, why the "foolish virgins," from whom they were separated so suddenly and mysteriously, and who were left in this world, did not report something about the matter. Do you suppose that a manifestation so mighty as the facts in this case imply, spiritual though it was, could take place without making a tremendous impression of some kind on those who were in the company of believers up to the moment when they vanished?

Circular.—We are not left wholly to conjecture on this point. Several facts are recorded which show that the approach of spiritual beings does affect, more or less, the senses of worldly bystanders. Take the case of the manifestation of the angel at the sepulchre of Christ, which is as good a foreshadowing of the Second Coming as we could wish. Matthew reports it as follows:—"In the end of

the Sabbath, as it began to dawn toward the first day of the week, came Mary Magdalene, and the other Mary, to see the sepulchre. And, behold, there was a great earthquake: for the angel of the Lord descended from heaven, and came and rolled back the stone from the door, and sat upon it. His countenance was like lightning, and his raiment white as snow: and for fear of him the keepers did shake, and became as dead men. And the angel answered and said unto the women, Fear not ye: for I know that ye seek Jesus, which was crucified. He is not here; for he is risen as he said. Come, see the place where the Lord lay, and go quickly, and tell his disciples that he is risen from the dead; and, behold, he goeth before you into Galilee; there shall ye see him: lo, I have told you. And they departed quickly from the sepulchre with fear and great joy, and did run to bring his disciples word." (Mat. 28 1—8.) Here we see a discriminating operation, somewhat like that described in Christ's words—"one shall be taken and another left." The believing women were filled with fear and *great joy* by the same glorious presence that struck the unbelieving keepers senseless to the earth. But take notice, *the believers only reported this transaction.* See how the unbelievers smothered it: "Some of the watch came into the city, and showed unto the chief priests all the things that were done. And when they were assembled with the elders, and when they had taken counsel, they gave large money unto the soldiers, saying, Say ye, His disciples came by night, and stole him away while we slept. And if this come to the governor's ears we will persuade him, and secure you. *So they took the money, and did as they were taught: and this saying is commonly reported among the Jews until this day.*" (Mat. 28: 11—15.) How do you know but that some such hushing up as this took place among the "foolish virgins," who were near enough to the manifestation of Christ to know something about it, but yet, being left, were under strong inducement to smother their impressions? The common report in Christendom that Christ did not come when he said he would, certainly has no better foundation than the report among the Jews that he did not rise from the dead when he said he would; and probably the truth was suppressed in one case very much as it was in the other.

We have another example of the discriminating effect of a spiritual presence on different persons, in the case of Paul's vision on his way to Damascus. The story of this transaction is told by Luke as follows:—"As he

journeyed, he came near Damascus; and suddenly there shined round about him a light from heaven: and he fell to the earth, and heard a voice saying unto him, Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me? And he said, Who art thou, Lord? And the Lord said, I am Jesus whom thou persecutest. It is hard for thee to kick against the pricks. And he, trembling and astonished, said, Lord, what wilt thou have me to do? And the Lord said unto him, Arise, and go into the city, and it shall be told thee what thou must do. *And the men which journeyed with him, stood speechless, hearing a voice, but seeing no man.*" (Acts 9: 3—7.) Paul tells the same story thus:—"As I made my journey, and was come nigh unto Damascus about noon, suddenly there shone from heaven a great light round about me. And I fell unto the ground, and heard a voice saying unto me, Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me? And I answered, Who art thou, Lord? And he said unto me, I am Jesus of Nazareth, whom thou persecutest. *And they that were with me, saw indeed the light, and were afraid; but they heard not the voice of him that spake to me.* And I said, What shall I do, Lord? And the Lord said unto me, Arise and go into Damascus; and there it shall be told thee of all things which are appointed for thee to do. And when I could not see for the glory of that light, being led by the hand of them that were with me, I came into Damascus." (Acts 22: 6—11.) Here was certainly a personal approach of Christ's glorious body, resembling in its nature, though not in its power, his subsequent Second Advent. You observe that while Paul had a glimpse of the brightness of Christ which instantly blinded him, and while he distinctly heard the words of Christ, and conversed with him, the men that were with him saw no man and heard no intelligible words;—and yet they were partially affected both by the light and by the voice—saw a radiance, and heard a noise that terribly frightened them. Yet we have no reason to believe that *their* report of this scene ever found its way into common history. Paul only, appreciated it enough to give the world an account of it. It was salvation to him. He was "taken" and the others "left." And by the way, do you not see that Paul, having such an experience of the power of Christ's presence to begin his course of faith with, *knew* what he expected and whereof he affirmed, when he proclaimed to believers that the Lord would descend and blast their keepers, and change them from mortality to immortality in the twinkling of an eye, at the crisis which was approaching? He, too, could say with Peter, and those who witnessed the transfiguration, that he "had not followed cunningly devised fables when he made known the power and coming of the Lord; for he had been an eye-witness of his majesty."

Inquirer.—You suppose, then, that all persons who happened to be in the company of believers at the appearing of Christ, were more or less sensible of the spiritual agency which

caught them away, and certainly must have noticed with wonder, if not dismay, their sudden disappearance. Now considering how many believers there were on earth at the period of the destruction of Jerusalem, and what multitudes of their companions of course must have been left behind, with some disturbing impressions at least, of the fearful fact that had come near them, it is hardly conceivable that no trace of this great transaction should have been left on the historical records of the world.

Circular.—The number of true believers at that period was by no means so large as you imagine. Nearly all the first generation of disciples had passed away by death, and the spirit of falsehood and apostasy made sad havoc with the second generation. Read Matt. 24: 10—12, 2 Thess. 2: 3—12, 1 Tim. 4: 1—3, 2 Tim. 3: 1—5, 4: 3, 4, and you will see that there was a "great falling away" in the "last times" of the apostolic age. Christ evidently did not expect that sound faith would last beyond one generation, and for that very reason set the time of his Second Coming at the limit of a life-time from his first; that he might mark distinctly the point of division between true Christianity and false, and withdraw himself and his church from responsibility for the impostures which have since been set up in his name. He plainly intimated that true believers would be few and far between at his advent, when he asked that significant question—"When the Son of Man cometh, shall he find faith on the earth?" (Luke 18: 8.) Moreover, it must be borne in mind that the few scattered believers who remained alive at the Second Coming, were taken away in the very crisis of the most turbulent time that the world ever saw; when death was gathering its harvest by millions, and when, of course, the sudden disappearance of a few obscure individuals could not have attracted much attention. That was also the very crisis in respect to which history, at least so far as the Christian church is concerned, is most incoherent and unreliable. Perhaps the half-witnesses that were left, were themselves soon swept off by pestilence, famine, or the sword. Perhaps they reported that their missing companions were struck by lightning—that they themselves were prostrated and blinded by the flash, and when they recovered themselves, their friends were gone. The men that journeyed with Paul when the Lord appeared to him on the plains of Damascus, would, very likely, have reported something of this kind, if that fiery presence which blinded him, had come nearer and taken him away. Finally, perhaps in the progress of antiquarian researches, it will yet be found that the Second Coming *did* make its mark indelibly on the external records of mankind. We look with some confidence for future discoveries in this direction; though the only witnesses that can tell the whole story in the case are of course to be sought in the Kingdom of Heaven, among those who were taken away.

PRINCIPIA.—NO. 18.

PERFECTIONISM THE ANTECEDENT OF COMMUNISM.

ARTICLES FROM OUR EARLY PUBLICATIONS,

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

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

OUR MODEL OF ASSOCIATION.

We believe that the first resurrection is past; and that the kingdom of God, instead of being something yet unborn, or existing only in theory, commenced with the first resurrection at the destruction of Jerusalem, and is now 1800 years old. And we believe that the Primitive Church which constituted that kingdom, is not a shadowy phantom, far removed from us by the lapse of ages and illimitable space. It has the same reality to us that the British nation has, and is no more a doubtful existence than any foreign kingdom which is remote but not inaccessible. It is *our* kingdom—the Washington of our government. We refer to it as the people of India refer to England, the nation by whom they are governed. In the language of war, it is our "basis of operations," the place where our supplies and all our efficiency issue from; and our success depends on our uninterrupted communication with this center of power. Our religion is not to be a restoration of the primitive Christianity of the apostolic age, or a restoration of the Christianity of the third century: it is not to be the revival of anything ancient, but the development of the present advanced civilization of the Primitive Church. Our standard of perfection is a living church; and not the Bible merely, or any former Christian example.

With these principles we have an immense advantage over all other schemes for the regeneration of the world. Take, for instance, the Fourierists. To work out their new system of social combination, they have the scientific developments of Charles Fourier;—his splendid theory, constructed with infinite pains, written down on paper, but not proved by experiment. From this they expect to work out a true state of society. But theories are always suspicious; and in every art which we study, the living teacher, qualified by practical acquaintance, is essential to perfection. Fourier had no experience to write from: he never saw a phalanx: he died and left his followers an untried theory, to be carried out in the defect of his own personal superintendence. The Fourierists are studying the art of social music from books, which were written by a man who never heard the sound of an instrument. But on our part, in that central kingdom where all our thoughts turn, our problem has been worked out, not in theory only, but in practice. There a perfect system is in full tide of operation; and so far as we can gain a knowledge of its principles we can proceed with perfect safety. We know that what has been done may be done again; and the help of those who have had experience, comes in to give us infinite advantage. We are learning the art of social harmony under living teachers who are perfect, practical musicians. As Moses made the tabernacle according to a pattern showed to him in the mount by God, so the true and perfect organization of society will be after a pattern of things in heaven. The prayer of Christ will be answered—"Thy will be done on earth, as it is done in heaven." With a heavenly pattern, and the instruction of heavenly artists, we can go forward with strong hearts; but the human intellect alone can never develop the true idea of social perfection. It is a greater problem than men can solve.

If we take these positions, we see that every thing depends on our actual acquaintance with the Primitive Church. It is not abstract principles that we want; but spiritual fellowship with a living kingdom. We have an embodied fact, instead of a theory, to study. France has been experimenting for years, trying to find out the true theory of government. De Tocqueville,

one of its distinguished men, came over to this country to learn all he could about our Republic, its laws and institutions, the manners and customs of the people, our social condition, &c., with a reference to the improvement of the French Constitution. This is the kind of study we want—not theoretical writings like Fourier's, but living facts. We want to study the Primitive Church, and learn their system of Government, their manners, customs, power—every thing that De Tocqueville sought to learn in this country. The true way to do this would seem to be, to go to that kingdom and pass into personal communication with its citizens. If God would give us leave, that would be the simplest and most economical way. But postponing this way, God may first require us to get all the information we can from the means we have. If we were going to England, we should first make ourselves acquainted with its history, geography, and whatever could be learned before traveling there. There are data in the New Testament from which we can form some conception of the rate of progress and the present degree of advancement of the Primitive Church. Apply the proposition in mathematics: The material of a thing being given, the direction and force being known, we can find how far it has gone in a given time. The material of the church of the first resurrection was the best blood of the Hebrew and Greek and Roman nations. All the civilization that had been gained in the world from the beginning, was embodied in these three nations; and the Primitive Church was composed of the best blood of each. Christ was the force acting on the church, impelling it in the direction of salvation from sin, righteousness, love, and glorified perfection. At the Second Coming, this body was lost sight of; but with its line of progress gloriously extended, and the same omnipotent power in action for 1800 years, what must be their state of advancement now? The progress of the world, for the same time, is but a faint reflex of the progress of the Primitive Church. The march of mind which has distinguished the last few centuries, should no doubt be ascribed to a spiritual infusion from the invisible world; and all our inventions and discoveries are really second-hand from mind in another kingdom, where they are doubtless small affairs. Consider the advantages which the Primitive Church has had over this world for making all kinds of improvement. The world has always had revolutions and violent changes, interrupting the progress of civilization. It has been under the government of kings, and popes, and foolish wise men. But the Primitive Church has been under the government of Jesus Christ. It has been one united body. No revolutions have disturbed its course. It has had peace, and union, and the rule of wisdom, against our wars and dissensions, and selfish policy of kings. With such comparisons we may enlarge our conceptions of the state of the Primitive Church; and from the data in the New Testament obtain some preliminary knowledge of that kingdom which is to have its counterpart set up on this earth, and which God may yet permit some traveler from our sphere to visit, and to study from observation.

In the Feb. No. of the *Magazine* we find an extract from the Annual Address of the President of one of the numerous Associations scattered through the country, all of which at this time (1847) were decidedly on the wane. The Address says:

We have experienced a reverse. We have been wasted by disease, bereaved by the destroyer, careworn by anxious vigils over our emaciated friends, enfeebled in our industry, impoverished in our financial resources, and chastened in our ambition by a complicated adversity. Instead of being able to congratulate you, this day, on the results of an unusually fortunate year's operations, and the declaration of moderate dividends on labor, I am obliged to announce that we have actually made a loss on our capital. It will be seen with regret by an inspection of the Financial Report, that we have fallen short of sustaining ourselves, and keeping our

capital good, by the sum of four hundred and four dollars and sixty-six cents.

The editor of the *Magazine* comments as follows:

We should sympathize with them joyfully, enthusiastically, if they had arrived at a point where all afflictions became to them a present and indispensable gain; if they "counted all things loss to know the fellowship of Christ's sufferings," and welcomed the agency by which he and his disciples were perfected. The heat of the sun parches a barren soil; it prepares good soil for the seed; and it is a principal cause of the growth of plants. So, suffering has a various operation, and will be variously estimated, according to the condition of those it affects. It is an unqualified curse to the hopelessly wicked; to future believers (though bitter and unappreciated at the time), it is a preventive, like the law—a schoolmaster unto Christ; and to Christians, in connection with the spirit of God, it occasions purification, growth, and consequent joy. If there is one thing that we value in our experience here, it is that we find benefit in suffering, and appreciate its effects. This subjective knowledge prevents any "tinge of melancholy and disappointment" in looking at our past trials; and it insures us against all loss in the future. We have sunk capital: we have thereby been forwarded in our original design, to give to the spiritual department its proper ascendancy over our temporal interest. We have endured many severe "fights of afflictions," both internal and external: they have been indispensable, and their effects remain, more precious than gold.

In the spring of 1847 the members of the Putney Association, who had previously lived in scattered situations in the village, in the manner of private families, although one in pecuniary affairs, collected at the home of J. H. Noyes. This may be called the beginning of the Oneida Community as a definite organization. The change from Vermont to New York, and the enlargement of the Community in every direction, have been only incidents in the growth of the organization which sprang up spontaneously at Putney in the spring of 1847. The following from the May number tells the origin of the "Home-Talks" which have been continued with more or less regularity ever since:

We commence with this number a series of articles entitled, "Home-Talk, by J. H. N." The circumstances under which these papers are prepared, are these: The body of believers in holiness in this village have this spring joined their households under one common roof. This change, as they expected, has proved in every respect useful and agreeable. Our evenings are generally occupied with conversation, reading, and amusement. The discourse of Mr. Noyes on some of these occasions, and also at the Sunday meetings at the Chapel, will be reported, and may be considered as his contribution to the columns of the *Magazine*. We think it will be no objection to these "Home-Talks" that they are less formal in style than regularly written articles; and though they may suffer some in the process of being transferred to paper, yet our readers will readily recognize their origin, and appreciate the radical truth which they present.

In the same month of May, George Cragin wrote from New York:

As for the new societies formed within a year or two past, such as the anti-hanging society, the association society, &c., I should judge that their stock is very much below par—more particularly the society for promoting associations. I learned from a reliable source, that all of the social communities formed within a few years past in N. Jersey, Pennsylvania, and other places, have experienced a total failure. The *every-where-present* SELF in unregenerate humanity, notwithstanding it has been

deified by the disciples of Fourier, is, nevertheless, death and damnation in every *social pot*, whether cooked by Fourier or Robert D. Owen: and they will learn sooner or later that nothing but the *salt of the faith of Christ* will destroy the virus of self.

A WASP AND GRASSHOPPER.

WHILE working in the flower-garden one sultry day, my attention was suddenly arrested by a black sand-wasp. When I first observed her (for it was evidently a female), she alighted in one of the broad walks, and immediately began to whisk about furiously, evidently impelled by some strong excitement. Presently she ran to the grass border near by, seized a large grasshopper, and returned, dragging it along in a somewhat novel way. Her movements were so peculiar, that I became interested, and determined to watch them to the end.

Her method of moving the grasshopper was as follows: She placed herself directly astride of him, thrust her head forward, and with her hooked jaws seized him in the face, just below his eyes. Then straightening herself up, so that her legs looked like so many straight sticks (her object evidently being to raise her body a little above that of the grasshopper so as to give her freedom of motion), she started off at a rapid rate. In this way she drew her burden about a yard before stopping to rest. She then left it, and went whisking about apparently without any particular purpose. Soon, however, she returned to her prize, and placing herself over it, in the same attitude as before, drew it about two feet further in the same direction, left it, and went looking about with a great deal of earnestness, after *something*. I was not left very long in suspense as to what she wanted. After a few turns in different directions, she discovered a small, round hole in the ground, and with her fore-feet, immediately commenced enlarging it, pawing up the dirt, and throwing it out with her feet like a woodchuck. After descending into the ground, about half the length of her body, she changed her method of disposing of the dirt. She took a piece, about the size of a large marrowfat pea, between her fore-legs and jaws, backed out of the hole to a little distance from it, where she dropped the lump, placed herself directly over it, and using all her feet, in the most dexterous manner, scattered it in all directions, except towards the hole. This done, she returned for another load. In this way she worked on without interruption till the hole was completed; which occupied three-quarters of an hour.

Her enthusiasm appeared to increase, as her work advanced. Every time she descended to her work, she would stop at the mouth of the hole, and take a good look at the grasshopper, as if to make sure that she had taken a correct estimate of its dimensions, so as to determine more accurately the size of the place of deposit; for it had become evident to a group of spectators who had collected on the spot, and were watching her movements with much interest, that this was the object she had in view. At this time, the grasshopper was about eighteen inches from the hole. Suddenly the idea seemed to occur to her, that she could examine him to better advantage, if he were close by her work. So she rushed out after him, and in the same manner as before drew him within about three inches of the hole. This appeared to satisfy her pretty well, though she still left her work occasionally, and moved him a little in different directions.

Having completed the excavation, she seized the grasshopper, drew him around close to the hole, and laid him down with his head towards it. She then backed down into it, instead of entering head-foremost, as she had previously done, and seizing him by the head, jerked him down out of sight in an instant. This movement was so dexterously and skillfully made, that our surprise was only equalled by the hearty laugh it occasioned, and we involuntarily cheered her, lustily.

Now commenced the work of packing the grasshopper in its place. This was accompanied with a creaking noise, which some were of the opinion, was occasioned by her laying her eggs. But I after-

wards became satisfied that it was caused by the small space in which she had to operate. This work occupied about ten minutes. She then came out and commenced pawing the dirt she had thrown out, down into the hole. Having disposed of a small quantity in this way, she went down and packed it away, and then returned for more. These two processes she continued, until the hole was completely filled. As she neared the surface, we observed that she packed the dirt with her head. This done, she went scratching all about the place where the hole had been, evidently for the purpose of making the surface of the ground look as natural as possible, and thus obliterate all signs of her work. The instant this was accomplished, she flew away. The whole affair occupied about an hour and a half. Those of us who witnessed it, felt well paid for waiting.

Two days after this, I carefully removed the dirt, for the purpose of ascertaining the form of the hole and the condition of the grasshopper. To my surprise, I found it still alive. I examined it very minutely with a microscope, to see if the wasp had deposited her eggs upon it. All I found, was a small grub, attached to its back, which I became satisfied, was left there by the wasp. Here was another exhibition of the almost human intelligence, that had accompanied the movements of this little insect, through the whole transaction. To begin with, she merely disabled the grasshopper, so that she could handle him readily, but was careful not to kill him. Then she placed him in the ground horizontally, with his back upwards, in a natural position, evidently wishing to preserve his life as long as possible, so that he would become food for the young wasp, as soon as it had grown sufficiently to partake of him; and she attached the grub to a soft position on the grasshopper's body, from which it could more readily obtain its nourishment. s. w. n.

THE CIRCULAR.

O. C., MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1868.

COMMUNITY CHILDREN.

IT is very convenient for visitors who are on the watch for the bad symptoms of Communism, to say something disparaging about the children of the Community. A single case of weakness or deformity can easily be imagined and reported to be a fair specimen of the whole class. As "P. P." saw nothing but ugliness and stupidity in the same set of women that Jennie June describes as "cleanly, bright, active, intelligent and well formed," so an evil eye will discover only degeneracy in the offspring of those women, while the clear eye of simple truthfulness will find them quite as bright and good as the average of their class anywhere.

We have confessed in our publications that we "have not made much practical advance beyond the world in the direction of propagation, but are waiting for light;" and this modest disclaimer seems to have been taken as a confession of the inferiority of our children. To set this matter right, we will now boast ourselves a little by stating two or three symptomatic facts.

1. The generation of little ones that filled our children's house twenty years ago, many of whom were born in the Community, either here or at Putney, and all of whom owe their training and character to the Community, are now the young men and women that are doing the business and sustaining the responsibilities of the Community. Look at them, if you wish to see fair specimens of what the Community is doing and can do in the line of propagation. It is a poor way to judge the apple-tree by its green fruit. Try some of our ripe apples. Ask the professors at Yale, whether our students are below the average.

2. Our children's house has graduated one set and taken in another every year, for twenty years, and has never had less than twenty children in its charge; the entire number of its inmates, first and last, is over

one hundred and thirty; and yet only two deaths have occurred during this whole administration! Does this fact indicate feeble constitutions on the part of the children, or bad management on the part of their trainers?

We are willing to abide a verdict based on facts like these, that reach the whole length of the question as to our success in propagation; but we appeal from the flippant judgments of evil-eyed scribblers, who give only a passing glance at the present generation of little ones, and purposely see only the poorest specimens they can pick out among them.

The fact is, that one-third of the present inmates of our children's house are offspring of parents that have lately joined the Community, and so are really specimens of the world's products! But the scribblers see nothing bright even in them! They jumble all together, pronounce general judgment of degeneracy, for the sake of making out a case against Communism. "That's what's the matter."

COMMUNITY JOURNAL.

[For the week ending Sept. 13.]

ONEIDA.

—Dog days; warm and rainy.—What is the strange aroma which comes from the kitchen? Can it be possible that our cooks are introducing such old-fashioned dishes as ham and sausages? Let's go and see. Just look at these baskets of curious things, pink like sea-shells; what are they? O, we know! This is just the weather for mushrooms, and one would think, by the quantities gathered, that there never was a time when weather and soil so conspired for their growth.

—G. E. C. gives the following statistics from the packing-house. Canned and bottled since the first of September, two thousand bushels of corn, five hundred of tomatoes, one hundred and fifty of peaches, one hundred and seventy-five of plums, besides small quantities of pears, blackberries and crab-apples.

—It is evening. The halls and passage-ways are lighted, but all their lengths are empty. The watchman may be heard on the stairs; a few spectacled men may be seen in the Library; but almost everybody has gone to the peach-bee at the packing-house. Eight o'clock finds a dozen of us in the lower sitting-room. We have followed the natural law of aggregation and sought each other out from remote corners. We are enough for quite a family circle in common life, but drearily few for an O. C. evening. We talk awhile about Joseph the son of Jacob, and read his touching words to his brethren when they forebode evil from him after their father's death. A pleasant old lady who saw the Bible eighty years ago and more, says she read through the story of Joseph once on purpose to see if it were possible to find any fault with him. She could not find anything in which she thought he did wrong, unless it was where he reiterated to his brethren, "Ye are spies—ye are spies, to see the nakedness of the land ye are come," &c. We thought it a little strange that Christ should not have come of Joseph, Joseph was such a good man and the son of Rachel. Joseph's wife was an Egyptian woman; so the mother of the two powerful tribes of Manasseh and Ephraim was an Egyptian. In the midst of this conversation one comes in with a paper she has received from G. W. N., something he has printed at W. C., entitled "Topics of Jesus Christ," being a collection and classification of all the name-words Christ ever used in his discourse. After reading this through with a good deal of interest we make a game out of it; one putting out the words for the rest of us to quote the text in which they occurred. This lasts us till the patter and the chatter under the windows announce that the bee is over. The house fills up and the dreariness is forgotten.

—"A bee to husk corn at quarter to six in the morning!" announces the foreman of the fruit department at the close of our evening gathering. "We want to do a big work on the corn to-morrow, and we would like an early start." Six o'clock finds a busy group at the barn pulling off husks, an operation rendered easy by reason of the preliminary beheading each ear receives at the hands of D. E. S., who

is running a miniature guillotine with which he cuts off the stub close up to the corn. Soon the first load of twelve bushels is ready for the packing-room, quarter of a mile away. Work in the packing-room starts rather slowly in the morning, as the boys are sleepy from last night's exertions, prolonged as they were till near midnight. Here comes the "scalders" who put the corn into huge crates, and lower it into the scalding vats. Fifteen minutes boiling and the smoking ears are piled into hoppers ready for cutting off. Two of Burt's corn-cutters, manned by sturdy young fellows, now commence shaving off corn at the rate of thirty or forty ears a minute. A third machine on which steam-power runs the treadle, cuts off sixty ears per minute with uniformity and ease, compared with the others, as any one will say after "stamping off corn," for half a day. From the cutters it goes to the can-filler who by the aid of an ingenious machine, fills twelve or fifteen cans a minute. Indeed, the capacity of the cutter and the filler is from seven to ten thousand cans a day. Next the cans are weighed, a syrup of salt and sugar poured in, wiped clean and the cap soldered on. Place the cans in hot water for an instant; if one is leaky it sends out a stream of bubbles. After testing, comes the calcium bath, a huge kettle containing a strong solution of chloride of calcium which carries the boiling point up to 240 degrees. Fifty minutes' bath, when they are swung out, rinsed off, and thrown in heaps to cool. When cold, if the heads of the cans refuse to snap in, it indicates that there is a leak somewhere, and the can goes on to the compost heap. The actual capacity of our packing-room, from husking to boiling, we find to be a little short of 4000 cans per day.

—An article was read in our evening meeting from the *Scientific American*, which advocates the use of iron rails on common wagon roads. "American wagon roads," says the writer, "are proverbially bad during a large portion of the year. In spring, while the frost is coming out of the ground and until they are settled by the vernal rains, they are for heavy loads well nigh impassible. Nothing is more common at that season than the spectacle of a wagon sunk to the hub in some slough of despond, with its attendant driver up to his knees in mud, vainly endeavoring by the aid of some fence rail borrowed for the occasion, to pry it out, at the same time shouting in terms far from elegant, to his bedraggled and exhausted team." The article further says that the new method is looked upon very favorably in England where it is estimated that the laying of such roads throughout the entire kingdom would cost only one-half as much as the steam railways now in operation in that country. This idea of iron rails for common roads is one which J. H. N. has talked of for two or three years. The condition of the highways in this region in spring and fall is barbarous in the extreme. Mud and Oneida are inseparable in the minds of Wallingfordians who rejoice in a soil which, if not the best for farming purposes, is about the nicest in the world for traveling, and all the better after a day's rain, which would render the roads here distressing to both horses and riders. Every little while the plan of laying iron rails between here and Willow Place, is agitated. Of late, since the Midland has gone along so famously, this project has assumed some practical importance. J. J. Skinner, who is spending with us his vacation from Yale, has surveyed the route and is making a map of it. Good! What material thing detracts more from sublunary bliss than mud?

—Years ago when we drank tea and coffee ourselves, and served them to our visitors decocted in the most approved style, we drew great caravans of country folk. Substantial farmers and their wives, who when haying is done like to take a day and go pic-nicing, would bring the merchant and the lawyer of the village and their wives, and sit long over their dinner and imbibe and have a jovial time. After we quit serving tea and coffee a change came on. The great companies were young couples who could laugh and talk and make merry over water, and not have a headache if they did not have tea after their ride. Now for two years we have had no noon music, and great parties of young people are rare. Our visitors

consist now of travelers, of city folks ruralizing, of railroad officials, of the learned and the curious. We have just opened the Register in the Reception Room and looking on the last two pages for September 8th and 9th, find names from New York city, Utica, Syracuse, Rochester, Buffalo, Hudson, Malone, Peterboro, Ilion, Oriskany and many other towns in this State; several from Hartford Conn., two from Holyoke Mass., one from Brandon Vt., one from California, one from Wisconsin, and one from Iowa. If we do not have our pulpit or send out missionaries we do a good deal of preaching in our way as any body can see.

TOPICS OF JESUS CHRIST.

AS SHOWN BY THE NAME-WORDS OF HIS DISCOURSE.

["The Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us." Considering that for thirty years Christ walked as a man among men, it is but natural to inquire as to the circumstances of his earthly life. What was the situation, social, domestic, political, in which he grew? What the scenery and objects, natural and artificial, which surrounded him? Something to answer these inquiries may be drawn from history and the study of antiquities. But apart from these sources, with their reflected light, it is evident that the best guide for reproducing the exact features of Christ's time and locality, is found in his own words. He constantly wove into his discourse, for purposes of illustration, allusions to the familiar objects that were about him. A collection of his name-words, therefore, will present (especially if classified in a natural manner) an authentic picture, in outline, at least, of the scenes among which he moved, and the things which formed the outward clothing of his thought. The following list, it is believed, contains all the primary name-words of his discourse.]

Building Terms.

Temple	Inn	Chamber	Gate
Palace	Storehouse	Closet	Foundation
Synagogue	Barn	Door	Corner
Prison	Tower	Beam	Stall
Mansion	Court	Room	Housetop
House	Bride-chamber	Guest-chamber	

["Is not this the carpenter?" . . . Mark 6: 3.]

Household Utensils.

Bushel	Table	Keys	Trumpet
Candle	Furnace	Net	Pots
Candlestick	Seat	Hook	Pitcher
Footstool	Mill	Needle	Bags
Oven	Millstone	Platter	Stuff
Measure	Basket	Lamp	Napkin
Bed	Bottles	Oil	Waterpots
Couch	Cup	Vessels	Dish
Snare			

[This list comprises probably most of the utensils found in the common houses of the East.]

Body and Members.

Body	Mouth	Bosom	Belly
Member	Lips	Breast	Draught
Heart	Teeth	Paps	Feet
Head	Tongue	Hand	Heel
Face	Throat	Fingers	Flesh
Countenance	Cheek	Side	Blood
Eye	Neck	Loins	Bones
Ear	Shoulders	Womb	Hair
			Carcass

[A full external delineation. Anatomical study by dissection was not then permitted.]

Food.

Bread	Corn	Salt	Crumbs
Meat	Meal	Mustard	Supper
Fruit	Egg	Mint	Dinner
Fallings	Grapes	Annise	Drink
Loaves	Wine	Cumin	Suck
Wheat	Manna	Rue	Sop
	Figs	Leaven	

The list is not that of a Grahamite or ultra-temperance man, since it favorably mentions meat and wine. Most of the words in this group, however, refer to fruits and vegetables.

Apparel.

Raiment	Robe	Linen	Ring
Clothes	Coat	Shoes	Pearls
Clothing	Cloak	Purse	Borders
Garment	Cloth	Scrip	Phylacteries
	Sackcloth	Staves	

Here are some articles of adornment as well as of use. The phylacteries and borders seem to have

been a part of the Pharisaic vestments intended to denote special zeal for the law.

Household Relations.

Man	Daughter	Infant	Suckling
Woman	Brother	Widow	Guest
Husband	Sister	Bridegroom	Servant
Wife	Kin	Maid	Disciple
Father	Kinsmen	Damsel	Goodman
Mother	Kinsfolks	Virgin	Master
Child	Parent	Householder	Steward
Son	Babe	Heir	
	Mother-in-law	Daughter-in-law	

[Strong in the familiar words of domestic life.]

Other Relations.

Tribes	Foe	Enemy	Workman
Stranger	Fellow	Lord	Elders
Friend	Neighbor	Laborer	People
	Heathen	Workers	

Trades.

Merchant	Shepherd	Guide	Porter
Builder	Sower	Messenger	Dresser
Husbandman	Reaper	Exchangers	Host
	Physician	Fishers	

[Machinery had not come. None of the class whom we call "manufacturers" are mentioned in this list.]

Physical Elements.

Earth	Gold	Fire	Air
Rock	Silver	Rain	Rust
Stone	Brass	Water	Waves
Brimstone	Ground	Floods	Winds
Sand	Dust	Moisture	Sound
	Light	Heat	Flame

[The so-called elements known prior to Chemistry.]

Landscape Features.

Land	Wilderness	City	Pool
Country	Sea	Town	Well
Mountain	Shore	Village	Way
Hills	Lake	Market-place	Markets
Desert	Rivers	Streets	Gulf
	Stream	Lanes	

[The terms here grouped present about equally the scenery of the open country, the desert, the lake and river shore, and the city or village. Christ's familiar acquaintance with all these aspects is shown in his discourse.]

Sky Features.

Sun	Stars	Clouds	Weather
Moon	Sky	Lightning	Shower
		Darkness	

[Absence of that astronomic kind of spirituality which deals in vast spaces and far-off heavens. No mention of the "summer-land."]

Animals.

Whale	Lambs	Eagles	Scorpions
Camel	Goats	Cock	Fish
Ass	Kid	Hen	Beast
Colt	Swine	Chickens	Gnat
Oxen	Dogs	Doves	Moth
Cattle	Wolves	Ravens	Worm
Calf	Foxes	Sparrows	Creature
Sheep	Fowls	Serpents	Brood
	Birds	Vipers	

[The sheep was a subject of frequent allusion in Christ's discourse, having been introduced for purpose of illustration not less than six times.]

Vegetation.

Lilies	Tree	Herbs	Plant
Grass	Hedge	Root	Vine
Grain	Bush	Blade	Ears
Thistles	Bramble	Seed	Husks
Thorns	Reed	Branch	Sycamine
	Tares	Leaves	

Farming.

Farm	Garden	Sickle	Pasture
Field	Wine-fat	Plough	Bundles
Vineyard	Flock	Harvest	Yoke
	Sheepfold	Wine-press	

Finance.

Treasure	Creditor	Hire	Talents
Treasury	Usury	Recompense	Pounds
Riches	Price	Cost	Pence
Money	Exchange	Bank	Mite
Goods	Reward	Wages	Farthing
Merchandise	Value	Hireling	Divider
Debts	Account	Stewardship	Bill
Debtors	Payment		

[Instinct of gain—characteristic of the Jews, and, in its large form, the highest token of civilization.]

War.

War	Violence	Armor	Embassage
Armies	Force	Spoils	Conditions
Legions	Flight	Trench	Ransom
Sword	Captives	Vengeance	Peacemakers

Times and Periods.

Summer	Hour	Year	Season
Winter	Day	Midnight	Time
Morning	Night	Cockcrowing	While
Evening	Week	Watch	Morrow
	Month	Sabbath-day	

[These words suggest punctuality—rhythmical obedience to inspiration in matters of time.]

Legal.

Law	Testimony	Tithes	Oaths
Prophets	Adversary	Inheritance	Tormentors
Lawyers	Judge	Tribute	Marriage
Pharisees	Officer	Custom	Precept
Council	Divorcement	Publicans	Magistrate
Judgment	Trespases	Commandment	Feasts
Altar	Sacrifice	Testament	Circumcision
Gift	Witness	Punishment	Stripes
Priest	Passover	Remission	Bond
Accusers	Cross		

Literary.

Scribes	Jot	Memorial	Book
Scriptures	Title	Promise	Proverbs
Traditions	Writing	Record	Parables
Doctrines	Superscription		

Political.

King	Ruler	Authority	Nation
Queen	Governor	Power	Citizen
Kingdom	Princes	Geniles	Lordship
Throne	Dominion	Samaritans	Proselyte
	Benefactors	Eunuchs	

Immoralities.

Adultery	Adulterers	False witness	Lie
Murder	Murderers	Fornication	Liar
Theft	Thieves	Uncleanness	Robber
Extortion	Extortioners	Harlots	Transgressor
Excess	Blasphemy	Wine-bibber	Fault
		Drunkenness	

Misfortunes.

Affliction	Sickness	Travail	Burden
Plague	Sorrow	Anguish	Offence
Troubles	Penury	Famines	Danger
Ruin	Distress	Earthquakes	Want
Fall	Commotions	Pestilence	Beggar
Fear	Wrath	Lepers	Desolation
Sores	Perplexity	Tribulation	Division
Infirmity	Tear	Persecution	Uproar

Psychological.

Thought	Understanding	Mind	Soul
Will	Remembrance	Spirit	Desire

Moralities.

Love	Mercy	Forgiveness	Duty
Pity	Patience	Thank	Diligence
Compassion	Alms	Kiss	

Spiritual Evils.

Satan	Iniquity	Cares	Covetousness
Devil	Mammon	Hardness	Wickedness
Death	Evil	Deceit	Pretnce
Hell	Temptation	Fools	Lasciviousness
Sin	Hypocrisy	Pride	Unrighteousness
Sinners	Hypocrite	Foolishness	Abomination
Unbelief	Unbelievers	Guile	Deceitfulness
Lusts	Damnation	Perdition	Condemnation
		Torments	

Spiritual Goods.

God	Prayer	Joy	Miracle
Heaven	Praise	Truth	Strength
Glory	Peace	Prophecy	Cures
Salvation	Comfort	Angels	Worship
Vision	Consolation	Paradise	Resurrection
Comforter	Worshippers	Gospel	Regeneration
Wisdom	Church	Elect	Righteousness
Rest	Life	Apostles	Repentance
Faith	Cheer	Gladness	

Miscellaneous.

Mile	Cause	Hold	Deeds
Ditch	Remnant	Savor	Excuse
Tombs	Image	Case	Dunghill
Pit	Powder	World	Substance
Holes	Multitudes	Depth	Sight
Nests	Baptism	Wedding	Music
Place	Minister	Wise	Tip
Journey	Cubit	Habitations	Observation
Words	Stature	Home	Message
Repetition	Works	Shadow	Visitation
Sake	Abundance	Effect	Service
Name	Parts	Show	Fragment
Things	Deepness	Nought	Edge
Beginning	Mysteries	Saltness	Redemption
End	Mote	Creation	Communications
Partakers	Rent	Fold	Labor
Wings	Baptist	Voice	Salutations
Rumors	Heed	Shape	Generation
Need	Wonders	Business	Speech
Den	Ark	Piece	Appearance
Steep	Portion	Pleasures	Sepulchers
Ashes	Cry	Perfection	Example
Kind	Ability	Manner	Abode
Honor	Ointment	Ship	Importunity
Signs	Burial	Graves	Household

SWEDENBORG AS A SCIENTIFIC MAN.

JUDGING Swedenborg, as we do, to have been a spiritual misleader and antichrist, our criticisms of his *scientific* character may, in the eyes of some, assume the air of special pleading. But we are conscious of having approached the investigation with the love of the truth uppermost in our hearts, and with a desire to know the whole truth about his claims to scientific renown. The New England transcendentalists on the other hand, who have extolled Swedenborg as a man who anticipated many modern discoveries, and was uncomprehended by his own generation, seem to us chargeable with special pleading, if not with downright perversion of the truth. We discern a purpose of their own, under their disguise of impartial recognition of facts. If they in turn charge us with prejudging the case, we confess that in a certain sense we did. A man's intellectual character is a unit, and any one who makes such a jumble of the spiritual world as did Swedenborg, may be expected to show a similar medley of knowledge in the regions of external science. We do not say Swedenborg was an ignoramus; indeed, we readily admit that his stock of acquired knowledge was immense; but we say he had nothing of the sifting faculty which separates truth from speculation. This is the sum of our charge against him; he loved his own fancies and theories better than he loved the truth; he followed them away from it, and really never added an iota to the world's stock of scientific verities.

Fortunately we can turn from both the parties that are open to the criticism of prejudging Swedenborg, to a third that has no interest to misrepresent his scientific character. In the September number of the American reprint of the *Chemical News and Journal of Physical Science*, page 161, is a notice of White's Life of Swedenborg, in which all his claims are fairly set forth, and judgment pronounced from a purely scientific standpoint. This journal is published in London and is high authority in the physical sciences, being a channel through which Drs. Hofmann, Frankland, Odling, Mr. Tyndall and many other original investigators communicate their discoveries to the public. It is edited by Wm. Crookes, F. R. S., a man of acknowledged ability in the scientific world. We reproduce the entire article:

The Rev. Charles Kingsley, Professor of Modern History in the University of Cambridge, asserts in his *Miscellanies*, that—

"The world only knows Swedenborg as a dreaming false prophet, forgetting that if even he was that, he was also a sound and severe scientific laborer to whom our modern physical science is most deeply indebted."

Are there any grounds for this assertion? Is our modern physical science most deeply indebted to Swedenborg? If so, in what particulars?

From his youth, Swedenborg took a lively interest in general science, and his mind teemed with speculations, theoretical and practical. He was offered the Professorship of Mathematics at Upsala, which he declined. "It is the fatality of mathematicians," he wrote, "to abide in theory. I have often thought it would be a capital thing, if to each ten mathematicians one good practical man were added to lead them to market; he would be of more use and mark than all the ten." Charles XII. employed him in military engineering, and in 1716 appointed him Assessor in the College of Mines.

Up to 1722 he was an industrious pamphlet-

eer, writing on docks, sluices, and salt works, on the manufacture of tin-plate, on improved stoves, on decimal measure and coinage, on algebra, on finding the longitude at sea by the moon, on the decrease of the rapidity of the earth's rotation, on the tides of the ancient world, on chemistry, geology, &c., &c. Throughout all his discussions he displays a sagacious intellect, never whimsical, bold, yet true to common sense. For instance, reasoning on chemistry, he asks, "What is there in nature which is not geometrical? What is the variety of experiments in chemistry, but a variety of position, figure, weight and motion in particles? and then goes on to assert that chemical combinations can be nothing but the re-arrangement of variously-shaped atoms. The experiments wherewith he illustrated his doctrine are, in our light, crude and absurd, but the conjecture was one with which Dalton would have sympathized.

For twelve years from 1722 he printed nothing, but in 1734 amply accounted for his silence by the publication of three noble folios entitled *Opera Philosophica et Mineralia*. The second and third of these are practical and technical, giving an account of iron and copper mining, and the processes of manufacture in use last century. His disclosure of trade secrets was resented, but he argued, "Why should facts be withheld from this enlightened age? Whatever is worth knowing should by all means be brought into the great and common market of the world. Unless this be done, we can neither grow wiser nor happier with time." These volumes have an abiding value as records of methods in use last century: As Dr. Percy observes, "The metallurgical works of this remarkable man seem to be very imperfectly known—at least they are rarely if ever quoted; and yet none in my judgment are more worthy of the attention of those interested in the history of metallurgy."

The first volume, entitled, *Principia, or the first principles of natural things, being new attempts toward a philosophical explanation of the Elementary World*, constitutes Swedenborg's most characteristic claim to attention. An English translation in two volumes was published by the Rev. Augustus Clissold in 1845-46.

The *Principia* is an endeavor to explain the origin and method of creation. Nature is asserted to start from "points of pure and total motion produced immediately from the Infinite," which motion is said to be vortical.

From the congress and compression of points are formed what he calls first finites, revolving on their axes under the impulsion of their constituents; in this respect perfectly resembling the earth, although in comparison with the least things visible they are quite inappreciable.

Out of the first finites by still further compression are formed second finites, which are said to constitute the first element, filling the whole space of the stellar heavens and composing the solar vortex.

From second finites by yet further compression are produced third finites, which constitute the magnetic elements.

Again third finites are compressed into fourth finites, or the third element called ether.

Ether under further compression becomes air, and air compressed becomes water, and water under similar treatment yields salt and all minerals.

Such, according to Swedenborg, is the derivation and procession of the elements. Derived from the original point is a ceaseless motion, whereby all subsidiary matter is maintained in vortical whirl.

For the confirmation of the theory he turned to the phenomena of magnetism. Professor Musschenbroek, of Utrecht, had published in 1729 *Physica Experimentales et Geometrica Dissertationes* abounding in magnetic observations. These Swedenborg freely transferred to his pages, and applied them in proof of vortical motion. Musschenbroek held that magnetic attractions and repulsion observed no certain

laws: Swedenborg on the contrary maintained that nowhere was order more demonstrable.

A cardinal principle with Swedenborg was the uniformity of creation—that size makes no difference; that the method of Nature is everywhere the same; that the energy that shapes a dew-drop shapes a world; that the mechanism of the trunk of an elephant and a fly is the same. This truth he considers of inestimable value, because by analogies drawn from the seen we may predict the unseen, and deal with it as though it lay under our eyes.

Consistently, then, he applies his doctrine of atomic to cosmic creation. Suns are sires of systems; suns therefore consist of points of motions produced from the Infinite. The condensation of these points results in ether, which thrown off from the sun, breaks by attenuation, and collapses in planets; which spheres of ether by slow degrees condense to air, to water, to salt, to *terra firma*.

So pleased was Swedenborg with the conception that he expanded it in a romance entitled the *Worship and Love of God*, wherein he pursues the story of creation through flora and fauna to Adam and Eve.

His next undertaking was a search for the human soul in the body. He determined to allow himself no rest until he had discovered and demonstrated its existence, and for this purpose devoted several years to the study of anatomy. In 1741 he published the *Economy of the Animal Kingdom* and in 1745 the *Animal Kingdom*, which he left unfinished. These works are simply physiological studies—a grouping and discussion of the facts of the anatomists as preliminary to his quest.

About 1744, in his 56th year, occurred the great mental convulsion which converted him to spiritualism—to a professed familiar of angels and devils. With that phase of his character we do not meddle. Our concern is to appraise his scientific import.

First it is to be remarked, that his books do not appear to have had any popularity. There is no evidence of their influence on his generation. He dropped them himself, considering he had outgrown them, and some of his acquaintances in later years scarcely knew of their existence. They were revived in English by the Swedenborg Association in 1845-47 but only to lapse once more into oblivion.

What then are Swedenborg's claims as a man of science? We should answer, in any eminent sense, none whatever. He was well informed; he was abreast of the science of his time, but did nothing to extend it. He was a theorist, and rarely, if ever, an experimentalist. It is said Buffon possessed a copy of his *Principia*, and as Laplace owns that Buffon first suggested to him the derivation of earths from suns, it is presumed Buffon derived the idea from Swedenborg. Suppose he did; at the best it is a small matter. The unity of creation with the probability that all things proceed from one thing, is a notion old as philosophy. Again it is urged, Faraday conjectured that all matter might finally be reduced to forms of energy, and that is Swedenborg's notion. True; but Faraday's merit lay not in the conjecture, but in the original and ingenious experiments wherewith he supplied evidence for the conjecture. Again, in one place Swedenborg speaks of seven planets, when only six were known; therefore, it has been asserted, he predicted the existence of Uranus. So likewise did Sterne when he made Dr. Slope ask, "Are there not seven wonders of the world? seven days of creation? seven planets? seven plagues?" The mystic value assigned to seven was the origin of the planetary and other numbers.

Were Swedenborg's theories even more suggestive, we should dismiss such claims as happy guesses among numerous errors. Indeed, how is it possible for any mind of sagacity and experience like his to speculate extensively without occasionally drawing near to truth? but the merit of the theorizer is of small account, inas-

much as he never knows when he is near and when remote from truth. Students of bygone scientific philosophy are continually surprised with hints which modern research has converted into verities. As Sir Henry Holland, writing of Dalton and the Atomic Theory, observes, "Certain questions as to priority of discovery meet us here, even at the outset. This, it is well known, has happened in almost every similar case. In the history of the greatest discoveries (even that of universal gravitation) we find the record of men who have seen the light before them, have approached near to it, but have missed the sole path by which the lamp could be seized." We do not depreciate theory: conjecture must always precede intelligent discovery; but we must reserve the honors of science for those who reduce conjecture to truth by the evidence of experiment.

HOW HE DID IT.

I HAVE just returned from a visit, to neighbor B. Let not the reader imagine that this neighbor dwells just over the way. On the contrary he lives ten miles off, and we call him neighbor not exactly in a Pickwickian, but a horticultural sense. The fact is that good horticulturists live many miles apart here in Connecticut, as I suspect they do every-where else, and many of them have adopted the laudable custom of visiting their brethren in the craft, chiefly for the sake of posting themselves in every thing that is new in their line. It is in this way that a sort of neighborly feeling springs up. Neighbor B. has called on me occasionally to find out all he could concerning the strawberry business, and he has impressed me as a frank, warm-hearted, wide-awake business man in his calling.

Mr. T. and I sallied forth one morning with our horse and buggy to return some of these calls. As we rode along observing the worn out land, covered with cedar and wild carrot, I remarked to Mr. T. that it was curious that Mr. B. should be located in such a used-up place. We noticed, however, that the land was naturally of good quality, suffering only as nearly all Connecticut land is suffering, from want of proper care. At length, as we were descending a long, moderately steep hill, we observed an old-fashioned story-and-a-half house at the right of us, which seemed to be the one for which we were searching. The fact that a clump of Clarke Raspberry bushes was growing in the garden, also confirmed us in the idea that we had found the place.

We stood some time rapping at the open door; nobody seemed to be at home. Presently we were greeted by the apparition of a fresh and rosy young lady panting with exercise, who to our surprise, wore the Community uniform of the short hair, and short dress. She had evidently been out gathering eggs, or doing some errand of the sort, and had run in with all haste to meet us. Upon our making known our wish to see Mr. B. she led us back of the house to point out the way we must go to find him. She remarked as we went,

"This is Mr. S., I believe."

"That is my name," I answered, "but I don't recollect where I ever saw you." Afterward I remembered that a little girl once came to our house with Mr. B. two or three years ago. It is astonishing what nice young ladies some of these little girls become in a few years. She pointed along a path across a beautiful green meadow in a valley back of the house, and told

us we should find him on the farm somewhere.

We walked on over the meadow, over the bridge, and partly over the hill on the other side, and there, in a lot lately plowed, was Mr. B. with his hired man, a yoke of oxen, and a stone-boat. The lot was evidently an old pasture grown up to cedar, which he was endeavoring to reclaim. He met us with a hearty shake of the hand, and when I introduced my friend T., and told him we had come to look around a little, he readily conducted us to his strawberry-field. His new plants were somewhat backward in consequence of the coldness and wetness of the spring, in connection with the natural character of his loamy land. But his old beds from which he had shortly before taken a crop, showed that he had had a fine harvest of berries this comparatively poor season. Among other things he showed us a new cultivator of his own construction, that seemed especially well adapted to strawberry culture.

After looking around a while, we sat down on a boulder under a shell-bark hickory, and had considerable talk of one kind and another, comparing notes, and answering inquiries; but what particularly interested me was a short sketch he gave me of his early life, and of the management of his farm. I had noticed that his land appeared to be utterly free from weeds, and I asked how it was that he had secured such immunity from this all-pervading curse.

"O," said he, "that is my particular hobby. I don't know but you will think as my neighbors have thought, that I am a fool and a madman if I tell you the truth about it."

"I don't know about that," said I, "some people think I am a little cracked on the subject of weeds. Nothing would be more interesting than your story, if you would please to tell it."

"Well, I am glad to get a grain of sympathy on that point," said he, "and you are quite welcome to the story. My father owned this place before me, and my elder brother and I were his only children. He was very much engaged in his calling (that of a minister), and sadly neglected his farm. My brother and I were brought up with considerable care in respect to our moral training; but as we grew to years of discretion, we could not but remark how the pastures were growing up to briars and red cedars, and things were going to wreck and ruin generally. Considering how our neighbors looked down upon us in our capacity as farmers, we felt much mortification at the way things were going. I recollect very well how one season we roused our ambition to the task of raising a patch of watermelons on yonder gravelly knoll. Our youthful enthusiasm was rewarded with wonderful success. My brother, with old Whitey and the lumber wagon, took upon himself the task of disposing of the crop at the neighboring city. He soon developed a remarkable talent for selling things. For two or three years after that beginning, he was in the habit of taking not only watermelons, but apples, potatoes, and in short every thing that he could rake and scrape off the farm, and selling them to greater or less advantage.

It was this trait of my brother's that introduced us into the business of market-gardening on a small scale. He was considerably older

than I, and not being well posted in the business, and being afflicted with the spreading tendency so common among Yankees, he used to lay out double the land in beets, cabbages, onions &c., that we could well care for. The result was that we worked hard at the unavailing task of keeping the weeds under, and after all, would get but meager returns. I well remember how, under my brother's direction, I used to crouch over the sorrowful, wearisome task of weeding the long onion-beds, swearing in my heart that if I ever became a man I would never try to get a living at that business.

Well, finally my brother's trading propensity involved him in speculations which took him away to the city, and, to make a long story short, I will say that he became involved with sharpers who cheated him, and he is now contented with a moderate salary in the employment of a business firm.

At about the period of my brother's leaving, when I was nearly of age, there was a revival of religion in this neighborhood, and I experienced what is called a change of heart. I remember the deep impression one of my father's sermons made upon my mind in the early spring, soon after I had experienced this change. You see my business at that time was clearing the old weeds from our great garden, preparatory to the spring's planting and sowing, and probably that circumstance helped to deepen the impression of the sermon. The substance of my father's sermon to which I have referred was, that God is preeminently a constructive, growing being. He clothes the earth with verdure, and makes every thing green and beautiful around him. In short, he is the life and light of the universe. The devil on the contrary, is a destructive, parasitical being. He lives by sucking other life, and surrounds himself with devastation. So far as we are assimilated to God, we shall become edifying beings, producers of good things. So far as we are assimilated to Satan, we shall partake of his vampire nature, and seek to live by sucking and destroying other life, and making ruin around us. Heaven is heaven, by virtue of the fact that it is a collection of beings whose business it is, to encourage and build up every thing good around them. Hell, is hell by virtue of the fact that each tries to appropriate to himself the good of his neighbor.

I was thinking of these ideas as I was raking together the great pig-weed and Roman worm-wood stalks, the seeds of which I well knew were scattered and ready as usual to worry the life out of me through the summer, when the question suddenly occurred to me, whether my garden was the most like heaven or hell. "Certainly," thought I, as my mind recurred to the weary years of ill-requited toil that I had spent there, "this place has not been much like heaven to me." I did not wonder that somebody, wishing to frighten boys, had represented the devil as having very extensive and weedy onion-beds at which he kept naughty boys constantly working. Like the flash of a new revelation the feeling and thought came into me that I would stand it no longer. I would not be the slave of weeds. I cared not for consequences. If it took me to the poor-house I would have clean land. I would have nothing but good things green and growing around me. Then

after a little reflection, it occurred to me that I had no right to carry to market anything that I had stolen from the soil and had not rendered back a fair equivalent. That was the trouble with the miserable worn out lands around me. The devilish vampire spirit had got into men, and was making a barren horticultural hell of Connecticut.

"Well, this may sound like violent talk but I assure you it scarcely represents the white heat of earnestness that glowed within me, and I tell you, from that time to this I have not swerved from my purpose of having clean and fertile land so far as I cultivate. That spring I sowed oats and grass-seed on more than half my garden and reduced the area of my hoed crop generally. It is true that I did not prevent every weed from going to seed the first year, but I tell you it can be done and it has been done and there is a field of strawberries that demonstrates it."

"But," said I, "did you not get pretty near the poor-house before you succeeded?"

"No, indeed," said he, "our household was used to economizing, and I will not pretend to say that we succeeded much better than we did the year before, but I do say that there was the beginning of my prosperity. There are a hundred acres on this farm, and, as you see, there is a dense growth of cedars back yonder. I fenced off more than three-quarters of the land and let it go to cedars and put the whole of my energies on to the rest, and finally I have arrived at a point where I can begin to encroach on the cedars a little as you see in this lot where we are at work, and at the same time feel that I am master of the situation."

H. J. S.

HOP-PICKING.

THIS is the merry, merry month of hop-picking, "the merriest time of all the glad New Year," to thousands of our country girls and boys. Yes, as the August sun ripens the loaded vines and the evening breeze is heavy with the aromatic fragrance of the hop-fields, the whole country seems to feel a thrill—a longing that is irrepressible. The tired shop girl, the seamstress or schoolmistress, who through the long bright summer days has stood at her loom or plied her needle or leaned over her desk, now bursts her chains and rushes forth into the fields. Oh, the pleasure of breathing the odorous air, of baring the face to the sun and the breeze, and of handling the fragrant vines! Then the merry groups of pickers, the new faces you see and the old friends of other hop seasons you greet. The laughter, the songs, the long rides in the early morning in the crowded wagons, the dance which sometimes closes the day's toil—all these are sensations which make hop-picking, to some classes, the pleasantest holiday season of all the year.

One should live as I have, near a crowded factory, to realize how this longing to get out into fields seizes upon the young girls. They have worked faithfully and contentedly all summer at the spindles and bobbins, but now there is a change. "Oh, Mr. C., can't we go for a week? Do say we may have a fortnight. We want to go way off and have a nice time!" Mr. C. looks grave, but finally yields to the overwhelming pressure with as good grace as he can. And so the restless spindles and bobbins stand still for a fortnight.

There must be some drawbacks to this long delightful pic-nic, as for instance, cold rainy days, dust and aching limbs, and then those horrid green worms as large as your fingers which crawl among the hop leaves. But a trip to the White Mountains or a fortnight at Saratoga must include many such annoyances and not procure half the real pleasure, for hop-picking

implies a great amount of good honest work, with fresh air and freedom from fashion's shackles.

We Community people think the secret flavor of something like Communism gives this charm to hop-picking. This gregarious enthusiasm makes labor doubly attractive.

We fancy the hop-pickers all through this section must include in their programme a Sunday ride to the Oneida Community. Every pleasant Sunday in September for several years past has seen large wagon loads of young people from the hop-fields ten miles around us, stop at our door. They ramble an hour or more in our grounds, walk or sit in our public rooms, and then drive away. But this last Sunday was a gala day indeed. Wagon after wagon rolled up till the house and grounds were thronged. It began to look like the fourth of July. Our hospitable thoughts were for a moment perplexed as to how to entertain our five hundred guests. Not long, however. Communism helps out of all difficulties. When the visitors flock in from walking over the grounds, an impromptu concert can be gotten up in the Hall. So some of our old stock performers who could possibly be spared from other posts were hastily called together. We had our quartette, the violin and piano, and last not least our choir of children. With these we managed to have a pleasant afternoon all round. Before night-fall our guests had all departed. As they left we could not help feeling thankful for another pleasant episode in our Community life. We rejoice that in every way our fortunes and sympathies are linked with honest labor and simple tastes.

STELLA.

MR. GEO. E. HALL of the firm of D. Appleton & Co. has presented us with a few specimen copies of the school books for which that publishing house is so famous. Their clear typography and excellent illustrations must go far to make the little scholars' task a pleasant one. The Cornell series of Geographies appears to be one of the best of its kind.

NEWS ITEMS.

THE Chinese Embassy sailed for Europe on the 9th instant.

HORACE GREELEY has bought a farm in Hamden Conn., for five thousand dollars.

MORE Indian atrocities have been reported lately and another Indian War seems imminent.

It is proposed to connect Portugal and the United States by a new telegraph line, called the "People's Cable."

A WRIT of *habeas corpus* on behalf of the assassination conspirators at the Tortugas, has been denied by the U. S. District Court of Florida.

THE newspapers are talking about the annexation of Mexico to the United States. The London *Times* favors the plan, but thinks it cannot be hurried.

It is reported that the people of Nova Scotia are dissatisfied with their present form of Government, and that they are determined to secure their freedom from the Canadian "Dominion."

THE German Scientists, who went to Asia to observe the late total eclipse of the sun, selected Aden, Arabia, as their place for observations. It proved highly favorable, and six photographic views of the eclipse were obtained, of which four are said to be perfect.

MR. J. H. MORSE is said to have discovered a means of transmitting messages under water without the aid of a wire. An experiment was lately made on the new plan in Lake Ontario, and messages were transmitted between Sandy Creek, Oswego Co. N. Y., and a point near Toronto, Canada.

TRAVELERS will be interested to learn that an injunction has been issued by Judge Clute of Albany, requiring the N. Y. Central R. R. Co. to exchange tickets and receive baggage from the Hudson river steamboats, and forbidding the placing of any obstructions on the part of either company in the way of carrying out such arrangements as are necessary to the accommodation of the traveling public.

Announcements:

THE ONEIDA COMMUNITY

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

WILLOW-PLACE COMMUNITY.

Branch of O. C., on a detached portion of the domain, about one mile from O. C. Number of members, 85. 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 Cats, Muskrats, Mink, Fox, Otter, Beaver, the Black and Grizzly Bear, are made by the Oneida Community, Oneida, N. Y., of whom they may be purchased. Descriptive-list and price-list sent on application.

PRESERVED FRUITS AND VEGETABLES.

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

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

MACHINE TWIST AND SEWING-SILK.

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

MOUNT TOM PRINTING-OFFICE

(WALLINGFORD COMMUNITY), WALLINGFORD, CONN.

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

WALLINGFORD COMMUNITY,
Wallingford, Conn.

PICTURES.

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

PUBLICATIONS.

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

SALVATION FROM SIN, THE END OF CHRISTIAN FAITH; an octavo pamphlet of 48 pages; by J. H. 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.]

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