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THE HELMET.

Home-Talk by J. H. N., March 14, 1868.

IT is a very great attainment to get reconciled to God's method of saving us by trial. It is evident from the New Testament, that salvation does involve a great deal of suffering on our part. Peter went among all the disciples after they were converted, with a special message to them, that they "must through much tribulation, enter into the Kingdom of God." In the book of Revelation, where John asked who they were who stood before the throne in white robes, the angel said, "These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."

Our tendency is, of course, to try to escape tribulation and temptation as much as we can, and to think evil of that part of our education which involves temptation and suffering. We are afraid to really quarrel with God about it; but when temptation comes upon us, though we do our best to endure it well, we hardly know what to make of it; it seems very perplexing and unintelligible to us. But it will please the Lord to have us look deep enough into the matter to see that suffering is a part of our education; it corresponds to the nature of the school we are in; it is the discipline that we must have.

It will be an excellent thing for us to become reconciled to suffering; to justify God in it, and be thankful for it; and not to chafe and worry against it, and be under constant temptation to think evil of it. Let us go over to God's side, and heartily rejoice in his way of dealing with us. Let us glorify God in the midst of the fires. "Beloved, think it not strange concerning the fiery trial which is to try you, as though some strange thing happened unto you."

I confess that I do most heartily approve of God's way of handling me. Though the flesh is weak, the spirit is willing. I want God to make the most of me, and give me just as much work to do, and just as much suffering, as he sees will be profitable to me. I am not going to barely endure it. I am going to become thoroughly reconciled to it, and rejoice in it. Paul says, "We glory in tribulations, knowing that tribulation worketh patience; and patience, experience; and experience, hope; and hope maketh not ashamed; because

the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts." And James says, "My brethren, count it all joy when ye fall into divers temptations; knowing this, that the trying of your faith worketh patience. But let patience have her perfect work, that ye may be perfect and entire, wanting nothing."

We must get by the stage of quarreling with God and grumbling against him, and by the stage of bare endurance; and come clear over to whole-hearted rejoicing in this method of salvation which involves a large amount of suffering.

Some who have gone out from us, say (it is reported) that the Community is a hell, meaning that it is a place where there is a great deal of tribulation; where criticism and the judgment of God are at work continually; where all, from the highest to the lowest, have times of hard pressure, and suffering, and temptation. It is a fact, that there is a great deal of tribulation in the Community. A mere pleasure-seeker, in looking on, would find many signs of what he would call hell; but they are what Paul would call evident tokens of salvation. If the Community were sailing along "gay and festive," I should say it was going straight to hell. It is a sign of God's mercy to us, that he keeps us under judgment; and under just as much as we can bear, while at the same time he gives us enough good experience to encourage us.

We are in suffering, but it is not caused by quarreling among ourselves; the Community is not hell in that respect. Everybody sees that we live in peace with one another, to a very remarkable extent. The tribulations that we have, are that deep kind of discipline of spirit by which God is refining, purifying and perfecting our characters. It would be very pleasant if we could hold up to the world a picture of unalloyed happiness; but until we are perfected it is a great deal better for us to have hard times. We ought not to wish to deceive people with the idea that it is nothing but child's play to save our souls and go to heaven.

"Our light affliction," says Paul, "which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." It is almost inconceivable that we are sometime to be full of God, and unspeakably happy forever—on and on, for millions of geologic ages; but it must be so. God is not trifling with us. He is an eternal being himself; and if he is drawing us into himself, it is to make us eternal—and eternal in happiness. Get a conception, if you can, of a million years, which are only a drop in the bucket com-

pared to the ocean of eternity; and then think what an insignificant affair it is for us to suffer twenty or thirty years to attain this eternity, and to become prepared for the "far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." You may say that if you could clearly see that weight of glory ahead, you could stand the suffering put upon you; but that your temptations and trials arise from the fear that you shall not get the glory. Paul tells you to "take unto you the whole armor of God, that ye may be able to stand in the evil day—and for a helmet the *hope of salvation*." It is not a mere privilege; it is a duty, to put on that helmet. You want to be a good soldier for Christ, but you can not be one with your head bare and exposed to the strokes of the enemy. Put on the helmet! Put on the hope of salvation! Then you will rejoice in tribulation.

Christ said to his disciples, "Rejoice because your names are written in heaven." He would have them fix their attention on the hope of salvation, and rejoice more in that than in miracles or anything else. If you get where you rejoice in that, then truly it is "an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast." That is what Paul calls it. It is a hope founded on the oath of God. "Wherein God, willing more abundantly to show unto the heirs of promise the immutability of his counsel, confirmed it by an oath; that by two immutable things, in which it was impossible for God to lie, we might have a strong consolation, who have fled for refuge to lay hold upon the hope set before us."

I feel that it is not only my privilege, but my duty to lay hold on the hope set before me in a vigorous, sure way; for then I shall have my head covered, and shall be able to stand in the evil day. Let tribulation come as it may, the hope of salvation is an helmet to me. That salvation is not a *bare* salvation—a small affair; it is an eternity of unspeakable blessedness in the bosom of God.

TOBACCO REFORM IN THE O. C.

[We give this week No. 2 of the Tobacco Talks delivered in 1853.]

I THINK that I understand the reform principle of the gospel, and its measures or method. Its method is to take persons just as they are—in bondage to whatever evil—and, not attempting any violent changes, set before them the *hope of their calling*—ultimate, complete deliverance; and then in such gentle, moderate ways as can be done without legality, begin to assume control of the matter. This is a combination of the two methods that are used separately in the world. The method of legal reformers is, instead of setting before people

the hope of their calling, to make out a rule of present action and summon them up to immediate attainment. The liberalists, on the other hand, deal moderately with the passion or principality that needs to be overcome, but have no hope of their calling toward which they are moving. We, on one hand, will be just as gentle as the liberalists; and on the other hand just as vigorous, and firm and truthful in regard to our standard, or the hope of our calling, as the legalists are.

Suppose I were king of a country where the people used opium, and I had absolute power to do as I pleased; now what would I do? I would not make a single law against eating opium. I should know I would not succeed in that way; but I would distinctly lay before the people the foolishness of the practice, and say to them: Our ultimate end is to abolish it entirely. I don't set any time, but that is the hope of our calling. And then I would begin to exercise some moderate control, suggest a fast perhaps, and by such touches as were feasible, work along gradually to the end.

I believe this is the gospel method of saving people from sin, and the old Primitive Church way. In respect to marriage Paul did not forbid it, but claimed the right of controlling and checking it by moderate measures, and set the standard of the resurrection, "where they neither marry nor are given in marriage," as the ultimate state.

There is a principle which makes it necessary that deliverance from evil should be gradual. If you cut any evil short off, you will cut away more or less good with it. Where the life of individuals is mixed up and interlaced with principalities that have possession of them, the process of disentangling them from these principalities requires nice dissection. Let a man cut himself off from chewing tobacco at once by pure force of law; if you examine that man you will find the mischief is in him in a latent form still. It is the truth that makes us free. Every real discovery of truth that we make precipitates evil to that extent and sets us free.

On these principles of reform you are free to fix your standard by the calculations of absolute truth, without being interfered with by the obscurations of present infirmities. I do not care anything about what state we are in now. Our present infirmities cannot hinder us from seeing what ought to be. On the other hand, if we throw out our whole strength on present reformation we shall not set our standard half high enough. We will have our ideal clear in the first place, and then say that we are going to attain that ideal without law if it takes forever. That ideal will work itself into our life in a great many free ways and leaven the whole lump.

I do not care how sudden and immediate a reformation is, if it thoroughly dissects and carries away the evil spirit concerned; but that cannot be done in most cases without labor and a process of discovery. Reform from any bad habit requires a great deal of unraveling of life.

The true theory of reform is a combination of immediatism and gradualism—the immediate adoption of a true standard, and a gradual approach to its realization.

The whole doctrine of the Cross puts us on this very course. It begins with us just as we

are, and fixes our eye on a perfect hope. It presents a perfect life, with which we are connected, and by which we are to be made new as fast as we understand it; and then goes on a process of discovery and reciprocal action between truth and our life. This doctrine precludes condemnation. I see what I am bound for, and the very fact that I am bound for it and keep my eyes on it, justifies me.

Our social theory is a hope yet—a glorious hope which we keep continually before us, and it affects us constantly. Our experience shows that gradual reformations are possible in spite of popular objections. We set our standard of association years and years before we realized it. So that whether other people can or not, we know that we can take a future object ever so distant and ever so high, and reach its accomplishment by a gradual gain.

FINANCE.

[In a Community like ours, where there are a large number thinking and working for the common good, there is apt to be an excess of enterprise. Each one has his schemes for making money; many of which are impracticable and many others feasible and tempting. Those of our readers who saw the articles on finance the past winter will easily see how this has led us into investments beyond our capital. Ever since last fall we have been struggling toward a cash basis, and our enthusiasm for "prepayment" is growing. In our Talks truth has been brought out which is proving itself very valuable to us. Much of it is probably familiar to individuals scattered here and there, who have made money-making their business, but we are simple folks, and when we find truth we like to lay it before the readers of the CIRCULAR. Besides, the problem of continence in business which is comparatively easy of solution to a single individual who sees at a glance all his resources and liabilities, becomes a very complicated one in a Community. Here, the head of some branch of manufacturing is apt to get his attention fixed on some improvement in his department, a costly machine, or a new building, and advocate the outlay without due reference to the state of the Community purse. These things have not caused us any disagreements, but they have made us "trouble in the flesh" in the way of debt. The following familiar talk by Mr. J. H. NOYES, was very edifying to our business men, and may be so to some readers of the CIRCULAR who are tempted with enterprises for the prosecution of which they have not the necessary means.]

IT seems to me that in such a free Community as ours, where the organization is so loose and indefinite, where there is nothing arbitrary, and all is going by the good sense and good judgment of the whole body, that it is very necessary that the whole body of the Community should understand finance. I think the best thing that could be done now for the whole Community would be to encourage those who do understand the great, general features of financial operations, to study the matter and make it a thoroughly practical thing. They should be encouraged to lecture, and extend the knowledge of the truth about this great subject, through the whole Community, so that each member will be a financier for himself. Unless we do this, money pressures and pinches will be always at work among us. People will keep seeing enticing projects for manufactures and improvements, and they will push them from a local point of view, without understanding the necessity there is of capital to carry them on, and there will be a pressure coming in from one quarter and another, that will keep our finan-

ciers always in distress. *I think that every individual in the Community ought thoroughly to understand the great principle that we can't do a thousand things that we see might be done if we had capital, and that it is foolish to consider projects that require capital, as long as we haven't the capital for them.* There is a great waste of thought and talk going on, about projects that we can not touch—a great deal of valuable thought wasted on schemes that we can not have anything to do with. If everybody would quit talking over and over these projects that we can not undertake; if all would get a quiet, contented spirit that would refuse to look at them, and devote all thought and talk to things that are practical and that we can do, there would be a very valuable addition to the force of the Community. The reform that we want now is a reform of our mental habits. I don't see any way to get at it but to have the Community make finance a study, until every one will understand as well as do T— or C—, the impossibility of our doing more than a certain amount of business without more capital. Then you will know that if you do see a project by which we could make money if we only had a thousand dollars to put into it, that you torment yourself and the Community by broaching such a project, as long as we have not the thousand dollars. What is the use of thinking and talking about it, and worrying your heart about it, when you have not the capital to do it?

I said the other day that I had proposed a way of making money; now I want to propose a way of saving money. *I go for economy of thinking and talking.* I go for reforming our speculations—the speculations of our mind; chastening them and bringing them down to things that are practical. In order to do that, I propose that in some way we take measures to make the subject of finance well understood in the Community—understood by every soul clear down to the children. Then we shan't have these troubles, and things will take care of themselves. Then the managers won't have to worry themselves so every year, and all will have the same views and the same care. I suppose that the subject of finance can be easily understood by everybody, if we take proper measures, and encourage those who have studied it, to teach it. Then we shall all get a great purpose about it, and become thoroughly agreed on the subject. I don't see as there is any likelihood of our getting out of this muddle of crude proposals, projects and schemes for spending and investing money, until the whole Community takes hold of this subject earnestly and sincerely, and tries to know the whole truth concerning it. An individual in a particular business, for instance, thinks that he has nothing to do with contriving ways to make "both ends meet," as they say. He thinks that all he has to do is to see how he might make his business more profitable, and then call for the necessary capital. He reasons within himself that if he had money he could make machinery, and thus lessen the amount of labor required; but he does not inquire whether we have the capital to put into it. In so doing he has wasted his time, and thought on a project that is impracticable, and has tormented the managers of the finances by calling for money when we have not got it.

The whole subject of finance can be taught

to people in a nut-shell. It is this: In order to make money by manufactures we must either do the work ourselves, or have money to pay others for doing it. Whatever work there is to be done, we must do ourselves, or hire it done, or get it done by machinery. All that we don't do ourselves must be paid for, and there must be capital to pay for it before we get our returns. If you undertake a business that you can not do yourself, and must have machinery and hired men to do it for you, you must first make up your mind how much money you can put into it; and if you have not the necessary capital, you must either forego your enterprise, or else borrow in the miserable way we have done. If you are sure of making money, there may be cases where it is safe and right to borrow; I won't deny that. But if you are going to start on the system of pre-payment, then the question is, How much capital have we to invest? and if we haven't the capital then we must forego the project until we have. It seems to me that the whole Community can understand this and keep it in mind, and let it dissuade them from considering projects for which we have not the money. This tendency to start impracticable projects may be overcome by a knowledge of the truth about finance diffused through the whole Community. We must overcome it and bring the Community into a chastened state. That is really what is wanted—a meek and quiet spirit on the part of those that stand in the situation of schemers, that will not let pressure throw us into such uncontrollable speculation. A meek and quiet spirit is what we want; continence of spirit, a spirit that is contented with small things. Excess of enterprise, I am satisfied, has been, as far as anything, the bane of this Community. We are pushed and propelled into it by the demand for our manufactures. We must not be governed by the demand, but by our ability to supply. A man who is governed by demand will be ruined; his ability to supply is all he can go by. We must not be dictated to by the demand for traps or silk. We must wisely calculate our ability and be content, and turn away our eyes from these illusory schemes that are based on the idea of getting capital (when we have it not ourselves) by borrowing. These speculations and schemes are really nothing but covetousness, the very covetousness that God forbids—"Thou shalt not covet." Hankering after money that you have not got, excess of enterprise, is covetousness; and God hates it.

We have had wisdom in the past to overcome what might be called the co-operative vices and tendencies of Communities. If you read the histories of some of the old attempts at Communism, you will find that the moment any great question connected with business came up, where there were two projects or minds about it; there was no patience, no compromising, no conciliation among them. The moment two forces came into collision, the Community broke up at once. We have gone through such trials over and over again. When we built our new house there was a long time before we could agree on a plan, but we didn't quarrel about it; we waited quietly, and at last a plan issued from the good sense of the Community, that proved to be a good one, and suited all. Let us see if we can not overcome this new difficulty. Let us see if there is not civilization and peace

of God in the Community, sufficient to make us all get a good understanding of finance, and overcome this tendency to excessive enterprise, that makes people reckless of the fact that we have not the necessary capital. Let us see if we can overcome that.

It is not an indifferent, it is a pernicious thing, to be thinking over what we could do if we only had the money. The economical way is to be contented with what we have, and not despise "the day of small things," but give our attention energetically to the things within our reach; do the thing that we see is practicable. Do the first thing first. Do the thing that is set before you, and that you see is a good thing to be done. After you have got through that, something else will come; and you can keep yourself always in a line of things that are really practical and sure, and not be wasting yourself or drowning your minds in useless thought, which is as truly a narcotic as are tobacco or opium.

THE CLARKE RASPBERRY.

THIS berry is now conceded to be one of the finest of the red raspberries, and being perfectly hardy, will undoubtedly prove a very valuable acquisition. We have fruited it for the past three years at Wallingford, Connecticut, and can endorse what has been said in its favor by those who have tested it in different parts of the country. We have also proved its hardiness here at Oneida the past severe winter. Although our plants made the most of their growth late in autumn, and had hardly ceased growing when winter set in, yet they have gone through unharmed, while the Doolittle Blackcap has suffered more or less severely from freezing. Another feature of this variety is also worthy of note. Unlike others of its class, it does not require high manuring. It will produce fine crops where Brinkle Orange would not pay for cultivation. While the Philadelphia proves to be a valuable market variety in some parts of Pennsylvania and New Jersey, the Clarke will undoubtedly be found to be the berry for a more extended territory, including perhaps Canada and all the Western States.

H. T.

CARBOLIC ACID AND THE CHOLERA.

FROM recent experiments in England, by a Mr. Crooks, as set forth in his report to the Royal Commission, it was demonstrated that the presence of carbolic acid, even in the form of vapor and in extremely minute quantities, is death to all organic germs, and that pleuro-pneumonia had been arrested by the use of this agent by destroying the animalcules in the blood of animals suffering from this disease.

In a recent lecture by Dr. F. Grace Calvert, he stated that the spread of pleuro-pneumonia had been arrested in Belgium and Holland as well as in England by the use of carbolic acid.

Dr. Harris and other members of the New York board of health regard carbolic acid as the most efficient agent which they employed in stamping out the cholera in New York during the summer and fall of 1866. It is now an established fact that the dejections of cholera patients are full of living germs as discovered by a microscopist in Michigan in 1849. Carbolic acid will destroy these germs and thus arrest the disease. It has been used freely in England for the same purpose, and in every case the disease was promptly arrested. Carbolic or phenic acid or phenole (C_6H_6O) constitutes the greater part of the ordinary commercial kreasote.

It is found chiefly in the heavy or dead oil of coal tar when it is distilled over between 300 and 400 degrees, Fah. Carbolic acid has the peculiar smell and taste of kreasote, and possesses all the antiseptic qualities of the latter, for preserving wood and animal matter.

G. E. C.

AS MOTHER, SO DAUGHTER?

Upon a Summer's eve, two years ago,
I found my way into a little room
Of a poor cottage, rudely built and low,
To which through flowers the little path did go
From the small wicket set within the fence,
With trees on either side to check with gloom
The moonlight—as life's frequent accidents
Show us the value of a peaceful glow.

Into that room I bore with me this thought:
Is all this beauty of the world to-night
A real truth, or false? And with it wrought
Another: that the scene so soft and bright
Was nothing to the weary ones that dwelt
Within the houses here and there in sight;
They toil, their coarser life, not beauty, felt—
Beauty and Toil they not associate brought!

A young girl there, a little friend of mine,
Was with her mother. She was innocent,
Beautiful in each feature and each line
And in her happy eyes; and all was blent
In the one charm of purity and truth—
She seemed the type of all that faith has lent,
Open in trust. Surely, I thought, here youth
Is of the mother reflex and the sign.

Not so! The mother's lips were firmly set,
Her features cold, stern with the constant chill
Of every opposition, by the fret
Of things unkindly; all the lights that fill
Eyes long accustomed to sweet charities,
Were frozen by the want that had its will
As master; and there seemed within her eyes
Cursing despair of one caught in the net!

Alas, I thought, must this be always so,
And that which seemed so fair, at last be vile?
Must every budding promise only blow
In lovely blossoms, leaving, after while,
The acrid fruits of misdirected trees?
In the same path must men still onward file?
Must icy selfishness still ever freeze?
Where trod the mother, must the daughter go?

M.

Wilmington, Ill., March 27, 1868.

"WHEN DOCTORS DISAGREE &c."

LEGISLATIVE doctors are often so unfortunate as to disagree among themselves respecting what is, and what is not sound orthodox morality. In the state of Michigan, for instance, the legislative doctors a long time ago decided that it was an immoral act for a man to marry his niece; and this decision became a law of the state: in the eye of the law of Michigan a man who marries his niece is guilty of fornication, and any one so disposed can cause a warrant to be issued against the offender to that effect, subjecting him to fine and imprisonment.

Suppose the state of New York to be contiguous to that of Michigan, and suppose moreover, that a wealthy Mr. W——, a man seventy years of age, a lawyer by profession, and a member of the Episcopal church, takes a fancy to marry his niece, an intelligent woman thirty-two years of age, who is so deeply in love with her venerable uncle (for whom she is keeping house), as to consent to marry him; and suppose again, that Mr. W—— owns a house located on the imaginary line between the states of Michigan and New York, half of the said house in one state and half in the other. Now, according to the statutes of the respective states, while occupying the Michigan half of his house, Mr. W—— would be considered in the eye of the law of that state, a criminal, a transgressor of the law of the land, and liable to be arrested and put under bonds. But let him pass into another room of his house on the New York side of the line, then for marrying his niece he would be recognized by the Empire state, as

an innocent, worthy citizen and a lawful husband. Here we see a marked disagreement between what is right and what is wrong in the two sovereign states. Shall we say that Michigan is a civilized state, and that the state of New York is a barbarous one? To whom can honest men appeal when such legislative doctors disagree?

Circumstances of this kind—all except the house on the line—did actually occur but a short time since. Certain parties were married in Michigan, where they had resided for many years, but the relatives of the young wife were opposed to the bans, and being informed of the statute that made such a marriage a criminal act, they forthwith had the husband arrested and put under bonds. But, nothing daunted, the sage lawyer paid the one-thousand-dollar obligation, took his young wife (who was no wife in Michigan) into the state of New York where he remarried her; and the happy couple are now *en route* for the sunny clime of Florida where oranges are plenty, and laws, lawyers and relatives very scarce.

G. C.

THE CIRCULAR.

O. C., MONDAY, MARCH 30, 1868.

EAST AND WEST.

WHEN we look east or west, our line of vision is of course at right angles to the meridian, and in a plane, which, being vertical, passes through the center of the earth. At the equator, this plane of east and west vision coincides with the latitude, i. e., with the plane of the equator, and all countries actually east or west are in the direction which the eye takes, in looking east or west. But in all other places, the plane of vision deviates from the plane of the latitude, and people who think that the places set down on the map as east or west of them are actually in the direction that they are accustomed to call east and west, are generally very much deceived. The plane of latitude cuts off a slice of the earth, larger or smaller, according to its distance from the equator, north or south; but the plane of east and west vision, passing through the center, divides the earth into equal hemispheres. The plane of latitude is always equidistant from the equator; but the plane of east and west vision cuts the equator at the real horizon both ways, and comes out at the antipodes, as far south of the equator as the latitude is north, and *vice versa*.

This idea can be realized and made clear, by the artificial globe, in the following manner: To find the regions through which the plane of east and west vision for any place passes, bring the place to the brass meridian, and also revolve the meridian till the place touches the wooden horizon. Then the plane of the wooden horizon will be the plane of east and west vision for the given place, and if you tie a black thread around the globe even with the horizontal circle, you may turn up the globe to its ordinary position, and study, very conveniently, the course of the east and west line by the thread. Try it, if you please, for Onceida, which is at about 43 degrees north latitude, and you will find that when we look east, instead of looking toward Spain which is in the same latitude, our plane of vision leaves it far to the north, and first strikes the old world on the coast of Africa, near Cape Blanco, and nearly under the tropic; then passes in a south-easterly direction, touching the Desert of Sahara and cutting the equator in the Gulf of Guinea; and after crossing the continent obliquely, strikes into the ocean south of Madagascar, and reaches our antipodes some hundreds of miles southwest of Australia. These are the places toward which we look, when we look east, instead of those which we imagine to be east because they are in our latitude.

That this is so, any one may convince himself without a globe, if he will consider that the sun, at the time of the equinox, when it stands exactly on the equator, nevertheless rises exactly in our east, though we are 43 degrees north of the equator, and as it ascends toward the tropic, rises apparently far to the north of east, though in reality it never comes

north of the equator more than 23½ degrees. These phenomena show that our plane of east and west vision, cuts the tropics and the equator, and instead of coinciding with our latitude, takes nearly a south-east direction to our antipodes, on the other side of the equator.

These facts, one would think, ought to be considered by the Jews, who are said to pray with their faces to the east, imagining that they are looking toward Jerusalem. Praying in that position from New York, they are really looking over the Desert of Sahara, and Jerusalem is far away from their line of vision to the north-east! Moreover, their line of vision is in the *tangent* to the curve of the earth, while Jerusalem is nearly a quarter of the way round the globe on the curve itself, and consequently far below the straightforward outlook. The real direction of Jerusalem from New-York, as near as we can calculate with our rude appliances, is 35 degrees north of the east line, and 45 degrees below the horizontal line. In other words, a Jew, in order to pray right at Jerusalem from New York, ought to face by compass about N. E. by E. and look at the ground about six feet before him!

J. H. N.

WOMAN'S HAIR.

I ADMIRE gray hair. I have always been thankful that my grandmother wore to the last her own locks in their natural color. Her face was sweet to kiss because it was genuine, and I never minded the wrinkles. She was a sincere woman and never took advantage of the quackeries of the day to conceal the changes which old age wrought in her.

It is the first instinct of our feminine nature to *appear*, and not to *be*. We are constantly casting about for means to produce a false impression in our favor. I am going to turn traitor to my sex and denounce this terrible principle of deceit which has held us so long. Even among us Community women—who have denied the world in everything, who have cut our hair short, worn our dresses short and ignored the fashions of the *beau-monde*—had crept in, among a few, the abominable practice of hair-dyeing, for the purpose of concealing the touches of time. But the men protested with righteous indignation and the women became convicted that it was an ordinance of deception to them, and that by doing one such untruthful thing they made themselves guilty of all the vanities and hypocrisies of the world.

It is pitiful, it is terrible, to see the insincerity which is connected with such an ordinance as the coloring of the hair. Those who make the dyes and those who use them have formed themselves into a mutual-deception society. The quack doctors concoct a solution which they say does not *color* the hair, O no! it only *restores* to it its youthful appearance; it penetrates to the roots and changes the course of decay which nature has commenced into one of rejuvenation. Then among those who use the dye no one frankly says, "I color my hair," for the deed itself is a deception and must be concealed or defended by fallacies; but instead, "I only use a preparation to renew the growth of my hair and to restore its youthful look."

God, it is said, is the master-artist. But there are thousands of people who do not believe it. Do you think the venders of rouge and hair-dye believe it? Do the manufacturers and wearers of corsets, "palpitating-bosoms" and "false calves" believe it? Can we make one hair black or white without marring God's design? Unity is one of the grandest pillars in the temple of beauty, and a wrinkled face shaded by silvery locks has that beauty as much as the smooth brow of youth crowned by luxuriant tresses. The face and the hair keep pace. When the first gray hair appears, be sure that God is introducing an effect to correspond with a change in your countenance, and don't spoil his work. There is nothing which gives me a greater sense of incongruity than to see a face on which time has drawn his lines, surrounded by shining bands of jet-black hair. Every thing is out of keeping and, worst of all, the very object sought after is not attained. Until the resurrection shall change the whole body, no hair

dye will bring back even the semblance of youth which has flown.

In the spiritual experience of the Community, it has been found that the seat of woman's vanity is peculiarly in her hair, and that it is a very subtle distraction from seeking after inward beauty. One of our philosophers says he "doesn't know but the devil drags women to hell by the hair of their heads!"

All that Paul ever said to the women of the Primitive Church against plaiting the hair, and for the "adornment of a meek and quiet spirit," is doubly applicable to the women of this age. How can a woman have "power on her head because of the angels," when her hair is saturated with "Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer," or some other equally nauseous compound?

T. C. M.

CHEMISTRY UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

I.

ENTHUSIASM.

THE study of chemistry always fascinated me; the very name chemist seemed to me to possess mysterious properties, and to be surrounded by mysterious influences. The chemist was to my imagination a being poised between the known and the unknown—between man and nature. His constant companions were the strange and the terrible. His daily toil was among the mysterious elements of nature. Stories of the old alchemists I eagerly read and re-read. I pondered over the legendary history of Roger Bacon and his unfortunate discovery of gunpowder. The "Atoms of Chladni" was a wonderful story to me. I read it, studied it, and laid plans for similar experiments in electricity when I should have a chance. Van Helmont, Paracelsus, Stahl, Boerhaave, Bergman, Cavendish, Priestley and Lavoisier, were men far above common humanity—models of perseverance and patient industry. The study of their lives of toil and devotion, stimulated me to an enthusiastic desire to devote my life to the pursuit of science. Obstacles and want of time, only increased my longing.

At last, in the autumn of 1859, I happened upon the article on Chemistry in the Edinburgh Encyclopædia. I immediately read the entire 150 pages and began it the second time. The part that particularly interested me was the history of the pioneers in this science. The adventures and discoveries of young Scheele, the Swedish chemist, fired me with an ambition to do likewise. Here was a young man employed as an apprentice and errand-boy in a drug-shop in an obscure town in Sweden, with nothing but a few old vials and bladders, with pipe-stems and battered gun-barrels—working nights to avoid detection and punishment—who made a series of brilliant discoveries in chemistry which astonished the scientific men of the age. Working for his employer by day and for science by night, he completed a series of discoveries that, considering the age and his imperfect apparatus, are almost without parallel in the annals of science.

"I will be a chemist," I said, "even though I never rise above old bottles and pipe-stems. Perhaps I shall make some discovery." The idea was exhilarating. It filled my thoughts by day and my dreams by night. I read everything I could find of Liebig, Davy and Wells. Old bottles looked attractive to me, but I even went so far as to lay aside a gun-barrel for some future use in my chemical researches. My friends and companions now began to notice my tendencies, and occasionally I would hear the remark "George is studying chemistry, so look out for a blow-up one of these days!"

Compassionate smiles and remarks were about all the assistance I received, with a few exceptions. H. H. S. and G. W. N. encouraged me to go on and become a professor of chemistry. I needed only a word to stimulate me to devote every spare moment to the study, and to the planning of a location for my first LABORATORY.

G. E. C.

—A more glorious victory cannot be gained over nother man than this, that when the injury begins on his part the kindness should begin on ours.

AN ONEIDA JOURNAL.

March 28.—This week has been one of those pauses between winter and spring which come sometimes after a hard winter. The snow is gone. The landscape is bare and brown. The sky is blue day after day, and the sun shines with almost the warmth of May but does not awaken a single green thing; only the points of the hyacinths begin to show themselves in the garden-plots, hesitatingly.

It is a mile between O. C. and Willow-Place, but there is a plank-walk all the way and as soon as the snow is off the women go back and forth without fear of mud, which abounds in this clayey soil. We have very little mud though, this spring. The past winter was very snowy but it succeeded a very dry autumn and the water in our springs which supply O. C. has never been so low as it has been all winter. The thirsty soil has absorbed all the water supplied by the melting snow, and the ground is settled and the roads are even dusty.

The Community has had a time of turning away from many of the amusements which have been popular with us in the past. We have not done so from any legal motives. We find too much serious business on our hands to allow us time or inclination for mere amusements. We want to find relief and relaxation in the course of our useful pursuits and keep ourselves sober and watchful. We do not feel less happy but more so. Amusements which are taken up to kill time are apt to end in weariness and disgust. We don't expect to have any time to kill this summer, and want to make a deeper growth in spirituality.

The Community women held a meeting one afternoon of the present week, for the purpose of devising ways and means by which they could economize their expenses, and thus help their brothers in solving the great financial problem. Ready hands and brave hearts were present at the gathering, and a lively ambition was expressed by all—both old and young—to do whatever was in their power to help forward the good cause. We don't feel poor nor cramped, and aside from all financial considerations we find it a good ordinance to from time to time, bestir ourselves, energetically, against the encroachments of the fashion of this world; and to resist indignantly the tendency that will sometimes creep in to make us effeminate. As Community soldiers we want the broadest culture—physical as well as mental; we want strong bodies and spirits, that we may coöperate in every department of useful labor. With this twofold object in view we shall dismiss the hired women from our laundry and supply their places with help from our own number. Heretofore, much of the house-cleaning has been performed by hired help; but this spring we are going to dispense with that also. Looking about us there is hardly any limit to our opportunities for usefulness; and we expect a fruitful harvest from the united industry of so many cheerful hearts.

One of our members who was formerly much troubled in mind—the world went wrong with him from boyhood—has lately found a new experience. When you meet him now there is a new light in his eye and a genial smile on his face. Here is a composition he has been writing:

"The contented mind may be compared to a placid lake whose waters reflect the images of objects from its surface. Rocks and overhanging trees embellish its margin; birds flit through its submarine sky, and down deep the sun may be seen shining in his strength, or moon and stars in their nightly glory. The mountain's brow is reflected without a wrinkle. What is received is rendered back. But the discontented mind reflects a distorted image.

"Contentment implies reconciliation with God; love of the truth; acceptance of our situation as we are related to the universe of facts; readiness to bear our responsibilities. Contented people are not only happy themselves, but there are vibrations in their spiritual atmosphere that make others happy. No murky fog of unbelief can hide their spirit of faith and improvement. They never grumble nor quarrel. They are pleased with small favors and little things, but their balance of mind will enable them to do great things. Prosperity does not lift

up; adversity does not cast them down. 'Their peace is like a river and their righteousness like the wave of the sea.'—J. L."

COMMUNITY GOSSIP.

FROM WILLOW-PLACE.

....G. W. H. having attended a reading by Charles Dickens, while on a business tour, gave us a description of the peculiar accompaniments of Mr. Dickens's readings, and attempted an imitation of his style. That imperturbable fellow, Sam Weller, was examined in court.

....One of the foremen in the shop, being down cellar at the house the other day thought he would take a "cooky" from a well known basket which sat on one of the shelves. Now it so happened that certain rats had been holding a carnival on the shelf, and the kitchen folks had placed in the basket one of Newhouse's infallible traps. The result may be imagined. The fingers of the unlucky foreman striking the trap, it closed on them as remorselessly as it would have done with any other depredator. It is said the kitchen folks enjoyed the joke.

FROM WALLINGFORD.

....The job-presses and job-work are being moved into the CIRCULAR-OFFICE to-day.

....A company of merry women and girls are cleaning the Hall, the floor of which is to be oiled; and meetings will be held in the dining-room *ad interim*.

....We have commenced reading the Psalms at the 7 o'clock readings; it was thought we should find as much connection between them and the New Testament as any part of the Bible.

....We had forgotten that this was the month of storms—the lion of the year; and had sat in its sunshine and praised its genial warmth; but he pulled off his glove last night and we were roused from our sleep to a sense of his fury, by the roar of the wind, and the sound of the snow as it was whirled against the window-panes. In the morning we found our doors as usual blockaded by huge drifts which the wind remorselessly continued to heap higher and higher. The trains to-day were all "behind time" and it was nearly five o'clock before we received our noon mail.

....Our Hall has become a very popular sitting-room of late. The women sit there in the afternoon with their sewing or reading; and any one looking into the room a short time after supper would see nearly every member of the family engaged in various pursuits. As we glanced in the other evening we saw Mr. Noyes sitting in his usual place before the stove, engaged in deep thought; G. W. N. writing at the north table; H. J. S. absorbed in his algebra; T. L. P. near the stove with his eyes closed; and a group around the south table chatting.

....We have had so few papers come to us since the CIRCULAR went to Oneida—not even the *Tribune* for several days—that we have ceased to expect any newspaper report in the evening meeting, and seldom have any correspondence to read except the Journal from the New York family. In referring to this fact Mr. Noyes said, "As the newspapers and correspondence drop off, we shall get into a kind of retired state by and by and back into the old Puritan times when people didn't have such a rush of the world into them. I feel it to be a relief, really, to get above the world and not live in the exciting element which comes in the mail every day."

....J. P. H. went "a hunting" for muskrats the other afternoon. After shooting one near the swimming-place, he laid it on the floor of the bath-house, and went in quest of more game. Imagine his astonishment, on returning, to find there two men busily engaged in skinning his muskrat! "Oh," said they, looking up, "is this *your* muskrat?" "Yes," John replied, marching up to them. "Waal, we've got 'im skinned for you," said the would-be thieves; and sneaked away, muttering. "A minute more, and I should have lost my rat," said Nimrod, who has lived in the wild woods of Brown's Tract where he and his fellow-craftsmen felt entire confidence in each other's honor and honesty.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE PLUM.—ANSWER TO INQUIRIES.

Oneida, N. Y., March 27, 1868.

DEAR SIR:—Yours, asking for information about the best varieties of plums, is at hand.

Our winters here are very severe—thermometer (Fah.) often indicating 25 and 30 degrees below zero; we can only get plums about one year in two. We have tried many varieties and can raise none but the most hardy. Have found the Lombard the most profitable. Yellow Gage is next; and also better quality. Schenectady Catharine—splendid dessert plum, most up to Green Gage—is third. M'Laughlin is quite as good as the Catharine; a very reliable fruit. Besides these four, we can recommend nothing for this place except an occasional variety of Damson.

Smith's Orleans is an enormous bearer, but *altogether* too tender to stand our winters. The Reine Claude de Bavay we have never tried. If the thermometer at Geneva does not get lower than 14 degrees below zero, I think I would try some other sorts: Washington, Smith's Orleans, &c. The plums we buy in western New York are mostly the Yellow Egg, and a small green plum which folks call Green Gage, wrongly, however. We seldom get hold of any other except Lombard. From this, we judge that these varieties are the most hardy with the farmers in your part of the state.

Plum-growing can be made profitable, no doubt, when one selects good varieties, keeps his trees in cultivation and has the pluck to get up at 4.30 A. M., every morning and hunt curculios until the fruit is out of the way of these little pests.

Yours very respectfully,
ALFRED BARRON.

WALLINGFORD VILLAGE.

Wallingford, Conn., March 17, 1868.

DEAR CIRCULAR:—The fire which destroyed the Protestant Episcopal church, last fall, made the building of a new edifice by that congregation a matter of necessity. Accordingly, a handsome stone structure will, during the coming season, be erected on the site of the wooden one which was burned. Architecturally, this will be a great improvement. Then the Congregational Society finding their church accommodations too strait for them, propose to replace their present rather antiquated edifice by a larger one. The new building is to be of brick, and will stand a little south and west of the old site. Liberal contributions in aid of the project have been made by members and outside friends of the church. Among the latter, Mr. J. P. Whittlesey lead in the amount subscribed. He gives two thousand dollars in money, and land for the new site worth as much more. Mr. Whittlesey is a descendant of the Rev. Mr. Whittlesey who in old colonial times was for many years pastor of the society. The work of removing the old building has already begun, and in a few days it will be known only in memory. On Sunday afternoon the farewell services of the congregation took place, on which occasion the pastor, Rev. E. R. Gilbert, delivered an interesting discourse in which he sketched some of the historical events connected with the church.

The town of Wallingford was settled in 1670: hence in two years it will be 200 years old. The early settlers imbued with the Puritan and theocratic spirit which characterized the New Haven colony, along with the material foundations of their new settlement, laid the spiritual foundations of that religious life which has made the church the central power in the town for two hundred years. No sooner had the thirty-eight original planters come together than they organized a church. In those early days the whole people of the village attended to the religious interest of the place in the same way that church committees do now. In other words, they were a committee of the whole on all that pertained to their church and educational affairs. For ten years the settlers had no church edifice, but held their meetings at the house of Mr. Merriman. A large elm tree which possibly may have been planted in those days, marks the location of this early

meeting-place. Afterward a small church was built not larger than a common county school-house now. As the population increased, additions were made to the building; till finally in 1720, a new and larger edifice was erected. This was a curious and quaint structure and stood for over a hundred years. It had two tiers of galleries, one above the other, somewhat after the manner of a theater. This mode of building churches was quite common during the last century. The upper gallery was high, and its occupants were almost entirely out of sight. Hence it afforded an admirable place for boys to congregate and play. The records show that even in the old house it had been necessary to "vote that Eliazar Peck be desired to looke to ye boyes on ye saboth that they keep good order at meeting." But in the new house even more stringent measures were necessary; so it was in "April 25, 1721, voated that no young man shall go into the uper gallery to sett their on the saboth day under eighteen yeare old." After the old house had sheltered the congregation for a century it was replaced by the present one, which was completed in 1838.

Only five pastors have had charge of the Wallingford church since its foundation two hundred years ago. The average length of their pastorates has been nearly forty years—a fact which indicates a rather remarkable degree of unity in the church, and sympathy between the pastors and the congregation. The five in their order have been Mr. Street, Mr. Whittlesey, Mr. Dana, Mr. Noyes, and the present incumbent, Mr. Gilbert.

We also understand that a new Town Hall is to be built this season to replace the one burned last fall.

Yours, T. L. P.

HOW I CAME TO BE HERE.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY BY R. S. DELATRE.

NO. XIII.

THIS visit to Manchester in May, 1831, gave me another opportunity of observing the wonderful railroad. Indeed, it was to all intents and purposes my first trip, for I could then attend to it. The moment was intensely interesting to the artisan. Railroads had been a study for a long while, and it was only within a year or two that the locomotive had become a success in France. But John Bull as usual, improved forthwith upon his neighbor's invention, and success was complete; so away we go at the rate of thirty miles an hour. It is all dizziness beneath you. Over you, the crow in vain attempts the lead; the pastures are all agog; horses, tail and mane erect, scour the fields; milestones fly past illegible. You are crossing a swamp. Chatmos, as yet a vast bog, is under the wand. Look out for untold treasures. Pickaxe and shovel are at it, and soon the fields will be waving with grain. Such the magic touch of the rail. But what of the city of spinning-jennies—second only in the kingdom for population, foremost in the world for cotton fabrics? Nowhere, perhaps, is the contrast more emphatic between the rich and the poor. Nowhere is there such a breadth of squalid destitution. You drop the eye, for these are human beings like yourself. Yet they are not left unheeded by any means, for there are many noble souls in that emporium who do not forget the poor.

One of my friends in this city was a wholesale dealer in dry goods, and through him I got into the mercantile atmosphere. That place had a thoroughly business air, I thought. I confess I did not feel quite at home with the training I had had; and yet I admired the force there was in the enterprise of the people. I was much surprised to find at Manchester the most beautiful collection of stuffed birds I ever saw, not excepting the one at the British Museum, though of course much more limited; but the birds were mounted and arranged so admirably that every single specimen seemed to tell. I noticed too, that the specimens were uncommonly fine, especially the very rare ones. The rooms were well lighted from above, so that altogether the effect was very creditable to the institution.

A week very pleasantly spent among the cotton-loom restores me to the sea-board and to the domestic hearth. A short walk towards the shore at

the outlet of the Mersey, will usher you among a group of sand-hills of the most forlorn aspect. I would not advise you to repair to that quarter under the influence of the "blues." The force of the westerly wind that sweeps over the Irish Channel, is there so great as to make heaps of the sand, and score upon score of acres lie buried beneath these enormous drifts. It is a fine spot though for rabbit-warrens, and that is about all that can be said to recommend it. Yet there was a time (say the chronicles), when,

"From Wallasey Brake to Hildebrée,
A squirrel might hop from tree to tree."

A mighty contrast was the scenery here to the exuberance we had been accustomed to on the other side of the kingdom. Among people of leisure, walks are an essential to every-day life in England, consequently it is quite important to live in the midst of fine, rural scenery. But we had frequent occasion to cross over to the city, which gave us walking enough.

Liverpool was not then what it is now. In the course of thirty-seven years her strides have been immense. However, that stupendous sea-wall has been there as long as I can recollect. It affords one a fine walk along the river-side toward the outlet, a stream which in 1860 was annually freighted with twenty-five thousand vessels. That wall is more than five miles long; it is eleven feet thick on an average, and forty feet high from the foundations.

The docks are truly splendid. They have cost ten million sterling, and you may suppose have gigantic proportions. There is no telling where all this will end, for the Australian wool-trade is now rapidly swelling the dimensions of this emporium of wholesale traffic. But the arts and sciences also have a place in Liverpool; so you must not think there is no refinement there. Nay, did you never hear of the Lancashire witches? What about them, you will ask? Well, I knew nothing about them practically, for I was already bewitched, you know. I merely remember that the women there had a sort of grace about their persons, flowing figures, as it were, and that there was a certain archness about their ways and a sparkle in their eyes that was decidedly threatening. It was well for me that I was already committed or they might have disturbed my peace sadly. Yes, there were modifying influences around these worshippers of mammon. Paganini was there.

"Who are they that pay their guineas,
To hear a tune of Paganini's?"

Echo:—"a pack of ninnies!"

was sung by the wags. Yes, the great magician was there and I listened to his music.

"What did you think of him," has been asked me twenty times.

"You should have heard him for yourself," has been my reply. Unearthly, erratic, amenable to no standard, bewildering, incomprehensible, inexplicable he was in person, as well as performance. The violin was part of the man; it did his bidding; the bow was his wand. I beheld, and stood amazed. Such the effect of the first night. I heard him but once, and really one could not form anything like a fair estimate of the man's powers until well used to him. The first encounter was dazzling, but with all his wonderful doings I left him with a feeling of disappointment. There was plenty of astonishing dexterity but not enough *tone*. His aim was evidently to confound the multitude. Not so with Ole Bull, whose simplicity, I think, forms a striking contrast to the trickery of his predecessor, which was all the more provoking when you knew the man's wonderful power over his instrument.

My stay in Liverpool, however, was not to be of long duration. I was now destined to cultivate land, and it happily occurred to my father to have me spend the summer months with a farmer, to acquire some knowledge of the art. Forthwith a place was provided. A marriage connection of Mr. Alders was renting a large farm at Barnham, on the northern confines of Suffolk. He was a man who stood high in his calling, and as soon as it was ascertained that it would be agreeable to him to receive me, I again bade adieu to "sweet home," one

day in June, and whirled away toward my new destination.

Now for a trip through some of the midland counties of old England. Each one in turn gives place to the indefatigable stage-coach; Derby with its hill and dale; Nottingham of Robin Hood notoriety; long-wooled Leicester; cheesy Rutland; gravelly Huntingdon; scholastic Cambridge. My cousin was a great admirer of the architecture of the college buildings at Cambridge, and had said that I must positively take my time for observation there, and do them justice; also the music of the choirs. I did so. I bought a guide-book and most religiously followed out the programme therein set forth. The difficulty in such cases is to know where to begin. But as we had had a glimpse of the great pile of King's College on our approach the evening before, I went directly there and took the music and architecture together; and splendid they were. If my cousin with her nicety of appreciation could only have been there! It is dull work to travel alone at any time; so I did my best to imagine her present while I perambulated the various halls, avenues, &c. There are between seven and eight thousand persons, more or less, connected with the University and you cannot mistake the character of the place. The *toga* asserts itself everywhere, and bids you think of your Latin and Greek, of Euclid and of Newton. It is a dreary place to the mere spectator, so there is the more need of a companion. Gothic architecture is very imposing, certainly, but the Grecian muse suits me best. There is a marked chastity about the style. I left the place after two days' staring.

Then came Newmarket with its race-course, known to every jockey in the kingdom, I suppose; but not being one of that class myself, we drove through the one long, dull-looking street, perfectly unmoved. Not so with St. Edmund's town. Bury is clean and cozy, and smiling in its aspect. I have spent many a week there at different times, and know it well. It has only fourteen thousand inhabitants, but the public buildings and institutions are many as well as interesting. It took its name from Edmund, who was crowned there king of East Anglia, in 856. After his death and canonization, an abbey was started under his patronage which grew to be only second in the land, but of which there is now only one relic of importance; thanks to the Reformation. In this place there is also one of the finest specimens of Norman architecture, to be found anywhere. It is a quiet market-town. I met with the usual warm reception there that had ever greeted me; but I was soon on my way to Barnham, Mr. Edwards having kindly sent to me his chaise. A drive of twelve miles brought me to his door and I was with the farmers again. I had had some faint hope of catching the last notes of sweet philomela, as the season had not quite gone by, Suffolk, unlike some of the northern counties, being visited by the dainty creature. The rogues, although found as far north as Sweden, are extremely fastidious in lower latitudes. They are like men it seems; they must have their *oysters*. They are said to be dependent upon a certain worm which determines their locality.

I found Mr. Edwards living in plain style on a sandy soil, which he was courageously plying with turnip husbandry, aided by an excellent quality of marl (the terms of occupation insisting upon a certain number of loads per acre being put upon the land annually, forty-five I think). I could not have gone to a better man for thoroughness and zeal. His regard for religion rendered him not the less agreeable, you may be sure. His family was small—a cozy little circle. Arthur Young, the great authority in those parts on agriculture, was put into my hands and forthwith I became a student. Had we been going out to Australia, his sheep husbandry would have been just the thing; but for a backwoodsman in Canada, the course to be pursued would be in some respects the very opposite. Yet there was plenty to be learned. For three months, books were read, fields inspected, sheep-walks traversed. Harvest work was going on nearly all the time, and there was great activity. Mr. Edwards fattened cattle for the Bury market, and the farm pro-

duced a fine quality of wheat. I shall never forget the painful suspense he endured when threatened with the loss of half of his crop of *Talavera* wheat from impending rain, while in process of reaping. There was no dodging a shower in those days with "McCormic's patent," so the heart had to flutter. That crop was his main-stay. For it, he had fallowed the land, carted the marl, elaborated the compost-heap, raised the turnip, hurdled the sheep. Do you wonder at his trepidation? Look at the quality of the original soil and then at the sample of wheat, and you will get an idea of the thing at stake. They are reputed husbandmen, those men of East Anglia.

TALK WITH A NEW ACQUAINTANCE.

I HAD just put the finishing touches to our strawberry-field last fall, all except the mulching. We were at that job when a couple of strangers who were looking around our farm, came on the field. While the elder was going over the ground, the younger and myself sat on the sunny side of a heap of straw, for it was a chilly day. We soon fell into conversation. He appeared to be more interested in the new social life he saw than in the products of the farm. Among other topics he mentioned Darwin's theory of the origin of species, to which he appeared to be an enthusiastic convert. I have always had an aversion to that theory, not so much from my actual knowledge of it, as from the fact that it is patronized by a class of men who catch at anything which tends to overthrow our faith in Providence. However, I was glad of a chance to talk with some one who appeared to be an honest advocate of the theory, and that I might get a clear view of it I asked him to explain it, which he did as follows:

"Darwin's theory of the origin of species, is based upon the most minute and careful observation of nature, and the most patient and extended reasoning upon those observations. It claims to show that the vast variety, both of plants and animals, that now exist upon the earth, are the result, not of any sudden or direct action of the Omniscient will, but of causes that are now actually at work with more activity than ever before; that in fact, new varieties, species and families of living creatures are continually branching off from the old. In short, his theory claims that inasmuch as there is an almost insensible gradation extending from the most simple and primitive fungus, up to man, the crowning work of creation, we have every reason to believe that the latter is the final and perfected outgrowth of the former."

Myself.—A rather ingenious theory I must admit, but I would like to know whether he reasons further. Does he assume that man in his *present condition* is the perfected product of creation for all coming time, or does he admit that from this highest family a species may yet branch out, that shall stand in a still higher scale in the order of creation?

Visitor.—I don't know as he says anything about that; it is a point I had not thought of.

M.—And yet it is one in which we are much interested. If the race to which we belong is to be superseded by one which is higher and better, we want to know it and to understand the process by which it will be brought about.

V.—That is an interesting topic. If Darwin demonstrates, as he endeavors to, that varieties, species and families are the outgrowth of gradu-

ally operating causes, I don't see as we have any right to assume that those causes have produced their highest results in man. Is man so perfect that there is no room for further improvement?

M.—Certainly not. The exercise of the merest common sense would seem to dictate that we ought to be looking around to see if there are not causes actually at work which must finally manifest themselves in the production of a new species of the *genus homo*. I think I can see one.

V.—Well, what should you say is the great leading circumstance in the history of the human race that tends toward such a result?

M.—The advent of Christianity.

V.—I don't see any new race produced by Christianity. As far as my observation goes, all men are pretty much alike.

M.—Perhaps your observations have not been sufficiently close.

V.—You are probably in the right there. I have been brought up in the midst of a formal kind of religion that has not presented any attractions, and I have never pretended to give it anything like a thorough, philosophical investigation. If you can show wherein Christianity has a practical bearing upon the question of human welfare, and especially if you can show, as you intimate, that it is an important element in the outgrowth of a new species of the *genus homo*, I should be glad to have you do so.

M.—If I were to attempt such a thing, I should endeavor to find out first what the authors of Christianity claimed that their system could accomplish; and secondly, how far those claims have been made good in the past. In this way I should hope to form a tolerably correct estimate of what we may hope from it in the future. First, in regard to the actual pretensions of Christianity. Here we have at the very outset a cross between the divine and human natures. God was the father of Jesus Christ, and Mary was his mother. Never mind about proof just at present, we are looking at the claims of Christianity. It claims, not only that its author had a divine parentage, but that all its true followers may be born again, and by thus securing a new parentage establish a new species. Christ said to Nicodemus, "Verily, verily, I say unto thee, except a man be born again, he cannot see the Kingdom of God." Again, he said to his disciples, "Ye which have followed me in the regeneration, when the Son of man shall sit in the throne of his glory, ye also, shall sit upon twelve thrones judging the twelve tribes of Israel." Now, whatever meaning was intended to be conveyed by the terms "born again," and "regeneration" it is evident that they must have implied a change that was a pretty radical one.

V.—Well, admitting that point, I am anxious to know what are the characteristics of this new species that you tell about. Wherein does it differ from the old? Does this new species have wings, or in any other respect, a new style of anatomy?

M.—The species may be characterized by certain spiritual distinctions that are in reality far deeper and more radical than any of those physical ones that you refer to. One of these characteristics is freedom from sin. We find a prediction on the very first page of the New

Testament in these words: "Ye shall call his name Jesus, because he shall save his people from their sins." Another characteristic, is freedom from law. The promise is, that the law shall be written in the heart and mind, and Christians will do right from an internal instinct, or sense of the fitness of things, and not from the external compulsion of law. Still another characteristic is freedom from selfishness, involving a change in this respect as great as that of changing a spider into a bee. These, I say, are the claims of Christianity, and although these characteristics are not of the kind that you are accustomed to regard as necessary to the establishment of a new species, yet do not they involve more radical changes than would be brought about by the growth of wings?

V.—Certainly. I will very readily admit that. The only question in my mind is, whether Christianity ever has, or ever will accomplish this immense work. The Christians that I have met could scarcely be said to belong to the new species that you describe.

M.—Very well. Admitting that specimens are not to be found every day, yet you must allow that if only a single specimen of this finished work of Christianity can be produced, it effectually establishes these claims. Such a specimen I would present for your consideration in the person of Paul. As an example of the effect of the Christian spirit in freeing men from selfishness I would point you to the day of Pentecost, when they "that believed were together, and had all things common; and sold their possessions and goods, and parted them to all men as every man had need."

V.—It appears to me that your examples are rather scarce and have the disadvantage of being clouded by the lapse of eighteen centuries. Why is it that the world has gone on with its sinful, selfish, bloody history ever since?

M.—It was Christ's plan to secure to himself a church on earth, and to come and take it away into the invisible world and there perfect it; making it the nucleus of the final great work of elevating the race of man, and banishing sin and selfishness. The immense strides of improvement in the external world within the last few hundred years, are simply preparations for this final work.

V.—A very extensive programme, I must admit. But to one in my position and habits of thinking, you must excuse me for saying that it appears somewhat novel and fanciful.

M.—Very likely, but you must consider that this theory of human redemption of which I have given you only the merest outline, is the outgrowth of long, patient, and experimental study of the Bible.

V.—Thank you very much for this outline. I feel some curiosity to study it further. But I must confess that my curiosity springs more from the fact that your theory of Christianity is the foundation of a successful Community, than from any intrinsic merits I see in the theory itself.

M.—However that may be, I am of the opinion that the time will come when every one will feel himself directly and personally interested in knowing the exact truth about the divine government that is over him. It is our

ambition to stand as witnesses and exponents of that government, that we may convince the world of the truth respecting it. This motive, is the seed of our Community, and not merely a desire to secure the good fruits that are its natural outgrowth.

H. J. S.

When Dr. Bethune was walking with a clergyman almost as full in person as himself, they spied another Brooklyn pastor who presented a perfect contrast to their rotundity, and who at the time was suffering from a horrible attack of dyspepsia. As he approached, Bethune said to his companion, within hearing of the third party, "See there! any body that looks so cadaverous as that can't have a good conscience." The thin parson was wide awake, and rejoined, "Brethren, I don't know about the conscience, but I'd rather have the gizzard of one of you than the brains of both." The good Doctor enjoyed the sharp reply, and, after a hearty laugh, said: "Let us go; we can't make any thing out of him to-day."

JUDAISM.

We make the following extract from a letter in the *Utica Morning Herald*:

The sufferings of the Jews have been less in the last century than any former one since their dispersion. * * * Even previous to the ninth century the Jews produced several original works on morals and philosophy. In the tenth century science was assiduously cultivated by them in Spain. At Toledo they had schools which were greatly celebrated and crowded with scholars. In mathematics and astronomy there were no schools in Europe that could compete with those of Toledo. Ben Ezra, a Jew, was the inventor of the method of dividing the celestial sphere equatorially, and it is said that in some of the philosophical treatises by the Jews of that period, allusion is made to that important principle in the Newtonian system, viz: the attraction of the heavenly bodies. What was true of the Jews in Spain, was likewise true of their brethren in Portugal, Germany, Italy, France and elsewhere—everywhere during the ages of darkness and general ignorance, the dispersed Israelites were the zealous cultivators and successful teachers of the important sciences.

From the Hartford Courant

If we may believe all that we read in the newspapers—and we don't like to discredit them—we are in the way to dispense entirely with the service of physicians. They have, in Boston, what is called the "lifting cure," by which a man may lift himself right out of disease; not, however, with that disregard of the laws of gravity by which one lifts himself into the air by taking hold of the straps of his boots. The object of the system is, primarily, to secure strength at the vital centers; to develop power in the vital organs, the spine and brain; and, subordinately, to secure an harmonious and symmetrical development of the muscular system. This is accomplished by means of a machine in which the patient, or the impatient, lifts certain weights. The inventor says that "men cannot afford to occupy hours in securing exercise through the usual forms of manual labor or the old systems of gymnastics when better exercise can be obtained in ten or fifteen minutes, two or three times a week, by the use of machinery." It is claimed that this system not only invigorates the body and cures diseases, but it will, in time, change even theological opinions. In the words of the author, "a proper system of physical training will not only revolutionize our systems of cure, but will radically affect methods of education, legislation, and even theology itself; for in health and strength, old prejudices and opinions, resulting from diseased bodily and mental conditions, will be swept away, and all things will be made new. Truth cannot be clearly comprehended by a weak and disordered brain." Perhaps this method may be advantageously combined with that of the Onedida Community Perfectionists, which is to "criticise" disease away. If a member has the headache, or the catarrh, or the dysentery, his fellow-Communists treat the disease as if it were a moral delinquency, and he is subjected to the criticism of the circle. Of course, the invalid must exercise his will—and it is well known that many people let disease make inroads upon them and death overtake them simply because they offer no mental resistance. One of the Perfectionists writes: "The worst cough I think I ever had was cured by resisting it in faith. It was so annoying I could not rest nights. Sometimes I did not get more than two or three hours sleep. A friend talked with me twice about resisting it, and I finally determined to do so. It was not

more than three days after I began to resist it in earnest, before it was entirely cured." Another one put an end to catarrh in the same manner.

NEWS ITEMS.

A RAILROAD is to be built in Japan.

POLAND has been made an integral portion of Russia.

ONE claim on the estate of Sir Morton Peto and his partners, amounts to \$33,000,000.

THE Erie Canal will not be ready for navigation before the first of May.

THE war between Brazil and Paraguay is progressing favorably to the Paraguayans.

LOUIS NAPOLEON is desirous of embarking in another American intervention. Hayti, like Mexico, does not pay her debts to France; hence this new attempt.

CORRESPONDENTS of European journals express fears that the United States are getting too powerful, and desire a foot-hold in Europe. These fears are in consequence of Commodore Faragut's very respectful treatment by European governments.

GOLD has been discovered in Finnmark near Lapland. It was found in the dry bed abandoned by a stream that had changed its course. Not only gold-dust, but lumps and nuggets of superior gold are found. The geological character of the country is much like the gold-bearing regions of California.

A BILL proposing to reduce patent fees has been introduced into Congress. During the past year there has been an increase of forty per cent. in the receipts for patent fees, and an increase of only eight per cent. in the cash of the Patent Office. As a consequence there has accumulated a large surplus of funds in this department, which will be prevented in future if this bill takes effect.

THE Impeachment trial recommenced Monday, the 23d inst. The President's answer to the charges of the House, occupied an hour in reading. The next day the managers presented their replication, which was followed by a request on the part of the President's counsel for ten days delay in which to prepare their case. This was denied; and upon a motion that the trial proceed at once, the Senate retired for consultation. This resulted in a postponement until Monday, the 30th inst.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

I. M. T., N. Y.—The instrument you describe is used on our quilting-frames. Thank you for the receipt for bleaching cloth. It is nearly like the one we published last week.

A. C. W., Oregon.—The *Berean* is out of print. We appreciate your interest in having it circulated more widely. We intend to start the business of book-publishing as soon as we can give our time and attention to it, and we shall doubtless reprint the *Berean* among the first things we do. All the copies we can spare have been loaned.—We have a large stock of flower-seeds from which we will send you the quantity you request.

G. D. R., N. H.—The Wallingford Community is situated only half-a-mile from the railway station of Wallingford, and nearly all the trains on the line between Boston and New York, via Springfield, stop there.—It would be difficult to tell you with certainty, at which of the Communities you would be likely to meet Mr. Noyes.—If you had read the CIRCULAR long, you would have seen that its matter is furnished by the Communities with the exception of a part of the correspondence and occasional extracts from books and other papers.—We must decline your proposition about advertizing.—We will send you price lists of the articles you mention, if you like.

J. A. H., Ind.—We accept your proposal to exchange pictures, though our assortment is not as good as it has been or as we wish it were. The photographic views mentioned in the advertising column of the CIRCULAR are all we have. The stereoscopic views are rather better than the larger pictures.

Announcements:

THE ONEIDA COMMUNITY

Is an association living in Lenox, Madison Co., N. Y., four miles from Onedida Depot. Number of members, 280. Land, 589 acres. Business, Horticulture, Manufactures, and Printing the CIRCULAR. Theology, Perfectionism. Sociology, Bible Communism.

WILLOW-PLACE COMMUNITY.

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

WALLINGFORD COMMUNITY.

Branch of O. C., at Wallingford, Conn., one mile west of depot. Number of members, 88. Land, 228 acres. Business, Horticulture, Publishing, and Job Printing.

NEW YORK AGENCY.

Branch of O. C., at 335 Broadway, N. Y. Room 9. Number of members, 10. Business, Commerce.

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 Onedida Community, Onedida, N. Y., of whom they may be purchased, or of the Community Agency, 885 Broadway, New York. Descriptive list and price-list sent on application.

PRESERVED FRUITS AND VEGETABLES.

Strawberries, Black, Red, and Orange Raspberries, Cherries, Huckleberries, Plums, Peaches, Pears, Pine-Apples, Quinces, Lawton Blackberries, in quart bottles and quart cans, with syrup—Tomatoes, Sweet Corn, Peas, Lima Beans and String Beans, in cans—are put up in quantities for sale by the Onedida 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 O. C. N. Y. Branch, 885 Broadway, New York.

O. C. PURCHASING AGENCY.

NO. 885 BROADWAY, NEW YORK. P. O. Box, 6796.

This Agency buys goods of all kinds for those who cannot afford to come to the city, or those to whom shopping is a bore. For commission we charge five per cent. or less, according to the kind and quantity of goods ordered. The commission will be charged on the actual outlay of money, including all expenses involved for packing, expressage, &c. In some cases, where the expenditure is small and the trouble of filling the order considerable, a reasonable charge for time will be made.

PICTURES.

The following Photographic Views of the Onedida 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, Onedida Community, Onedida, N. Y.

PUBLICATIONS.

HAND-BOOK OF THE ONEIDA COMMUNITY; with a Sketch of its Founder, and an Outline of its Constitution and Doctrines. 72 pp. octavo. Price, 85 cents for single copy; \$8.50 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. 250 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.]

MEADE, 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.