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THE CIRCULAR, ONEIDA, NEW YORK.

TERMS:

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

GLANCING.

Home-Talk by J. H. Noyes, W. C., April 13, 1868.

I RECOLLECT that when, in old times, we used to make springs at the forge, weld the bows and perform all the operations of trap-making by hand, Mr. Newhouse had a method of dealing with hot steel by which he avoided getting sore eyes. There is a great liability to injure the eyes by looking at the bright, hot steel, and a number of the shop men had sore eyes. I talked with Mr. Newhouse about the matter one day, and he set forth this philosophy: that one who handles heated steel should not look at it constantly nor fix his eye upon it at all, but *glance* at it. By coquetting with the iron in that way he got along without having any difficulty with his eyes. I tried his plan and found there was real philosophy in it and that it was practical.

The application of this principle, which I am making at present in my own experience, is in regard to the working of my mind on various subjects and questions of business that come up. I have a great deal of interest in different matters, but if I should give my mind up to them, as there is sometimes a temptation to do, they would make me crazy. People do get crazy by fixing their attention on some one subject that is all-absorbing to them, and that is just like getting sore eyes by looking at white-hot steel. I am satisfied that the way to keep a healthy mind is to *glance at things*—not let any thing fix our attention so as to compel the direction of our thoughts. Beware of getting into a position where you must think on certain subjects whether or no, for you are getting sore eyes and the tendency is toward insanity. If you want to keep sound minds, you must learn this method of *glancing*. You will find that you can give all necessary attention to one subject after another, no matter how complicated, if you keep your minds free from all of them and do not let any of them carry you away captive.

The operation of false love may be illustrated by this principle. In false love people get their attention fixed on something intensely beautiful, and such a continued stare is sure to make the eyes sore. Fiery love is like white-hot steel. I know there is a way to love and not get sore eyes. It is to be

done by a kind of glancing of the heart. Constant, intense attention is fatal. If you want to keep out of trouble you will have to learn to glance at things instead of giving yourselves up to them.

This philosophy is essential to the practice of "going home." You can not get into a good habit of going home until your mind is free from bondage to particular objects. In order to go home you must be able to withdraw your mind and imagination from business, studies, and attractions of all kinds. All your dealings with outward objects must be coquettish. Your mind must be able to pass on from one subject to another and keep its freedom. It is the glancing look, not the fixed, constant stare, which we must learn, in order to keep our minds where we can go home from time to time.

When I look over my past experience, I see that God has taken a great deal of pains to train me in this way. So far as I am able to trace his measures for educating my mind, they have been right in this line. A hundred times I have become engaged in a study so fascinating that I would have gladly devoted my whole life to it. I can see that God has constantly withheld me from doing that, and has taught me how to coquet with science and all matters of interest, and yet be true and faithful to every thing good. I believe we shall really accomplish more for the benefit of science, business, and every thing else of importance by keeping ourselves out of bondage. We must look out for the subjective interests as well as the objective. Save your minds, imaginations and hearts from bondage. That is the way to make the most of yourselves for God, man and the universe. Keep your freedom. Learn to think and love in a glancing way, so as not to get sore eyes. How to do this exactly, every one must learn for himself. A certain amount of experience and practice are required to do it right. A man must judge for himself how much attention he can give to a particular subject without being taken possession of by it.

The ability to give your attention to things without being brought into bondage to them is the highest attainment of education; it is the perfection of what you may call your instrument, i. e., your mind. It is not the perfection of its actual achievements in its particular relation to science or business; but it is the perfection of the instrument itself—its preparation for universal attention. The object of education should be twofold; it should require the student to possess to an equal degree the power to fix and to withdraw the attention.

FAITH, THE FAMILY FIRESIDE.

Home-Talk by J. H. Noyes, W. C., April 15, 1868.

I WAS very much edified and entertained by Fanny's story about her faith; the experience she had in waiting on Providence and watching for the inward call. It was a true, genuine experience. Every vestige of that kind of faith is very precious in the sight of God. Peter says, "Wherein ye greatly rejoice, though now for a season, if need be, ye are in heaviness through manifold temptations; that the trial of your faith, being much more precious than that of gold that perisheth, though it be tried with fire, might be found unto praise, and honor, and glory, at the appearing of Jesus Christ." There are the true riches; there is the actual cash; the treasure that will "be found unto praise, and honor, and glory, at the appearing of Jesus Christ." If we wish to be ready at the appearing of Jesus Christ, we must make large deposits and get a large capital of that kind of riches. Christ says, "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal; but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven." The very treasure he refers to is this faith which is more precious than gold. We may keep our eyes on gold and money as enviable possessions; but here is something far more precious than either, which people may have who are very poor. There was Fanny White; a poor girl; obliged to earn her living by going out as a servant; but this faith which the Lord gave her, was a real treasure in her heart.

The true currency, the solid specie basis of heaven, is faith in God; faith, not merely in reference to curing the body, but in reference to saving the soul; faith in regard to every need of soul and body. I like to get my eye clear into the very essence of salvation by faith, and see how it is at work and growing among us. All the faith there is, is a unit, and we have common stock in it. It is the faith of Christ and comes to us from him. Wherever there is a heart which is breathing faith there is one which is in unity with all other faith. God delights in it. Faith is his money. All the individual faith we have accumulated in the church is only sufficient to raise us to where we can touch and enter into sympathy with the faith of the Primitive Church. It is one faith from Christ through all his body; the faith of Christ developed in the Primitive Church and the faith of the Primitive Church developed in us.

Faith is the element of victory. By faith

we get victories over the devil, over sin, darkness, disease and every thing evil. Hide yourselves from all evil and escape unto God. Faith is that genuine, interior, home-element we are seeking after. We go home when we go into faith. Hide yourselves in that home.

What is home? It is a sheltered, enclosed place where we can have fire, light and pleasant society and be protected from the cold and howling tempests without. Faith is the fire and light of our internal home. It is by gathering together into that one faith of the Primitive Church that we get out of the storms and darkness of this world. I am determined to get not only my soul but my body into that home of faith. I want to get my head, heart, imaginations, thoughts and feelings in there and dwell there wholly, for I know there is where peace reigns, and that war and confusion are every-where else.

"Nevertheless," said Christ, "when the Son of man cometh shall he find faith on the earth?" Notwithstanding the manifestations he made of miraculous power, and the grace that was given the church on the day of Pentecost and afterward, he could look forward and see that within one generation faith would become almost extinct. He expected that faith (in the sense which he held it), the real recognition of God's power over body and soul, would be swamped in unbelief and fanaticism. If the Son of man should come now, would he find faith on the earth? I believe he would. There are materials for, and beginnings of faith in all Christendom. There is more or less experience of faith in the churches; but it is a very different matter from this profession of religion which is going about in the world, and from what is called faith among the different religious denominations.

Let us think of faith hereafter as the family fireside—the good, warm, blazing hearth that we are all going to gather around. There is where we will sit in the chimney-corner and tell stories, drink cider and crack nuts—around *faith*.

AN IMPROVED OVEN.

WE have in use for baking purposes, in all our Communes, five of Blodgett & Sweet's patented, portable sheet-iron ovens, Nos. 8 and 9; the latter being the largest size manufactured. We have used these ovens eight years or more. Previous to their introduction we used the best kind of brick oven and retained it in working order for several years after procuring the iron one, thinking that possibly on a thorough trial of the latter we might find them no improvement after all, and so should wish to return to the good old way. But such has not been the case, and the brick oven was long ago demolished. The portable oven has proved itself superior to all competitors with which we have been acquainted. Nevertheless, as it came from the hands of the manufacturers we have had to find fault with it. The stove was not the right thing. In the first place it required the best of hard seasoned wood; and then the baking was not always satisfactory.

If we filled the oven to its capacity with bread fruit pies, it was difficult to get heat enough to do the work well. Besides, baking every other day, we used up a stove in two or three years, and had to send to Burlington, Vt., for a new one.

These difficulties stimulated Mr. Bristol, our baker, to go to work and see if he could not invent a better stove, and we are happy to say that success attended his efforts. In consultation with our machinists, he planned a new stove for the No. 9 oven. The patterns were immediately made, and the stove was cast at our Willow Place foundry six months ago. It is about one-third larger than the old one and differently constructed. After a fair trial Mr. B. says that the oven is now worth to us twice its former value. It does not require seasoned beech, oak or hickory, but will burn chips or any kind of flood-wood to be found in the shed. In a word, the oven will do nearly twice as much work as before, with a third less cost of fuel. Before, it required an hour and a half to bake an oven-full of wheat bread; now it requires less than an hour, and the baking is as near perfect as any body can wish.

Messrs. Blodgett & Sweet might do well to examine our improved stove. With their oven and our stove the Portable Baker is a grand institution. We are getting up a pattern of the same kind of stove for No. 8. g. c.

SWEDENBORG'S BOOK OF DREAMS.

THE nature of the change which came upon Swedenborg in 1743-4, at which time he suddenly abandoned the pursuit of his *quasi* scientific studies, and appeared as a veritable ghost-seer, is the subject of much variance of opinion. The discovery in 1859 of an old manuscript Diary, kept by Swedenborg at this critical period of his career, has thrown much light upon the inquiry. Mr. White, in his *Life of Swedenborg*, after mentioning several vague references to spiritual guidance in some of Swedenborg's scientific works, says:

Until 1859 this was all the account there was to give of the transition of Swedenborg's mind from the study of Anatomy to the year when he proclaimed himself in full communion with Angels, Spirits and Devils. Except, that in 1744 he was in Holland printing the first and second parts of his "*Animal Kingdom*," and in London in 1745 printing the third part and "*The Worship and Love of God*," nothing trustworthy was known. On no part of Swedenborg's life was knowledge more desirable, and on no part was our ignorance more complete and tantalizing: but light was at hand.

In October, 1858, there was offered for sale to the Royal Library at Stockholm a small octavo volume, such as was commonly used for note-books last century, bound in parchment, with a pocket on each side, and fastened at the middle with a clasp. There were only sixty-nine leaves in it, as some, probably blank, had been torn out. Only fifty-four leaves, or, to be exact, one hundred and four pages were written upon. On examination it proved to be a Diary kept by Swedenborg between 1743 and 1744. Nothing, to those who had any biographic interest in Swedenborg, could be more welcome. The book had lain hidden in the library of Professor R. Scheringsson, who died in 1849, aged ninety. With his heirs it remained unnoticed, until turning it over it was thought that some money might be got for it at the Royal Library. Mr. Klemming, the Royal Librarian, quickly discerning the value of the shabby old

book bought it, and in 1859 he printed an edition of ninety-nine copies,* edited with a punctilious care, which will forever leave Swedenborgian students his grateful debtors.

A manuscript so much desired, and produced with such an indefinite history will at once, and naturally, excite in the reader suspicions of forgery; but these suspicions he may confidently lay aside. The Diary has been examined by the best experts in Swedenborgian literature, and all confess that its authorship is incontestible. The handwriting, the style of thought and of diction are plainly and inimitably Swedenborg's. Many, with every desire to discredit its genuineness, are unable to find ground for the least exception. . . . There is much monotony in the entries, and listening to Dreams is seldom a lively occupation; yet I hope nevertheless to hold my reader's attention whilst we read together what is most characteristic in this curious Diary: skipping whatever seems mere iteration, and omitting some five or six passages, only fit for a medical journal, which, set forth at length would doom this volume, in all judicious households, to existence under lock and key.

We give a few extracts from this diary. The intelligent reader can judge for himself of the mental condition of the writer, who, it must be remembered, had been in an unceasing and fruitless pursuit of scientific renown during all his previous life. Swedenborg's admirers love to dilate upon the wonderful dispassionateness of his life; his indifference to women, which caused him to remain unmarried, and his carelessness of fame, evinced by the successive issue of so many ponderous, unread volumes. The careful reader will see evidence in the following extracts, that women and fame had held foremost places in his heart. Here also, in the absurd ease with which he explains the meanings of his visions, we may trace the germs of that wonderful faculty of reckless interpretation, which afterward enabled him to twist the Bible to his uses, by his doctrine of the Internal Sense.

The Beginning of Visions.

1. Dreamed of my youth and the Gustavian family.
 2. In Venice, of the beautiful palace.
 3. In Sweden, of the white cloud in heaven.
 4. In Leipsic, of one that lay in boiling water.
 5. Of one that tumbled with a chain into the deep.
 6. Of the king who gave away so precious a thing in a peasant's hut.
 7. Of one who wished me to travel.
 8. Of my delights during the night.
- I wondered, that nothing more was left me to do for my renown, so far as I could see. Also that I had no desire for women, as I had had all through my life.
9. How I was in waking ecstasies nearly all the time.
 10. How I withstood the Spirit.
How I then favored it. . . .
 11. How I found, that since I had come to the Hague, my interest and self-love in my own work had subsided. I myself wondered much at this.
- How my inclination for women, which had been my strongest passion, so suddenly ceased. How through all the time I had a sound sleep in the nights, which was more than kind. How my ecstasies were before and after sleep. My clear thoughts about things.
- How I resisted the power of the Holy Spirit, and what then happened. How I saw hideous Specters without life, fearfully shrouded and moving in their shrouds; also an animal, which attacked me, but not the child. . . .
- How a woman lay herself at my side as if I

* Only ninety-nine copies were printed, on account of the obscene nature of some of the entries.

were awake. I wished to know who she was. She spoke softly. She said she was pure, but she had a bad smell. I believe she was my Guardian Angel, because then the temptation began.

..... I stood beside a machine moved by a wheel, the spokes of which, entangled me more and more, and forced me upward, so that there was no escape.....

I was in a garden laid out in many beautiful divisions, one of which I wished to possess. I looked round to see if there was any way by which I could get out; I thought I saw one, but then thought of another. Some one was busy picking off invisible creeping things, and killing them. He said they were bugs, which some one had brought and thrown into the garden to infest those there. I did not see them, but I found another little insect which I let fall on a piece of white linen beside a woman. It signified the impurity within me, which was to be extirpated.....

..... I seemed to take a key; went in; was examined by the door-keeper as to what keys I had; I shewed them all to see whether I might have two, but Hesselius seemed to have another. I was arrested and watched, and many came to me in carriages. I thought I had not done any wrong; yet I remembered that it might look suspicious if it was asked how it happened that I had taken that key. I awoke. This has many significations; as, that I had taken the key to anatomy; the other in the possession of Hesselius was the key to medicine. Or, that the key to the lungs is the pulmonary artery, which is thus the key to all the motions of the body. Or it may be interpreted spiritually.

I wanted medicine for my disease. I got a number of pence to buy it with. I took half of them, and selected some from the other half, but gave all back again. The man said that he would buy me something for my cure. This signifies my corporeal thoughts as being coins with which I tried to cure myself, but it was of no use.

Afterwards I came out and saw many black beetles; one was thrown at me. I saw that it could not use its feet. I believe that this means that natural reason can not harmonize with spiritual.

..... Afterwards I wakened and fell asleep again many times. I had visions the whole night. My thoughts were pressed full with a life and magnificence I can not describe. All was heavenly, clear at the time, but inexplicable now. In one word, I was in heaven, and heard speech that no tongue can utter; nor the glory and the innermost delight, which followed the speech.

Besides, I was also awake and in a heavenly ecstasy, which also can not be described. At nine o'clock I went to bed, and got up between nine and ten next morning, having been twelve or thirteen hours in bed. Praise, honor and glory be to the Highest! Hallowed be his name! holy, holy, Lord God of Sabaoth.

..... There appeared to be a dog on my knee. I wondered at it speaking and asking about its former master Swabe. It was black, and kissed me. I awoke, and called on Christ for mercy, because of the great pride I cherish and the self-flattery it induces.....

..... In the night I slept tranquilly, but between three and four in the morning, I awoke, and remained waking, but as in a vision. I could look up and be awake whenever I liked, so that I was not otherwise than waking, but as in a vision. From the Spirit there was an inward and sensible gladness shed over my whole body..... It was Love itself..... This Love, in a mortal body, of which I was then full, is to be compared to the joy which a chaste man feels when he is with his beloved one. Such was the extreme pleasantness suffused over me for a long time..... There came a little chill over me, and a sort of slight shiver, as if it tortured me.....

..... I seemed to move quickly down the stair-case. I only slightly touched the steps, but I got down safely. There came a voice from my dear father, "You are creating alarm, Emanuel." He said it was wrong, but would let it pass. This denotes, that yesterday I had made too free use of the Cross of Christ, yet it was of God's grace, that I escaped the danger.

Dr. Morsus appeared to be courting a handsome girl, and she allowed him to do with her what he liked. I joked with her because of her easy consent. She was a handsome girl, and grew taller and prettier. This means, that I should obtain information and meditate about the muscles.

I had an extraordinary deep and long sleep for twelve hours. When I awoke I had the crucified Jesus and his Cross before my eyes. The Spirit came with high, holy and ecstatic life and raised me higher and higher, so that if I had ascended further I should have dissolved away in mere joy.....

..... I appeared to climb up a ladder from a great depth. After me followed women whom I knew. I kept quiet and frightened them on purpose, then went up and reached a green wall, where I lay down. They followed me and I saluted them. One was young, the other a little older, who lay down at my side. I kissed the hands of both being at a loss to know which I should love. It signifies my thoughts and the works of my mind in a double aspect.

..... I had horrible dreams: how an executioner roasted the heads which he had struck off, and hid them one after another in an oven which was never filled. It was said to be his food. He was a big woman who laughed, and had a little girl with her.

Afterwards how the Evil One brought me to several deep places and bound me. I do not remember it all. Was cast bound into hell.

How a great procession was drawn up from which I was excluded. How I strove to get into it but was drawn back.

..... As to the luxury, riches and honors at which I had aimed, I now think them empty vanities, and that the man is happier who has none of them and lives contented.

..... I had troublesome dreams about dogs that were said to be my countrymen, and which sucked my neck without biting.... In the morning I had horrid thoughts that the Evil One had got hold of me, yet with the confidence that he was outside of me and would let me go. Then I fell into the most damnable thoughts—the worst that could be. Then Jesus Christ was presented vividly to my interior sight, and the influence of the Holy Spirit came over me, and I knew from this that the devil had gone away.

..... I seemed to be fighting with a woman in flight, who drove me into the sea and out again: at last I struck her with a plate on the forehead as hard as I could, and bore upon her face, until she seemed to be overcome. It signifies my struggles and my combat with my thoughts, which I had vanquished.....

Afterwards I fell asleep awhile, and it seemed to me that a quantity of oil mixed with some mustard was floating about. This may denote my future way of life, or it may be pleasure mixed with adversity, or it may signify some medicine intended for me.....

..... A married woman desired to possess me but I preferred an unmarried. She was angry and chased me, but I got hold of the one I liked. I was with her and loved her: perhaps it signifies my thoughts.

There was a woman with much and beautiful property, in which we walked, and she wished to marry me. It is Piety, and I think also Wisdom, who owned the estate. I was with her and showed her my love in the usual way: it appeared to be before marriage.

..... I nevertheless could not refrain from going after women, though not with the intention of committing acts, especially as in my dreams I saw it was so much against the law of

God. I went to certain places with Professor Ohlreck.... In one day I was twice in danger of my life, so that if God had not been my protector I should have lost my life. The particulars I refrain from describing.

..... However, the inward joy continued so strongly, especially when I was alone in the morning, noon and evening, that it may be likened to heavenly joy brought to earth. This joy I hope to keep as long as through the Lord's grace I walk in pure ways and keep the right path in view; for if I turn aside and seek delight in worldly things, the joy disappears.

..... I seemed to take leave of her with particular tenderness, kissing her, when another woman a short way off, appeared. The result was, that when awake I was in continual amorous desire.... This signifies, that I have now finished what I have written on the Senses in general, and the operation of the Interior Faculties. I now come to the second part or the Cerebrum.....

..... I appeared to take a very high flight, but in such a circle, that I came down just when I grew tired. I saw a beautiful drawing-room with a very fine tapestry on the walls, all of one piece. It signifies what I had in my mind and heart the day before; that if we leave Christ to care for us in spiritual and worldly things, all is done. I saw a boy running away with one of my shirts. It may mean, that I had neglected to wash my feet.

..... I seemed to be with Christ, with whom I conversed without ceremony. He borrowed a little money from another, about five pounds. I was sorry that he did not borrow of me. I took two pounds, of which methought I let one drop, and then the other. He asked what it was; I said, "I have found two," one being probably dropped by him. I offered, and he took them. In such an easy manner did we seem to live together. It was a state of innocence.....

..... Christ said that I ought not to undertake any thing without him.....

—A woman who knows her own interest, will first of all cultivate the progressive, reproductive spirit in herself; and then she will be able to renew her beauty, and vary its forms, and become more and more attractive eternally.

EDITOR AND FARMER.

[EDITOR discovered splitting wood. ENTER FARMER.]

Farmer.—A fine morning, Mr. Editor. Glad to see you at work with your coat off.

Editor.—Yes. I'm glad of a chance to relax my brain.

F.—We've a fine pile of wood this year. It came off that ten-acre lot we were so fortunate in securing two or three years ago.

E.—Fortunate? Then wood is getting scarce hereabouts, is it?

F.—Yes. It gets scarcer every year. I don't know what we shall do. We must burn more coal.

E.—I imagine in such a case it would be profitable to plant forests. Didn't you ever hear how the Duke of Athol planted a forest of larches and his grandson used it for timber in building Nelson's fleet?

F.—I don't think you will ever get forests planted unless government takes it in hand, or people become Communists. The whole face of the land is managed as a man uses a mortgaged farm. Run it. Get all you can from it. It makes no difference to you how near spoiled it is after it leaves your hands. That is the logic which rules nine-tenths of the cultivated lands of this state.

E.—Yes. The same reasoning makes a man live on a farm for years without improving it, under the impression that he may move away any year, and he hates to do any thing of which he may not reap the advantage.

F.—If the work now scattered broadcast over hundreds of acres were concentrated on half the amount of well-drained land more produce would result, and the remaining land could grow up to

forests which would supply us with an abundance of wood.

E.—Don't you think forests have an effect on climate? Would not the presence of large bodies of forest land protect the cleared land from severe drouth and mitigate the severity of winter?

F.—I don't know. Some philosophers think so.

E.—Well, let us work for the good time coming when the earth shall be a common inheritance.

THE CIRCULAR.

O. C., MONDAY, MAY 4, 1868.

NEIGHBORS.

THE moon is quite a neighbor. In the first place telescopes bring it within one hundred and fifty miles of us—one hundred and twenty I am told. How long think you before we shall have it in our door-yards, for all purposes of examination? You say the possibilities of telescopes are limited. But we will find some medium or other. The power must be hidden some where, in some secret chamber, and God who hid it there will discover it. Then the tides on the earth answer to the whispering moon, and keep up a beating and response day and night, always declaring that if the moon is "not without" the earth, the earth is "not without" the moon—they are bound by reciprocal attractions. Our queen of night projects her influence all the day, and the oceans are moved to their profoundest depths. Then she is a telegraph between us and the sun, when the sun by this inevitable turning over of the earth is hidden from our sight. As I looked at her last night with her crescent high in the sky, she said to me, "Do you think the sun is lost? I can see it. It is over there shining as bright as ever. Look at the bend of my bow; an arrow from the middle would bury itself in the orb of day. Don't be afraid that the sun has been darkened, while you see me shine. We are all three inextricably linked."

R.

AN ONEIDA JOURNAL.

May 2.—We are having the first steady rain since last June; so says G. R. K., who runs the depot team.

Some talk has lately arisen on the proper size of our evening meetings. We number about two hundred here at O. C., and we find a few disadvantages in so large a gathering. A formal tendency is sometimes perceived, and those who have resided at Wallingford, and Willow Place, think the home feeling is stronger at those places. Then all do not always find opportunities to speak. Between forty and fifty appears to be about the right number for a family gathering, where all will feel free to speak and every one can see all the rest. We are studying the matter. As yet there has been no practical result.

The following incident illustrates the importance of educating young children in practical faith in God, as the supplier of all their needs. Ormond was leaning rather carelessly out the chamber window; which, when his mother observed, she exclaimed, "O, don't, my dear child! You might fall and break your neck, and then mamma wouldn't have any little boy. What would she do?" After thinking a moment, he answered, "Why, mamma, you could ask God to give you another, couldn't you?"

The arrivals of the week are H. W. Burnham, J. R. Lord, G. D. Allen and F. W. Smith from New York. Mr. Otis Kellogg recently arrived from W. C., while Mr. H. Thacker and E. Noyes lately left for that Commune.

ITEMS.

... The farmers have finished setting their strawberry-plants.

... The bag-business has closed at last.

... We noticed G. E. C., the other day constructing his —th, and he hopes his final Laboratory.

... Our engraver and microscopist are fitting up the "Dunn Cottage" for their use this summer.

The Willow Place journalist sends us the following curious item: "It was noticed during the latter part

of the winter, that the water stopped running from the outlet of the tile-drain. Upon recent investigation it was found that the willows growing along the bank had sent their roots into the tiles, completely filling them. Several of the tiles were taken up and the roots pulled out. The brick tubes, being full of perforations, present a singular appearance. Fears are entertained that the roots will, in like manner, prevent the water from flowing into the mill. In that case our beautiful trees are doomed.

OUR WALLINGFORD LETTER.

*Mount Tom Printing Office, }
W. C., April 28, 1868. }*

DEAR CIRCULAR:—Having just returned from a visit to your place, I find it easier to write about things that I saw there, than about the matters of this steady going Community. So if you please, my Wallingford Letter this week will be mainly on the subject of Oneida. Yes, crossing the "Hamilton Bridge," here is the Community domain,

"The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wild wood,
The tree and the rock where the cataract fell,"

and as I drive up to the ever-hospitable portico, a flaxen-haired youngster springs forward from the welcoming group to meet me, and so I touch home. Hand-shaking, greetings in the hall, in the reception-room, a seat at the table in the great dining-room, nods here and there in the archway and kitchen, and again I feel the pulse-beat of the Community. A visit to your sanctum, CIRCULAR, leads me out by the vine-covered, stone reservoir, by the green-house with its resplendent cactuses, roses and passion-flowers, and up a flight of stairs in the Tontine. All the familiar faces are at the type-stands and the room is almost a duplicate of the Wallingford office; but the view and surroundings are different. Instead of leaning against a high, steep hill as at W., I here look westward, to where the sun sets in a sea of crimson, over a gently heaving landscape, the fields for nearly half a mile being covered with raspberry-vines and fruit plantations. A steam-engine is silently throbbing on one side; on the other side is the fruit-house and dentistry, and below are the laundry-works and school-room. Let us call at the latter. Here are the boys and girls—the smaller pupils with their object-lessons, and the larger with slates and books. By invitation of the teacher, Mrs. S. B. Campbell, we will visit the school to-morrow and hear the children speak their pieces. At the laundry much is novel. What is this? A machine like a large wringing-machine, through which two persons are putting the folded clothes, and turning them out, smoothed and pressed, faster than a dozen girls could iron them. Next is the drying room. This is heated by steam-pipes, over which the clothes are hung on sliding bars, while a current of air is forced up through the room, carrying off the moisture of the clothes and leaving them dry in a few minutes. The washing-machines, driven by steam, are in the basement below.

Shall I continue my excursions? Opposite to the main Community dwelling, twenty rods distant, is the O. C. store, with its two wings, one occupied by the business-office, and the other by the shoe-shop and tailor's-shop. Messrs. Leete and Aiken, will accommodate you at the store with most kinds of goods except whiskey and tobacco. The office is the place for the receipt and dispatch of mails, and the head-quarters of book-keeping and finance. Its affairs, with the varied business correspondence of the Community, are mainly executed by three young women—Misses Macknet, Barron and Hatch.

Sixty rods down the road, by the flower-garden and the avenue of elms, you come to another bridge over the creek, with two or three cottages and the "mill." This building, and the water-power attached, have been much concerned in the past prosperity of the Community. Singular have been the transformations of the old mill. First it was occupied as a saw and grist-mill, with a printing-office and a carpenter's shop in the upper stories. Afterwards the saw-mill was converted into shoe and wagon-shops, and the carpenter's into a machine-shop. Then the trap-works got foot-hold in the lower story and gradually crowded out the shoe-shop, wagon-

shop and grist-mill. Finally, the traps outgrowing their accommodations here, a new factory was built for them and the machine-shop at Willow Place; the printing-office was removed to Wallingford, and nearly the whole of the mill was transformed into a bag and satchel-factory. Six months ago the building was a hive of industry in this department. Today we are invited to go down and attend the last "bag bee." The business is closed up, the hired hands are discharged, the stock is to be sold, and the building forthwith given up to the horticulturists for a fruit-preserving factory. Let us look in upon the "bee." Here are a score or two persons and a half-dozen sewing-machines, putting the finishing stroke to the tasteful bags and satchels with which travelers arm themselves for distant journeys. The upper parts of the building display large pyramids of fruit-cans which are made in the attic, two men deftly soldering, at little bench-furnaces, five or six hundred a day. In the lower story a planing-machine and buzz-saws furnish the lumber for all manner of packing-boxes.

Returning up the road by the store, we come next to the long forcing-pit, and hot-beds, already crowded with a luxuriant growth of tomatoes, peppers, egg-plants, cucumbers, &c., which Mr. Thayer and his assistants are preparing to transplant to the extent of several acres. We next pass the barns, noting only the fourteen stout, two-horse wagons ranged under the shed, as evidence of the demands for transportation. Here on the left, bordering a fine orchard is the barberry hedge—the best specimen of a farm hedge that we have seen in this country.

Taking this plank side-path, a walk of twenty minutes brings us to the Willow Place Community. On our way we pass by a superb part of the O. C. domain, where a mile and a half of tile-drain has been already laid this spring. Reaching Willow Place we find the home, with its surrounding greenery and pleasant little water view, and the welcome of all the dear friends within. Near by is the factory. We enter first the machine-shop and meet Messrs. Inslee, Sears, John Leonard and a half dozen others. George Campbell presides in the office. In other parts of the building are the trap-works, with Messrs. Kinsley, Higgins, and Hawley, as foremen. Here Mr. Newhouse, Dixon's "Canadian Trapper," has his private work-shop. In the story above are the silk-works, occupied by delicate spinning, reeling and spooling machinery which is mostly attended by hired women and girls. The foremen are Charles Cragin and John S. Freeman assisted by three or four women of the Community. From this center the "O. C. Machine Twist" is sent forth at the rate of one hundred and twenty-five lbs. per week to the firesides and sewing circles of the country.

You will hardly do all this sight-seeing in one day, but on a proper occasion you may extend your walk a hundred rods further up the banks of the Sconodoo to another group of industries consisting of the O. C. saw-mill and foundry, now in full tide of operation. The saw-mill runs night and day, and the foundry makes machine castings, plow-points, hop stoves, &c.

I have made a long letter telling what is under your nose; but an eye fresh to the scene may be of some use to your readers. Let me add that all this activity and outward life do not make the Community. I found the heart of the family more in its evening gatherings and in its communings with the unseen than in its farm or work-shop. The people are pretty sober, and do not care much for the outward shows of mere sociability. I heard them speak of "going home," as if they found that precious place less in the outward sphere, whether of good or evil, than in some secret closet of the soul. It is unnecessary to say to you that the fabric of their practical life and their hopes has been built, not on frivolity and pleasure-seeking, but on earnest faith and endurance of trial without and within. The first generation of the Community show the scars of battle in gray hairs, and sometimes in falling strength. The second generation are coming to the front. Standing on the work already done they will carry it forward as begun, and so the ideal will at last be won.

G.

ERRATA.

SOME witchery got into our types last week and week before. That scientific article by "J. J. S." (in No. 5, April 20), entitled "A New Protractor," which we wished above all things to have perfectly correct, managed to slip clear through all the printing with an important word omitted. If the readers of the CIRCULAR will turn back to that article and re-read the closing sentence of the last paragraph above the first diagram, they will observe a deficiency in the following lines: "bring the other edge to coincide with the given point and the line through it, making the angle required." Now the clause, "and the line through it," although undeniably lame, can not be called entirely senseless, because the verb "bring" may be made to apply both to it and the preceding clause, in which case the ambiguity will disappear. But without attempting to screw ourselves out of the difficulty, we frankly admit the error, express our regret, and beg our readers to mentally supply the word *draw* between "and" and "the" in the unfortunate clause above quoted.

One would have supposed that this sad experience would have so sharpened our wits that we should have steered clear of such typographical snags; but alas! the confessions we have to make in regard to last week's paper are far more dolorous. The ungrammatical phrase "superior than" crept into the third column of the Home-Talk. Then the printer's devil, or somebody, transformed the word "hominem" into "hominum," in "How I Came to be Here," and whisked the *c* out of *crecendo* in "Our Wallingford Letter." Mr. Thacker gives his groan on another page, and saves us the trouble. But don't be discouraged with us, friends! We're going to reform—if that word means any thing these days. Send on your corrections. We won't duck our heads. We want to have things right any way, and we like criticism.

Our readers will notice in the column of "Announcements" two disappearances, the consequence of our withdrawal from New York City.

CHEMISTRY UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

VL

LABORATORY NO. III.

THE west side of Laboratory No. III was separated from the foundation wall of the mill by a loose board partition, which very imperfectly protected me from the moisture which was constantly oozing from the damp stones. To cover the cracks with paper, or even with pieces of board I soon found to be of very little use. The water would gradually work its way through, under the partition, keeping that part of the floor damp, and reducing the temperature of the room to a most uncomfortable degree. I was finally compelled to put up a coal stove and keep a fire day and night.

Perhaps some of the readers of the CIRCULAR are beginning to think that I must have spent the most of my time in fixing up laboratories, and defending myself against outside encroachments of various kinds. Such, indeed, were the facts in the case; at least during the first three months. After that I was so fully occupied in the trap-shop that my opportunities for study were confined almost entirely to the night hours. I usually spent the evening in the Laboratory studying and experimenting, seldom going to bed before one o'clock in the morning.

I received short calls occasionally from persons who were interested in chemical operations. One evening C. A. M. and F. A. B. ventured down the dark stair-way and took a survey of the room and its contents. They soon left, however, congratulating themselves on having escaped suffocation, a blowing-up, or some other dreadful disaster which they seemed to think an inevitable liability in a chemical laboratory. J. H. N. made me a short visit one evening while he was watchman at the mill. He admired the general arrangement and dropped a few words of encouragement which amply repaid me for all my troubles and disappointments in the pursuit of science. My prospects began to brighten. The Laboratory was now considered an established institution, entitled at least to toleration, if not to re-

spect and favor. I was beginning to extend my plans in the direction of enlarging my stock of chemicals and apparatus, when one day the head of the tom-department* suddenly paid me a visit and the following conversation ensued:

H. T. D.—Don't you think you could spare a part of your room for a place in which we can pick over the tom?

Chemist.—Impossible! I've just rejected an offer from the tin-shop, and your business is a great deal worse than that would have been.

H. T. D.—But I think we could so arrange it that you would not be much troubled with dust.

Chemist.—There is no use talking. If you cut through that partition, as you propose, I shall be buried in tom-dust in less than twenty-four hours.

H. T. D.—Well, we won't quarrel about it; but we have got to have more room somewhere and I think you might spare some of yours and still have enough left.

Chemist.—If you take a part you spoil the whole for my use.

The head of the tom-department then left, muttering something about taking "the whole if we can't get a part," and I began to study as to what should be done next. One thing was certain: the trap-shop needed more room in the basement, and Laboratory No. III occupied all the available room not then in use. Consequently Laboratory No. III must move. So far the subject was clear and easily comprehended. But where to move was not so apparent. I thought I had secured the only unoccupied corner in the building, and now that was wanted for more important purposes. What to do I didn't know; so I did nothing at all.

One day while reflecting on the matter it occurred to me that perhaps if I should adopt a different policy in regard to securing a room I might succeed better. Heretofore I had selected unused corners and out-of-the-way places, allowing myself to be crowded by every other department, being satisfied with bare existence. If chemistry was worth any thing it was worth a good room in which to develop itself. I concluded that my department was now strong enough to crowd others a little and prove itself to be of practical value. With this idea in mind I again examined the mill from garret to basement, and finally selected the east chamber for Laboratory No. IV. The room was used for storage purposes by the printing-office department, and they readily consented to allow me to move their things into the west chamber which I then occupied as a bed-room. The room now selected was much in need of repairs in the line of plastering, and on presenting a request to the head of the building-committee to have it done, he told me that if I would clean off all the old plaster from both the east and the west chambers, he would have them replastered. This was soon done, and I had the satisfaction of moving into one of the best rooms in the building—warm, dry, free from dust and well lighted.

To guard against annoying my old friends in the printing-office, I hermetically sealed up the door opening into the office, and thus quieted the fears of the editor, who was at first somewhat alarmed at the prospect of again having me for a neighbor. The entrance to the Laboratory was from the machine-shop bringing me into easy communication with my friend and sympathizer, J. F. S., who worked at his lathe and bench near the door.

One day while planning the general arrangement of my furniture, one of the machinists appeared and casually remarked,

"It's quite a lucky thing, George, that you have cut a door through that partition; for we are going to run a dumb-waiter from the basement to the garret right through your Laboratory, and we wanted a door on this floor. The one you have made will answer the purpose very well." G. E. C.

*The "tom" is a machine for polishing small pieces of iron or steel. It is a large cylindrical box made to revolve upon a shaft running through the center. In it are placed the irons to be polished with a quantity of leather scraps from the shoe-shop. After running several hours the tom is emptied of its contents and is "picked over," i. e., the irons are separated from the "leathers" which are used again. The irons have received a bright polish by friction against the leathers and others of their kind. All the friction of the Newhouse Trap are treated in this manner.—Eos. Co.

SENATOR YATES'S LETTER.

[Senator Yates, having received a demand from prominent Republicans of Illinois, to resign his position in the United States Senate, on account of drunkenness, has made a noble and frank confession of his weakness. The following are brief extracts from his letter:]

Washington, D. C., April 21, 1868.

"TO THE PEOPLE OF ILLINOIS:—I have seen various articles in Illinois papers reflecting on my conduct. Their criticisms are, in some respects just and deserved. Such exaggerations of my faults as they contain, result, I am sure, not wholly from ill-will towards me, but from justifiable anxiety that our State shall be properly represented in the United States Senate. * * *

"I write you, not to justify, but to waive all defense, and frankly confess the weakness which, at times, has borne me down, and which was calculated to bring discredit upon my State and myself. It is my nature to be frank, and especially do I owe it to you who have showered favors and honors upon me, to be so now. I will not attempt justification or excuse, especially when I have so often publicly said that men holding public trusts should be sober men.

"During twenty-seven years of political service—with the exception of ten of those years when I totally abstained—I have often yielded to temptation, and as often have suffered the pangs of unutterable remorse. I can say that, in a certain sense, my sin has been my punishment. To lose your respect might seem punishment enough, but you can scarce imagine how a proud man feels when he has reason to dread the loss of all that renders his nature noble, and when it would seem that Heaven had withdrawn its favor from him on account of self-inflicted wrong. * * *

"Notwithstanding your justifiable distrust, looking to God, my family, my State, and my high duty, I shall not despair, but look forward to an unclouded future.

"Thus much I have written with a clear consciousness of the chances of misconception, doubt and unkind criticism to which I am liable. I care not. It is always manly and noble to reform an error, and it is generally good policy to speak ingenuously. I have tried to do both.

Your obliged servant,
"RICHARD YATES."

CORRESPONDENCE.

"A LITTLE MIXED."

W. C., April 20, 1868.

DEAR CIRCULAR:—In the article on "Keeping Potatoes," I am made to say a wrong thing. I meant to have said, and think I did say that "the tubers grow in the dark, and should be kept in the dark," &c. How can it be said that they grow in the light, when the fact is, they make their entire growth three or four inches under ground? Yours truly,

H. T.

FROM IDAHO.

Boise City, March 12, 1868.

DEAR CIRCULAR:—Your weekly visits do us good. Your influence is to suppress selfishness; to make us feel that we have with the world at large a Community of interests—a mutual interest in being just and upright, dealing honestly and fraternally, and making ourselves and each other better.

People of the Pacific coast and the interior gravitate to coöperative labor. Almost every man has his partner. These partners work together; take care of each other in sickness; keep no account between them either of labor or expenditure, and after years of industry divide their accumulations and are friends for life. In mining or any frontier-labor a man can not profitably work alone; his business is too uncertain to justify an agreement to pay wages: hence these partnerships. To see in these rude miners a broad-hearted spirit of Communism gives us hope and pride in the human race.

Yours truly,

W. J. Y.

KEEPING POTATOES.

Willow Place, April 30, 1868.

DEAR CIRCULAR:—I was much pleased with the article in the last paper on "Keeping Potatoes." The method described for preserving them through the winter for spring and summer use is excellent. But

how can we keep them in their present state of freshness and delicacy until new potatoes come again? Every one knows that potatoes deteriorate very fast in the summer months by sprouting and wilting. Those used in July must be handled over and sprouted three times during the spring and summer, and then they are nearly worthless. To avoid all this disagreeable work, and have them nice and fresh in July we put them in one corner of our ice-house. We had a small room partitioned off before the ice was stored. It is covered over that the ice may be placed above, and it is entered by a double door. Four years ago we packed away three barrels of potatoes in such a room, in the month of April. We used them in July, and they came out as fresh and nice as when put in. There was not the least appearance of sprouting or wilting. Such potatoes during the hot summer weather are worth having.

J. C. A.

APROPOS.

Montreal, C. W., March 29, 1868.

FRIEND A—:—In the hurly-burly of business and the cares of my isolated household, I have not found time to write you as I intended to have done ere this. I am still in the same slavery of getting a living in the grab-game world, so that at present I have not time to put my thoughts on paper as I would like to do. I don't know as I should have essayed to write just now, only I find myself cut off from the usual weekly visit of the CIRCULAR, and also that I am only to expect to receive it by writing, which I now do. I can not afford to live without my only consolation in a spiritual way while I am forced to dwell away from those who are my spiritual counterparts. "Though I be absent in the flesh, yet I am with you in the spirit joying and beholding your order," and the more so when I receive the weekly visits of the CIRCULAR. It seems miraculous to me that from week to week it comes freighted with just the explanation I want of some new thing which has been presented to my mind. As an instance: Last fall the Rev. Mr. T., of Portland, delivered a course of lectures on the Second Coming of Christ, which I went to hear. On inquiry I found him and some of my neighbors to be Swedenborgians, and as I had been accused of those views I took pains to inquire what was their import. The result was I found myself no Swedenborgian; still I needed light, and what should be the leading article in the next number of the CIRCULAR but "Swedenborgiana, No. I.," with a promise of the series, which I need not tell you were very interesting; giving life to the germ already planted in my mind in regard to Swedenborgianism and Spiritualism. This is the way it has been in all my experience; the CIRCULAR has come from week to week with just the instruction I needed. Inclosed I send a cheque for \$10 as part payment of what I owe toward the CIRCULAR and printing-office fund.

Ever yours,

G. J.

FAITH CURES.

New York, April 20, 1868.

DEAR CIRCULAR:—In "Good Words," London, March, 1868, p. 189, there is an article entitled "Peculiar People." It gives an account of two establishments in Germany where diseases are cured by prayer; one kept by a Protestant pastor, Christoph Blumhardt, is situated at Ball Bad in the Black Forest; the other, that of Dorothea Trudell, near Lake Zurich.

Blumhardt has a large mansion and ten acres of land; he has usually one hundred and sixty patients, who pay a moderate board. The patients are treated with prayer and faith. During six weeks, more than sixty persons left the establishment either cured or sufficiently convalescent to allow them to pursue their ordinary avocations. Pastor Blumhardt has written an octavo defense of his principles. In surgical cases he does not deny the necessity of calling in a skillful surgeon. Many of his patients are highly educated.

Dorothea Trudell was a flower-maker. Four or five of her work-women fell sick, and medical aid seemed of no avail. One night while meditating, this passage from the epistle of James flashed

through her mind: "Is any sick among you? let him call for the elders of the church, and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord; and the prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up; and if he have committed sins they shall be forgiven him." The next day she went to the bedsides of the patients successively, and not only prayed herself, but induced them to pray with her. From that time they all began gradually to recover. In the autumn of the same year, sickness again broke out in the village. This time it was treated almost solely by Dorothea, and it is admitted by all that the disease disappeared without medical aid; and the general belief is that it succumbed to the power of prayer.

Dorothea's reputation now spread widely, and numerous patients flocked to her for aid. The medical profession had recourse to law to restrain her from interfering in medical cases, she not being duly qualified. She was punished and fined one hundred and fifty francs and ordered to dismiss her sick. She appealed her case to the county court; but her sentence was confirmed. Mr. Spondlin offered to carry her case into the Supreme Court of the canton. There he pleaded that she had not practiced medicine, but on the contrary had openly avowed that she had little faith in it. Her sentence was reversed. Her reputation greatly increased, and the sick from all parts of Europe visited her. She established a house of refuge for the mentally afflicted, and much success appears to have attended her system of prayer and quietude. She died of excessive exertion, Sept. 6, 1862. Her system is now carried on by others in the same place.

Yours truly,

J. B. H.

THE TRUE ATTITUDE.

Cleveland, Ohio, April 26, 1868.

DEAR FRIENDS:—Time has flown with rapid wing, and it is now nearly two years since myself and wife sent to you a formal application for membership. I had but recently made a full and unreserved confession of Christ, yet so far as I was capable of appreciating the situation, that application was made in all earnestness and sincerity and I have not regretted it except as it may have cast a burden upon you. But I feel now that it was based at best upon but a poor, superficial and narrow view of spiritual things. It had reference to the exterior rather than to the interior, and did I think it needful to make any move at the present time, I should withdraw rather than renew it; not that my desire toward you as an organized social body is any less strong and fervent, than it was then—far otherwise; but because I feel it to be vain to approach you in that way. I wish no longer to be regarded as an applicant for admission to the O. C. in the common acceptation of that term. I would not stand in the attitude of an outsider knocking at your doors either for present or prospective admission. If I am so regarded by any, I beg to be so no more. I have no anxiety respecting my present or prospective relation to you so far as externals are concerned, knowing full well that that will be determined and regulated by my relation to Christ. Instead of considering myself an applicant for admission to the Community, I prefer to regard myself as a member already, "an outside member," if you please (as another has said)—a member on probation, perhaps.

Do I belong to Christ? is the real question. Am I a member of his body, the church? If so, then am I a member of the Community; for I am sure that is of the body of Christ, and Paul says we are members one of another as well as of his body. I thank God for the blessed assurance and privilege of being regarded a member of the body of Christ.

As to the function of the Community as a member of Christ's body (that is to say, its work considered as a social organization), I feel that that work is also mine since I am a believer in Christ. Why may I not so regard it? By so doing, no claim is admitted or established for a change of my outward relations or situation. Can I not live in Cleveland and be a member of the O. C. in all true and interior senses? Is it needful for me to come

where you are to enjoy that privilege and be able to work with you and for Christ? It can not be so.

"All members have not the same office." We are all soldiers of the cross. In an army there must be outposts and skirmishers as well as a main body. All can not be in camp, nor move with the columns, *en masse*. If necessary to occupy the position of a lonely vedette of an advanced post or to be one of the skirmish line, I, as well as any other, should be ready to stand there so long as may be necessary, as ready and willing as to be on duty at head-quarters. I want to say that I am, and hope that I may grow more and more so.

I have been deeply interested in reading of the various changes which have taken place recently in the Community families during the work of concentration, and I believe it to be true indeed that concentration with the spirit of God is the greater and more effectual work. This we can do and reap the fruits here and every-where. I am thankful for the "Home-Talk" in a late CIRCULAR on this subject.

Yours in the love of Christ,

J. W. T.

[This is the attitude we like to have people take in regard to external union with the O. C. All who are one with us in soul and purpose are more nearly joined to us than many who have lived for years as nominal members of the Community, and at last gone out from our circle never having known a real union.]

IDEAL AND REAL.

WHILE contemplating the ragged, flint arrow-point represented in the last CIRCULAR, visions of Indian braves passed before my inner sight. The wild grandeur of the race allured my mind onward. "Perhaps," thought I, the "sinewy arm of a majestic Hiawatha sped the arrow that bore this on its deadly work." Tall, graceful, having a swell and curve of muscle truly Titanic; fleet-footed, dauntless, imperious—he stood a king of the forest. Following him home to his wigwam, I saw him smoke the "pipe of peace" with the chiefs of other tribes, and heard them invoke the blessing of the Great Spirit. Beside a dancing waterfall was the willowy figure of an Indian girl, clad in statu-quesque drapery; her eyes lustrous, her locks free-flowing, and her manner full of a wild, poetic shyness.

The bell breaking in upon my reverie, I ran down to the basement to attend to the wants of some beggars who had called at the door, and there I found—my Indian girl; but, alas! how sadly she belied the ideal descriptions of her! Here was no grace, no charming *naivete*, no classic-browed serenity; but instead a coarse-featured face over which straight, tangled locks were straggling. As awkward as a scullery-maid, she leaned against the post and stuffed the corner of her apron into her mouth. An Indian "brave," of a thick, ungraceful figure, in an ill-setting civilized costume, stood near by shaking a stick at an ungainly cur.

HOW I CAME TO BE HERE.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY BY R. S. DE LATRE.

NO. XVIII.

DURING our explorations in the wilds of Blandford, the cholera—that demon of destruction—had been at work in the neighborhood of the Falls. On reaching the hotel we found things pretty well sobered down. Our friend at the Table Rock, who had provided our outfit when we ventured under the sheet, and had given us that most assuring certificate of our prowess, had fallen a victim. But there were some brave hearts that dared to lift up a standard against the enemy. They felt that good was stronger than evil; and to that good they appealed for help, and it happened to them according to their faith. Those who had not this bulwark were liable to be cut off at any moment. The very night of our return, another waiter who had danced attendance upon us only a few hours before in the flush of health, was suddenly clutched, and transformed into a corpse before morning. Meanwhile, the landlord himself was writhing under the tortures of the devilish grip. That night, I realized once more that God is true to

those who trust in him. There was no going to bed in the usual way, you may be sure. I arose not from my knees until fully assured of my complete exemption from the dreaded evil. One passage of Scripture in particular, has been rendered dear to me ever since: "Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night; nor for the arrow that flieth by day; nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness; nor for the destruction that wasteth at noon-day." I did not altogether forsake our poor landlord, although we had to change quarters. When we left him, we thought he would, of course, share the fate of the rest. But he recovered; and a day or two after I called to see him, and had quite a chat with him. He was a professor of religion and had not yielded to the plague as others had.

The leisure months of August and September were spent in exploring the Falls. That term—the Falls—comprises a portion of the river, both above and below, otherwise you might be at a loss to know why it should take so much time. It is a gigantic undertaking, my friends. The whole seven miles below, as far as Queenstown, and two miles above, as far as Chippewa, are included in our beat. Numerous families arrived from the old country, and, as a matter of course, excursion parties were all the go. My Yankee friend thinks he can "do it all up" in an hour or two. He hurries from one point to another, and if he only gets over the ground, he feels satisfied that he has compassed the whole thing.

There are all kinds of people here, as may be seen by a glance at the register. From those compilations, one would think that you need only to go to Niagara, to be immortalized as a poet. There is an oblation of verse from almost every pen, and as a consequence, there is the strangest medley conceivable. Just imagine it, dear reader, for it is utterly beyond my power to describe. But there is scope enough for your fancy between the "Niagara" of the Indian, and "the splendid water-power" of the Yankee.

Most cataracts may be comprehended at a glance; but here you have a *world* of cataracts. Who has ever been able to compass the great heart of Niagara, from the Indian who first beheld it, downward? What a heart-throb must that be, whose circulation is represented by an unbroken column of water, twenty feet deep at the center, precipitated from a height of one hundred and fifty feet, into a perfect chaos of rocks! Hence these mysterious and astonishing jets of foam whose rocket-like bounds frequently attain a height of one hundred feet. If you wish to get an idea of the tremendous force of the concussion below, just fix your gaze upon those dancing pyramids of foam, together with the deep-toned thunder that attends them, and I tell you, it is thrilling. Here is the gist of the thing, and it is by concentrating at this point, that you will make the nearest approach to a conception of the vastness of Niagara.

I have said nothing, as yet, about the caldron below, although I went very near it, when under the sheet. To judge of that too, you must look at it steadily. Don't suffer yourself to be distracted. It confounds you to look at Niagara as a whole. See! what a thick cream there is on the surface of that raging abyss, as though the waters had been churned there ever since the Deluge. It is no easy work, surely, to get out from among those masses of rock, when once jammed in by a stroke of that huge column. But they boil, and foam, and heave, and whirl themselves out at last, into glassy smoothness, as though they had never known a ripple. It is wonderful how soon they recover themselves. It is due, probably, to the great depth of water; the bed of the river just here, having never been found. The river has been sounded as far as two hundred feet, but the force of the under-current must be insuperable, owing to the narrowing of the channel. That channel can not fail to be very deep, conveying as it does, so smoothly, a volume of water like that of Niagara. Why, all the great lakes have met here, and are making a joint leap of it. Do you wonder at the turmoil below? Do you wonder that Niagara is a problem? Had it not been for this same great depth of channel, you could not have had your ferry at the very foot of the American Fall, nor could the "Maid

of the Mist" have ventured as she did, so nervously close to the surging billows of Niagara's great seething-pot. But I have dipped freely into her eddies, have angled from her *debris*, have clambered over her cliffs, have made myself familiar with her every feature, and there is ever a feeling of home when Niagara becomes the theme. Goat Island, also, is a part of the panorama. Wooded nearly throughout, it is a refreshing place to retire for shade and solitude, after scampering about the outskirts of the Island under a hot sun. Situated between the two falls, you get a number of fine views, including the upper rapids. Minor points of interest connected with this spot are numerous, but as I am not making a book, I shall omit them.

I can not refrain, however, from alluding to the sad fate of poor Avery, which event took place a few years before I left the place. The stream which separates the Island from the American side, which is here very rapid and in great commotion, was the scene of that disaster. Avery and another man had lost all command of their craft, and were hurrying down to the brink of the precipice late one August evening, and had been carried past the bridge that leads to the Island, when Avery seized a solitary snag, and sprung upon it, leaving his companion to his fate. He was discovered in the morning clinging to his forlorn hope, and the utmost exertion was made in various ways throughout the day to rescue him. At last he got on to a raft, which was floated down to him from the center of the bridge. But just as he was on the point of leaping from it, it struck the shore, and threw him off into the current, where he manfully, but vainly disputed every inch of his way, until compelled to make the fatal plunge. There he had been for more than twenty hours, enduring tortures beyond conception. Judging from the shock produced upon me by the mere report of this affair, it was a mercy that I knew nothing of it until it was all over. The recurrence of such disasters attaches a painful interest to these Falls. I could not conceive of any thing more agonizing than a prospect of being carried over them alive. The tavern-keeping interest would occasionally get up an affair to draw crowds, by dooming some vessel to destruction, and setting her adrift above the rapids. But she would sometimes prefer to go to pieces in the bed of the rapids. However, the whiskey was sold. One of the vessels had once, a cargo of live flesh, in the shape of bears, dogs, &c.

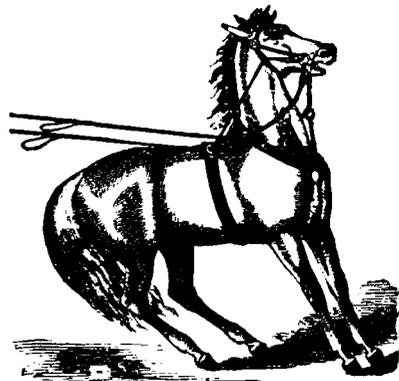
Niagara has a winter tale for you, my friends. What would not Avery have given for the platform of ice that now covers the spot of his last agony, poor fellow! It is strange indeed to find yourself securely planted, where he encountered the death-struggle. In the winter season you may make free with mother Niagara by approaches that are not to be thought of in her summer moods. Hence the novelty of a winter reconnoissance. Some think it more striking than her summer garb. But it is all the same; the very identical Niagara. No matter what her aspects, no matter what the hour of your visitations, she is still a marvel—a record of Him who holds the mighty ocean itself in the hollow of his hand. When the winter has been long and severe, the accumulations of ice formed from the spray, astonish you; and the size of the icicles when viewed from beneath, makes you quake. There is, I think, more sublimity at this time, but far less beauty. There is the *ice-bridge*, that cold-hearted rival of the ferry-boat—which is a spectacle of itself. Great masses of ice come floating down from Lake Erie, and are swept over the Falls, and then collecting together where the channel narrows, are jammed together by the force of the current into a compact mass, presenting the solidity of a mountain; yet the surface is as varied as though suddenly arrested in the agitation of a storm. But beware! When once it sways, flee you for your life!

—True solemnity is perfectly compatible with the most intense happiness—in fact, it is necessary to it. Happiness is not complete till it reaches from the outward perception of things, into the eternal depths. It is only when we connect ourselves with the infinite, with God, the heavens and all that is beyond us,

when we are truly solemn, that we can really enjoy the blessings of God, and the bounty of creation. Thus we see solemnity is the best friend of all healthy enjoyment.

A GOOD SAFETY BRIDLE.

[An associate who has a liking for horses and in his youth acquired Rarey's system of training, was telling us the other day of some exploits he had performed with a patent safety-bridle—almost incredible tales of vicious kickers tamed in fifteen minutes, and runaways instantly checked at the beginning of their career. He handed us the following cut which he procured of the patentee, with a description.—Eds. Cir.]



AFTER a thorough test for two years I look upon the article represented by the above cut as of great value, and expect the time will come when no one will drive a horse without it. All are aware that many thousand dollars' worth of property are destroyed yearly, many lives lost and limbs broken, in consequence of horses becoming unmanageable through fright, or the breaking of some parts of the harness. In fact no person is safe in riding after horses driven by the common method, from the fact that all horses, be they usually never so gentle, are liable to freaks of fright, and for the time being, care nothing for the usual method of control. Some horses are so hard-bitted it is very unpleasant driving them, and others are such inveterate kickers they can not be driven at all. Now the above cut represents a speedy, easy and effective cure for all such hard cases.

Every body knows that in the usual bridles the whole power of the driver is exerted nearly at a right angle on the jaw of the horse, which is much more powerful than a man's arm, and that it requires but a small force to control the horse, if applied at the corners of the mouth in an upward direction. By examining the cut it will be seen that the cheek-piece of the bridle is not fastened to the bit, but runs through it, and extends up through the check-ring swivels, and is attached to the safety-cord, which running back, joins the direct reins at the saddle-rings, and passes back to the hands through the center of the round driving-rein and terminates in a loop and strap.

The cut shows the effect of the application of this bridle upon a horse. The bit is applied with a pulley-purchase at the corners of the mouth in an upward direction. The head is thrown up; the eyes lifted so that he can not see the ground; the weight taken completely off the fore feet, so that kicking is out of the question; the animal being thrown upon his haunches, he must of course stop. He can not even back, for I have made a horse sit down squarely on his hind quarters. A few proper applications will effectually break the most inveterate kicker, cause a hard puller to yield to a gentle pressure,

and a runaway can be stopped almost instantly. If persons would always drive with this bridle, accidents to limb and property, from runaways, would be very rare.

I have used them for two years on all kinds of horses from the most obstinate kickers and runaways to the tender-mouthed old dobbin, and with complete success. In fact I have seen women and children drive with perfect ease and safety, horses that otherwise were entirely unmanageable by the best horsemen. Another advantage is the doing away with the torturing check-rein, which keeps a horse's head in an unnatural position for hours at a time. With the safety-line, you can ease your horse's neck as often as you choose, and when desirous of showing off, a slight pressure on the safety-cord will bring his head up to any desired position. The pull at the corner of the mouth is severe, but not cruel; for I have known a horse subjected to constant abuse, such was his ungovernable kicking propensity, to be so tamed in fifteen minutes by a severe application of this bridle that when I saw him two months afterward his owner was driving him at the plow with a common bridle, the chains constantly striking his heels, and I saw no symptoms of kicking; nor had he shown any of his old tendencies since the taming. He had previously destroyed every vehicle to which he was hitched. I conducted the taming in this way: I put on the bridle and attached him to an old sled and stepped on, having my hands in the loops of the safety-reins. The instant I gave the signal to start he made a motion to kick; but I was too quick for him and brought him upon his haunches. When he recovered himself he endeavored to kick again, but I served him the same way. Fifteen minutes of trial of skill between us sufficed. Nothing would induce him to kick, and I never heard of his kicking again. I then put him into a light buggy and drove him down to his astonished owner.

At another time I tried the bridle on a horse which was a famous runaway. I harnessed him to a light wagon and unheeding the caution of the owner and bystanders took in my father-in-law who had witnessed the taming of the kicker. We went on smoothly until we came to a sharp descent, when the hold-back strap became unloosed and the wagon ran forward upon the horse. He sprang forward with great violence, but I stopped him before he had gone more than two rods, and in a short time I had him completely under control.

D. E. S.

SCIENTIFIC.

A TOTAL eclipse of the sun will take place on the 18th of August, visible in India, which will have the remarkably long duration of five minutes complete obscuration. An unusual opportunity will be given for observation with the spectroscope upon the nature of the red flames which are seen to issue from behind the dark body of the moon to a distance of seventy or eighty thousand miles from the solar surface.

A VARIABLE spot on the surface of the moon has lately attracted the attention of astronomers. A crater with well defined edges, is found to be covered at times by a cloud-like spot of white light. The smallest variations in the appearance of the lunar surface are so rare that this phenomenon is exciting considerable interest. Within a few years the spectroscope has confirmed the conclusion that the

moon has no atmosphere. Any variation which seems to indicate the presence of liquid or vapor is therefore a subject of much interest to astronomers.

LAUGHABLE.—At a printers' Festival in Minnesota, Judge Goodrich made a speech in which he referred the invention of printing to a higher antiquity than is usually ascribed to it. He undertook to prove that the patriarch Job knew all about it, by quoting from the following passage: "Oh that my words were now written! Oh, that they were printed in a book—that they were graven with an iron pen, with lead in a rock forever!" The Judge considered this undoubted evidence that Job understood the art of writing, printing, engraving, stereotyping, and lithographing. He mentions them in their regular order, as they have been discovered. This is probably the origin of the term "Job Printing." (?)

—Weekly Western Register.

Laugh who will, but the more we study the Bible, the more we are ready to ask with the Preacher, "Is there any thing whereof it may be said, See, this is new?" That book seems to contain in its wisdom and prophecies, hints of every thing that hath been and which shall be. The use of chloroform in surgical operations is supposed to be new, but as the man of somber reveries says, "It hath been already of old time." "The Lord God caused a deep sleep to fall upon Adam and he slept; and he took one of his ribs and closed up the flesh instead thereof." Railroads were undreamed of it will be said two hundred years ago; but one of the Jewish prophets two thousands years ago, must have seen in vision a midnight express to write thus, "The chariot shall be with flaming torches in the day of his preparations, and the fir-trees shall be terribly shaken. The chariots shall rage in the streets, they shall jostle one against another in the broad way, they shall seem like torches, they shall run like lightnings." II.

NEWS ITEMS.

THE Prussian army is to be reduced twelve thousand men.

THE trial of G. W. Cole, for the murder of Hisscock, is being prosecuted in Albany. An attempt to prove the insanity of the prisoner seems likely to succeed.

THE track of the Pacific Railroad has been laid over the highest point in the Rocky Mountains. Work on the road is being pushed rapidly. The California end has also reached its highest grade.

THE impeachment trial still occupies most of the Senate's time. Speech-making is the only thing going on at present. Mr. Evarts has taken up the greater part of three days in the delivery of his argument.

PRINCE ALFRED was shot and dangerously wounded in Australia by a supposed Fenian. The ball was in the wound two days before it could be extracted. The Prince is slowly recovering, and by the advice of physicians he has sailed for England.

A LARGE meeting of cotton dealers, planters and manufacturers was held in New York, on April 29th. Delegates were present from every state in the Union. The object was to form a national association of manufacturers and planters.

THE Abyssinian Expedition has been very successful. A battle was fought before Magdala, and King Theodorus was driven into the town. The town was afterwards assaulted and taken by the English, Theodorus killed, and the English prisoners set at liberty. The latter were all safe and had been well cared for.

MOUNT VESUVIUS has been in a state of eruption for over four months. Such a period of activity has not been known for many years. There are, as yet, no signs of cessation. Some of the later displays of subterranean force have been the most magnificent during the eruption. The lazzaroni of Naples and the dwellers at the base of the mountain are reaping a rich harvest from the swarms of visitors.

Announcements:

THE ONEIDA COMMUNITY

Is an association living in Lenox, Madison Co., N. Y., four miles from Oneida Depot. Number of members, 202. Land, 599 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, 32. Business, Manufactures.

WALLINGFORD COMMUNITY.

Branch of O. C., at Wallingford, Conn., one mile west of depot. Number of members, 41. Land, 228 acres. Business, Horticulture, Publishing, and Job Printing.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

The O. C. and branches are not "Free Lovers" in the popular sense of the term. They call their social system COMPLEX MARRIAGE, and hold to freedom of love only within their own families, subject to free criticism and the rule of Male Continence.

ADMISSIONS.

Members are admitted to the O. C. and branches after sufficient acquaintance; but not on mere application or profession of sympathy. Whoever wishes to join must first secure confidence by deeds. The present accommodations of the Communities are crowded, and large accessions will be impossible till new Communities are formed.

STEEL TRAPS.

Eight sizes and descriptions, suitable for catching House Rats, Muskrats, Mink, Fox, Otter, Beaver, the Black and Grizzly Bear, are made by the Oneida Community, Oneida, N. Y., of whom they may be purchased. Descriptive-list and price-list sent on application.

PRESERVED FRUITS AND VEGETABLES.

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

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

MACHINE TWIST AND SEWING-SILK.

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

MOUNT TOM PRINTING-OFFICE,

(WALLINGFORD COMMUNITY), WALLINGFORD, CONN.

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

WALLINGFORD COMMUNITY,
Wallingford, Conn.

PICTURES.

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

PUBLICATIONS.

HAND-BOOK OF THE ONEIDA COMMUNITY; with a Sketch of its Founder, and an Outline of its Constitution and Doctrines. 72 pp. octavo. Price, 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.

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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.